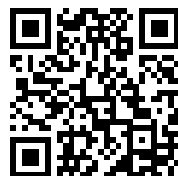
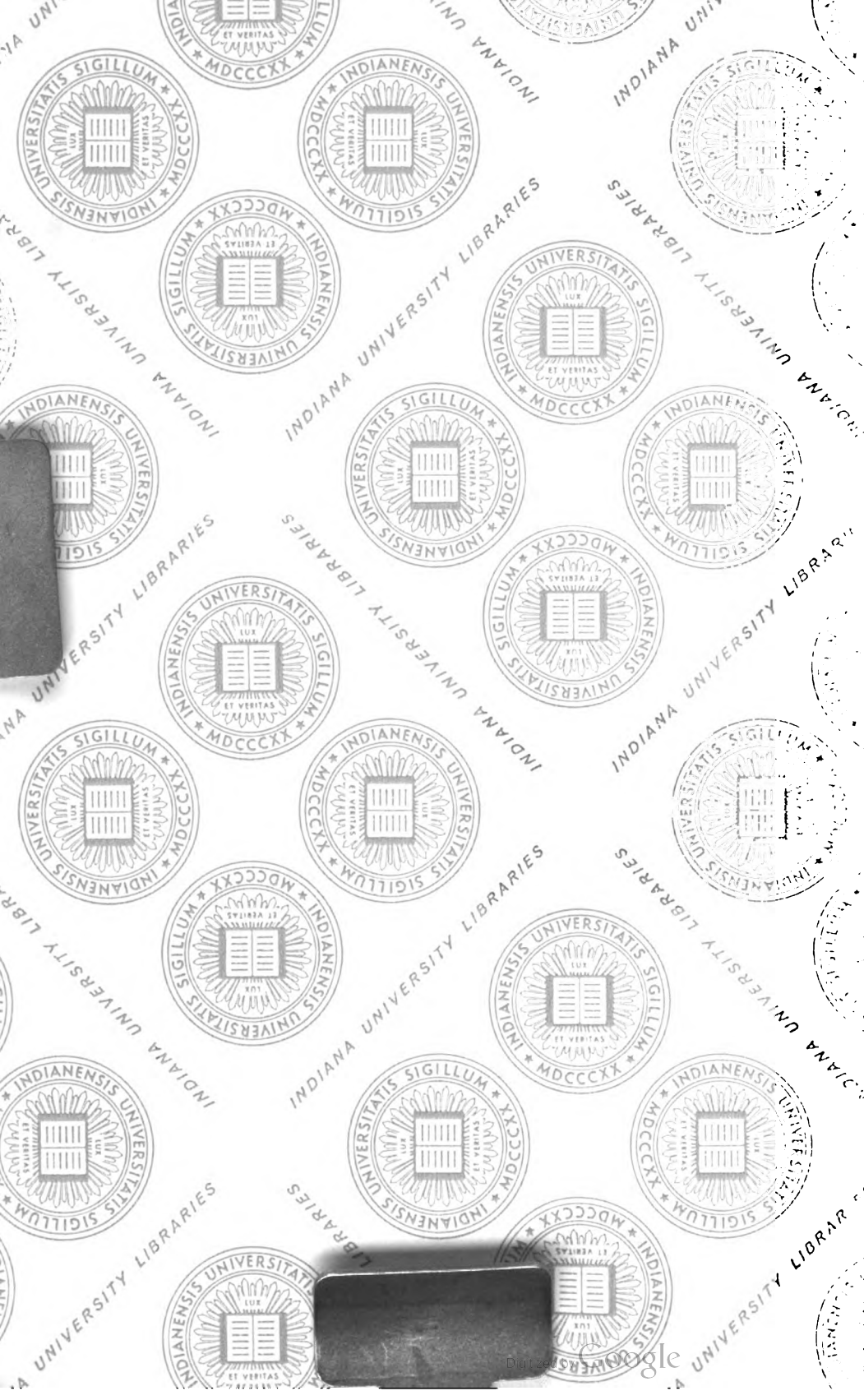
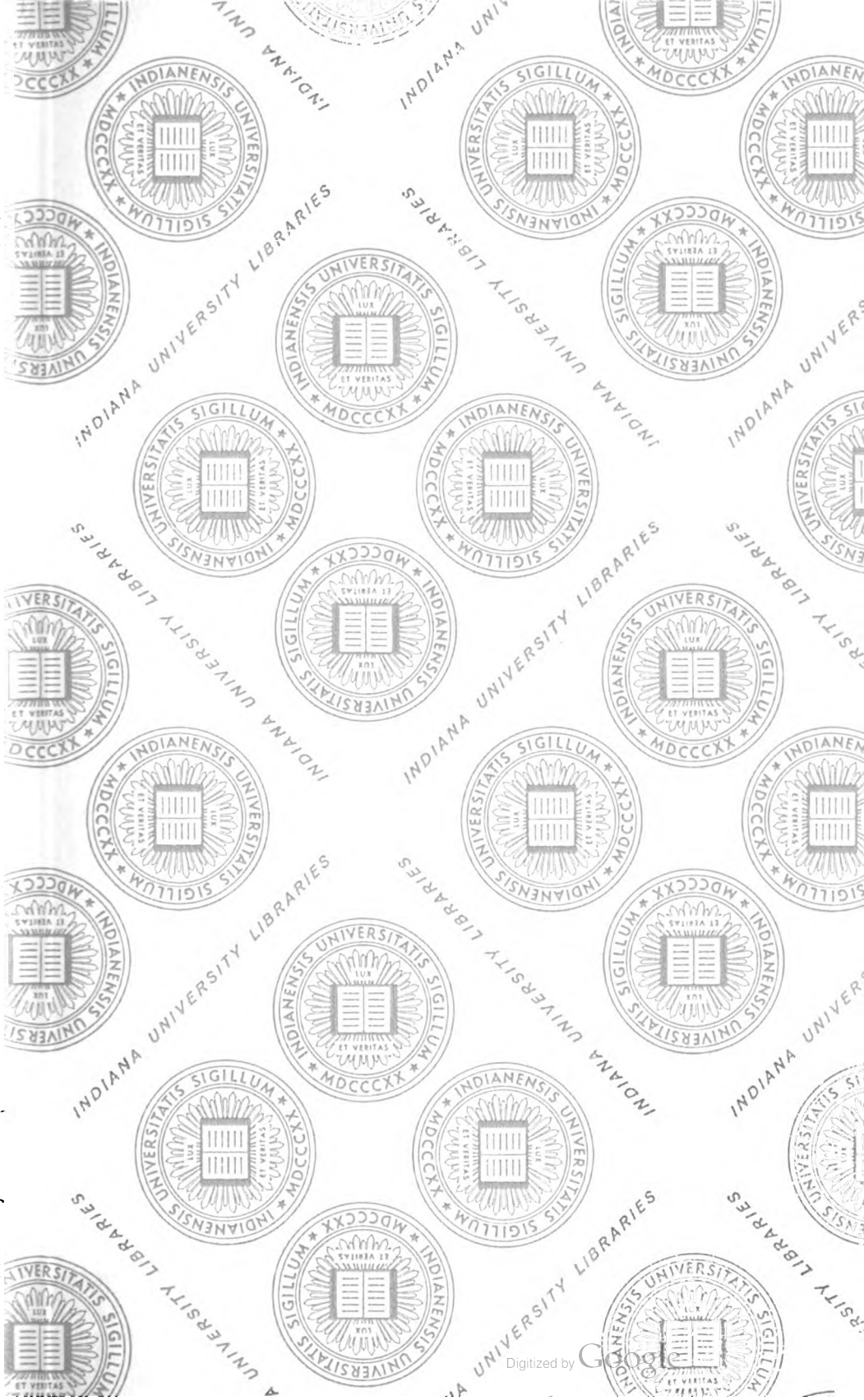

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>







H. G. L. 55002

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1855.

No. 1.

THE FIRST AND SECOND WIFE.

BY MRS. MARIA M. OSBORNE.

"HEM that cravat for me that I brought in yesterday ; I want it this evening."

The speaker, a stout, ruddy "six footer," looked down on a small, pale woman, who sat holding a fat boy of seven months, while another in its third summer was pulling at her dress.

"You've got three very good ones, ready to wear ; wont one of those suit you ? I've got a great deal to do to-day," was the reply.

"No ; I want the new one ; I like a change once in a while. And I really wish you'd stop pleading such an amount of work when I ask a small favor. You always do it."

"O, no ; not always," she rejoined, mildly. "Sometimes the children are more trouble than at others."

"There it is again—the children ! I'm tired of hearing the old story. Anybody would think, by your talk, that you were killed with work, with only your husband and two little boys, who, I dare say, are as easy to take care of as the common run of children. What if you had six, instead of two ?"

Mrs. Luther did not reply. A sad look stole over her once round, rosy face, which she quickly averted to conceal an unbidden tear.

"I'll send home a turkey and some vegetables. Now don't fail to get up something nice in the way of pudding, for I forgot to mention that Morris will dine with us to-day, and he's quite an epicure," added Mr. Luther, re-opening the door he had just closed. "Well, what now ? Crying, I declare ! Now if there's any one thing that I dislike more than another, it's to see a woman cry about nothing !" he exclaimed, in a fretful, injured tone, as a second tear, bolder

than the first, rolled down his wife's thin face, and dropped on the infant's soft hair.

"Don't speak so harshly, John. I'll try my best to please you," she murmured, with quivering lips and tremulous voice.

"Well, that's all that's required of you ; so there's no use in making a child of yourself." And, Mr. Luther, slamming the door, walked hurriedly through the entry, into the street.

His wife leaned her head on her hand and wept unrestrainedly. The baby-boy looked up wonderingly into her face, while her first-born, relaxing its hold of her dress, stroked her cheek lovingly with its tiny hand, lisping in infantile accents, "Me love mama—me love mama."

Mrs. Luther was deeply moved by this touching demonstration of childish sympathy. She clasped her little comforters in a long embrace, and then wiping away all traces of agitation, proceeded about her daily duties with a calm though saddened countenance.

Four years before, she was a glad, gleeful maiden, knowing no care, feeling no sorrow, and guarded jealously by fond parents, who liked not even the winds of heaven to blow upon her too roughly. A trusting, loving, guileless nature was hers, painting the future in rainbow hues, crowning it with a garland of evergreen, which should outlive the heat of summer, the blasts of autumn, and the snows of winter. Among her fancies, girl-like, she pictured one, whose very existence would be so intermingled with her own, that to doubt him would be to wrong herself.

But, alas ! gentle maiden, Jean Paul Richter spoke truth when he said : "Thou knowest not

AP₂
B18
v.1

that thy gentle heart needs something warmer than blood, and the head better dreams than the pillow can give it; that the perfumed flower-leaves of thy youth must soon be drawn together to form the scentless calyx-leaves, to protect the honey-cup for thy husband, who will soon demand of thee neither tenderness nor a light heart, but only rough working fingers, feet never weary, laboring arms, and a quiet, paralytic tongue."

And so when Agnes Tracy thought she recognized her second self in one of the stronger sex, she gave him, unreservedly, the whole wealth of her affections, won by the honeyed words and the winning tones which are so common before matrimony, but which, unfortunately for both parties, are generally neglected afterward. She left father, mother, brother, home, friends, all, to become a wife, never harboring a suspicion that the chosen one did not mean all he said, even to loving her better than himself.

But Time, that great expounder of mysteries, solver of problems, and the stern teacher whose lessons may not be scorned, brought convictions which she could not well withstand. Gradually the truth dawned upon her that she had married a cold, selfish man, who had been attracted by her personal beauty and accomplishments, and perhaps—but Agnes spurned that idea at first—by the considerable property her kind father had made over to her, which he lost no time in putting in a "safe place." Where was her ideal love? Where the earnest suitor, with his looks of tenderness and his words of eloquence? Echo, in mournful, dirge-like tones, repeated, *where?*

Mrs. Luther was a disappointed wife. Her husband, although not positively unkind, was unloving; and that, to one of her sensitive, susceptible nature, was almost equivalent. He expressed no sympathy in her movements, considered it beneath his dignity to inquire into anything relating to domestic matters, and labored under the common delusion that housework *did itself*; and that the care of children (one in arms) was nothing but a pleasure. It wasn't at all likely that his wife was ever tired, so he rarely condescended to ask her the question, or offered to relieve her of the charge of either of her offspring when he happened to be in the house an hour or two. O, no; Mrs. Luther was undoubtedly made of iron, or some other material that wouldn't wear out, and might be on her feet all day, and awake all night, without any detriment to her physical system. A washerwoman was employed weekly, and what reasonable wife could ask more? If he hired a girl,

there'd be nothing left for Mrs. Luther to do, and the probability was that she would either be wearing her clothes out tramping the streets, or else relapse into reprehensible habits of indolence, which ill become a good wife and devoted mother. But we will not detail more of Mr. Luther's eccentricities—in charity we will give them no harsher name—but let them develop as we proceed with our sketch.

Conversations like the one we have narrated, were not unfrequent. Mrs. Luther acceded to his inconsiderate and unfeeling demands, because she could not well do otherwise; she was dependent upon him for even her small meed of happiness. Her parents had deceased soon after her marriage, her only brother lived in a distant city, leaving no friendly and pitying ear to listen to her earnest longings for spirit companionship. Had she been childish, she would have wished to die; but the remembrance of the loved ones committed to her charge, reconciled her to an existence, which, without them, would have been insupportable.

On this morning, like many other weary mornings which now were counted by months and years, Mrs. Luther commenced her task—the severe physical labor of attending, unaided, to the wants of two young children, cleaning, cooking, and the endless minutiae of domestic affairs. The room did not present a very encouraging aspect. The breakfast table stood in the centre, with the usual compliment of odds and ends, unwashed dishes, etc. Mr. Luther's dressing-gown, slippers, shaving apparatus (he generally made a dressing-room of the kitchen in the winter, it was so much more comfortable) lay scattered about in beautiful confusion, while headless horses, tailless dogs, broken miniature houses, squeaking trumpets, and disabled soldiers, might be seen upon and under every chair; the mother availing herself of anything in the shape of toys which would serve to amuse her little charges while her attention was elsewhere directed. There were so many things to be done she hardly knew what to do first; each day brought its particular duties which could not well be omitted. She took up the baby, nicely washed and neatly dressed the little fellow, and placing him in the cradle, went through with the same operation with the mischievous prattler who had, meanwhile, busied himself with overturning her work-box, to the imminent detriment of several spools of white thread which he deposited in the coal-hod.

When this was done, the turkey and a quantity of vegetables were brought in, and all matters being secondary to dinner (Mr. Luther nev-

or overlooked any omission or tardiness in that department of housekeeping), everything else was set aside for that. It is no small matter to dress and prepare a large fowl for the oven, as any one knows who has had experience in such particulars; and by the time that duty was successfully accomplished, the vegetables duly cleaned, and the cranberries stewed and dished, the pudding claimed attention. A few minutes reflection decided what it should be, when the best part of an hour was spent in putting the different materials together. She was so busily engaged in this proceeding, that ambitious little Jessie mounted an opposite table unnoticed, and stood gazing curiously at his round face in the looking-glass. An inadvertent step backward sent him tumbling to the floor, when the frightened mother, forgetting her pudding in anxiety for her child, soothed and rocked him until his sobs were hushed in sleep. Just then the baby, indignant at her long neglect, screamed lustily, of course waking his brother, whose swollen head inclined him also to join in the chorus, which the perturbed parent had much difficulty in stilling.

A nervous glance at the stove reminded her that the coal was getting low, and another at the clock that the moments were precious. More fuel had to be brought from the cellar (Mr. Luther always managed to forget that), and so his wife, with aching head and trembling step, was forced to fill the hod, and drag it slowly up the stairs. The fire was too far gone to revive quickly without the aid of charcoal, so a second journey was made below for that article, and after persevering efforts, a fresh blaze was started.

Worried and anxious, Mrs. Luther alternately looked at the clock and the turkey; the hands of the former went round steadily, but the latter seemed not to bake at all. Dinner would inevitably be late, and what would Mr. Luther say? He rarely made any allowances for circumstances, reproached her for neglect, and wondered why she "didn't punish Jessie, when he happened to get a fall, instead of *babying* him. Women always went to work the wrong way to do anything, and then when there was trouble, the husband got blamed for it."

The clock struck twelve. Between the turkey, the fire, and the children, the breakfast dishes remained in *statu quo*. Those were to be washed, the knives to be cleaned, the table to be laid, the vegetables to be cooked, the pudding to be watched, the fire in the parlor to be kindled, and her own toilet made for company, in just sixty minutes. Poor Mrs. Luther! she was in

an unfavorable situation for entertaining a visitor agreeably. Her temples throbbed with pain, her face was heated and flushed, while her knees bent under her with weakness. And yet she must make an effort to look glad and happy, or her husband would wish, as he had often done, that he had not married a moping, complaining wife." Ah, it is the little things of life that make our happiness or misery! How much a single kind word would have encouraged the disheartened one—how much joy a sympathizing look would have infused into her sinking soul! O, ye husbands! be not chary of these blessed heart-tokens which cost you nothing. They may be but trifles to you, but they are much, very much to the mother of your children. Deprive her not of them, for they sustain her wonderfully in her wearisome struggle with life's cares.

But we are moralizing, forgetting the while that the fine fowl in the oven has, in return for Mrs. Luther's close attention, put on a beautiful brown, that cannot be excelled. Again and again, despite the glowing coal that made her cheeks tingle, she moistened it with the fluid in the pan, prepared a delicious gravy, seasoned the vegetables to a charm, and had the satisfaction (by making an extraordinary effort) of getting everything in readiness simultaneously with the city clock's striking one, and the entrance of her husband and his friend. Leaving the latter in the parlor, Mr. Luther at once proceeded to the kitchen.

"Dinner ready?" was his first inquiry upon entering.

"Almost," responded Mrs. Luther, lifting the fowl from the stove to the table.

"Roasted, as sure as I'm alive!" he exclaimed, taking a step forward. "What could induce you to cook it in that way?"

"Why, I took it for granted that you wanted it roasted! You said nothing to the contrary," she replied, with considerable surprise.

"Well, what if I didn't! People boil turkeys, sometimes, as well as bake them, and a change once in a while is desirable. I shan't enjoy the dinner a bit. I had set my mind upon boiled turkey, roast you can find at every corner," said Mr. Luther, with ill-concealed impatience.

"I am sorry you are disappointed. If you had told me your wishes, I would have governed myself by them," his wife patiently rejoined, struggling to repress her wounded feelings.

"We can eat it as it is, I suppose. What have you got for pudding?—a batter, I hope—Morris is fond of them, he tells me," added the husband, in a tone rather more good natured.

"No, I have made a very nice plum pudding, as you said last week you liked them much better than batter."

"What if I did? Because one likes beef-steak, it's no sign he wants it every day for dinner! It seems to me you have put yourself out to cook the wrong things. But it's always so—I might have known better than to ask company home. Morris never eats plum pudding; I think I remember hearing him say so."

"But how should I know his likes or dislikes?" remonstrated Mrs. Luther, justly hurt by the ingratitude and captiousness of his last remark.

"By asking, I suppose; I know of no other way. Now don't disfigure your face with crying, I beg of you, Mrs. Luther, for it looks red and blistered enough already. And pray wipe those children's faces, for I wouldn't have Morris see them in that trim for a ten-spot. I don't see what's to prevent you from keeping Josie out of the coal hod. If you had a large family I shouldn't wonder, but as it is, it's a mystery to me," added the affectionate father, lifting Josie from the floor, and seating him in a chair with more force than was necessary; a movement that so offended the latter that he set up a loud scream, which the irritated parent endeavored to hush by a blow upon the ear. But as this did not mend the matter, he was forced to turn the child over to his mother, with the consoling remark "that she had ruined him."

And this was Mrs. Luther's reward for her morning's work; this her compensation for the numberless steps she had taken, the petty trials she had endured, and a sincere desire to have everything performed to her husband's satisfaction. No wonder the sigh would come, and the tear would flow. Not a syllable of commendation for the pains she had taken to please him, not a word of merited praise for her promptness; nothing but fault-finding. Her efforts were taken as a matter of course. She was his wife, and these duties devolved upon her, sick or well, weak or strong, and it was the height of folly for her to expect to be pitied and fondled like a spoiled child.

Mrs. Luther strove hard to appear calm, and unconscious that anything had happened to occasion disagreeable reflections, and succeeded far enough to perform her part as hostess with credit. Over-exertion had brought on a feeling of exhaustion, and entirely deprived her of appetite; but she had the gratification of seeing her visitor eat heartily of turkey, and hearing him praise the pudding, which Mr. Luther had prophesied so unqualifiedly he would not like.

This was something; yet a few words of like character from her husband would have possessed far more value in her eyes. But censure was oftener on his lips than commendation, so he contented himself by observing "that the room was full of smoke," in a voice that laid the blame entirely at her door, when in fact the east wind was at the bottom of the annoyance.

All things have an end, and so had the dinner. The two gentlemen shut themselves up in the parlor to smoke (that kind of vapor rarely incommoded Mr. Luther) and converse at their leisure, while the wife, faint, tired and sad, rocked the baby to sleep, gave Josie something new to play with, and then, without a moment's rest, began the afternoon programme. All the dinner things were to be cleansed and returned to their places, beside sweeping and dusting, chamber-work, etc., which had necessarily been left undone in the morning. When these were at length accomplished, the short winter's day had materially diminished. Mrs. Luther thought of the cravat. Should she sit down and hem it immediately, lest something should happen to prevent her doing it at all? Such had been her intention, but reflecting that there would be quite as much displeasure manifested if the nice cake and light warm bread were not forthcoming at tea-time, with a sigh, deep and bitter, she set herself about making them. Four times she was interrupted in this employment; twice to rock and feed the worrisome babe, and twice to answer a noisy summons at the door.

Half an hour of daylight remained, as Mrs. Luther seated herself by the window, drew up the shade as far as possible, and with one foot on the cradle to move it back and forth gently when the child stirred in its troubled sleep, and the other for the accommodation of Josie, who was using it as a kind of horse, turned down the hem of the cravat. It was of quite dark material, obliging her to look steadily and closely at the stitches. Her eyes—never strong—smarted under this continued strain, and before one side was completed, she was forced to rise and bathe them in cold water. This relieved her somewhat, and lighting a lamp, she returned to her stitching, pausing only to pick up and console Josie for a sorry bump. The monitor on the shelf pointed warningly to the hour when Mr. Luther usually returned, making her nervous fingers fly the faster.

Hark!—the outer door is opened, while a noise as of some one groping his way, assures the trembling wife that she has forgotten the lighting of the hall-lamp, in her haste to hem the cravat.

"Pitch dark, and no light in the house!" was his ungracious exclamation, as he strode into the room. "I wish you'd see to things properly, and not oblige a man to stumble round in this way!"

Mrs. Luther tried to excuse herself, but she was cut short.

"Don't stop to make up a string of reasons, for I don't want to hear 'em. I'm tired, and want my tea as soon as possible. No sign of supper, is there?"

Mrs. Luther intimated that she had nothing to do but to lay the table.

"That ought to have been done before dark."

"I know it; but I have been busy every minute."

"Undoubtedly," was the husband's sarcastic reply. "You have more to do than any woman I know of. And why you should let that cravat be till this time of day, is more than I know. I suspect, however, if the truth was known, that you are a trifle or more slack, Mrs. Luther. Don't it come as near that as anything?"

The latter made no rejoinder; not from disrespect, but because her heart was too full to speak. The last stitch was taken, the cravat folded and laid aside, and tea soon on the table. Mr. Luther, apparently half ashamed of his unhusbandlike remarks, offered to hold the baby a few minutes, and in several ways tried to appear to better advantage. But the wife could not so soon forget his harsh, unkind words, so the meal was concluded with very little on either side, after which he dressed himself for an evening's entertainment away from home. He did not tell where he was going, or mention at what hour he should return; but as this was not the first occurrence of the same nature, Mrs. Luther was not surprised, as indeed she would have been, had he spent an entire evening with her. That was something which seldom happened now; she had learned not to expect it. Being too much fatigued to sew, several long hours of solitary reflection followed. In melancholy mood, she sat rocking slowly until ten o'clock, when Mr. Luther came in. He made a few casual remarks, then took up the lamp and went up stairs, followed by his wife, carrying the youngest child, who, for a day or two, had given indications of illness. The wearied mother gladly sought her pillow, hoping to lose in balmy sleep the consciousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restless, and moaned constantly as if in pain.

"Do stop that child's noise, Agnes!" said the husband. "I haven't been able yet to get a wink

of sleep. Get up and rock him a little, can't you? He won't be quiet, I suppose, any other way."

Mrs. Luther left her bed, but as the proposed rocking did not bring about the desired end, she took the heavy boy in her arms, and paced the room softly a long time lest Mr. Luther should be farther disturbed. It never once entered the thoughts of the latter individual to offer his assistance, and when his wife remarked that she feared Harry was seriously ill, he promptly denominated it a "fit of temper, which she would do well not to humor." But the anxious mother had different convictions, which every moment strengthened. She knew that the presence of a physician was indispensable, yet this suggestion was pronounced highly ridiculous by Mr. Luther, who was not prevailed upon to dress and go for one until after midnight.

It is not needful to dwell upon what transpired afterward; suffice it to say, that little Harry lived but three days, and in a week Mrs. Luther was childless. Her darlings had been transplanted to a brighter sphere. Cholera infantum had done its work, and the bereaved parent was left with nothing to love, and no one to love her. Her former trials sunk into insignificance beside this one great affliction, which would not let her be comforted. Now, more than ever, she yearned for that sympathy which is so grateful to the chastened and subdued spirit. But ah! where should she look for it? Mr. Luther was not devoid of fatherly feeling, but his nature was so unlike hers, that he could not fathom her deep grief, or appreciate her undying love for her children. At first he was rather kinder, and at times spoke as he was wont to do, long ago. But this didn't last long; he soon became the same exacting, fault-finding person as of old. One day in his wife's life was like every other day—no change, no pleasant variation to break the weary monotony of her existence, which became so wholly absorbed in the remembrance of her bereavement, that her sinking health rapidly gave way. The brilliancy of her eyes, the hectic on either cheek, and the sharp, dry cough, betokened the presence of the pitiless foe—consumption. Yet the husband seemed entirely unaware of all this, and so was quite unprepared to hear her feebly say, one morning, "that she felt unable to rise." He looked earnestly at her a moment, then, without speaking of his purpose, called in a neighbor, and went for medical aid.

It was too late. She never left her room from that day, and in less than three months was laid beside her loved ones in Mount Auburn. In the judgment of the public, she died of hereditary

consumption; in that of the neighbors, "she was worked to death," to use the precise term they employed; but, reader, she went down to the grave with a broken heart, induced by a selfish, fault-finding, unloving husband.

Mr. Luther mourned his wife very much as one regrets the loss of a good horse, or a favorite servant—he missed her services; very soon discovering that a housekeeper but poorly supplied her place. Badly cooked meat, unpalatable pastry, sloppy tea, and heavy bread, he was not accustomed to see upon his table. He scolded, but to no other purpose than to get wry looks and worse meals. Feeling suspicion that there was nothing like a wife, after all, he looked about for some one to take upon themselves the honor and responsibility incident to that station. But he was particularly unlucky; those he wanted said "No," emphatically, and those who wanted him were scarce, and not to his mind. Besides, eligible unmarried ladies said that the first Mrs. Luther seldom looked cheerful and happy, and that was a "bad sign."

But the ambitious widower did not despair. He took a journey somewhere, and returned, after a three weeks' absence, with a youngish, good-looking lady, whom he introduced as his wife. He found her in a curious way. This is the circumstance: Casually entering a court-house, where a divorce suit was pending, a female, sitting in front, attracted his attention, or, as the saying is, "took his eye." Upon inquiry he ascertained that she was the party praying for a separation from her liege lord, who seemingly cared very little for the result, for he sat near, coolly reading a newspaper, or talking carelessly with a friend.

To be brief, Mr. Luther became interested in the case, and in the woman; and upon hearing the ingenious pleadings of the counsel for the fair complainant, soon came to believe that she was a very much aggrieved individual; for, be it remembered, Mr. Luther had a great store of sympathy for other people's wives, although it has been shown that he had little for the late Mrs. Luther. The complainant gained her suit, and our gentleman soon after managed to gain an introduction, and finally gained her, which ultimately proved no great gain on either side.

The new wife turned out to be an indolent, sullen, heady sort of a woman, altogether different from her predecessor. She liked going to bed early and getting up late, insisted upon having a cook and waiting girl, and required much attention; thought of her own comfort only, was a deal above sewing on buttons and mending hose. She was willing to make just

effort enough to take care of her own wardrobe, and appear on fashionable promenades on pleasant days. Mr. Luther endeavored to exert his authority, and make the new Mrs. Luther tread in the footsteps of the departed; but to no purpose. It was diamond cut diamond. She met him on his own ground, was as heartless, as selfish as he. The latter had consulted his own comfort all his life-time—she had done the same; the one meant to continue in so doing—so did the other. If he was obstinate, so was she; if he got angry, she flew into a passion. If Mr. Luther threatened, Mrs. Luther threatened also, and so things went on, matters settling down into a state of generally understood antagonism; while sullen looks (if not recriminating words) became the order. Everything went wrong in the kitchen, in his estimation. There was a shameful waste of provision, and a lack of skill and neatness in that department; but if he ventured to remonstrate, he was assailed by the united powers of cook, wife and chambermaid, who called him a meddler, an undignified pryer into affairs that belonged exclusively to women, with numerous reproachful and contemptuous epithets, which usually forced him to retreat to his own ground.

He grew thoughtful and absent-minded. The neighbors said he was thinking of his deceased wife, and the demon of remorse had gotten hold of him. He was actually seen to look at Mrs. Luther's grave and sigh. He had discovered the difference between a *faithful*, meek, uncomplaining companion, who gave herself soul and body a sacrifice to his selfishness, and one exactly the reverse. He began to experience the compunctions of conscience, which ought to have been felt before; and if he saw his own character in but half of its moral deformity, he was certainly an unhappy man. He lost his *brusque* and confident manner, became thin in flesh, had restless nights, and saw the pale, uncomplaining face of the first Mrs. Luther ever before him. He received no sympathy from friends—they knew the internal monitor was dealing justly with the man, and that no remorse was too acute for him who abuses the goodness and devotion of a long-suffering, patient wife.

The green book of nature is fragrant with innumerable odors, and jubilant with myriad melodies. Every leaf of it is impressed with the power and beneficence of God. To the discerning, it has perpetual lessons of health, wisdom, love, beauty and inspiration. Study it, whoever thou art, whose lot is cast where its verdure and blossom unfold under the breath of summer.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

The darkened heavens sadly weep
O'er summer's beauties fled;
O'er all the blooming flowers that sleep
The slumber of the dead.
The sad sky mourns o'er fallen leaves,
That lie along the plain;
Her tears are shed, while still she grieves,
In dewy drops of rain.

The flowers that when the merry spring
Tripped gaily o'er the earth,
When trees and fields were blossoming,
Arose in modest birth—
Have withered 'neath the burning beams,
Of summer's heated day;
And like the visions of my dreams,
Have faded all away.

The leaves that on the swaying trees,
In shady clusters clung,
Where whispered soft the playing breeze,
And happy songsters sung—
Have lost their brilliant hue of green
With which they once were dressed,
And scattered rudely, now are seen,
Upon the earth's cold breast.

And whistlingly the wild winds sweep
Along the darkness dim;
And while the misty heavens weep
They chant a funeral hymn;
A monody of mournful sound,
O'er faded beauties fled;
While autumn's rain falls soft around,
Where lie the summer's dead.

My sad and lonely spirit grieves
O'er happy moments past;
O'er hopes that fled like summer's leaves,
Too beautiful to last.
And O, sad heart, when death draws near,
And lays his touch on me,
Who, then, will shed one sorrowing tear—
Who—who will weep for thee?

A LONDON FOG.

BY WALTER FOSDICK.

THE traveller who has never visited London about the month of December, cannot picture to himself a genuine and complete fog in this city, or imagine the tribulations, the losses and the dangers to which the imprudent man exposes himself if he attempts to go out on such a day. But, before going out, the stranger suffers more than one anxiety; the noises in the house and in the street warn him that it is day, and he sees no day.

He seizes his watch and listens; it goes; but unable to consult the hands, he strikes it.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaims he, in despair;
"am I then blind?"

He rubs his eyes, runs to the window, casts

towards the street a frightened glance, which falls upon thick darkness, and believes himself, indeed, deprived of the most precious of all the senses. He rings violently; a servant comes; but at the moment of his entrance, the candle which he holds in his hand is extinguished.

"What does the gentleman want?" exclaims he, amid the darkness.

"A physician! a physician! an oculist!—the best oculist! Quick! quickly run! Here is a half guinea for you."

And shivering with cold, the poor man throws himself despairingly into bed, waiting two hours for the physician, whom the fog arrests, like everybody else, in his dubious journey. Imagine the sensations of the supposed blind man during these two hours.

The physician arrives.

"Sir, save my sight, and half of my fortune—"

He does not finish, struck at once by a gleam of joy and of light. By the light of the lamp, borne by the servant, he sees the servant; he sees the physician; he sees himself! His blindness was but a dream—a nightmare.

But the physician does not admit this explanation; he has paid a visit; he taxes at two guineas the hallucination of the patient, explaining to him the cause, which is no other, he says, than the fog—the fog which, two or three times a year, makes London resemble the ancient kingdom of shadows.

"A fog!" exclaims the stranger; "but, sir, it is night, the darkest night. How long does this last?"

"One day, at least; often two; and sometimes more," replies the phlegmatic doctor.

"Ah! I will leave this instant," says the stranger; "I will quit forever a country which the sun himself abandons."

"Ah, sir, stop!" says the Esculapius, with a jesting air; "a few moments of anxiety, and the visit of a physician, are your slender tributes to a London fog. Thank Heaven that you are let off so cheaply. If you had, by misfortune, left the hotel this morning, hear what would have happened to you:

"To walk at this time in the English capital, is absolutely to plunge yourself into a soup of yellow peas, ready to be placed over the fire; for the fog, in taking away your respiration, offers you, in return, at once a kind of food and drink.

"A poor nourishment for asthmatics! On one side of the street a fit of coughing, issuing from some aged breast, responds to a similar fit which resounds from the other side. So that if you cannot see the passengers, you have the sat-

isfaction of hearing them scold about their atmospheric breakfast.

"Breakfast, did I say? The dinner, tea and supper are of the same sort. You cannot open your mouth without swallowing a throat-full of fog; and as all day—if one may call this a day—you are obliged to have lights, you consume, by the fog, a notable quantity of gas, oil, or tallow-smoke. These poor lights, themselves submissive to the scourge, give but a dubious, reddish and gloomy ray. They are, like yourself, cold, and illuminate only the least possible space.

"The entire city appears covered with a vaporous tent, beneath which one hears the confused noise of invisible beings. You think that all the smoke which, during twenty years, has escaped from the fifteen hundred thousand chimneys of London, is falling at the same instant from the clouds, after having become corrupted there.

"The odor which it sheds, not only makes you cough, but it seems as if all the colds in the world had given each other a rendezvous in your head, to lodge there. You breathe much like a whale, caught between moving sands and the keel of a seventy-four; and three persons, conversing in a street, make a noise like the bellows of a forge which has a rent in its side.

"So much for the lungs," said the doctor. "To-morrow I shall have, with all my London brethren, some hundreds of invalids to attend. As for surgeons, they will not the less be needed to mend the broken limbs and heads of this cloudy day.

"You walk with the greatest caution, groping your way along the walls, by the doors, the windows, everything you can seize, and at last fall into a cellar, on the shoulders of a shoemaker, who makes his dwelling there; fortunate if, at the moment of your fall, his awl is not pointed upward. You may fall again, head-foremost, into the subterranean shop of a coal-merchant, overturn the mistress of the place on her scales, and receive from the rude hand of her husband a salutation which will leave you as black as his merchandize.

"You flee. Alas! you run against the iron pot of a milkman, the overturned contents of which render still more slippery the pavement which the fog has made so muddy. The irritated man seizes you by the collar; but, warmed by your misadventures, you give him a push which sends him into a basement kitchen, to break some dozens of plates, or the head of the cook.

"To escape the consequence of this catastro-

phe, you run at random, and directly before you, until the moment when an enormously fat gentleman stops you short. So violent is the shock that you roll into the gutter, and the large man into a shop, the door of which his weight has broken open. new flight to avoid a new affair; and you thank Heaven, muddy as you are, that you did not fall three paces farther on, where an immense drain opens its gaping mouth, which would have engulfed you, its tenth or twelfth victim since morning.

"But as you raise your eyes to heaven—which you do not see—you set one foot in a pile of quicklime, and the heat you feel in this foot warns you not to put the other in it. You turn round a certain corner, which seems to you the entrance yard, where you can clean yourself a little; but you strike your head against a bucket suspended to the wall, and full of whitewash; the thick liquid inundates you, and you are like a phantom in its white shroud. Before you recover your identity, you find yourself face to face with a chimney-sweep, laden with a bag of soot, half untied, the contents of which are partly emptied on you; so that, on one side you would be taken for an old chimney, and on the other for a newly-painted building.

"Some charitable person, on seeing you thus, lends you a dozen napkins and a bucket of water, to purify you from so many stains. This done, you again set out, and become prudent to excess, scarcely daring to put one foot before the other. You arrive, groping, at the stall of a fishmonger, with your arms extended like a blind man. All at once you utter a piercing cry, thinking one of your hands caught in a vice. A great black and live lobster has seized you and clings to your fingers, as a shipwrecked man to the plank of safety. The fishmonger seeing you take flight, runs after you, shouting, 'Stop thief!' It is fortunate for you that in his race he tumbles into a tar-barrel placed at the door of his neighbor the grocer. The monster which has tortured you has, by dint of being struck by you against the wall, at last let go his hold, and you go on your way groaning, uneasy at what may yet happen to you.

"I do not speak of the shekks, jars and pushes which you receive from errand-boys carrying burdens, merchants of crosses, oranges and matches—all this is nothing compared with the rest. Jostling, jostled, overturning, overturned, you confess that the chances are equal for you or against you; unless sometimes the passengers insinuate their umbrellas into your mouth, and, having forgotten your own, you cannot retaliate, unless, mistaking a dimly-lighted shop for a

street corner, you thrust your head through a shattered pane. Nothing then remains but to withdraw it (your head) as gently as possible, and go on your way as if nothing had happened. You are sure that the shopkeeper will seize by the collar the first passenger who comes after you, to charge him for the damaged pane. The passenger pays, though innocent, for, like yourself, he might have broken this window.

"It is useless to mention two or three dozen dogs running about in search of their masters, and who have overturned you in your race. As for your watch, you had not gone fifty paces from your house, when it was, at a hundred paces from your pocket, in the hands of a pickpocket as strong as Robert Houdin. After twenty questions to the passengers, who reply to you by twenty others, exhausted with fatigue and cold, you perceive a tavern and enter it. But you know no more than an inhabitant of the moon in what part of London you are.

"Installed in a gloomy and damp parlor, a disorder of the spleen seizes you after the disorder of the fog. You ask if one of those hooks, used to suspend hats, could not suspend the weight of your body; you try with a convulsive gesture, the strength of the bell-ropes; you glance with gloomy and sinister eye around the room, astonished at not seeing there thirty unfortunates hung in despair in such a day. In order to escape these lugubrious ideas, you light a cigar, and calculate the number of glasses of grog necessary to throw you into a slumber or oblivion. But, at the fifth glass, summoning all your philosophy, you decide to enter an omnibus, if there is a driver bold enough to venture into the street in such weather.

"You wait for one at the door, summoning, instead of an omnibus, a dozen coal-carts. The desired vehicle arrives at last at a snail's pace; you jump in and crouch in one corner, unseen by your tailor, provided with a bill of fifty crowns to your address, which is, at least, one compensation for so many evils. You are about to congratulate yourself that all danger is passed, when a bewildered cab-horse thrusting his head through the window of the omnibus, places his warm and smoking nose on your face, and thereupon oaths are exchanged between the two drivers, he, of the cab, wishing to the omnibus horses a disease like that of his own horse. At these words you shudder at the embrace you have just received, and for a week believe yourself a prey to the equine malady.

"Whither is the omnibus going? Little do you care; to be sheltered is all you desire. But great is your anger when the omnibus, after a

journey of ten minutes, stops, arrived at the terminus of its route. It took you up at Bridge-court, and leaves you at Cross Keys, which is three miles from your lodgings! Here are twelve pence thrown away, and new dangers to be encountered. You have, nevertheless, some little pleasures. There, you see an old lady put her foot into a basket of eggs; here, a young lord stumbles into the shop of a librarian, in the middle of a row of richly bound books.

"On such a day a man who is milking his cow at his door, is obliged to hold her by the tail with one hand, for fear of losing sight of her; and the butcher, who is carrying roasting pieces of beef to his customers, finds three or four missing from his basket, which abridges his calls, and also the dinner of three or four clients. But the said roasting-pieces are found safe and sound on the tables of skilful marauders from St. Giles, or Rosemary Lane, the quarters of the dishonest poor.

"If the fog happens on the day of the cattle-market at Smithfield, the traps of the good people in the neighborhood are all open, and more than one stray sheep falls into them. On a foggy day the laws of optics are reversed. Through a sort of mirage, objects assume gigantic proportions; a dog has the appearance of an elephant, a gas-pillar that of a pyramid; houses acquire strange perspectives, the length of streets becomes mystery, and their names, hieroglyphics lost in the night of time.

"For a genuine Londoner, the thickest December fog is an ordinary thing; he lights up his shop at eight o'clock in the morning, without more ceremony than at eight in the evening. But to the traveller, the stranger, it seems something horrible—this capital enveloped in an obscurity, which is neither day nor night, and against which thousands of gas-lights contend in vain. The multitude of torches, borne and waved by the passengers, add to this fantastic and prodigious scene. These smoky and sombre gleams, reflected on the faces of the inhabitants, present the image of an infernal city, where everything burns without consuming.

"On the Thames, where the fog is most dense, the accidents are most numerous; boats run into each other, or are crushed in passing through the arches. From the top of a bridge, you cannot see the boat which passes beneath; so most of the steamboats suspend their trips, the pilot, who holds the helm, being unable to distinguish even the brow of his boat."

After these confidences of the doctor, the traveller has nothing better to do than to return to bed, until the sun shall have dispelled the fog.

ON WITNESSING A MARRIAGE.

BY J. HUNTING.

"Once two bright clouds," so Brainard said,
 "Which lay each side the rising sun,
 Were moved by impulse o'er his head,
 And meeting, mingled into one."

An emblem of the marriage tie,
 Is amply shadowed in this tale;
 As clouds to clouds the sexes fly,
 Like clouds, at length, must they exhale.

Until the damp of death shall blight
 The forms of that united pair,
 May smiles of love prove their delight,
 And cheer life's shaded vale of care.

May, too, each hour seem months of ease,
 And every month the joy of years;
 May no wild passion's chilling breeze
 Cause them to mourn the change in tears.

But, may their vows be such as give
 To human hearts the calm of bliss,
 And point with shame, to those who live
 Unmated in a world like this.

THE BIGOT'S REBUKE:

—OR,—

THE RIVAL CLERKS.

BY USTIN O. BUDICK.

MR. DAVID MASSINGER was quite a wealthy merchant in a large and thriving inland town. He was a man just turned upon the last half century of his life, and among those who knew him best, he had the reputation of being a very honest man in trade, but at the same time very close and exacting. Those who did not know him so well, were wont to say that he was not always honest. But David Massinger was honest, as the world goes; that is, he would never do an act of which the law could take cognizance. Beyond this, the least said about the merchant's honesty the better, for there were many people that had traded with him, who had sincerely believed that they had made the poorest end of the bargain, and some of them even asserted that David Massinger had used very unfair means in the transactions. And these men who had said this, were men of veracity—men whose words were "as good as sworn bonds" at any time—a circumstance which was very unfortunate for the merchant, seeing that he wished to retain the good opinion of all the citizens. But then Mr. Massinger was a church-member—a regular communicant, and a professor; and no man in the town made more show of his religion, or

made louder and longer prayers. Every one knew how much religion he professed, for he made the matter very public.

Mr. Massinger employed two clerks in his store, and they were both of them about the same age. John Lowdon had been with the merchant the longest, having been a member of the family nearly ten years. He was a young man, now some three-and-twenty years of age, and he professed the same religion as did his master. In fact he belonged to the same church, and partook at the same communion table. He had taken great pains to copy after his employer, and thus he had been enabled to hide the real points of his character. If he had originally any bad traits, they might have possibly been eradicated under proper treatment, but in attempting to follow after the example of David Massinger, he had learned only to *conceal* and *assume*; so he talked as much religion as did his master, and could pray almost as fluent and as long.

The other clerk was one Henry Hooper, the child of a worthy mother, and whose father had been dead many years. He was a very intelligent, active, enterprising young man, and Mr. Massinger kept him in his employ, at a fair salary, because people loved to trade with him, and because he was really a very trustworthy and faithful young man. Yet the merchant had never been able to see that young Hooper had any religion. He did see that the young clerk was kind, steady, industrious, and strictly moral, and every body seemed to love him, but he had not been able to detect any signs of what he thought to be religion.

David Massinger also had a daughter,—a bright-eyed, laughter-loving, joyous girl of nineteen. Her soul was big with all that is kind and good, and her heart was made for peace and love and good will. She was often in the store, and she often saw Henry Hooper both at the store and at her father's house. She often spoke with him. The first time she spoke with him alone, she trembled, and her eyes instinctively fell to the floor. The next time she met him in social converse, the color of her cheek was brightened, and her lips trembled while she spoke. After this, Adelia Massinger became acquainted with Henry's widowed mother, and she used to go there to her house to visit her, and often she would meet the son there.

Two such hearts could not long commune together without mingling into one. Those hearts did fall into the crucible of love, and they were melted together. The seal of affection was set; and the word was spoken. They not only loved,

but each to the other had confessed the love, and happiness came to bless them.

"Adelia," said the stern father, as he sat alone with his daughter one evening, "I have a question to ask you, and I wish that you should answer it truly. Do you not love Henry Hooper?"

The maiden was startled at first, not alone by the question, but mostly by the manner in which it was asked. But she answered distinctly in the affirmative.

"Has he ever spoken to you about his love?" continued the father, with a cloud upon his brow.

"Yes, father, he has."

"And what was your answer?"

"That I loved him in return, and most truly," unhesitatingly replied the noble girl.

The old man bent down his head, and laid his hands firmly upon his knees.

"Adelia," he at length said, "you have done very wrong. I do not think that Henry Hooper can make you a proper husband— Stop—you need not speak. I know what you would say. I had hoped that your choice would have fallen upon John Lowdon."

The fair girl shuddered as though she had seen a snake when she heard this, and without fear, she replied:

"Is it possible that you have allowed yourself to think that I could love John Lowdon?"

"And may I presume to ask why you should not love him?"

"Simply because there is nothing about him that is worthy of my love."

"What?" echoed the parent, in astonishment.

"Nothing about him worthy of your love? Is he not one of the most active members of our church? and does he not maintain a religious character among all who know him?"

"That may all be, but where is his religion? Ah, father, I fear it is an outside show. In his heart he has none of it at all. He wears his profession about him as a cloak; and it serves to hide from the world a soul that is lone and loveless."

"Girl!"

"I speak the truth, father. Only last week a poor starving woman begged of John Lowdon a few pennies with which to buy bread. He knew that woman well. It was the miserable widow whose sick husband died a month since near the pond, and has since been sick herself. She begged of John Lowdon the means of sustaining life, and he repulsed her with a sneer. Was that the part of a Christian? But the woman found succor. Her next supplication was to Henry Hooper. He gave her his arm for sup-

port, and conducted her to his own house, and there he fed and clothed her, and there she yet remains. O, God shall judge the heart, and his infinite eye shall see the hollowness of such professors. How shall they feel when they hear Christ Jesus say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, have ye done it unto me?'"

"Adelia, go to your room. I will speak again on this subject."

The maiden left the room, and the merchant was left alone. He had also repulsed the poor woman of whom his child had spoken. To him she had applied for succor, and he had turned her empty away. He knew that she was worthy and suffering, and yet out of his bounty had he refused even the two mites that the poor widow gave. He could not but reflect upon the circumstance, and the more he reflected, the more uncomfortable he became, so he stopped thinking and took up his evening's newspaper, and commenced reading the report of the stock-market.

On the next morning Mr. Massinger called Henry Hooper into his counting-room.

"Henry," he said, with a very solemn look and tone, "I wish to ask you a few very important questions. In the first place I wish to know what is the state of your mind upon the subject of religion."

The young man looked first surprised, and then pained, and a very close observer could have discovered a curl of just contempt about the corners of his mouth and upon his lips.

"Mr. Massinger," said Henry, somewhat proudly, but yet sincerely and respectfully, "my religion is not a thing to be talked about. It lies between myself and my God. If you have not seen it, then I can tell you nothing of it."

The merchant was considerably perplexed by this answer. It was a sort of new idea to him.

"Do you attend church, regularly?" he at length asked.

"Of course I do," Henry replied.

"And why?"

"Because I love to. Because I enjoy the religious exercises."

"What meeting do you attend, principally?"

"Always at Mr. B.'s."

"What! Do you believe in that doctrine?"

"I do."

"And do you consider yourself safe in such a course?"

"Safe from what?"

"The wrath of God."

"That, sir, is a subject upon which I never

think. I simply obey God's laws as I understand them; I take Christ for my guide, and the nearer I can approach to the standard of life which my Saviour lived, the more joyous and happy I feel. I can only hope to love my God and my Saviour, to love my fellow-men, and to do unto others as I would that others should do unto me. The rest I leave with my God, sincerely trusting that he will not forsake me in my infirmity."

"Henry Hooper," resumed the merchant, after some moments of conflicting thought, "you have made an avowal of love to my daughter."

"Yes, sir, I have," the youth returned, with considerable emotion.

"Then let me tell you what I will do. The girl loves you, and I would not see her unhappy. Join my church and attend meeting with me, and she shall be yours. You may think of this, and give me an answer at your leisure."

"I shall need no time, sir, to entertain such a proposition," quickly answered Henry, with a flushed cheek, and a burning eye. "I cannot listen to such a thought for a moment."

"Then you refuse?"

"Yes, sir. I do refuse to sell my soul for any barter. My religion, sir, is my highest source of earthly joy, and if ever I take to my bosom a wife, the presence and operation of that religion shall be the very anchor of my domestic joy. No sir, Were I to sell my religion for a wife, then I should have no soul worth a wife's possessing."

"Very well," uttered the merchant, with an ineffectual attempt to appear calm. "You have given me your answer, and now you shall have mine. Adelia Massinger shall not be your wife. Remember that, and govern yourself accordingly. That will do, sir. You can go about your work."

Henry left the counting-room with a bowed head and a trembling lip. But he remembered Adelia's love, and he remembered, too, how nearly the religion of her soul agreed with his own. She was of age, and free to do her own will, and in his soul he knew that even her father had no earthly right to blight and crush her hopes and joys forever.

"Adelia, Henry Hooper can never be your husband."

The maiden looked up into her father's face, and an ashy pallor overspread her features. But the color soon came again, and in a trembling tone she asked:

"Why not, father?"

"No matter why. It is my will."

"But I have a right to know the reason for your decision."

"I have reason enough. A child of mine shall not marry with an Infidel!"

"An Infidel? What do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, perfectly astounded. "Henry Hooper is not an Infidel."

"He is just the same to me. He has no fear of God's power at all."

"Perhaps you misunderstand him," returned Adelia, feeling strong in the work of defending her lover. "He does not stand in any dread of God, and why should he? He does what he believes to be right. He obeys God's laws, and he finds them pleasant and easy. He *loves* his God instead of *dreading* him."

"Girl, beware! Look out that you do not break my heart by losing your own soul upon the same subtle quicksand of infidelity."

"I will answer for my soul, and as far as your heart is concerned—if you can thus calmly consign me to lasting misery, I do not think it will easily break. I love Henry with my whole soul."

"But he shall not be your husband, nevertheless. I am determined—"

"Stop," interrupted the fair girl, with a quick, decided manner. "Do not say too much, for I shall choose peace rather than misery, and if I cannot find it beneath your roof, I shall—"

She hesitated in her speech, for she remembered that she was speaking to her parent. She had been urged on by her warm love and impulsive instinct to resist wrong; but she would not willingly say too much to her father.

"Go on," said the merchant, with a look and tone of contempt.

"No, father, I will say no more. But I hope you will not blast my every hope of happiness here on earth."

As she spoke this, she bowed her head and burst into tears. Her parent chose to say no more at that time, and the subject was dropped.

Adelia knew that it was the settled plan of her father that she should marry with John Lowdon, but she had made up her mind that she would never do such a thing. Further than this she wanted time to reflect.

One morning about a week subsequent to the interviews just recorded, Mr. Massinger discovered that he had been robbed of five hundred dollars. He hastened to his ledger and found that all was right there, but yet the money was gone from the safe. He called John Lowdon one side, and told him of the circumstance. The confidential clerk was astounded, or, at least, he

pretended to be, and he wondered how such a sum could have been taken without detection, as the safe was beneath the desk in the counting-room, and always kept locked save when something was to be taken out or returned by those who had legal access to it.

"But it may have been taken by some one who *has* legal access to it," suggested the merchant.

Lowdon gazed down upon the floor for a moment, and then he said, while a peculiar expression appeared in his eye:

"So do I think it was. You must not think hard of me, sir, if I speak my mind freely."

"Of course not. Go on," said Mr. Massinger, his countenance brightening, as he spoke.

"Not now," resumed the clerk, after he had apparently reflected for a moment. "I will not speak my suspicions at present, but we will wait. I may gain some further light."

"But have you grounds for any suspicions?"

"O yes, the best of grounds."

"Then let me have them."

"Not now. I would rather wait."

"But it is my command that you speak now."

"Then I cannot refuse, sir, though it will pain me to speak what I fear is the truth. Ah, my good master, I would rather hush this matter up—only justice demands that the truth should be known. I fear that Henry Hooper is the guilty person."

"Just my mind, exactly," uttered the merchant, with a sort of exultant look. "But now what grounds have you?"

"I have seen Henry have large sums of money lately."

"But this must have been all taken within a very few days."

"Yes, but listen. Night before last I saw Henry enter the drinking and gambling saloon at the lower end of this street, and I was told by one in whose veracity I have the fullest confidence that he was up in the secret chamber at the gaming table!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the merchant, in pure astonishment; for with all his fears respecting the young man, he was not prepared for this.

"It is not only possible, sir, but it is true. I know Henry was at the gaming-table night before last, and he was there very late, too. And I can tell you more. He was seen staggering through the streets with a drunken companion."

"This you are sure is true, John?"

"I can prove it, sir. Though I should trust that my word would be sufficient. I had meant never to have revealed this, and I should not have done so but for present circumstances."

"Of course I do not doubt you, John. Only the news was so astounding. But I might have expected it. Keep this to yourself for the present. We will watch him and see that he does not spend the money."

"If he has not already gambled it away," suggested Lowdon.

"I will go at once and see the keeper of this saloon," said Massinger, with a groan; for the idea of losing his money came more heavily upon him than did the thought of Henry's sin.

"O that would be of no use," quickly returned Lowdon,—"no use in the world, for those gamblers are under the most solemn oaths to keep each other's secrets. You could gain nothing from them, but they would rather deny the whole."

"Very well," resumed the merchant, after a thoughtful pause. "Then let us watch him narrowly, and something may turn up to convict him. Keep your eye upon him, and mark all his movements; and watch him too as he goes to dinner; and this afternoon we will send an officer to search his trunks at his dwelling."

At that moment there was a quick movement just outside the door of the counting-room. Mr. Massinger heard it, and he opened the door and looked out. His daughter stood at some distance looking at some silks which lay upon the counter.

"Adelia, where have you been?" he sternly asked.

"Down to Mrs. Russell's to see about my new dress, and I want some more trimming for it," she replied.

"Have you heard what we have been talking about?"

"Who?"

"John and myself."

"I have just come here, sir."

"Very well—wait a moment, and I will get what you want."

Adelia had just come *there*, but still she deceived her father, for she had in reality heard nearly all that they had said.

Mr. Massinger and John went about their business as though nothing had happened, save that they both watched the movements of Henry Hooper with more than common interest—the former regarding him eagerly and suspiciously, while the latter looked at him askance, and seemed nervous and uneasy. Once or twice Henry noticed the look of his employer, but he gave it to another cause. He noticed also the furtive glances of Lowdon, and these, he thought, were the result of jealousy. He little dreamed of the plot that was being hatched up against him.

At an early hour that evening, Mr. Massinger went to the house of a justice to have a warrant issued for the apprehension of Henry Hooper, but the justice was not at home, and he called on the constable, whom he found readily. The constable promised that he would see the whole business attended to that night, and with this assurance the merchant went home. He at first intended to speak to his daughter on the subject of Hooper's crime, but after some reflection, he concluded to wait until the business was all settled.

The evening was pretty well advanced. Mr. Massinger was sitting at his table trying to read, Adelia was upon the sofa pretending to be working a bead, purse, but a mere casual observer could have seen that she took no stitches,—her hand trembled too much for that. John Lowdon sat opposite to his employer, and was looking at the pictures in a new book.

Just as the clock struck nine, the door-bell rang, and Adelia started to answer the call. She hastened to the door, and when she returned she was followed by two men.

"Ah, Mr. Sanderson," uttered the merchant, starting to his feet, "you have done the business, then?"

"You see I have brought the youth of whom you spoke," returned Mr. Sanderson, who was the constable upon whom Massinger had called.

"Yes, Mr. Massinger," added Henry Hooper, stepping quickly forward, his face flushed, and his eyes sparkling, "I have come. I have just learned, sir, what a crime you have tried to fasten upon me. O God, forgive you for the injustice. I did not dream that you would thus try to ruin me."

"I would not ruin you, Henry," replied Massinger, considerably moved by the touching tone and manner of the youth. "If there is any ruin, it is you who have ruined yourself. I have been robbed of five hundred dollars, and there are circumstances connected with your recent course which are very suspicious, to say the least. I do really hope you may make them all appear right."

Now Mr. Massinger had some power of reading character from the human countenance, and he could not but own to himself that Henry's face was by no means an index to anything bad. His sympathy, too, had become most strangely moved in the young man's favor within the last two minutes. The very first glance of Henry's eyes, overflowing as they were with imploring and forgiveness, sent a thrill to his soul, and on the instant the hope came to him that the guilt might not rest where he had feared.

"Stop a moment," said the constable. "Miss Massinger knows the most about this affair, and to save time and words, I hope she will explain it as she understands it."

"What! Adelia? You know about this?" uttered the merchant.

"Yes, father," said the maiden, trembling.

"But what? How?"

"I will tell you," replied the girl, gaining confidence. "I did hear all that was said in the counting-room this morning, and I understood it all then, but I could not explain at that time. Mr. Lowdon told you that Henry Hooper had had considerable money lately. So he has, sir. You pay him a good salary, and he wastes none of it. He also told you that Henry was in the gaming saloon, at the gaming table, and that late at night he was seen staggering home with a drunken companion."

"I did say so," stammered John Lowdon, who had turned very pale, "and I can prove it all, too."

Upon the face of Henry Hooper there was a look of pity and contempt. He would have spoken, but Adelia interrupted him.

"Ay," she continued, shaking her small white finger at John Lowdon, "you can prove it; but that is not all you can prove. You can prove that he went there to get away one of his poor schoolmates from that sink of iniquity. A poor youth, the only child of a widowed mother—had fallen into the path of evil, and Henry would save him. For that purpose he went to the gaming house. He found that the misguided man had gone to the hazard table, and thither he went after him, and after much persuasion he drew him away. The poor fellow was much intoxicated, but yet Henry took him by the arm and led him home. All this I knew on the very next morning after it happened, and I had it from the lips of the widowed mother of the sinful youth. And you knew it, too. Q, John Lowdon, where do you expect forgiveness for such heartless sins?"

"I did not know all you have spoken," said Lowdon, trembling more and more.

"You knew enough, at all events, to know that you were speaking the basest falsehood. You knew why Henry went to the gaming house, for Lyman Butler told you."

The false, base clerk would have stammered out some reply, but before he could do so, Mr. Massinger spoke to his suspected clerk.

"Henry," he said, "I am going to ask you a question, and I shall now believe you will answer me truly. Do not be offended. Did you take any of the money which I have lost?"

"Mr. Massinger, I did not," was the young man's simple, honest reply.

"Have you any idea of where it went to?"

"That is a question I would rather be excused from answering, now," replied Henry, promptly, but yet modestly.

"Very well—but you will answer at some time?"

"I will."

"Then, Mr. Sanderson," resumed the merchant, turning towards the officer, "I withdraw my complaint, and you may at once set Mr. Hooper at liberty."

"O, sir," returned the constable with a smile, "he is perfectly free now. I have had no writ yet for him."

"Then how comes this?" asked Massinger, in surprise.

"I came here for another purpose," said Sanderson. "Your money, sir, is safe."

"Safe?" uttered the merchant, springing to his feet.

"Safe!" gasped John Lowdon, turning deadly pale, and sinking back into his chair.

"Yes, and even here, your own daughter can make an explanation."

Massinger sat down again, and gazed inquiringly upon Adella, and after some hesitation, she said:

"Yes, father. I have helped to find your money, and I will tell you how."

At this moment, John Lowdon arose from his chair and approached the door.

"Stop, stop, my young friend," said the officer, moving quickly towards him.

"But I am not well. I will return in a few moments," whispered the trembling man.

"O, stop and hear Miss Massinger's story, and then, perhaps, you can have company. Sit down again, sir."

Lowdon sat down, and Adella continued:

"A few evenings since I was in at the house of Mrs. Justin, who, you know, was married only a few months since. She told me that her husband was going to make a venture—he was going to send out part of a cargo of goods to California; and she also told me that John Lowdon was going in with him. After this she remembered that her husband had told her not to speak of Lowdon's connexion with him in the business, as Lowdon was very anxious that the matter should be kept secret. I promised her that I would say nothing about it, unless there should be something wrong in it. I knew that John had no money to place in such a venture, and when I learned that you had lost five hundred dollars, I at once suspected the truth.

When I found that you talked of having Henry's house searched, I went at once to Mr. Sanderson, and told him the whole story. He can tell you the rest."

"Yes sir, and in a very few words," said the constable, as he saw that Mr. Massinger had looked towards him. "I went at once to Mr. Justin and told him the story, and also that Lowdon was trying to fasten the crime upon Henry Hooper. He then confessed to me that John Lowdon gave him five hundred dollars last night, and he handed me the money just as he received it. You can examine it, sir, and see if you recognize any of it."

As Sanderson spoke, he drew a roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to the merchant. The latter examined them all, and then, with a painful expression of countenance, he said:

"These are mine—every one of them—the very ones I lost."

"Then you know the thief?"

But the old merchant made no reply. He only looked at John Lowdon, and then he bowed his head. It was not pure grief that moved him. He was pained and mortified, and in his own soul he felt humbled. When he did speak, it was to his other clerk:

"Henry," he said, extending his hand, "forgive me for the injustice I have done you. We will speak of this again."

"Now," said Sanderson, arising and putting on his hat, and turning towards Lowdon, "you may go out."

"O save me, save me!" gasped the base coward, cringing from the officer and trembling like an aspen.

"You must go with me now," resumed the officer, "for I have a warrant, and I must serve it. There is no use of begging, for it won't do any good. Come."

So John Lowdon was led from the room, and after he was gone, Adella fell upon her father's neck and wept, for the excitement had been too much for her.

That night Mr. Massinger had plenty to think of, and long after he had gone to his bed did he lie awake and ponder upon what had passed. He began to see the mere profession of religion in a new light, for the facts of every-day life which had so long escaped his notice were now brought directly home to him, and were forced upon his consideration. Perhaps he reflected some upon the state of his own heart, and if he did, he must have found some things that did not speak very well for his religious intentions.

On the next morning Henry came to the store as usual, but he did not prepare for work. When Mr. Massinger came, the young man followed him into the counting-room, and having closed the door he said :

"I have come this morning, Mr. Massinger, to ask for some settlement of the relation which has existed between us that shall be mutually satisfactory. It must be evident to you, as it is to me, that we had better separate for the future. My habits do not suit you, and while I accept of a situation which has been often tendered to me, you can find some one of your own church who will suit you better, and who will—"

"Stop, stop, Henry," interrupted the merchant, with much emotion. "You must not leave me. Let the past be forgotten, and for the future you shall find no cause for complaint. I have been wrong—I freely admit it, for I have been brought to see it. I will own that I have been bigoted, but my bigotry has received a most severe rebuke. I have spoken to you of religious matters, and harshly, too, but I shall trouble you no more. I have thought much upon this subject during the last week, and I feel that creeds and dogmas do not make religion, any more than does church-membership and profession. I cannot do without you, Henry. Name the salary I must pay you, and you shall have it—only stop with me."

Henry looked down upon the floor and was silent. He was deeply affected, for his employer had spoken feelingly and affectionately, and in a tone that warranted his sincerity.

"Say that you will stay with me," resumed the merchant, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "If you refuse me I shall have no other recourse but to send Adelia to plead with you. She might accomplish what I could not."

The young man started and raised his head. He could not mistake the meaning of those words. The tone and manner in which they were spoken told plainly what they meant.

"Will you stay and be my right hand man and bosom friend?"

"Yes—yes."

* * * *

Henry Hooper did stay with Mr. Massinger, and in a few short months afterwards he led Adelia to the altar. He was happy, but he was not much happier than was the father of the blushing, joyous bride. He had now thrown off the last link of the chain that had bound his mind to bigotry and prejudice, and he had found that he was a better and happier man. He had learned that the religion which is of God is that

which can be *lived* and *worked*, and which men show in their every-day life and acts instead of in their Sunday prayers and loud professions.

John Lowdon was not tried for the offence that he had committed. He acknowledged the crime, and so hard did he beg to be let off from the disgrace of trial and imprisonment, that Mr. Massinger withdrew the complaint, and the evil-disposed youth left the place and shipped on board an Indianman.

The widow's son, he whom Henry led from the gaming house—went back no more to his infamy, but following the advice and example of his noble preserver and friend, he sought honorable employment, and soon became the support and joyful pride of his aged mother.

THE CHANGE.

BY W. C. ROTHE.

There is an animal we meet,
That well deserves our pity;
The country greenhorn, just arrived
In this great bustling city!

He wanders up and down our streets,
All innocent and green,
And dreams by night, of everything
He has by daylight seen!

His coat is long, his pants are short,
His boots are awful thick;
And in his hands he firmly holds
His heavy hickory stick.

His hands are browned with honest toil,
His hair well candled down,
By which 'tis very plainly seen,
He's "lately come to town!"

Two years have past—behold him now!
A patent bandbox dandy;
Who uses for the public good,
His stock of oaths so handy.

His coat is in the latest style,
His vest is à-la-mode;
His pants contain too little cloth,
To be a heavy load.

His friends, too, often tell him now
How he's improved of late—
And, for his future great success,
Fondly anticipate!

The change is great, but is it good?
If he's so much improved,
Perhaps 'twere well, if from his home
He never here had moved!

He hath made a good progress in business
that hath thought well of it beforehand. Some
do first, and think afterwards.

THE BROCADE SILK.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"DEAR me! It looks shockingly dull and rusty! I wish I hadn't said I would try and make it do this spring," sighed Mrs. Brewer, as she critically surveyed a well worn and somewhat faded silk dress which she was ripping apart. "I did think turning and pressing would improve it, but I don't believe it will pay for the trouble. After seeing those beautiful brocades at Hall's, I'm sure I've no heart to work over this old thing. The pattern is very unfashionable, and I feel as though everybody was looking at me when I have it on."

The lady flung the pieces discontentedly upon the table, and looked quite unhappy; feeling, we fear, rather ungrateful for the former faithful services of the discarded material.

"There's the bell again!" she exclaimed, as a loud summons echoed through the room. For reasons which Mrs. Brewer herself could hardly analyze, she was unwilling that a visitor should know the nature of her employment; so hastily gathering up the pieces she had so lately thrown aside, she hurried them into a closet near at hand.

"I don't feel in the mood for entertaining company. I do hope it isn't Mrs. Follett," she thought, hastening to the door.

But it was Mrs. Follett—a tall, over-dressed lady, with an ungainly figure and exceedingly plain features, which she hoped to conceal by the richness of her clothing. In this instance she was attired in a neat brocade, which the dissatisfied Mrs. Brewer was certain she had called expressly to show, but striving to repress all feelings of envy, she welcomed the lady as cordially as she could, and led the way to the sitting room.

"Have you done your spring shopping, Mrs. Brewer?" inquired Mrs. Follett, after a few commonplace remarks had been interchanged.

"Not yet; I have to wait for my dressmaker," was the somewhat hesitating and not entirely truthful reply.

"That is unfortunate; but it's a busy time now, and dressmakers are very much hurried. Miss Taylor—the one I employ—told me last night that she had seven silk dresses to cut and make in this neighborhood."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Brewer, in a tone as cheerful as she could make it.

"Yes, it seems as though everybody was coming out fresh this spring in new goods. But it's no great wonder, for Hall is selling plaids and brocades so astonishingly cheap that his store is

thronged with customers," added the visitor, allowing her cashmere to slip very gradually off her shoulders—on account of the heat, probably, though some folks might think the movement was intended to display the elegant embroidery she wore.

"I heard about his low sales," rejoined Mrs. Brewer, heartily wishing that Mrs. Follett would talk about something else.

"I concluded you had supplied yourself long ago, as you are usually one of the first to take advantage of good bargains," continued the latter, in a tone that evinced some curiosity to know if she intended to buy at all.

Now Mrs. Brewer did not wish to be thought unable to purchase a new silk, like the rest of her neighbors; neither did she feel inclined to confess boldly that it would not be economy for her to do so, as her husband had just established himself in business, and needed every dollar he could command; so she made some evasive rejoinder, and tried to turn the conversation into another channel. But the attempt was abortive; for Mrs. Follett happening to spy a piece of the ripped dress that Mrs. Brewer had unconsciously dropped on the way to the closet, said:

"So you have been ripping an old silk to pieces, as well as myself. You remember I had my green one about the time you had that. Mine made my youngest girl quite a good dress, and I dare say that will make your Sarah a nice one. That piece looks very well—not any more faded than we should expect a thing to be which has been so long in wear. Find my old silks very serviceable for young girls that are growing; they save buying new, and last about as long."

If Mrs. Follett had tried to say something exceedingly disagreeable, she could not have made a remark better adapted to ensure the end in view. Mrs. Brewer blushed, seemed embarrassed, and murmured a few words about "getting ready for a dressmaker." The unlucky fragment of silk had told the story she was so desirous of keeping to herself, and this so disturbed her, trifle though it was, that she could hardly appear natural during the remainder of the call, which she was glad was not protracted.

"A dress for Sarah!"—when she had felt obliged to make the best of it for herself! Now all Mrs. Follett's acquaintances—and they were many—would know that she had "made it over" for her own use, unless she could do as the former had hinted, and transfer it to her daughter. She was vexed with herself for having been careless, and with that lady for making such an unpalatable observation, or for even glancing at the piece a second time; but we be-

lieve that had not Mrs. Brewer been influenced by a false pride, the circumstance would have occasioned her no uneasiness.

Mr. Brewer that evening found his wife in low spirits, who, after a little persuasion, made known her trouble. Laughing, he said:

"Why, Martha, that is a speech certainly not worth minding! What do you care for Mrs. Follett, or what she says or thinks?"

"Not what she says, but the effect she will produce?"

"What do you imagine that will be?"

"Neither more nor less than that you cannot afford your wife a new silk."

"But if you know that that is not the case, and you are denying yourself an article of dress to advance your husband's interests, such an opinion ought not to disturb you in the least, for I am sure no wise and discriminating person would censure you for an act of economy."

Mrs. Brewer was silent; she did not look at the matter in quite so philosophical a light as her companion, who, if a thing was right and proper, did not trouble himself about his neighbor's feelings upon the subject.

"Mrs. Follett thinks I am to make over my old silk for Sarah," she observed, at length.

"Why didn't you tell her to the contrary, then, if she went away with a wrong impression of such a weighty matter?" he asked, good humoredly.

"Don't you perceive, Mr. Brewer, that I had rather folks wouldn't know that the dress is to be made over? It's bad enough for me to know it."

"Why not?" he asked, in some wonder.

"Because—because—" Mrs. Brewer hesitated; she thought she had plenty of reasons, but now that they were required, she could not bring a single one to mind; or, at least, one her husband would consider sensible.

"A bad cause, Martha, I fear you are pleading. No evidence, and the whole aspect of the case unfavorable," added the latter, in a bantering tone.

"But I really wish you would consent to my having a new silk, Edward," resumed the wife, earnestly. "You cannot realize how much it would gratify me, and I am quite willing to do without something else to make it up."

"What are you willing to do without?" asked Mr. Brewer, more seriously.

"Anything you desire."

"Our summer's visit to the sea-shore, say?"

Mrs. Brewer promptly answered in the affirmative, although she had formerly considered her yearly sojourn in the country the highest in her catalogue of pleasures; but now it dwindled into insignificance when compared with a "brocade."

Mr. Brewer leaned his head on his hand, and

reflected. "Well, be it so," he said, after a time, "although it seems to me, you will regret it."

Mrs. Brewer thought this idea highly improbable. She retired to rest that night happier than she had felt for several days; not so much because she was to become the owner of a brocade—for she was far from being a vain woman,—as that she was desirous of showing her neighbors (Mrs. Follett in particular) that she could make as good an appearance as anybody. Singular enough, too, the ripped dress, which she had so lately pronounced "faded and rusty," straightway assumed a new value in her eyes; every scrap was carefully sponged and pressed the next day, and declared to be "wonderfully improved."

On the ensuing afternoon, Mrs. Brewer went out "shopping;" the requisite material was purchased, and before she returned home she had secured the services of a dressmaker, who, at an early hour on the following morning, made her appearance, ready to put the brocade into wearable shape. "You have a very small pattern Mrs. Brewer; it will be impossible to get a dress out of this," she said, after measuring it.

"There is as much as I usually buy."

"This width is exceedingly narrow; you forget that fact, probably," rejoined Miss Scott, cutting off breadth after breadth. "But you can go more without any trouble, I presume," she added, looking up suddenly, and remarking Mrs. Brewer's disappointed looks.

"How many yards will be required?"

"You will want a full skirt of fashionable length?"

Mrs. Brewer said she supposed so.

"And large sleeves, made in the latest style?"

The lady nodded in the affirmative.

"Of course you'll have a basque waist?"

Her employer replied that it was her intention.

"Then it will take about seven yards more."

Mrs. Brewer could hardly help starting at this unexpected information. She had indeed quite forgotten that nearly double the usual quantity of silk would be needed of this particular kind, as well as that the prevailing style of "making up" demanded a generous pattern. The additional cost was not an item to be disregarded in her present circumstances. It would make the dress amount to much more than she had expected, or Mr. Brewer had any idea of. But it would not do to show any concern on this point before Miss Scott, who was not at all backward at repeating what she saw and heard at the different places where she was employed, seldom failing to add her own opinions on the same. No, Mrs. Brewer had really not the moral courage to say she was not particular about following strictly

every fashion, or to make the request that economy should be practised in cutting the dress. She felt a morbid delicacy at confessing a desire to save needless expense, although morally certain that Miss Scott had named a much larger quantity than was strictly necessary; therefore, with seeming willingness, she made preparations to go for the silk.

"O, the trimming!" exclaimed the dressmaker, as she was about leaving the house. "You may as well get it while you are out."

"What must it be?" faltered Mrs. Brewer, who had flattered herself that trimming would not be wanted.

Miss Scott named over two or three kinds, at last settling upon the most expensive, on the plea that genteel people wore nothing else, and that, moreover, such good material deserved the nicest of trimming; to which Mrs. Brewer meekly assented, despite her better judgment. So she pursued her way back to the place where she had made her purchase, and was fortunate enough to match the goods.

"You want seven yards, and here are eight and a half. If you will take the whole, you shall have the extra yard and a half for a couple of dollars," remarked the clerk.

Mrs. Brewer demurred; she had no use for it.

"We are not allowed to make such small remnants," he added, not scrupling to prevaricate in order to increase his sales.

"Then you are not willing to cut the piece?" queried the lady, looking a little troubled.

"I should rather not, madam; what is left would be entirely useless to us, while to you it may be invaluable. Besides, I have offered it for a mere trifle," rejoined the clerk.

And so our heroine suffered herself to be persuaded. She took the whole, and was sorry for it ten minutes afterwards—for she remembered that the extra two dollars would pay Miss Scott for her labor. The trimming which the latter had recommended, upon inquiry, she found to be far more expensive than she had contemplated getting; but a cheaper article looked so inferior beside it, that she soon gave the highest priced the preference.

"Ten dollars more, already, than I thought it would cost! I'm afraid Mr. Brewer will think I am extravagant," she mused, as she pursued her way home, thinking of the debt she had just contracted—for, unfortunately, she had not sufficient money with her to settle the bill, and the husband would not be home until evening. But her credit was good, so the circumstance was but slightly heeded. Upon re-entering the room where the

dressmaker was sitting, Mrs. Brewer cast her eyes upon the waist of the brocade.

"How do you like it?" queried Miss Scott.

"Why, you have cut it with an open front, haven't you?" said the lady, regretfully.

"Certainly. I presumed you wanted it cut so, as no other kind of waist is worn now by fashionable people, especially married ladies," rejoined the other, her face expressing not a little astonishment at her employer's remark.

"I know they are very generally worn, but I had decided to have it made the old way. But you are not in the least to blame. I forgot to tell you my wishes about it, and did not notice how you pinned on the lining."

Miss Scott regretted the circumstance, and mentally pronounced Mrs. Brewer very eccentric and unfashionable. But the latter lady liked a modish, becoming dress just as well as anybody; yet at this particular time she did not wish to be obliged to purchase proper embroidery to compare favorably with her new silk. She felt hardly able to afford it, since she had considerably exceeded the sum which Mr. Brewer had given her. Nevertheless, this would now have to be done, as Miss Scott's *faux pas* could not conveniently be remedied. Her stock of laces and muslins had become somewhat limited, yet she had resolved to make them do until her husband had more ready money to spare. But in this new phase of affairs, another purchase was inevitable; a proper appearance, in her view, could not be made without it.

"You didn't notice Hall's large assortment of embroidery, did you?" asked the dressmaker, as if divining her thoughts.

Mrs. Brewer colored, and said "No."

"He has some beautiful sets for only ten dollars; the nicest of muslin and the heaviest of work. Mrs. Follett showed me an elegant one that she bought the other day; it was a beauty!"

This information was quite sufficient to excite a strong desire on the part of our heroine to go and do likewise, although an empty purse and an unpaid bill admonished her that she could not afford it.

"If you think of buying," continued Miss Scott, "the sooner you do so, the better choice you will have."

"I suppose so," briefly replied Mrs. Brewer, who forthwith began to argue with herself that this was a very reasonable remark. She had some misgivings about the propriety of procuring the articles on credit; but feeling well assured she could liquidate the bill by the next day, she determined to return to the store and complete her purchases.

Half an hour after she was minutely inspecting the articles upon which her mind was centered. A great many patterns of all qualities and prices were duly exhibited, but she had no eyes for anything save a richly worked under handkerchief with an elegant collar, and a pair of sleeves to match, which she was confident would be the envy of the neighborhood. Ten dollars were demanded for the set—a sum she thought rather exorbitant, but which no persuasion could lessen. She thought her husband would advise something cheaper—in fact she was morally certain that he would entirely disapprove of paying ten dollars for two articles of such an unsubstantial and flimsy fabric as fine muslin. But then gentlemen were not good judges in these matters; few could distinguish between delicate French embroidery and common spotted lace; so her inference was that she had better suit herself; and so she took the sleeves, etc., and went home again, pretty well satisfied that she had got her money's worth—that is, when the money was paid.

Our heroine did not feel quite so happy as she had expected to in the possession of a brocade; it did not look precisely as she thought it would, or fit as neatly as she could have desired. The expensive trimming was certainly an addition, but not much of an improvement. Mrs. Brewer might have explained this seeming puzzling contradiction, by recollecting that rich heavy materials should be "made up" in the plainest manner; its simplicity being its chief ornament. Over and over again she fruitlessly wished she had waited until her husband's return, before making her last purchases. The temptation was great, but she blamed herself for yielding to it. The only and best way was for her to tell him all about it at once, and this she made up her mind to do. Her resolve was a little shaken when he made his appearance, at a late hour, looking disappointed and dejected. This was unusual for him, he being commonly in fine spirits. His wife judged it to be an unpropitious time to tell her story, and remained silent, wondering what had happened to disturb him. She was on the point of questioning him, when he said:

"I am glad your new dress is bought and paid for, because I have met with a misfortune which will probably make me short of funds for some months."

Mrs. Brewer's cheek was a shade paler as she looked up inquiringly.

"Wesby has failed, and I have lost nearly three hundred dollars. He has nothing, and I shall not get a cent."

"Lost three hundred dollars!" faltered she.

"Every penny, and you know that is a large sum for us."

"It is, indeed. And you needed it so much!"

"I'm afraid my business will suffer, for I can ill afford to lose the money."

"What will you do?" asked the wife, at length.

"I shall try and borrow a few hundred dollars of helby, next week; perhaps he will be inclined to help me. We must be very economical now, Martha, and save in every possible way. There is one thing in our favor—we have no outstanding debts to annoy and make us anxious. What little I have is my own; no man has the smallest claim upon me, that I know of, in the world. That is one satisfaction."

Mrs. Brewer's thoughts instantly reverted to the debt she had that day contracted. How could she tell him that she was even then responsible for the payment of twenty dollars? The amount seemed to increase in magnitude every instant. It was comparatively a trifle two hours previously; now it assumed superior importance. To acquaint him with this would only augment his unpleasant feelings, and make his disappointment a more bitter one. She would put it off until morning, when, perchance, he might be more hopeful and in better spirits.

But when that period of time arrived, Mrs. Brewer was fully as reluctant to make the communication as she had been the evening previous. Mr. Brewer was not very talkative, being probably engaged in musing over his loss. He took a slight breakfast, and then hurried out of the house before his wife had gained courage enough to open her lips. "I'll tell him at dinner," she soliloquized, as she walked back and forth between the closet and table. This resolve was thwarted; an acquaintance from a neighboring city alighted at the door in the course of the forenoon, with the intention of remaining a week or two. Therefore, there was no good opportunity—and she did not regret it much—to speak with him on the subject.

The reason of this continued disinclination was doubtless strengthened by a consciousness of having been somewhat lavish in her expenditures, as well as a repugnance to enhance her husband's troubles. The longer she put it off, the more she dreaded to acknowledge her weakness. A week passed away in this manner, during which time the old silk had been metamorphosed into a pretty frock for the eldest girl, the brocade finished, and mother and daughter dressed in their best, among which the new embroidery was conspicuous, had exhibited themselves in the street several times, on promenade, accompanied by their lady visitor. Whether the

sensation they created was sufficient to repay Mrs. Brewer for the efforts she had made to realize her wishes, the following soliloquy may serve to show. She was in her room, alone, and had just thrown off the brocade, which she looked at attentively for some minutes.

"I wish it was back again at Hall's!" she at length exclaimed. "It don't look half as well as it ought to for the money it cost, and the trouble it has made me. And then that trimming don't show at all in the street; my shawl quite hides it. My nice sleeves were entirely hidden, too; I might as well have worn my old ones, as far as the eyes of other people were concerned, for nobody seemed to mind anything about me, except Mrs. Follett, whom I saw looking slyly out of the window, sorry, no doubt, that I can dress as well as she."

Before Mrs. Brewer concluded her reflections, she made a second determination not to let another day pass without making a confidant of her husband. It was time Hall was paid; she had promised to settle the bill in a few days, knowing how much Mr. Brewer disliked to be indebted to others. But it truly appeared as if circumstances conspired against her. She had conquered her irresolution, and remarked that "her dress was going to wear well," when the husband rejoined with unusual seriousness, that "it ought to, to compensate for the mischief it had made;" adding, as his wife manifested much astonishment, "you know I spoke of asking Shelby for a loan of two or three hundred. I made such a request to-day, and was politely though firmly refused. He gave for a reason that if I could buy silk dresses for my wife and daughter, I could hardly be in need of money; and ended by remarking, in his blunt, straightforward way, that a wasteful, extravagant wife would keep any man out of pocket. I knew his remarks did both you and myself injustice, but I did not feel inclined to make a private matter a public fact, and so made no rejoinder. Thus you see, my dear, that your new brocade, although no blame is attached to anybody, prevented my obtaining the loan. Shelby has accommodated me before, and been punctually repaid; but he is a careful man, and evidently feared I was living beyond my means—that he might lose in consequence."

"Mrs. Follett is at the bottom of it all!" ejaculated Mrs. Brewer, when he had ceased. "She visits Mrs. Shelby, and has made out a story to suit herself, and the latter has told her husband."

"Perhaps so; I do not value Mrs. Follett's acquaintance highly, and have often wished she would dispense with our company altogether.

Her principles are lax, her example not beneficial, while her chief enjoyment consists in repeating in one house what she hears in another. I would have as little as possible to do with her."

Mrs. Brewer mentally resolved to be guided by his advice. She did not doubt the truth of his words, yet still could not bear to admit that she had been governed in a great measure by what that same woman would think or say about her. The sight of Mrs. Follett's brocade had made her desire one of like quality, and Miss Scott's description of the former's embroidery had influenced her to purchase articles at a similar price, which she could have done without. This individual had injured her husband's credit, proved false to the friendship she had professed, and Mrs. Brewer felt more than ever reluctant to relieve her mind respecting the account at Hall's.

"I've a great mind not to tell him at all," she meditated. "He has had disappointments enough. Perhaps I can find some way to discharge my debt, and I dare say Hall will not be impatient. I have money, weekly, for household expenses, which I will try to make as small as possible, and appropriate the rest of the sum to my own use. No, I will not tell him."

This idea was acted upon immediately, but it was found to be slow work. The difficulty consisted in robbing the table without the fact being recognized by Mr. Brewer, who knew, to a cent, what everything ought to cost. Then, to make the aspect of affairs more unfavorable, a stream of company began to pour in, entirely frustrating her intentions. Her anxiety upon the subject soon affected her health, and she grew moping and melancholy. Troubles come by couples. At this crisis Hall's errand boy brought her bill for settlement. She was not prepared for this movement, not having expected it under two or three months. Why hers was so soon presented, while those of other ladies, whose prospects were far less encouraging than hers, were suffered to run a quarter, at least, she could not understand; but Mrs. Follett, whose busy tongue had given a note of warning, unintentionally sounded first by Mrs. Shelby, could have explained the apparent mystery. Mr. Brewer had been known to lose money by a certain failure, also to have made an attempt to borrow; so Hall & Co. naturally thought they could not get the twenty dollars too soon.

Our heroine did the best she could with the messenger, promised to call and see Mr. Hall in a few days, then dismissed the lad, thanking fortune that her husband was not at home. The merchant was not satisfied with this message; it only served to strengthen a lurking suspicion

that Mr. Brewer was "going down hill." He had heard rumors to that effect within a few days, which the lady's reply surely confirmed; so he despatched the same lad to Mr. Brewer's store, with directions to say nothing about having first taken it to his house.

The latter gentleman evinced much astonishment, read and re-read the paper, looked perplexed, declared his total ignorance of the transaction alluded to, expressed his conviction that there was a mistake, and finally sent the boy back again to find out if such was not the case; but he soon returned with the answer that it was "all right."

Mr. Brewer looked more and more confounded.

"I am not satisfied about this bill yet," he at length said. "I will speak to my wife in relation to the matter, and if she says there is no error, it shall be settled to-morrow. Come in again in the morning," he added.

Meantime the wife at home was tormenting herself by fruitless endeavors to devise some means of raising the money at once, lest her husband should obtain a knowledge of her unenviable predicament. She had kept the troublesome secret so long from him, when he had a right to her confidence, that she feared his censure. In fine, Mrs. Brewer endured more mental suffering than she had experienced in her whole life; and seeing no practicable way of extrication from her embarrassment, she formed a resolution to make her companion acquainted with the whole before she again slept.

This resolve was kept. With faltering voice and downcast eyes, our heroine told her story, adding that her own procrastination had produced its own punishment. Had Mrs. Brewer looked up when she commenced speaking, she would have remarked that her husband's face was clouded with something akin to sadness, and that its expression was somewhat reproachful. When she had finished, he remained silent a moment, while Mrs. Brewer sat in expectation of a deserved reproof.

"I am glad you told me about it, Martha; it is much more gratifying than to be obliged to introduce the matter myself," he observed, after a pause which seemed interminable to his wife.

"Then you knew of it?" she faltered.

"I have been aware of it only a few hours. Mr. Hall doubtless thought I had more means of paying bills than yourself, and sent the account in this afternoon for settlement. It was so unlike you to contract debts without my knowledge, that I doubted the genuineness of the paper, or at least was not willing to pay the sum demanded until I obtained your assurance that it was

honestly due. I shall not reproach you, for you have doubtless expiated any error you may have committed, by the anxiety you have felt; yet I cannot help thinking that the brocade has proved to be rather an expensive dress," he added.

"I shall never want another," sighed the wife, sadly.

"Then, perhaps," he smilingly rejoined, "it may prove a cheap one to me, if that is the effect of your experience."

"I don't think I shall ever wear it again; I should always be thinking of the trouble it has caused me," she resumed, with a doleful attempt at looking cheerful.

"Then it will last the longer, Martha; and for the future you will have a brocade on hand for any emergency."

Mrs. Brewer smiled feebly.

"I expected to be so happy and satisfied," she added.

"It will teach you that our expectations are often disappointed many times for our good."

Two ten dollar bills in Mr. Brewer's pocket-book changed hands the next day, thereby making Mrs. Brewer a happy woman, although her mind's sky was rather clouded by the reflection that had she remained satisfied with her old silk a few months longer, she would have been spared both the expense and uneasiness of mind. This experience taught her to rely more upon her own good sense and judgment than her neighbors' opinions, and likewise convinced her that the possession of a brocade was not the sum total of human happiness, besides showing conclusively that the gratification of one want only paves the way for the formation of another.

'TIS HOME WHERE LIFE IS BEST.

BY CALS G. DUNK.

My early home! sweet, cherished spot,
The scene of childhood's passing years;
By me thou ne'er canst be forgot,
While memory's shrine in me uprears.
Forget my home! where youth fled by
On its too fleeting wing upborne?
O, ne'er till life hath fled mine eye,
And I in death am left forlorn.

What spot on earth to me so dear?
Though he the world wide o'er should roam;
What sphere so loved, as that fond sphere,
Wherein is built his long-loved home?
"There is no place like home," so dear,
So cherished by the human breast;
'Tis home where truest friends appear—
'Tis home, where life is far the best.

It is a sure method of obliging in conversation, to show a pleasure in giving attention.

THE WEARY HEART.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Spirit weary, worn and sickened
By the crushing weight of woe,
Which, where'er I turn, attends me,
Where for comfort can I go?
Can I look to thee, fond mother,
Canst thou ease this load of grief?
Loving words I know thou'lt proffer,
But they cannot bring relief.

Thou, my proud and fearless brother,
With thy high and noble brow,
And thine eyes affection beaming,
Canst thou cheer thy sister now?
Ah, perchance Nevada's mountain
Frowns e'en now above thy sleep;
O, I fear thy sleep is dreamless,
Or I not alone should weep.

I can look to many a fond one
Who has sought to cheer my heart;
Blessings on them for their kindness,
Now, alas, we're far apart.
Thou who sit'st enthroned in glory,
Thou alone canst make me whole;
Thou alone canst still the tempest,
That comes to whelm my weary soul.

Look in pity from thy dwelling,
Look, and help, thou God above,
None can cry to thee unheeded,
Thou wilt help and help in love.

NO NEIGHBORS.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"AFTER all, Lizzie, I think you will be happier here than you could be in the crowded city. I dreaded at first leaving you in the solitude of the country, and it was only stern necessity that compelled me to acknowledge, that, with my reduced income, the change was really essential. But now that it is made, and I see the many comforts by which we are surrounded at a comparatively trifling expense, I am quite reconciled to the loss of our city home. There is a purity and freshness in the very air around us which seems to bring us nearer to heaven. If I could but remain with you, Lizzie, I am sure we should be happier than we ever have been."

"But you cannot remain with me, Henry, and when you have said this, you have divested our new abode of every real or fancied charm. It is to me but a gloomy, desolate prison, where I am to endure a miserable existence until it please Heaven to restore you to my arms."

"Not gloomy and desolate, surely, Lizzie. Look around upon the lovely landscape. Listen to the music of the birds as they sport among

the flowers in your own little garden, and rejoice in the bright sunshine. Then think of the comforts of this pretty cottage. It seems to me more like a paradise than a prison."

Lizzie smiled as her husband spoke, but it was a sad smile, and a moment after tears fell fast from her eyes. The last year had been one of sad reverses, and now the greatest trial of all was to come. Her husband's business obliged him to leave home for several months. During his absence great economy would be necessary. A neat little cottage with garden and adjacent fields had for some years been in their possession, being the bequest of a near relative. Hitherto they had left it in the undisturbed possession of a worthy tenant, but now the question arose whether it might not become a home for themselves. After some doubts and difficulties, this plan was at length adopted, and just as the spring was budding in its freshness and beauty, the little family came to their new home.

To the husband, it seemed a delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of the city, and he watched with delight the happy countenances and joyous steps of his children as they bounded over the green fields. But the heart of his wife was sad and desponding. The change from luxury to simple comfort was a great one, but this she felt might be borne, with her husband by her side. But to part with him for months, perhaps for years, and to be left alone with her little ones, a stranger in a strange place, seemed more than she could bear. She made no effort to look up, but allowed her mind to dwell constantly upon her sorrows, regardless of the many blessings which still surrounded her.

Much affected by her grief, her husband vainly sought to re-assure her, when a gentle tap at the door produced a temporary diversion of feeling. A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little girl of ten years old, appeared with a neat basket on her arm.

"Mother's compliments to Mrs. Minton, and as she has just moved in, she thought a few fresh eggs and a pound of butter might be very acceptable."

There was something so novel in this to one entirely unaccustomed to the freedom and social kindness of country life, that Lizzie stood for a moment quite at a loss what to reply. But Mr. Minton, who retained many pleasant recollections of a boyhood spent upon a farm, came forward with a smile, and taking the basket from the blushing child, said pleasantly:

"We are, indeed, very much obliged to your mother, my little girl. Freshly churned butter and new laid eggs are great luxuries. But will

you not walk in and rest yourself for a little while, while you tell us your mother's name and where she lives?"

"I am not tired, thank you, sir. We live in the brown cottage near the great elm tree. You can see it from the door. My mother's name is Mrs. Wilmot."

"And your name, my child, is—?"

"Lucy, sir, Lucy Wilmot," and the little maiden dropped a curtsy as gracefully as if she had received the instructions of the best French dancing master.

"Well, Lucy, I hope we shall be good neighbors," said Mr. Minton. "I have two little girls who will be nice playmates for you."

"Thank you, sir," replied the child, and with a look of admiration at the pretty lady, and a glance of wonder at the furniture, most of which had been brought from the city residence, and appeared to her far superior to anything she had ever seen, she took her empty basket upon her arm, and walked swiftly away.

"A fine little girl," observed Mr. Minton, as he turned from looking after her. "And how pleasant it is to have kind neighbors, Lizzie. I shall feel much easier about you during my absence."

"I will have no neighbors, Henry. I resolved upon that before we removed to the country. I have heard and read of the gossiping neighbors of a country village, and that is enough for me. I have no desire for personal information."

"But surely Lizzie, you will encourage and return any marks of kindly feeling which may be shown toward you. I thought you enjoyed social intercourse with those around you."

"Certainly, when they are of a congenial nature, but not with such persons as we are likely to meet with in this neighborhood. I am sorry that we are already under an obligation to Mrs. Wilmot. I am not at all desirous of receiving favors of this kind. Probably they will soon invite me to a quilting party, or a husking frolic."

"Which invitation I trust you will accept," laughingly responded her husband. "It will be a novel amusement for you. But seriously, Lizzie, you must put away these prejudices. They are for the greater part the result of education and habit, and are quite unfounded. Associate freely with those around you. Do good and receive good, and the days of my absence will be shortened."

Lizzie shook her head mournfully, but made no reply, for at this moment her two little girls ran merrily into the room, eager to show some new treasure which they had found in their morning ramble.

"And, O, mother," exclaimed Mary, the eldest, "such a good old lady asked us into her cottage, and gave us such delicious milk to drink and a slice of her own home-made bread."

"We were so hungry," continued little Ellen, "and the bread was so good. I wish you had been there, mother."

Mr. Minton laughed heartily as he caught the expression of his wife's countenance, as she listened to the eager children.

"It was no harm, Lizzie, dear," he whispered. "It is the most common thing in the world in the country, to make acquaintance with little children."

"Did you tell the good old lady your name, Mary?" he asked, as his daughter gazed in his face, somewhat perplexed as to the cause of his merriment.

"O yes, father. She asked us our names, and all about you and mother; and we told her that you are going away, and she said she was very sorry, because mother would be so very lonely."

"And she said," interrupted Ellen, "that she would come and see you, and try to cheer you up."

"Just as I told you," observed Mrs. Minton to her husband, with a somewhat contemptuous expression of countenance. "The people around us are a vulgar, ignorant set, full of impertinent curiosity, and disposed to meddle with everybody's affairs. I am determined to have no neighbors, and I must lay down rules for the children."

"You will find it a difficult matter to prevent their forming the acquaintance of the neighborhood, and if you will be guided by my advice, you will not only allow them great freedom in this respect, but you will follow their example yourself."

Another shake of the head, and the conversation dropped. A few more days passed swiftly away, and then the husband and father bade a long farewell to his earthly treasures. It was a sad parting, but the prospect of a brighter future was before him, and struggling manfully with his feelings, he went forth to encounter toil and hardship for those he had left behind. But there was comfort in this, for the very thought that it was for their sakes he labored, reconciled him in a degree to the separation. But his wife, without the stimulus of constant exertion, and change of scene, sank into a state of utter despondency, from which for a time it seemed impossible to arouse her. By degrees, however, she became more reconciled to her situation, and interested herself in the care and education of her children,

and in the superintendence of the domestic labors of an inexperienced but honest girl, who had been persuaded to try the country with them.

"An' indeed, ma'am, an' it is a pretty place, an' far better for ye while the master is far away. The young ladies, bless their swate faces, are getting a fine color in their cheeks. If you would but comfort your heart a little, ma'am, and have a few of the neighbors to visit you. It does any one a world of good to have some one to speak to when they are in trouble."

"I have you and the children, my good Jenny," returned her mistress, "and that is quite sufficient. I have no wish to become acquainted with the neighbors."

"But, if I may make so free, ma'am, it seems strange like to know no one around us. They are good, kind people, ma'am, and many a one asks for you when I go to the village."

"I am much obliged to them, Jenny, but I am better contented without their society. The minister has called twice, and that will answer for visitors."

"I wish he had a wife," muttered Jenny to herself, as she busied herself with her usual employments. "If I could only persuade my mistress to have some of the ladies to visit her a bit, I am sure she would be the better for it."

But there seemed little prospect that Jenny's wishes would be realized. Several ladies had called, to be sure, but they were received with such cold politeness, that the attempt at an acquaintance had not been repeated.

The little girls, in spite of rules laid down to them, occasionally formed friendships with some of the bright-eyed children of the village, but the parents, rightly judging that this was undesired by the mother, gave no encouragement to these intimacies, and they soon dropped off.

Lucy Wilmot still smiled kindly and curtsied gracefully when she saw Mrs. Minton in the garden, to which her walks were generally confined, and the lady had so far relented, as to ask her to walk in and look at her flowers on one occasion; but this act of favor being immediately followed by a call from Mrs. Wilmot herself, Lizzie was alarmed at the prospect of having a neighbor, and resumed her usual coldness of manner.

And thus three months passed away with little to vary the monotony of every-day life, save an occasional letter from Mr. Minton, telling of good health and increasing prosperity, and begging his wife to be cheerful and happy, for a year would not elapse before his return.

In one of these letters he expressed the hope

that his wife had relinquished her prejudice against country neighbors, and had found many true friends. Lizzie smiled as she read this passage, and in her reply assured her husband that their two darlings were company enough for her, and faithful Jenny was all the friend she desired until his return.

But she had yet to learn that there are times when our dependence upon our fellow-beings must be felt and acknowledged. During the latter part of the summer it had been unusually sickly among children, and at length her little Ellen became alarmingly ill. Unwearied was the mother's care and attention. Day and night she watched over her with that devoted tenderness which only a mother's heart can feel. But her own health was delicate, and she was little accustomed to endure constant anxiety and fatigue. The very day that her child was pronounced out of danger, her too severely taxed strength could endure no more, and in a state of insensibility she was carried to her own room and laid upon the bed. Recovering from the fainting fit, she made an ineffectual attempt to rise and return to her child, but it was in vain, and weak and helpless as an infant, she sank back upon her pillow.

The worthy physician in attendance strongly urged the necessity of perfect quiet and freedom from anxiety, but Lizzie replied only by her tears which she could not restrain; for how could she desert her little one at this critical moment, and who could be forced to fill her place!

The doctor answered her burst of feeling with kindly sympathy.

"I know it is a hard case, my dear lady, but we must do the best we can. must find a nurse for you, if one is to be had. They are scarce and in great demand at present. But where are your neighbors? Let them come and assist you."

"I have no neighbors," sobbed the distressed mother, as she made another vain effort to rise. "And what will become of my poor Ellen in her present feeble state! Jenny has too much care already. If I may not go to her, let her be brought and laid by my side. can at least watch over her and direct what shall be done for her comfort."

The doctor consented to this arrangement, judging that the agitation caused by separation from the child would be more injurious to Mrs. Minton than her presence could be.

Little Ellen was carefully brought from the adjacent room and laid by her exhausted mother, and then with strict injunctions to Jenny to keep both of her patients as quiet as possible, Dr. Lorimer left the cottage.

"Something must be done, that is certain," he murmured to himself, as he mounted the patient horse which awaited him at the gate. "I do not believe a nurse is to be had for love or for money. No neighbors in a country village! What an absurdity! And yet she seems to be an intelligent, fine woman, and very pretty withal. She ought not to want for friends. I will call upon Miss Nancy, and ask her advice."

Miss Nancy was a sort of oracle in the little village. A maiden lady, as her title implies, she still retained sufficient youth and beauty to have attracted many a suitor; but it was generally understood that the day for this had gone by; there had been deep heart griefs in early youth, and that fountain must now remain untouched. At thirty-five, Miss Nancy was regarded as a general blessing in which all might claim a share. The affectionate sympathy with which she entered into the joys and sorrows of those around her, and her unselfish disregard of her own personal comfort, if she could minister to the wants of others, pointed her out to Dr. Lorimer as a suitable person to consult in this emergency, and in a few moments he stood in her little parlor.

His errand was soon told, and as he expected, Miss Nancy's heart at once responded to the call. To be sure she had been coldly received in a former call upon Mrs. Minton, but that was not to be thought of now that they were in trouble. She rejoiced that her own affairs were at present so arranged that she could devote herself to her suffering neighbor, and assured the doctor that she would be there in the course of half an hour.

Much relieved, the worthy doctor took leave, mentally blessing the kind heart of Miss Nancy; and within the allotted half hour the faithful but sorely perplexed Jenny was gladdened by the appearance of her able assistant.

Even in the short period of the doctor's absence, things had changed for the worse. Mrs. Minton was in a high fever, and already slightly delirious. She took little notice of Miss Nancy's presence, but allowed her to do whatever she thought most likely to give her relief, without opposition.

Doctor Lorimer shook his head gravely when he again stood by the patient's bedside.

"The symptoms are unfavorable," he said, aside to Miss Nancy. "I fear it will be impossible to prevent a regular course of fever. It would be far better to have the child in another room."

"I know that it would, but I feared exciting the poor mother by proposing it. A crib might

be placed in this room for the present," replied Miss Nancy.

"That will be better than to have her in the bed, but in her present condition, she requires very different treatment from the mother, and it would be better to separate them entirely. I will propose it myself."

The arrangement was carried into effect with less difficulty than they anticipated. A poor woman in the neighborhood that was well acquainted with the duties of a nurse, was engaged to aid Miss Nancy in the care of the sick, while Jenny returned to her own department, to which was now added the entire charge of the eldest little girl.

For the next ten days Miss Nancy watched with the most tender interest over both mother and child. Little Ellen she had the happiness to see daily improving, and the gentle sweetness with which she suffered strangers to take the place of her sick mother, while at the same time she manifested how much she desired that mother's care, endeared her exceedingly to her kind attendants.

With Mrs. Minton the fever was now abating, but the extreme debility to which she was reduced, called for continued care and attention, and as the child could now with safety be left with others, Miss Nancy devoted herself almost wholly to the mother.

The invalid had evidently no recollection of ever having seen her before, and supposed that she had been employed by the doctor, to attend upon her. Miss Nancy encouraged the idea, thinking that she would feel more freedom in calling upon her as a nurse if she believed it to be her regular occupation. Day after day now gave evidence of returning health and strength, and her mind also began to regain its usual tone. A letter was written at her request to her husband, informing him of the events of the last few weeks, and this duty performed, her thoughts turned with awakening interest to her children.

"May I not see my darlings once more?" she asked, as the physician took her hand on his morning call, and pronounced her pulse to be almost as good as his own.

"Why, yes, I suppose we must let you see them now, if you will promise to be quite calm, and feel neither joy nor grief when they are brought to you."

"Do not require impossibilities," she replied, smiling faintly. "I will promise to be very calm and quiet. My kind nurse tells me that my poor little Ellen is a different child from what she was when I left her."

"She is, indeed, thanks to good nursing," an-

answered the doctor, "and, as to her rosy-cheeked sister, she is as full of mischief as ever. She followed me to the door just now, and is, I presume, waiting outside for my re-appearance."

The door was opened and little Mary appeared. For a moment she endeavored to obey the instructions she had received, to speak very softly and not agitate her mother, but the effort required more self-control than she possessed, and in another instant she had flung her arms around her mother's neck, almost sobbing with joy as she exclaimed:

"O, my own dear mother, I am so glad to see you. I begged to come very often, but the doctor and Miss Nancy said it would hurt you, so I tried to be good and patient, and I have helped Jenny a great deal. Miss Nancy says I shall soon be a nice little housekeeper."

"And who is Miss Nancy, darling?" asked Mrs. Minton, as she imprinted many a kiss upon the little girl's forehead.

"Why, mother, this is Miss Nancy," replied Mary, pointing toward the supposed nurse, as she spoke. "She has taken care of you all the time."

"She has indeed, dear, but I did not know her name until now. It is a blessing to have a good nurse."

Mary was about replying, but the doctor interfered, and telling her that she should see her mother again the next day, led her gently away. Little Ellen was then laid for a few moments by her mother's side. More quiet in her disposition than her sister, her love displayed itself in more gentle ways, but her earnest look and loving smile showed that it was not less deeply felt.

Another week wore away and Miss Nancy was still regarded only as an attentive nurse whose services were to be recompensed in the usual manner. But other calls now demanded her attention, and as Mrs. Minton was gaining rapidly, the friendly neighbor felt that she must relinquish her charge.

"O do not leave me so soon," exclaimed the still feeble invalid. "Surely I have the first claim upon you, and I will gladly pay you your own price."

"I want no recompense save your friendship, and the pleasure I feel at having been useful to you," replied Miss Nancy, with a smile. "I am not a professed nurse, as you suppose, but only one of your neighbors who has been glad to aid you in the hour of need."

"One of my neighbors!" was the astonished reply. "And you have watched over my child and myself for weeks, as unweariedly as the most faithful nurse."

"And why not, my dear lady? Surely, there may be good neighbors as well as good nurses. We are made to be mediums of good to one another. My services have been freely given, and I regret that I must now leave you, but the woman who has assisted me will still remain, and your own Jenny is quite a treasure."

"But none can be to me what you have been, my good neighbor, since that is the name by which I am to call you," replied Mrs. Minton, with emotion. "Nevertheless, I am not so selfish as to wish to detain you. But tell me, have I ever seen you before you became my nurse? I have now a confused recollection of your having once called to see me."

"I did so," answered Miss Nancy, "during the first month of your removal here. My name will perhaps set you right. The neighbors take pleasure in addressing me as Miss Nancy, but my last name is Freeman."

"Ah yes, I recollect your call more distinctly, now. It was a day or two after my husband left me, and I felt little interest in anybody or anything. I presume I received you coldly."

"Somewhat so, I must acknowledge, but I could make allowance for your troubled state of mind. Do not think of it again."

But Lizzie did think, and with a feeling of shame, as she recalled her strong prejudices against her country neighbors, and felt how entirely dependent she had become upon their kindness.

This feeling was rather increased than lessened after the departure of her nurse. Many were the friendly countenances that beamed with kindness in her sick room, and numerous the little attentions to herself and little Ellen. Almost every day a worthy farmer in the neighborhood called to give the little one a ride, always assuring the mother that there was nothing like the fresh air to bring back the roses, and as his old fashioned chaise was remarkably easy, he hoped she would soon feel like trying it herself. And often—very often came a gentle tap at the door, and sweet Lucy Wilmot appeared with her basket, containing some delicacy to tempt the appetite of the invalid, and plenty of apples and doughnuts for the children, "because mother was sure that Jenny had no time for such things." And then good Mrs. Wilmot, with her cap and apron as white as snow, would occasionally run in herself, just to see if all was going on right, and to beg Jenny to be sure that Miss Ellen's apple was roasted before she gave it to her.

It would have been strange if the really warm-hearted Lizzie could have withstood all this kindness. She was now fully conscious of the

blessing of good neighbors, and as she regained her strength, gladly received and returned their frequent visits. Particularly did she delight in the society of Miss Nancy, who warmly returned her affection, and seldom allowed a day to elapse without at least a short call at the pleasant cottage.

Autumn has succeeded summer and winter was now fast taking the place of autumn. Social parties of every description had been given, and Mrs. Minton had occasionally yielded to the solicitations of those around her, and joined in the general merriment. Accounts from her husband continued favorable, but his return was still uncertain, and hope deferred sometimes made the heart sick. She struggled against this feeling of depression, however, and in the education of her children, and in giving and receiving good, found cheerfulness and contentment.

"And when are we to have a party, ma'am?" inquired Jenny, as her mistress mentioned an invitation she had received from one of the neighbors.

"We have a party, Jenny! I have not thought of such a thing."

"But sure ye will think of it. Four invitations ye have accepted, and now comes our own turn."

"There is some truth in your reasoning, Jenny," replied Mrs. Minton, smiling, "and perhaps I will ask a few friends next week."

"Not a few, ma'am, when so many have been kind to us. The house will hold them all. The young ladies will soon have finished their patch-work, and then we may have a fine quilting."

Lizzie laughed outright at the idea of a quilting frolic in her house, but the children clapped their hands with delight, and begged mama so earnestly to consent, that at length she began to think that the plan was rather a novel and pleasing one after all, and after a little consultation with Miss Nancy, gave her consent, and in due time sent her invitations and made her preparations.

It must be confessed that visions of by-gone days came with great distinctness to Mrs. Minton's mind, as she surveyed the supper-table, which in compliance with the general custom was crowded with a most unfashionable abundance and variety, and she almost doubted her own identity, as she welcomed one after another of her guests.

Miss Nancy had superintended the whole arrangements for the quilting, and the little girls saw with wonder and admiration the ease and celerity with which their pretty patch-work was converted into a quilt.

The work completed, play begun. The old fiddler who was employed by the whole village, had been duly summoned, the large, old-fashioned kitchen was just the place for dancing. Every one seemed full of life and spirits, and Lizzie could not but acknowledge that if some of the charms of high-bred life were wanting, there was more real enjoyment at her quilting party than she had ever seen at her city entertainments.

The hour for supper had nearly arrived, but another cotillon was called for, and with a bow and a smile, Dr. Lorimer begged the honor of Mrs. Minton's hand for the occasion, upbraiding her at the same time with remaining a quiet spectator of the happiness of other people.

"I enjoy 'it myself as much as any one, I can assure you, doctor," was the laughing reply, "but you must excuse me from dancing. My little Mary here may take my place."

"I have danced with my little pet twice already, and once with her sister, and now I am justly entitled to dance with their mother. You will not withhold my just dues."

"Not willingly, but nevertheless I must decline dancing this evening. The absence of my husband is sufficient excuse."

"If you have no other reason for refusing to dance, Lizzie, we will head the next cotillon," said a well-known voice at her side.

With a faint scream, Lizzie turned hastily around and threw herself into the arms of her husband, while the two little girls with shouts of delight clung around him, claiming their share of attention.

Mr. Minton had arranged his business sooner than he had expected, and hastened to return to his family from whom he had been so long separated. He had not apprized his wife of his intentions, lest she should be anxious for his safety during a somewhat dangerous journey at this inclement season. On arriving in the village at a late hour in the evening, he hastily directed his steps towards his own house, and was surprised to find it brilliantly lighted up, and to hear the sound of the violin as he approached. Gently opening the door, he entered the kitchen unobserved, just as the doctor was urging his wife to join the dance.

The music ceased and the company stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the scene before them, but in an instant, a whisper of explanation passed from one to another, and a universal murmur of sympathy was heard.

"Our good neighbors will excuse us, Lizzie," said Mr. Minton, gaily, as he released his wife and children from his arms; "and the doctor will forgive me for proposing myself as his sub-

stitute in the dance, I am delighted to find so merry a party to welcome me, and if you will allow my travelling dress and boots to pass unnoticed, we will take our places at once."

In another moment the music struck up—the happy but almost bewildered Lizzie was led by her husband to the head of the dance; smiling, Dr. Lorimer followed with little Mary; other couples rapidly took their places, and all went on as if nothing had happened.

Then came the supper, and mirth and good humor prevailed. Only one slight accident occurred, and that seemed rather to increase the general merriment. Jenny, who had not been apprised of Mr. Minton's arrival, let fall a waiter of lemonade glasses, as she saw him lead her mistress into the supper-room, and at first almost inclined to believe it an apparition, but was at length recalled to her senses, and greeted him with a hearty welcome.

"And you have really given up your resolution to have 'no neighbors,' Lizzie," said her husband, after a long conversation upon the events of the past year.

"I have, indeed, Henry," was the reply, "for I have learned by sad experience, our dependence upon those around us. I have often thought of your advice that I should mingle with my neighbors, and endeavor to give and receive good, but I little thought that I should give you so convincing a proof of my reformation, as to welcome you home to a quilting party."

A FRENCH STORY.

Galignani's Messenger, an English paper published in France—and rather remarkable by the way for wonderful stories—gives us the following, which it professes to translate from the *Gazette des Hopitaux*: Dr. Roger (de l'Ore) having been called upon to visit a person in the worst stage of cholera, prescribed, but with scarcely the slightest hope that it would be efficacious, an emetic of 1 1-2 grammes of ipecacuanha, to be taken in three doses (*prises*), at intervals of half an hour. The person who was charged to administer the ipecacuanha, seeing the word *prises*, and finding that the medicine was a powder, imagined that it was a kind of snuff, and that the three *prises* meant three pinches. He consequently made the patient sniff up a third. The ipecacuanha thus administered, instead of making the patient vomit, caused him to sneeze with such force, and for so long a time, that a violent reaction took place. Heat returned to the surface, all the symptoms of cholera ceased, and when the physician paid his next visit he found the patient cured.

MANRE.

BY JOHN H. LEBLEY.

The forest is gloomy and low,
And the spirits are fanning the breeze,
Wierd spirits glide by on the breeze,
Till it mutters a mystical tone.
And I wander away through the shadow
That hangs o'er the land of my birth,
Like a pall over woodland and meadow,
A pall for the corpse of the earth;
And my soul with the spirits is keeping
A melody, soft as the song
Of the rivulet, tenderly sweeping
The gusts of its music along;
Fainter, far, than the rivulet sweeping
The gusts of its music along.

The moon glides away through the sky,
Like a manitou silent and sad;
And she trembles, as silent and sad,
She looks down from her temples on high.
And she kisses the flowers that awaken
Soft sighs to the moan of the yew,
When their glory-lipped petals are shaken
By the noise of the fall of the dew.
There's a soul that lies under the bowers,
There's a spirit that flutters its wings,
Till the breeze through the listening bowers
Catches up the sweet song that she sings;
Till the breeze through the shadow-hung bowers
Is filled with the song that she sings;
And her soul, like a phantom, in showers
A soft radiance ever me flings;
And my soul with the thoughts of the blest
Wishes long for the land of the shades,
Till the fire that burns bright in my breast,
In the glare of the spirit-light fades.

The wild shadows are filled with a sound
Like the voice of the wind's dying wail,
When the God of the tempest has frowned,
And his arrows shoot thick through the vale.
Or the voice of the soul's dying surges
That come from the far-spirit land,
To snatch the sweet souls to the verges,
That border the mystical land.
Where the warriors and braves without number,
Glide by in the battle and chase,
And raven-haired maidens in slumber,
Add a lustre and love to the place;
Where the spirit-like maidens in slumber
Add expressionless love to the place.

'Tis her spirit that utters a whisper
So passionate, solemn, and bland;
As if in the sound she would lay her
Sweet soul from the spiritual land.
And her voice wakes a musical pining
As slow she recedes from earth's strand,
Sinking back to the shadows, complaining
My stay from the Eden-like land.
But the time has not come for our meeting:
When the soul, like the star-light, is free;
Though my spirit her spirit is greeting,
Ever greeting the soul of Manre;
And shall ever and ever be greeting
The spirit of peerless Manre.

MARION MACKENZIE.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

GENTLE reader, recall thine historic lore, and picture to thyself the troublous age of Charles I. of England. Cromwell is abroad with his iron sides, and the king at the head of his army is vainly battling for the crown, which he has forfeited by his tyranny and perfidy. The troops of both Royalists and Roundheads are scouring the country, levying black mail, and quartering their troops upon the defenceless country people, regardless of property and life. The neutral royalists are constantly annoyed by marauding parties of the soldiers of "Old Noll," their stables cleared to accommodate dragoon-horses, and their cellars rifled to feast the palates of "canting, psalm-singing, crop-eared Puritans!"

Within a day's journey of London, was the park and castle of Sir Archibald Mackenzie. It was an old structure which had come down through a long line of Mackenzies, and had received additions in the form of turrets, battlements and barbicans, by its various proprietors, until it presented every form of architecture. The avenue of approach was through a winding vista of ancient elms, whose boughs entwining far aloft, formed a magnificent arch through which the sunbeams permeating, pictured upon the gravelled drive a checkered image, and threw around a soft and mellow light, soothing to the senses, and beautiful to the eye. On the open lawns scattered at intervals through the park, the graceful attitudes of slumbering deer might be distinguished, and here and there through the vistas formed by the graceful stems of the forest trees, glistened the rippling waters of some lake or streamlet. Everything around breathed the dignity and quiet grandeur inseparably associated with the country-seats of the English nobility, at the period when the house of Stuart held sway over Britain.

Within the principal apartment or summer-parlor of the castle, as it was called in the homely phrase of the period, sat a lady, gazing anxiously through the glass of a diamond-paned oriel, down the avenue of elms which shaded the entrance-road to the castle. It was drawing towards evening, and the beams of the parting sun, reflected from the crimson hangings of the window, threw upon her sweet face the mingled dyes of the rainbow. She might have seen eighteen summers. Her features were as regular as if carved from snowy marble by the chisel of Michael Angelo, and her form was full and volup-

tuously round, like that of a Hebe, yet graceful in its wavy lines, and slender enough at the waist to have been spurned by the cestus of Venus. As she sat in her careless and earnest attitude, a little foot and part of a limb just peered from the folds of her silken skirt. Had the Cytherean goddess beheld that foot and ankle, she might have been jealous, or, if the exhibition of that passion towards mortals were inconsistent with the dignity of the divinities of Olympus, she would certainly have bestowed upon them a glance of unlimited approval.

"He will never come!"

As she said this she propped her soft, dimpled chin upon a white hand, and relinquishing her profitless task of watching, delivered herself up to meditation.

The sun kept constantly declining—painting peaceful figures upon the rich tapestry and highly colored Turkey carpet, and shedding a gorgeous light through the tinted panes as it went down; until the soft twilight begun to appear, and involve in shade the carpets and corners of the apartment. The beautiful girl still sat musing, or perhaps softly slumbering, for her form was motionless, and her eyelids closed. Never would sculptor or painter have sought a more lively study, as the stained glass poured its mellow tints upon that heavenly shape and alabaster neck and shoulders, investing them in that nameless loveliness, which breathes around the pure and holy beauty of the Madonna.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Regular and measured fell that solid tread upon the hard pavement of the court. Click, click, click! Sharply clattered the iron hoofs against the stone-floored castle yard. The portal stoock and the old halls rung, as mallet hands pounded vehemently, and shouted vociferously for admittance: "Admit me! Let no man refuse shelter and food to those who fight the good fight, and have entered the lists to contend manfully with the sons of Belial! I, Goodnow Win-the-fight, in the name of God, and the earthly instrument whom he has called forth to accomplish his good work, the great Oliver Cromwell, bid you surrender instantly! Furnish stabling for our horses, and ailments for our poor weak, earthly tenements!"

The bewitching Marion Mackenzie had awakened from her slumbering when the echoes of that heavy tramp first fell upon her ear. She had listened with terror to the knocking at the portal, as it reverberated through the castle, and as the singular challenge burst from the mouth of the fanatic Roundhead, had stepped tremulously into the great hall to summon her father. But the

staunch Old Archibald already stood resolutely before the outer door of the hall, armed to the teeth, with two immense cavalry pistols, which looked like petronels as they stuck in his belt, and a huge barrelled carbine which he held ready cocked and presented.

"Stand back, ye canting knaves! If ye attempt to pollute a loyal threshold with your cowardly presence, I'll send ye where your stomachs will digest brimstone, till the day of Millennium!"

"Defame not the Lord of Hosts, but open unto us, or of a surety the sword of Gideon shall smite thee!"

"Silence, and begone, you crop-eared villain!"

"Strike, and the God of battles will fight in the behalf of Israel!"

As the Puritan uttered this command, a dozen axes came crashing against the door. The stout old planks resisted bravely, and a reinforcement of bars and pikes was necessary, ere riven into splinters and literally battered to pieces, the oaken boards gave way, and the door came down. Scarcely had an aperture been made large enough to admit the uncertain light of departing day, when the report of Sir Archibald Mackenzie's carbine rang sharply through the hall; a passing breeze blew away the smoke and revealed to the loyal knight the prostrate form of the one who had summoned him to surrender.

"Smite down that son of Baal! Suffer not the malignant to live, for he hath inflicted on me a mortal wound. Yea, truly, he hath wounded me to the death. On, I tell thee, Obadiah Pour-the balm-upon-the wound! Delay not, whirling over my body, but slay the enemy. O, alas, I die! Unto the Lord; even the Lord of Hosts, do I commit my soul! I die fighting in the good cause of Zion! Amen, amen! Selah!"

With this fanatic outburst of religious frenzy, the trooper sank back into the arms of his comrades and expired. He was borne to the rear, and the next in command, placing himself at the head of the troop, marched forward upon the prostrate door, and bade Sir Archibald to yield, or he would fire in upon him. The only answer of the sturdy loyalist was a double report as he discharged both his pistols in quick succession, and then whirling his rapier from its sheath, rushed furiously upon the advancing Puritans.

"Smite him, smite him! Yea, spare him not! Let the sword of the Lord do its work!"

Petronels and carbines rang through the hall, swords clashed as they descended upon the breastplate of the knight, and in an instant, overpowered by numbers, the good Sir Archibald would have bitten the dust, had not a fair vision

presented itself, and stayed the murderous weapons.

"Spare, O spare my father!" and throwing herself right into the midst of the flashing blades, Marion Mackenzie fell upon her father's breast, and completely sheltered him with her person. In an instant the clattering arms were silent, for the Roundheads, though often urged by religious zeal into acts both unjust and vindictive, could never be accused of gross cruelty or inhumanity.

"Lift not the carnal weapon against the woman. Stand back while I confer with this misproud malignant!"

As he said this, Obadiah Pour-the-balm-upon-the-wound, for such were the ridiculous names with which the followers of Cromwell dubbed each other, in place of their proper patronymics, stepped forward, and gently removing Marion from the embrace of her father, laid his rough hand upon the shoulder of the knight, declared him his prisoner.

"You have fallen into the hands of your enemies; even as the priests of Baal fell into the hands of the righteous Elijah. You have been a spiller of much innocent blood, and you deserve the extremest punishment, but we are merciful, yea, verily, even like unto him who died to save all."

"Tempt me not to strike you down with your hypocritical canting. Had I but half your numbers, you would never have lived to have thus triumphed over me!"

"The destiny of battles rests with the Lord, yea, even with the Lord of Hosts! We are but worms in his hands, carnal instruments of his will!"

The trooper beckoned to two of his men, who came forward and bound Sir Archibald hand and foot, so that he was perfectly helpless and almost incapable of motion.

Marion gazed upon these proceedings with pain and anxiety depicted upon her chiselled features, and as the process of ligation was finished, she stepped before Obadiah and firmly inquired what was to be her father's fate.

"He who taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword," thus saith the Lord Jehovah! Amen! Selah!"

"And do you really mean to kill Sir Archibald?"

"Of a verity! Is he not a reviler of the prophets, a profaner of the Lord of Hosts? Hath he not been a deserter from the faithful house of Judah? 'Woe unto them that put their trust in princes!'"

Marion buried her face in her hands, and full of anguish, sat down upon an ottoman by the

spot where lay the sturdy knight, bound tightly with cords and helpless as an infant.

Those of the troopers who had dismounted previously to battering down the door, led their horses to the castle-stables, and having disposed them wherever convenient opportunities presented, the Roundhead nags were soon revelling in Sir Archibald Mackenzie's most loyal oats. The rest of the men continued mounted, and kept guard around the grounds immediately adjacent to the castle. After caring for their horses the dismounted troopers proceeded to try the quality of the wine in the cellars, and having pressed into the service by menaces, the servants of Sir Archibald, it was not long ere they were shouting in most unpuritanical wassail around the festive board, in the great banquet-hall of the castle.

Marion sat by her father above half an hour, vainly endeavoring to offer him comfort. The old warrior was not so much disturbed by the extremity of his present condition as by the disgrace of having suffered defeat at the hands of a parcel of psalm-singing fanatics. Finding that her efforts at consolation were fruitless in the present excited state of her father's feelings, and perceiving that she was not held in any kind of durance, she left the great hall and proceeded slowly, as if without any definite object, down the avenue of the elms in the direction of the park gates. The birds chirped sweetly in the evening air as she advanced, a thousand wild flowers sent forth their fragrance from the broad velvet lawns, the startled hare limped lazily behind the trees, and that sylvan scene looked as calm and lovely as if the forest depths never re-echoed with the war-cry, or the smooth turf were never up-turned by the iron hoofs of cavalry. Marion had lost sight of the castle as she followed the windings of the park road, and when she was conscious that she could not be perceived by the troopers, she quickened her pace and appeared more alert. She was within a quarter of a mile of the highway, when the clattering of hoofs greeted her ear, and in an instant there emerged from behind a turn, a cavalier in the uniform of Prince Rupert's cavalry, mounted on a thoroughbred bay horse. He was young, rather above the ordinary height, and bore himself in the saddle as if he were a part of the animal he rode. His features were regular and handsome, his mouth as woeful as a woman's. He wore his hair in long curls, like all the cavaliers of the period, and there was the invariable love-lock—a single ringlet longer than the rest, which fell gracefully down upon the collar of his doublet. The powderpoint was of velvet, laced and barred

with gold. The breeches were of leather, slashed and ornamented with ingenious embroidery. His beaver was ornamented by a stained ostrich-plume; in his belt were stuck horseman's pistols, and by his side hung a long rapier.

As the cavalier observed the lady, he spurred his horse into a brisk trot, and riding up to her, dismounted, seized her hand and imprinted a kiss upon her Grecian forehead.

"It was kind of you, sweet Marion, thus to come forth, to meet me!"

"You must attribute my kindness to a less flattering motive, than you could wish, Cousin Walter," replied the blushing girl, "for it was anxiety for the fate of my father, that impelled me forth in the hope of meeting you!"

"What of your father?"

"A half hour ago he was made prisoner in his own halls by a troop of marauding Cromwellians; he now lies bound, and awaiting the infliction of whatever punishment the brutal and misguided soldiery may deem fit to condemn him to!"

"He shall be rescued! The loyal Sir Archibald Mackenzie, forsooth, condemned to ignominious punishment, perhaps to death, even, by a parcel of religious zealots! How lie their forces, Marion. Ha, we are watched!" Uttering this, he sprang with a bound into his saddle, just as a Roundhead beaver emerged from behind a clump of trees which marked a turn in the road, and a Roundhead carbine rattled against a steel corselet, and the Roundhead himself in a sanctimonious snuffle challenged him "to halt, and yield to the chosen of the Lord!"

At the same time a dozen other troopers joined their companions, and presenting their carbines, appeared bent on enforcing obedience to this order for the youthful cavalier to stand.

Walter Mantonne seized his beautiful cousin around the waist, and lifting her gently but quickly upon his saddle bow, drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and plunged out of the road, among the huge trees of the park. So quickly was the action performed, that when the troopers discharged their pieces at the command of their leader, they were firing down an empty avenue.

"Of a verity the son of Baal hath escaped, with the Amalekitish woman!" shouted the leader in great surprise. "Forward, into the forest!"

The troopers rushed among the trees and were soon upon the track of the flying cavalier. The uneven character of the land, and the intervening trees rendered the rules of cavalry tactics, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," and each trooper looking out for himself, maintained the chase as best he could. On

they went—Walter Mantonne gaining upon his pursuers at every bound. Through dingle and over upland, leaping coppices and streamlets, starting timid deer, and whirring covies of partridges, and waking up by their shouts the echoes of the primeval forest, pursuers and pursued flew onward, tearing up the velvet turf in their progress. The cavalier pursued a course as nearly parallel as possible with the park enclosure, hopping to find some wicket or other place of egress to the highway. None presented, however, and he saw that his only alternative was to leap the barrier which separated Sir Archibald's demesne from the road; for to remain in the park would have been certain destruction, since his enemies from their numbers, could easily have hunted him down. On arriving at a spot where the fence was a little lower than usual, he reined in his steed and prepared for the leap. Speaking a few encouraging words to his cousin Marion, and stroking the neck of his gallant charger, the cavalier took a position at the distance of about thirty yards from the obstacle which he was to surmount. Waiting a moment for his horse to breathe, he sunk his spurs deep into the sides of the faithful steed, and headed him for the barrier. Bounding over the intervening space, he cleared the bars beautifully with a tremendous vault, amid the howls of the disappointed enemy. None of the Roundheads had the courage to take the leap, and they were obliged to abandon the pursuit. As he reached the highway, Walter Mantonne proceeded more slowly, as there was no longer danger behind him.

The evening had now far advanced, and the pale moon began to shed its silver lustre upon the objects around. The cavalier proceeded at a leisure trot, so as not to inconvenience his companion, and notwithstanding the dangers through which they had just passed, and by which they were still beset, he found time to pour into her pleased ear the soft and soothing words of manly affection—for Marion Mackenzie was the betrothed of her handsome cousin, and had been promised him in marriage, as soon as the wars which then distracted the realm were at an end. They had proceeded about a mile, and had reached the summit of a considerable eminence, when Marion beheld in a broad valley below them, a small encampment, consisting of a dozen white tents.

"Are these your soldiers, Walter?"

"It is a detachment of Prince Rupert's riders, sent out under my orders!"

"Thank Providence! Then my father may yet be saved!"

"He shall!" said Walter Mantonne, sternly.

By this time they had reached the camp. The

men were stretched upon the green sward, talking and laughing gaily as they drained the well-filled canteens, and enjoyed their evening meals. Stacks of arms were distinguished here and there, and horses stood saddled and bridled, picketed in the distance.

"Nason, get to horse instantly and as quietly as may be!"

Speedily the order passed through the laughing groups around the camp fires. Sword and spur jingled, horses tramped and neighed, and in five minutes fifty dragoons stood in line with the young cavalier at their head, and Marion Mackenzie mounted on a superb black horse, by his side.

"Advance!"

Steadily and silently that gallant troop marched along the highway, helm and gorget flashing back the moonbeams, and scarfs and pennons fluttering in the evening breeze. When they reached the ornamented gate which admitted into the park, they blew the matches of their arquebuses until they flamed brightly, and loosened their swords in their sheaths. A half dozen men were detached and placed under the command of Nason, as a guard for Marion, who was to remain behind until the issue of the struggle, and also to prevent ingress or egress at the gate. As these preparations were completed, Walter gave the order, "Forward," and they sternly advanced up the avenue of elms.

The sounds of the revel reached their ears as they approached the castle, and the enemy's patrols ran in, after discharging their pieces, to give the alarm. As they reached the last turn in the road, they saw the Roundheads drawn up in line in the court-yard, with carbines unslung, and everything ready for action. Obadiah Pour-the-balm-upon-the-wound stood in the rear, well mounted, and looking so savage and fierce, that his name must surely have belied his character.

"Halt!" shouted he. "Advance not with the carnal weapon upon the Lord's anointed!"

"Charge, charge!" thundered Walter.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" howled Obadiah, his feelings wrought up to the most fervid pitch of religious frenzy. The bugles sounded, and the court re-echoed as the opposing squadrons discharged their guns, and rushed furiously forward. It was a narrow place for cavalry manoeuvres, and the conflict was hand-to-hand, and deadly. As the smoke cleared away, it revealed the combatants fighting fiercely in the midst of each other. Sabres rang against corselet and morion, horses neighed in terror or pain, and above all was heard the fanatic revenge of the Roundheads, as they called upon the Lord

of Hosts to protect his chosen Israel. The conflict was brief, but decisive. The Puritans had the advantage in numbers, but they had been gorging themselves at the festive board; and were in no condition for prolonged resistance. Obadiah Pour-the-balm-upon-the-wound fell by the hand of Walter while endeavoring by his pious exhortations to enliven the sinking spirits of his troopers. When their leader had fallen, the Cromwellians desisted from the strife, and their bugles sounded a recall.

Walter Mantonie dictated the terms of their surrender, and made them all prisoners of war. After making arrangements for the disposal of his captives, he entered the castle and released his good uncle, Sir Archibald Mackenzie.

"It was a brave deed, Walter, and my soul burned to help you cut off these crop-eared varlets. I could scarcely contain myself, as I listened to the clangor of arms in the court! I knew it was you. God bless you! Where's Marion?"

Walter had sent a messenger announcing to her the fate of the battle, and bidding her haste to greet her restored parent.

Sir Archibald stepped out into the court, as he heard this from the young soldier, and the sweet girl soon coming up, he had the joy of folding her once more in a fond paternal embrace.

"Walter, come here. Let me bless you both. You have saved my gray old hairs to-day!"

It was a lovely sight as Marion and Walter, both blooming in youthful beauty knelt down and received the blessing of the loyal old knight, and again the castle appeared as ever.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Are you going on a journey?" said Mrs. Partington, as a neighbor carrying a carpet-bag and an umbrella passed her door. He told her he was going to attend the Fusion Convention. "Confusion invention," murmured she to herself, as she returned to her little back room. "What in the world do people want to invent confusion for, when, Heaven knows, they are all confusion-enough already. I declare, I can't see into it." She looked above her specs earnestly at the hole over the fireplace that the stove pipe had passed through, as if she would have penetrated to the black back of the chimney in her desire to see into it, but there was confusion and darkness there, and she turned her gaze upon the profile of the corporal, that always looked straight ahead in its position upon the wall, with never-varying fidelity, while Isaac sat mixing some lampblack and powdered chalk in the sink, preparatory to painting a view of a thunderstorm upon the new gate.—*Boston Post*.

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR:

—OR—

WHY SIMON LOVELACE WAS NEVER MARRIED.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBORO'.

DEAR reader, it is a long story and a painful one, and only after an interval of twenty years of hard contest with the dry details of this working-day world, have I sufficiently numbed the sensibilities of my too susceptible heart, so that I can bring the past before me, "*vis a-vis*," and feel the courage to confront it. With all my process of hardening, the dust of the warehouse, with its heavy bales of cotton, cannot wholly smother the sparks of romance and love, that gleamed like the delicate tissues of a pleasant dream, through the first years of opening manhood. But the horrid nightmare that followed on this delicious dreaming, has filled my latter days with ghostly shadows and visions.

I will not, however, linger on the outskirts of this land of joys and mortifications. It is a fact in the moral history of things, that dire humiliation follows swiftly on the heels of mental or poetical exaltation; and my poor tale will add another striking testimony to the great law of human actions that runs like a silken thread through all our lives.

I shall pass over the first years of my life. It has nothing to do with you, reader, and you much less with it. In fact, my own history seems to have lost itself in the one great event of my life. This was the crisis that swallowed up all minor events, and it is with difficulty I am forced to believe I had an existence previous to the time to which I allude, and even more strongly do I doubt my personality since.

It is a wonder to me—as it would be to you did you know the susceptibility of my affections—that at the age of thirty I found myself unmarried, and with scanty prospects in that direction. The truth must be told, mortifying as it is, that I am by nature as fickle as the winds of heaven, and never had I been able to choose from among the many pretty faces and graceful forms, upon which for ten years I danced attendance, one, upon whom I could rest my wavering affections.

The dear creatures! how lovely they seem to me now, as seen through the glass of memory, with their sunny eyes, and golden ringlets! This one great weakness in my character proved my ruin, as you will see.

I was at the age of thirty—if you will trust the vanity of an old man's tale—the possessor of many valuable requisites in the shape of for-

tune, good breeding, and agreeable person. I had always been so successful in winning the hearts of the fair ones, that I grew vain of my power, and never dreamed but at the last moment, when fate should compel me to wed, that from the crowds about me I should but have to select the one to make me blessed. In this respect I was right. My punishment came not through want of fidelity in woman,—faithful creature that she is,—but from my own fickleness.

Like a summer bee, floating in a choice garden, I had flown hither and thither, “kissing each flower that was pretty and sweet,” until I had lost the power—if any I ever possessed, which I very much doubt—of concentrating my affections on any object, for any length of time.

On leaving college, I espoused with considerable zeal a profession, it matters not which. Suffice it, that it gave me admittance into the best circles of the small city in the valley of the Connecticut where I considered myself too happy to be located. I was not a “fast young man,” never took pleasure in the dissipations of my comrades, but sought my happiness in my profession, my looks, and the society of women. Consequently I left the hotel soon after my debut into the fine old town, and took private lodgings with a widow lady, in a retired location. Having secured a favorable office-room on the main street, I found the retirement of my little back parlor, looking into a pleasant field, stretching green and beautiful to the river beyond, a most agreeable change.

Among the many families in which I was soon domesticated, was one that presented attractions over all the others, from the fact that here were offered more objects of interest, no less than the presence of three lovely daughters; each one of them possessing charms that would have riveted my attention in anybody. What was still more delightful, each had a distinct gift, superior to her sisters, and perfect in its own direction.

Lucinda, the eldest, was strikingly beautiful. Rarely had I seen such a combination of charms, comprising regularity of features with grace of person. When she moved about the room, I watched her with a palpitating heart. She seemed like a queen in her majesty, moving with native grace among her willing subjects. When she bent upon me the light of her dark eyes, or inclined her head with its wreath of raven tinglets, I involuntarily shaded my eyes to bar out a portion of the brilliancy that flooded in upon my senses.

It horrifies me now, looking back upon those foolish but blissful days, to recall the extrava-

gant compliments that escaped my lips, whenever I could catch an opportunity of revealing my adoration for her. I dread to think what inadvertencies this homage to Lucinda's charms would have led me into, had it not been for the counteracting influence of the two younger sisters. For a time they acted as the equalizing power, although, as the sequel of my tale will prove, they had no efficacy to shield me from the final disgrace.

Kate, the second daughter, possessed no fortunate charm of beauty, but to her had been given the higher gift of music. When as an accompaniment to her rich voice, she touched with delicate fingers the strings of her harp, or run lightly over the notes of the piano forte, I felt the room and all visible objects swimming before my vision. On the sweet breath of song I was wafted from this terrestrial globe, and held communion with angels inspired with the melody of song.

I am passionately fond of music, and never before or since, though an old man now, and out of the region of romance, I say it—never have such strains fell upon my ears, as gushed from the lips of Kate. When with her I forgot the majestic beauty of Lucinda—in fact, I forgot everything, heaven and earth, and lived only for the time being in the presence of my inimitable songstress.

Was ever poor man in such a dilemma? You may be assured, reader, if you will trust to the experience of fifty years, that a man who lives till the age of thirty without allowing his affections to rest upon some woman's heart, will assuredly make a magnificent blunder—in plain words, make a fool of himself—to his own terrible humiliation, and the infinite amusement of that portion of the world denominated the fair sex, in the bestowal of his hand and heart. Not but he will arrive at the goal of matrimony at last, and find himself, mayhap, safely ensconced with the best of woman-kind for his companion; but he does not enter it gracefully, like a new light bark gliding towards its port, bounding with grace and beauty to its landing; but like a weather-stained hulk, beating and battling with the waves, rising and falling with the billows, driven desperately at last into the friendly port, with the vain show of independence written in its creaking timbers, but in fact claiming assistance and extorting pity.

As I have said, was ever poor man in such a dilemma? Nor was that all, for still another angelic being waited to claim the homage that had been so generously lavished upon her two sisters.

Lucia, the youngest of the three, was neither pretty nor musical; but O, so—I had said sensible, but now at fifty I waive the expression, and say—poetical. Yes, she was a poet in more senses than one, gifted as her sex rarely are with the “faculty divine.” The moonlight was her forte, and my danger—for with the stars gleaming down on us, and Lucia’s upturned eyes glowing with the fire of genius, pleadingly turned now to the heavens, and then into my face. Ah! what perils lay in this path for me, an ardent admirer of the muses.

Here were, three great and terrible temptations—beauty, song and poetry—all striving to gain ascendancy. I flattered myself in me they were all united, but as if to tantalize me, and test my constancy, they took three different forms.

My days were spent in neglect of my profession, in idle dreamings and impatient longings for the evening hour that was spent in the presence of my three divinities. First I thought it was Lucinda that charmed me most; then the remembrance of the harp-string, touched by an almost magic hand, held me captive; and again I fancied that Lucia claimed more of my homage. Be as it may, I was in a confused and trying condition. Should any of my male readers doubt this assertion, take for one hour my susceptible nature, and my position along with it. If they, after an interval of twenty years, survive to tell their story, then, and not till then, sneer at the misfortunes of an old bachelor.

There came a time at last when matters verged to a crisis. Providence evidently saw my peril, and hastened to my relief. But O, what trials did I pass through ere my purification was complete! Surely was I tried in a furnace of affliction. It is past, thank Heaven! and I am safe. Conjuring up the past, had almost made me forget that I was removed from the scene of my torture; but the sense of relief that comes to me now, convinces me that the storm has passed over, and although it has left me a scathed old trunk, yet the lightning is not now seething my tandrils, or rending asunder my branches; nor is the thunder booming over my head—again I breathe freely, and thank Heaven!

It was on one of the finest evenings in September, just before the sun had set behind the western hills, that being in an unusually pensive mood, I conceived the idea of taking a drive about the suburbs of the town, with one of my three idols, leaving it to circumstances to say which; I had no power of deciding. As I drove up to the gate, I caught a glimpse of Lucinda

passing through the hall; and more than ever impressed with her beauty and grace, I extended to her the invitation. Shortly was she seated by my side, and we were dashing through the town with delightful, exhilarating speed.

As the sun sank out of sight, it left a reflection of its crimson and gold in the beautiful river, upon whose banks we soon found ourselves. Everything in nature seemed to conspire for my ruin on this lovely night. With painful distinctness do I remember each word spoken, every bird that sang; even the persons we met come before me now with vividness.

Lucinda was unusually thoughtful. I caught the infection, and gradually our conversation turned to subjects of exciting interest. For the first time it flashed into my bewildered mind that Lucinda was in love with me. The truth is, I had been so completely overpowered by my state of feeling for each of the three, that I had hardly thought whether or not they in turn were conceiving for me a hopeless attachment. Now I had little reason to doubt the fact as regarded my companion, and forgetting every other claim, I poured into her delighted ear the history of my own love. We returned affianced lovers.

That drive home was one of the most delicious dreams of my life. I partially awoke from it by finding ourselves before the well-known gate, and hearing the voice of Kate singing an accompaniment to her harp. I dismissed the carriage at the door, and passed into the parlor. Lucinda went directly to her room, to calm the agitation of her feelings, and I was left alone with Kate.

The moonlight fell upon the carpet, and threw a shadowy veil over the fair being before me. I was in a delicious “world of lover’s dreams,” with sensibilities awake to all romantic influences, especially to moonlight and music. I sat down by Kate, and listened to her bewitching songs. She saw I was in a sentimental mood, and the inspiration passed from me into her soul. So she sang song after song of the most impassioned melodies, with fitting words. At last the excitement of her feelings gave way, and as she bowed her head upon her harp, I could see the tears glistening in her soft eyes.

What could I do? What could any man have done? Ah! I forgot my plighted vows, and only knew that I was in the presence of melody and love. Down on my knees I went in a rapture of delicious emotions, and more passionately did I plead my love than before. I came to my senses just as the responsive “yes” was being faintly whispered into my ear, and to feel the twining of a soft arm about my neck.

I caught my hat and rushed from the room. As I was dashing past the arbor, I heard the low voice of some one inside, screened from my sight by the lattice work and flowering vines. Stopping to take breath—don't believe any other impulse led me to the act—I soon ascertained that the reader was Lucia. She was reciting a poem, written from her own heart, and dedicated to me. Heavens! where is the man so free from vanity, heathen or Christian, but would have lost his senses in such a scene. I was soon by her side. She again read over to me the song, which I transcribe to you, reader, as the only apology I can make for the enthusiasm of my feelings, and to prepare you to judge lightly of the third act of indiscretion I was to commit:

I sleep and dream of thee, love,
I sleep and dream of thee;
In the silvery light of the pale moonlight,
I sleep but to dream of thee.

I wake and think of thee, love,
I wake and think of thee;
The breath of thy love is around and above,
I wake but to think of thee.

I live but in thy smile, love,
I live but in thy smile;
Sparkling bright in thine eyes' mild light,
I live but to see thee smile.

Do not ask me if I resisted this last and more terrible than all temptations. The stars looked down calmly upon us; the moonlight made shadows on the grass at our feet, and Lucia's eye was upturned to mine in winning grace. Yes, a third time for one day, I gave away my heart, hand and fortune, and inwardly groaned that I had so little to give. What was it in exchange for what I had received!

The village clock striking the hour of eleven, brought me upon my feet, and with a confused brain I started for my lodgings. My senses were so benumbed by the incidents of the past evening, that I soon fell into a heavy sleep. Through my dreams flitting forms of beauty, and soft strains of music stole into my unbroken slumbers; then, as my sleep grew near to waking my lovely forms turned to vipers, and winding themselves about my limbs and neck, spit upon me their venom, and choked my breath.

I was at last relieved of my torture by a loud knock at my bedroom door, and the coarse voice of my landlady screamed:

"What upon earth ails you, Mr. Lovelace? Your groans are too hideous to be borne! Are you alive or dead? Your coffee and eggs are cold, and your boots have been blacked this hour."

I sprang from my bed; I came out of my

sleep with senses as clear as the fresh air that came into my open window. Everything that had transpired on the previous day came before me with awful distinctness. I tore about my room like a madman. O, groaned I, O that I was a disciple of Mahomet, so that I could marry all these lovely nymphs! What could bring me out of this dilemma?

I imagined each of my three affianced coming down to breakfast, with pale cheeks, and their secret trembling upon their lips; and again, in the evening hour, when the family were gathered, and each in turn should blushing announce their happiness to their parents! I could get no further. I should be absolutely mad if I allowed myself to picture another scene. I rang the bell violently. My landlady appeared. I impatiently demanded my bill.

"What is the matter, Mr. Lovelace? For Heaven's sake! have you gone mad? What are you going to do, and *where* are you going?"

"No matter, Mrs. Jones!" I thundered out.

Her hand was on the latch; she declared she would call in a neighbor, fully impressed that I had become insane, and humanely wishing to secure me from suicide.

"Mrs. Jones," I again repeated in a milder voice, "I am going away. Business of importance demands it. Will you please remove your hand from the latch, and do my bidding?"

The calmness of my voice reassured her. I paid my bill, leaving in her hand, that trembled with fright and astonishment, an extra ten dollars, caught my portmanteau, and rushed out of the house. As I was passing through the gate, the good woman's curiosity could not prevent her from venturing one more question:

"Pray, Mr. Lovelace, where shall I direct people who call for you?"

"To Lucifer!" I muttered, my anger and delirium coming on again, as the thought of what I was leaving came forcibly upon me. Believe me, reader, there was a painful truth in the savage oath upon my lips—for in the agony of my remorse, I verily believed that did I not go out to meet this dreadful adversary of my peace, he would surely overtake me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, claim me as his companion in his travels throughout this world.

The coach for the metropolis rolled past me. I swung my hat to arrest the driver's attention, and took passage. For a year I wandered everywhere, never resting. I visited foreign ports, but found little satisfaction or peace of mind. On returning to my country, the first paper I looked into conveyed the startling intelligence of the death of Lucia H—

The tears are falling thick and fast; they fall from the eyes of an old man; they blind my paper. Memory sweeps over me with its old magic power. Ledgers and ware-rooms all pass on, far out of sight, and before my vision comes the green banks of the Connecticut, the rustling of the wind in the pines, and the song of the robin, and in this train comes fitting past me, beauty, grace and poetry. All with enthralling power attract my heart.

O, Lucia, was it heartless coquetry that sapped thy young life? No—I repel the thought! I loved her—but I loved them all. My fickleness was my ruin and their sorrow. These recollections have changed me into a boy again. The busy tide of life rolling past my window dissipates my dream; I am an old,—O, painful thought,—an old bachelor!

WHAT A BOMBHELL CAN DO.

Round shot and shells were perpetually whizzing through the air day and night, falling in all directions, amongst and through the houses of the city. By night the shells assumed a magnificent appearance, resembling so many shooting-stars, though, alas! far more formidable. One day a number of us were viewing the scene of destruction from a battery erected on the summit of a high hill. Whilst we anxiously observed the amount of damage committed by the shells, there arose suddenly from the centre of the fort what at first appeared to us a huge mound of earth, which gradually increased in size until it resembled a hill some six hundred feet in height; then it almost imperceptibly changed, and assumed the appearance of an excessively dark thunder-cloud, which eventually spread far and wide, concealing both fort and town from our wonder-struck gaze. A few minutes elapsed, and it entirely enveloped the high position we were occupying, although nine hundred yards from the explosion. This terrific catastrophe originated in one of our shells fortunately bursting in a powder-magazine, containing several tons of combustible ammunition. The sublime spectacle that ensued will never be effaced from my memory, nor, I imagine, from that of any one who witnessed the sight. For several minutes the atmosphere continued very close, not even a breath of wind stirring, but a deathlike stillness prevailed, precisely similar to that which precedes a Scinde dust-storm. All the guns ceased firing—all eyes were directed upwards, gazing with awe at the scene thus suddenly presented them. Men even addressed each other in a whisper.—*James's Volunteer's Scrambles.*

THE LOST STAR.

BY WILLIAM T. HILSER.

Out upon the glittering glories
That adorned the brow of night,
I looked forth, and joy's wild impulses
Thrilled my bosom with delight;
All along the wastes of ether,
Glimmering in the sea of blue,
Where'er vision shot its glances,
Rose the starry worlds to view.

Mystery's page I stood perusing,
With emotions none may tell;
When from out its sphere, an orbit
Blazed and sparkled as it fell.
Onward, rushing to destruction,
Through the mighty void it sped,
Leaving in its wake the footprints
Of the fall destroyer's tread.

Scintillations of effulgence
From its sister planets poured
Their benign beams on its passage,
As it leaped its fate toward.
Distances immense it measured,
Since it left its throne sublime;
Ay, 'tis fled, but left behind it
A memento of its prime.

When astronomers and sages
Heavenward peer with scanning gaze,
They behold a star extinguished,
That shall never more reblaze;
But its vestiges of grandeur
Tell the glory once it swayed,
When it whirled upon its axis
In magnificent parade.

Thus may we, though poor and lowly,
Leave a name when passed away;
When life's sceptre we have yielded
To mortality's decay.
Not a title of distinctions,
Honored for high-soaring fame,
But a name so chaste and lofty,
None may tarnish it with shame.

DISTANCE OF CLOUDS FROM THE EARTH.—

Thin light clouds are elevated above the tops of the highest mountains, and heavy ones touch the tops of steeples, trees, and even the ground; but the general height is one and two miles. Thin streaky clouds, and those devoid of electricity, are sometimes five or six miles high, while those clouds which contain electricity, will be higher or lower, according to the amount of electricity they contain.

The slowest advances to greatness are the most secure. Swift rises are often attended with precipitate falls; and what is soon got, is generally short in the possession.

EVENING.

BY MRS SARAH E. DAWES.

Glorious now with celestial light,
Fair Luna comes the queen of night;
With silver crown she decks her brow,
And calleth her attendants now.

And lo, they come, advancing far,
Venus the bright and evening star;
While further on, with fiery ray,
Bright Mars attends her glittering way.

And one by one with twinkling eyes,
See all the gay procession rise;
And stretching through the ether blue,
Unnumbered systems rise to view.

All radiant shines sweet Luna's face,
As on she rides through realms of space;
And stillness deep reigns o'er the scene,
O'er hill and valley, mountain, stream.

O Nature! more than scenes of art,
Thy charms o'er wake to joy my heart;
And as I gaze thy beauties o'er,
I can but wonder and adore.

THE BANKER'S SAFE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

A DARK and stormy night in the gloomy month of November closed over the great city of London, that wondrous microcosm, and wrapped alike palace and hovel, park and square, temple and warehouse, in its heavy folds. The awnings flapped and rattled in the blast, the swinging signs creaked upon their irons, the trees in the open squares groaned in the surging breeze, and the flaring street-lamps were reflected in wavering lines in the pools of water that collected fast beneath the rain that descended in sheets rather than in drops.

In a wretchedly furnished chamber in a crazy old tenement that stood by the help of abutting buildings, in one of these narrow streets that run at right angles with the Thames, sat a wan, wasted old man, in a leathern-backed arm-chair, cowering over the pale and struggling flames of a scanty sea-coal fire. A candle burned dimly on a light-stand by his side, and thereon an empty phial, a spoon and a cup, still savoring of some nauseous mixture, indicated, together with the aspect of the shivering old man, that he was a confirmed invalid.

A counterpane and blanket spread upon the floor, a cot-bed, two or three chairs, some cooking utensils, a rack containing an incomplete set of locksmith's tools, composed the entire furniture of the wretched room. Within the forlorn

apartment all was silent and melancholy; but, mingling with the dash of the rain on the window, and the roar of the storm without, rose the hoarse tones of a rough bacchanalian chorus and the jingling of cans and glasses that proceeded from a party of revellers in the room without.

The clock of a neighboring church tower struck the hour of twelve. As the vibrations were dying on the air, the door of the room opened, and a faint smile lit up the countenance of the invalid, as his eyes rested on the face of a young man of twenty-five, a handsome frank face, though traces of care and illness were stamped upon the features.

The new-comer wore his left arm in a sling. He tossed aside his dripping felt hat and a rough frieze coat that he wore as a cloak buttoned round his throat, and advanced to the fireplace.

"My dear father," he said, in an anxious tone. "How do you feel now?"

"Much as usual, Frank," replied the invalid. "Life within me is like yonder flame—it burns low, with an occasional flicker, but there is little warmth in it."

"You will be better by-and-by, sir. Has the doctor been?"

"Yes, he came here about an hour since."

"God bless him for his care of you! Did he leave anything?"

"He had no medicine with him, Frank," replied the old man. "But he left this prescription," and the invalid pointed to a scrap of paper lying on the table. "He was very anxious I should take this to-night. But it is too stormy for you to go out again, Frank—I dare say it will do quite as well to-morrow."

"I care not for the storm," answered Frank Bedford, with an expression of pain and trouble, "but—"

He left the sentence incomplete, and rising, paced the room to and fro, with irregular and irresolute steps.

"Hullo! what's the matter, Frank?" said a rough voice—and a burly, ill-favored personage made his way into the room. He was a young man, but dissipation had done the work of years upon his face. There were lines upon his brow and at the corners of his face, which was deadly pale, though the eyes were bloodshot, and the lids red and swollen.

"Hush! don't speak so loud, Masters—my father has just sunk into a doze. How came you up so late?"

"Why I lay abed till twelve, you see," answered the new-comer. "And then I've been having a jolly time with the old set below. Why the deuce didn't you join us?"

"You know very well, Jack," replied Bedford, "that I have no taste for such society. Even if your comrades were more reputable, do you think I could enjoy myself, out of employment as I am, with this unfortunate lame arm, and my father requiring so much care?"

"What have you been about to-day?" pursued Masters.

"I've been seeking for work. I can afford to be idle no longer."

"The doctor said you mustn't use your hand."

"I can't help it, necessity says otherwise."

"It was your own fault your arm was injured. It was a mighty Quixotic deed to fling yourself before a pair of fiery horses that were running away, merely because a painted aristocratic doll in the carriage was in danger of having its pretty neck broke."

"I merely obeyed the impulse of my nature," replied Bedford; calmly. "I did my duty and no more. You would have done the same."

"Not I," replied Masters, with a sneering laugh. "I should have stood back and let the horses run. It would have been but one aristocrat less in the world. But you were always a sort of gentleman in your feelings. Quite above your fellows. It was like you, too, never to answer that advertisement in the Times, which stated that if the person who saved the life of a young lady in such a street on such a day, would address X. Y. Z. he would hear of something to his advantage."

"I scorned to accept a reward for a service I could not help rendering. Besides I was amply paid by the smiles and the thanks of that beautiful girl I bore in my arms from the wreck of the carriage. I could not appear before her as a mercenary claimant for reward."

"Ay—and so, rather than ask for what the parties would have been glad to give, you have exhausted your little savings, sold your watch and books, and are now, I suppose, reduced to your last ha'penny?"

"By Heaven! you are right, Jack," said Bedford. "I haven't a penny—and here is a prescription the physician has left, and I know not how to procure the means of buying it."

"See what a thing friendship is," said Masters, taking a coin from his waistcoat pocket. "Here's a half crown now. I reckoned on converting it to-morrow into good Hollands. Take it! never say I deserted a friend in distress. There it is."

"You're a good fellow at heart, Jack, I always said it," said Bedford, taking the coin. "And I accept this money with the less reluctance because I am going to put it to a better use than

you designed it for. O, Jack, why can't you leave off that one evil habit?"

"Don't preach, boy," said Masters—"but go and get your doctor's staff. The old man will want it when he wakes up."

"Fool!" muttered Masters, when the door closed on the young locksmith. "He isn't quite starved to my purpose yet. But misery will bring down his proud scruples. One evil habit, did he say? He forgets I have five senses, all craving for enjoyment. Work! who would work in a city like London, with wealth hoarded up in millions round him, only waiting for the bold heart to snatch it? This key!" he muttered, drawing out a small brass key as he spoke, "must be the passport to golden treasures. The old hunks would keep a pretty round sum in his safe. How strange it should have fallen into the hands of the only man, besides himself and Bedford, who knew it and its value. I suppose I must try the adventure alone. Well—well—the next enterprise I project, he *shall* aid me. That loan of half a crown shall be repaid with interest."

As Masters finished this soliloquy, Bedford returned with the medicine, and thanking him for his kindness, bade him good night. The invalid aroused from his uneasy slumber, and Frank administered the medicine. In a few moments, the effect was perceptible. His eye brightened; his breathing became more regular, he looked more like himself than he had done for many a day.

"Frank," said he, "I am afraid I shall never be able to repay your care."

"My dear father," said the young man, "do not speak thus. Do I not owe everything to you—not only my life—not only the skill to which I owe my daily bread, but the knowledge and the taste that solace my sorrows and lift me above my humbler sphere?"

The old man shook his head.

"Life, my boy," said he, "to such as we are, is a weary burthen; the skill you speak of barely suffices to keep starvation at arm's length; and literature to the helot is but a questionable gift."

"I have not found it so," replied Frank.

"Has it never given you aspirations inconsistent with your lot?"

"It has given me aspirations, father—and hope. Nothing is impossible to the strong heart and hand and cultivated mind. I look on the privations we endure as temporary—I promise myself to bend circumstances to my will."

"May the future prove as bright to you as the past has been dark to me!" replied the invalid. "Hear me, Frank. I was not always

the toiling slave that you have known me. My father was a man of wealth. But all that wealth was destined for my elder brother, and he fondly fancied that he would grace it with the tastes and accomplishments of a gentleman. He was mistaken in his character—all that Rupert Harland lived for was gold—as the event has proved."

"Harland then was the family name?"

"It was. For my part, though I was fond of letters, I did not disdain the mechanic arts. I amused myself with learning the locksmith's trade—and that confirmed my father in his notions that I would never do credit to the family. Still the portion of a younger son was reserved for me. But even that I lost by my own fault. I became enamored of a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of my father's cotters. Despairing of ever gaining his consent, and too impatient to await the slow course of events, I married her. My father's indignation drove me from his doors. I never saw his face again. He died, unforgiving, and left the whole of his property to my brother. I dropped the family name, assumed that we now bear, and came up to London to try my fortune. In this over-crowded mart of intellect and handiwork, success is the result of chance. I was of the many unlucky. My poor wife died in giving you birth. Since then, your life and mine have been a series of continuous struggles for mere existence. I have reached the term of mine; and I could die content, but that I know I leave only a legacy of trouble to you."

"My dear father, be of good cheer," said the young man. "Trust my angury of better days. But have you never made an effort to discover your brother?"

"Never—too well I know the obduracy of his nature. Besides, my pride is equal to his, and I had rather starve than owe existence to his disdainful charity."

Frank Bedford was not the only listener to this tale, at the close of which, father and son retired for the night. Eaves-dropping was one of the amusements of Mr. Jack Masters, and feeling a peculiar interest in the young locksmith, he had, during this revelation, remained with his ear glued to a crack in the old door, retiring discreetly at its close, lest peradventure Mr. Frank Bedford had discovered him, and chastised him for his impertinent curiosity.

"So then," he muttered as he betook himself to his dormitory; "Mr. Frank Bedford is not Mr. Frank Bedford, after all, but Mr. Frank Harland. Harland! now I think of it, that's the name of the banker on whom I propose to operate to-morrow. Well—well—this is a queer

world. Harland! and the silly fools never worked that mine. As-ton-ishing!"

* * * * *

Midday! The dim sunlight found its way through gorgeous curtains into a small apartment, richly and thickly carpeted, on the walls of which hung several old family portraits. On one side was a book-case and writing-desk, on the other, stood in a small recess, an iron safe. There were two doors in this room—the first opening into the entry, the second into another room.

Pale as a ghost, trembling in spite of the copious libations he had taken to inspire courage, there stood in the centre of the floor, no other person than—Jack Masters.

"If this isn't the most daring exploit man ever attempted! To enter a house at noonday! I'm astonished at myself. But desperation works wonders. Here's the safe and here's the key. Aid me, Satan, for one minute, and I'm yours truly forever and a day."

He applied the key to the lock and lifted the lid. It contained apparently, a mass of papers. Opening these carefully, Masters's eye sparkled with lurid light as they rested on a well-filled pocket-book, which he instantly secured. He was proceeding to search further when he heard a footstep in the next room. Hastily closing, and locking the safe, he vanished with his prize through the door which led into the entry.

A moment afterwards, an elderly hard-featured man entered. He drew a repeater from his pocket, consulted it, and then walked the room with hasty strides.

"Time flies," said he; "I am waited for on 'change and the fellow is not yet come. How confounded unlucky was the loss of that key. Old Trivet dead, his shop burned down! his journeyman nowhere to be traced—and the lock a secret. I wonder if James will be more successful to-day, than he was yesterday."

The door opened, two men entered. One was the steward, the other our friend, Frank Harland.

"I have found him, sir," said the former, and he retired, leaving Frank and the banker alone.

"A locksmith?" asked the banker, haughtily.

"You worked for Trivet, I believe?"

"Till he died, sir," replied Frank.

"Then you recognise that safe?"

"I do, sir—I put on the lock, myself."

"Can you pick that lock?"

"I can. I constructed it myself."

"Very well. I have unfortunately lost the key. I have urgent need of papers it contains to-day. You will open it. I will leave it unlocked to-day, securing the room it stands in.

To-morrow you will return and be prepared to make another key."

The locksmith went to work. In a moment the safe was unlocked, and Frank stood back, giving the banker the pleasure of lifting the lid himself.

"You are a good workman," said he. "What is the matter with your arm?"

"I met with an accident three weeks ago."

"Very well. Here are two guineas. Are you sufficiently paid?"

"Too well. If I had change I would return you a portion of this money."

"Don't talk to me of change. Put up your money—and leave me—I am busy. Come back at the same hour to-morrow."

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Frank, whose eyes had been attracted by a portrait on the wall. "But pray whose likeness is that?"

"That, sir," said the banker, reddening—"is a portrait of—of a member of my family."

"It is very strange!" said Frank, musingly.

"Strange that I should have portraits of members of my family hanging up in my house?"

"No, sir, not that—but—but the resemblance," stammered Frank.

"The resemblance to whom—to whom, sir!" asked the banker, uneasily.

"To my father, sir," replied Frank.

"Your father! upon my word that's good. I am very much honored, I assure you. Have you any more questions to ask about my pictures, sir? you seem to be a connoisseur."

Frank uttered a sudden exclamation. Directly opposite hung the lifelike image of the beautiful young girl whom he had so lately saved from destruction at the risk of his own life.

"One word more," he stammered, pointing to the picture. "Pray, who is that?"

"My daughter, sir," said the banker, shortly.

"And your name is—?"

"Harland, Rupert Harland. I thought every one in London knew me. Go now, and attend to your business—leave me the same privilege."

"Harland! Harland?" cried Frank. "O, uncle, don't you recognize a family likeness in my face? Don't your heart tell you that your nephew stands before you?"

"Is the fellow mad? You my nephew! I have no nephew. I had a brother—it is true—but he is dead—dead!"

"He is not dead!" cried Frank. "Though this very day may end his sufferings. Yonder is his portrait, beside yours. I knew it at a glance, though years, and privation, and toil have wrought a fearful change. Yet there are his mild eyes, his look of proud humility—the bearing of the

gentleman that nothing can extinguish. O, sir, listen to your better nature. Extend your hand and solace the declining and forlorn old age, or at least close the dying eyes of that poor old man. I ask nothing for myself, I am young and hopeful, and shall soon be strong again; but I am unable to provide the comforts of life for my poor, dying father."

The banker stood silent for a moment, emotions were evidently struggling at his heart to which he had long been a stranger, but evil habits mastered them, and after a moment he appeared once more stern, calm, impassive.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said, "if you value your liberty. A man in my position is accustomed to the tricks of impostors and knows how to deal with them. I am a magistrate, young man; and if I said the word, I could prevent your being of any aid to your father—if indeed you have one. Take this word of friendly caution, and begone. There is no occasion of your returning to-morrow. I will find a substitute for the lock you opened with such suspicious dexterity."

Frank essayed a reply but his organs of speech failed him. And this was his uncle—the father of that girl whose face had haunted him like a spell for the past month! His heart swelled within him as he left, hopeless, indignant and despairing, the princely mansion of the banker.

He made up his mind to say nothing of the adventure to his father, as he feared the effect of the agitation he was sure it would produce on his enfeebled frame.

As he was entering, with a sad heart, his own miserable lodging-house, he encountered Masters, who was on the watch for him. A glance showed that he had been drinking deeply, and he tried to pass him with a brief word of salutation, but he found he was not to be shaken off so easily.

"I've been waiting for you," said Masters. "I've important business with you."

"I must see my father," said Frank, peremptorily.

"No hurry. The doctor has just gone out, and says he is getting on well. I give you my word of honor, I speak the truth. Come into my room."

Frank followed Masters into his room. He was somewhat alarmed and annoyed when he saw him lock the door and put the key in his pocket. They seated themselves at a table, on which stood pipes and tobacco, two tin cups, and a quartet of gin.

"Here's to you, my boy!" said the burglar, filling the cups. "What, you want drink? Then there's more for me, Your wealth."

"You shan't drink any more, Jack," cried Frank. "You've drank too much already. You're killing yourself."

"Well—what of it?" replied the other. "I'm on the high road to fortune, and can do as I like."

"Say rather, on the high road to the gallows," replied Frank.

"Come, Frank—now really, that's quite ungentlemanly—quite unworthy of you," hiccuped Jack. "For I know you're a gentleman—a real gentleman, by George! and the heir to an immense fortune."

"What do you mean?" cried Frank.

"I know what I say," said Jack. "I'm all right, Frank Harland."

"Harland! Then you know—"

"Everything, my boy. Mam's the ward! I love you, Frank—I've loved you upward of six years. Ah, we used to have good times at old Trivet's. Well, well! there's no help for it, Max and I have struck hands for life, and I must be a lucky cove till I die in the gutter."

"Not so, Jack," cried Frank, earnestly. "The most inveterate inebriate may reform. Give up the bottle!"

"The bottle is the first round of the ladder to the gallows. I stand upon the second," said the burglar, gloomily.

"What do you mean?" cried Frank, in alarm.

"Do you know this key?" said Jack, holding up a small brass key.

"Know it! I forged it myself. It is the key of the banker's safe."

"Ay, boy, the same."

"You stole it."

"I did not steal it. I saw it drop from the banker's pocket, and picked it up in the street."

"I am glad of it—I breathe freer. Then you mean to restore it, and claim the reward?"

"Not such a fool as that. It has secured me one treasure—it shall unlock more."

"The banker has missed the key and sent for me to pick the lock. He will watch over his safe night and day till he has secured another lock."

"Then that lay is done with," said the burglar.

"Frank, you're my friend, I know."

"Your true friend, Jack, so help me Heaven!"

"Then I'll trust everything to you," said Masters, speaking each moment with more difficulty, as the liquor he had drank operated on his brain. "I'm going to make your fortune, and you must take care of mine." He produced a pocket-book and placed it in Frank's hands. "Take care of that, it's yours. Wake me up when you've read the papers in it—I'm sleepy—wake me—up—pretty soon," and dropping his head upon the table, he was seen buried in a deep drunken sleep.

Frank opened the pocket-book and took from it a folded document. It was the last will and testament of James Harland, of Harland Manor, Leicestershire, revoking a former will by which all his property was left to his elder son Rupert Harland, and dividing his estate equally between Rupert and Francis Harland, his younger son, or, in the event of the latter's decease, his son's heirs.

The perusal of this paper threw Frank into a strange agitation. The banker had fraudulently suppressed this will, but then it had fraudulently fallen into Frank's hands. After a moment's hesitation, he resolved to carry it to his uncle. Taking the key of the room-door from the pocket of the lumbering thief, he made his way out of the house, and in a few moments stood, unannounced in the presence of the banker. The latter was not alone—beside him stood his beautiful daughter.

Before her father had time to utter the exclamation of angry surprise which rose to his lips, she sprang towards Frank, and grasped him by the hand.

"My preserver!" she exclaimed. "Dear father," she added, leading the reluctant young man forward—"here is the brave young man who saved my life at the risk of his own, the person we have so long and fruitlessly sought."

"Is it possible!" cried the banker. "I am deeply your debtor, sir; and will endeavor to repay you by more than words. It is not in the nature of Rupert Harland to permit any man to remain his creditor. I pray you to forgive the hasty words I uttered this morning."

"It is enough that you acknowledge you were mistaken in my character, sir," replied Frank. "The gratitude exhibited by Miss Harland more than repays me for my slight sufferings."

"Then, you were hurt!" cried Miss Harland. "You wear your arm in a sling. How dreadful!"

"It is nothing, madam," said the locksmith. "I am fast recovering the use of my arm. Mr. Harland, I wish to say a few words in private with you."

"Certainly, sir. Maria, my love, leave us alone, if you please."

"Don't leave the house, sir, without seeing me again," said the young lady.

Frank bowed, and she retired.

"Now, sir," said the banker, "be seated, if you please."

"Excuse me, sir," said Frank, "I shall detain you but a moment, Mr. Harland, your house, this room, was entered to-day at noon by a burglar."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true, sir. A person found the key

of your safe which you dropped in the street. I restore it to you, sir—there it is. By means of that key, however, your safe had been opened before my services were called in."

"I tell you, sir," said the banker, "that is quite impossible. With my servants about—at noon-day—it could not be!"

"It was, sir," said Frank, "and the proof is here," and he handed him the pocket-book.

The banker turned pale as he received it.

"You seem the soul of honesty, and will reply truthfully to my questions. Are you acquainted with the contents of this pocket-book?"

"I am, sir."

"You know then," said the banker, "that it contains the last will and testament of my father, though I have suppressed it, and hold my property under the will which it revokes."

"I do. And that it gives half of a vast estate to my father, who is now sick and suffering the rigors of extreme poverty. I know, moreover, that nothing prevents the proving of his identity, and that, with that will in our possession, we could blast your reputation and bring you under the strong arm of the law."

"Then why did you restore it?"

"Because the will was stolen—and I preferred to place it in your hands, and to rely for restitution on your sense of justice, blunted, but not I hope destroyed. I came to say to you, Rupert Harland, you would have been childless but for me—but for me, you would be a branded felon—now use me as you will."

The breast of the banker heaved with mighty emotions—he gasped for breath—he shaded his eyes with his hands, and then, the teardrops burst forth in a shower, and he wept like a child.

"God bless you, Frank Harland," he said—

"God bless you—you are worthier of wealth and happiness than I am. You have conquered me; restored my earlier and better self. I cannot—I cannot, for my daughter's sake, acknowledge to the world that I have been a villain—but I can divide with my poor wronged brother all that I possess—all the vast wealth which mammon-worship has amassed. Tell me where my poor brother is living—or rather dying."

Frank gave him the address.

"Let me go to him alone," said the banker.

"No one must witness the interview. Fear not, I will break it to him gently—tenderly. In the meantime, go to my daughter—she expects you in the next room. Tell her she has a cousin."

"And a lover," thought the locksmith.

The sunshine of prosperity soon restored the health of Francis Harland, and when it was completely re-established, the nuptials of Frank and

Maria Harland were solemnized with the greatest splendor. If the old proverb be true that "love laughs at locksmiths," it was now proved, that locksmiths do not always laugh at love.

Jack Masters, having expressed his repentance, and signified a desire to "leave his country for his country's good," was furnished with a round sum of money with which he took his departure for Canada, where it is hoped and believed he became a useful member of society.

AN ARAB STEED.

There was one of our rides which I never call to mind without a leap of the heart. The noble red stallion which I usually mounted had not forgotten the plains of Dar-Fur, where he was bred, and whenever we came upon the boundless level extending southward from the town, his wild blood was aroused. He pricked up his ears, neighed as grandly as the warhorse of Job, champed furiously against the restraining bit, and ever and anon cast a glance of his large, brilliant eye backward at me, half in wonder, half in scorn, that I did not feel the same desire. The truth is, I was tingling from head to foot with equal excitement, but Dr. Reits was a thorough Englishman in his passion for trotting, and was vexed whenever I rode at any other pace. Once, however, the sky was so blue, the morning air so cool and fresh, and the blood so lively in my veins, that I answered the fierce questioning of Sultan's eye with an involuntary shout, pressed my knee against his sides and gave him the rein. O Mercury, what a rush followed! We cut the air like the whizzing shaft from a Saracen crossbow; Sultan stretched out until his powerful neck was almost on a level with his back, and the glorious rhythm of his hoofs was accompanied with so little sense of effort, that it seemed but the throbbing of his heart, keeping time with my own. His course was as straight as a sunbeam, swerving not a hair's breadth to the right or left, but forward into the freedom of the desert. Neck and neck with him careered the consul's milk-white stallion, and I was so lost in the divine excitement of our speed, that an hour had passed before I was cool enough to notice where we were going. The consul finally called out to me to stop, and I complied, sharing the savage resistance of Sultan, who neighed and plunged with greater ardor than at the start. The minarets of Khar-toum had long since disappeared; we were in the centre of a desolate, sandy plain, broken here and there by clumps of stunted mimosas—a dreary landscape, but glorified by the sunshine and the delicious air.—*Bayard Taylor.*

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

Maiden, on thy lily brow
Plays life's summer sunshine now;
E'er reflecting on thy face,
Chastened love and beauteous grace.
For as dewdrop to the flower
Gives its soft ethereal power,
So each bright and gentle ray
To thy heart has found its way.

May the pathway thou art treading,
Ever strewn with flowers be;
Happy sunshine, gently spreading
Light thy future destiny.
Maiden, may thy name be spoken
As of purity and love;
When life's scordid mask is broken,
And thy spirit is above!

THE CUIRASSIER OF SALAMANCA:

—OR,—

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

THE seventh coalition against Bonaparte was formed, and the Spanish peninsula had become the scene and centre of all the horrors attendant on savage and unrelenting war.

Castile, once the garden of Spain, where every thing invited to indolent repose—where the senses were lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmurs of running streamlets—where the ripening pomegranates and the thickets of myrtles, citrons and oranges delighted the eye, and where the sweet tones of the lute were wont to greet the ear at eventide—had been ravaged by a desolating, foreign foe. The heart saddened as the eye roamed over that once beautiful and opulent land,—now stripped of its waving fields of grain, and smoking with the ruins of those cities renowned in Moorish story.

Vast plains, destitute of tree or shrub, appeared on every side, surrounded by long mountain ranges, mottled with variegated marbles and granites, around whose cliffs the vulture and the eagle wheeled, ready at any moment to pounce upon their unsuspecting victims.

Yet amid all this desolation, engulfed in the bosoms of the mountains, were the most beautiful and verdant valleys, where the desert and the garden strove for the mastery—and where the very rocks were covered with carpets of velvet turf, from which sprang the fig or orange tree.

A stranger was sauntering among the mountain passes of the Contalpine, now scrambling up a rough ascent, and now leaping across a chasm in the earth, made by some giant convulsion of nature, when suddenly, as he stood upon a massive granite boulder which was detached from

the native rock, his eye rested upon a thick column of smoke which was slowly ascending from behind a neighboring peak. The young man was armed, and his armor betokened him an officer in the Cuirassiers of the Old Guard of Napoleon. Considerably above the ordinary height—broad shouldered, and deep chested, his every motion showed that he was still possessed of grace and flexibility of limb. His large black eye was animated with the excitement of his ramble, and his noble features lighted up with a smile of disdain, as he looked towards that black column, which, rising higher and higher, spread itself in a cloud over the top of the mountain.

"'Tis not then the soldiers of the Little Corporal alone, who lay waste the fair hills of Spain. But I must be away, and ascertain what new marks of love the British have been showing the peasantry of Castile!"

Thus saying, he turned, and leaping chasms and creeping along narrow footpaths on the very edges of precipices, he pushed on, gained the peak behind which he had seen the smoke ascend, when to his surprise he found himself separated from it by still another cliff. Still on he pushed, slowly he descended, clinging to the boughs of old trees, and dislodging constantly fragments of rocks, which, falling into the terraces below, awaken echoes on every side.

After every obstacle is surmounted, he sees below him the smouldering ruins of the pleasant village of Navaladid, over which the clouds of smoke, still hung. Slowly he approaches the scene of desolation, and stopping before the mouldering remains of a cottage which had been somewhat larger than its fellows, gazes sadly on the scene before him.

Here lay the body of an old gray-haired man, his white locks clotted with gore, and his skull struck open by a blow from a musket. But dearly had the murderer paid for that blow, for amid the ashes, he lay all covered with dirt and gore, his right arm still grappling in death the murderous musket, and the life blood slowly oozing from his ghastly wounds.

Sickened by the sight, he was about to leave the spot, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a fair vision stood before him. A strange picture it was—that fair young Spanish maiden, as she stood among those blackened ruins—her black eyes flashing, her arched nostrils dilating, her short thin lips quivering with passion, and her right arm brandishing a dagger which glistened in the sunlight. It seemed as if she had risen from the ground, so suddenly and noiselessly had she appeared upon the scene. Unconsciously the young man's hand grasped the

lift of his dagger, but ere he had drawn it, the maiden disregarding the movement, said :

"Swinger, this sight of blood disgusts even you, who are accustomed to the shock and roar of battle. Follow me, and I will show you something to excite your horror !"

"Whither would you lead me ?" asked the young man, in the pure dialect of *Castile*.

"To yonder ruined castle, perched upon that cliff where those two crags approach each other."

"It is well," replied the soldier, quietly following her, while he brooded over the scene he had just witnessed.

A few moments' walk through the charred and deserted village brought them to a winding and precipitous path, up which the maiden sprang, and bade her companion follow. Quickly the young officer sprang to her side, and together they passed the crumbling gateway of an old feudal castle.

Crossing the court and ascending a flight of crumbling stone steps, they stood within the ancient hall of the castle. The place had been used for the church, and at the farther end stood the altar. Before it lay the body of a young man weltering in blood. The floor was slippery and the altar itself was bespattered and bedaubed.

Bewildered and astonished at the scene, the soldier looked to the maiden for an explanation. In a voice husky with passion, she said :

"He was slain there ! The traitorous Briton, like a coward, struck him as he knelt before the altar ! Would that he were here ! I would tell him of 'the D'Aguilar of the dagger,' who stabbed herself ! I would tell him that the same dagger that poured out her life blood should in the hand of another find a fitter sheath in his own dastard heart !"

"Maiden," said the Cuirassier, "deep must have been the wrong done thee, thus to allow revenge to take so deep a hold upon thy thoughts. It was a dark deed, that demands redress !"

"General Deroche, although you know me not, still you are known to me. I saw you as you bounded from cliff to cliff, and my heart beat fast within my breast, for I knew you were both brave and honorable. Harken to me ! He," pointing to the body, "was dearer to me than life. He was my betrothed. Say not then that my anger is too fierce !" Thus saying, she drew Deroche towards the cross behind the altar, and placing his hand upon the emblem, spake in a voice more like that of a spirit of the tomb, than mortal :

"If thou wouldst avenge a helpless maiden, swear by that sacred symbol to pursue the foul assassin to the death !"

Moved by the solemnity of the place, and the terrible energy of her voice, as it resounded through the lofty arches and decayed ceiling of the hall, the astonished general slowly pronounced the words : "I swear !"

Scarcely had they passed the portals of his lips, when she dropped upon her knee before him, and clasping her hands, exclaimed :

"Isabella D'Aguilar blesses you for that vow !"

Inexpressibly lovely did she look, as she gazed with her dark lustrous eyes, bordered by their long lashes, and shaded by their jetty brows, into the frank and handsome countenance of her companion. Her dress was in perfect harmony with her beauty. A tightly fitting *casaca* of green velvet encircled her waist. Below it fell a skirt of the finest silk, while from beneath its drapery peeped a tiny foot of which the ancient Gaditana might have been proud.

"Arise, fair lady," said the gallant cavalier. "It becomes you not to kneel at the feet of your inferior."

As he spoke, the beautiful Isabella rose, and he continued :

"Now tell me, whose life blood am I to spill. For first must the villain be known, before my vow can be fulfilled."

"Know then," said the maiden, her voice trembling with emotion, "the assassin was the proud and haughty Stanley, the General of the English Cuirassiers !"

"Tis well," answered Deroche, his dark eye flashing, and his frame quivering with suppressed passion. "I too well remember that the coward attacked and killed a wounded and unarmed brother, and this arm shall not sheath the sword, until it has drunk his life blood ! But now, fair maiden, farewell ! Yet hear my vow ; before another moon shall change her disk, Isabella D'Aguilar shall be avenged !"

"Farewell," echoed the maiden, pressing his extended hand. "Farewell, and may God and the holy virgin bless you !"

Long did she gaze after him, as he hurried along the winding path and gained the mountain side, until his form disappeared behind the naked and broken summit of the distant crag, over which hung the sunset clouds. A tear stood in her eye as she left the spot, and as the last rays of the sun poured into the dilapidated windows of the castle, that village, so lately filled with joyous and happy hearts, was indescribably silent and desolate. The destroyer had done his work.

For two days the armies of Portugal had been upon the march. Crowds of hussars, like hun-

gry Cossacks hung around their flanks, while ever and anon the cannon opened their mouths, and the swift ball ploughing up the earth, made huge gaps in their ranks. Still within musket shot of each other, in one solid wall, and presenting the same resistless barrier of steel, those mighty armies marched on, straining every nerve to outstrip each other.

But their tired limbs were to be rested—for it soon became evident that the “battle of manœuvres” was ended. Marmont had outgeneraled his enemy, and Wellington must retreat.

The sun sank behind the purple mountains of Contalpine, and spread a stream of effulgent light over the valley of the Duero, while the distant Guarena, covered with a sultry vapor that caught the setting rays, seemed to spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the silence of the hour—not a sound was heard except whenever and anon the music of the bands floated through the silent air, as they played some stirring march to cheer the drooping spirits of the soldiers.

At length the moon appearing in full splendor above the distant mountains, poured her flood of tempered light upon the snow-white tents that covered the mountain side, and the tired armies slept. Nothing disturbed the quiet of that mild and beautiful valley, save the measured tread of the sentinel. Before the sun rose again, the columns of the French were in motion, in order more completely to outflank the foe. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the English squadrons poured like a torrent from the mountain-top, and rolled their vast masses into the plain against the French left. Not a shot was fired. In firm and close array, that devoted band received the rolling flood of the enemy; but nothing could withstand them. Suddenly the drums beat, and the heroic Marmont put himself at the head of his brave troops.

“Charge, charge!” rang in clear accents over the field. Turning to Deroche, Marmont shouted, “Tell Montereau to bring up the Hussars and attack the English right!”

Scarcely had he said it, when he reeled from his saddle and fell into the arms of him to whom he had spoken.

The heavy tread of the armies as they again moved to battle was heard,—the thunder of cannon rolled over the distant Pyrenees, and covered the plain on which more than eighty thousand men were engaged in mortal combat. Still, hour after hour, the impetuous Deroche was compelled to remain by the side of his general. At length as a crash of artillery shook the cabin in which he lay, the wounded Marmont spoke:

“Deroche, leave me! Join your brave fellows and urge them on to victory. This voice which should have steadied our ranks, and wrung victory out of defeat, is not heard in the conflict. O that I could use this good sword which so often has been the guiding star to the thousands who have crowded after. But go, I hear the bugles sound the charge.”

“And leave you? Never!” cried the noble Cuirassier.

“Go, and leave me!” repeated the general. “I am but a wounded worm. I command you!”

“Now,” cried the general of horse, as he left the marshal, “Isabella D’Aguiar shall be avenged.” As he mounted his steed the English trumpets sounded the charge, and in the next moment the scarlet uniforms of the British moved fearlessly down against the dark masses of the French infantry. But there was a counter blast, and before its echoes had died away, the Imperial Guard moved over the plain. One form towers in the rear above all others. It is that of the gallant Deroche. “On,” he shouted, and the serried cohorts rush upon the foe. The onset was terrible; bayonet crossed bayonet, and the clangor of steel, as they intermingled in such wild conflict, was heard above the uproar of the battle.

The struggle was long and fierce, but the charges of that Old Guard were of no avail. The dauntless Deroche accompanied by a few of his trusty followers made straight for the spot where the haughty Stanley stood surrounded by a few of his guards. The assassin recognized him, and his cheek blanched with fear. Without heeding the exhortations of his comrades he fled. The polished helmets and breastplates of the two horsemen gleamed in the light as they flew onward. The body of the troops was quickly passed, and the two commanders were flying alone over the field.

Stanley was a bold rider, and well mounted, and he had the advantage of a good start. Keeping to the water courses made by the tributaries of the Guarena, he turned towards the hills. For full a quarter of an hour he urged his steed at full speed—now galloping up a rough hill, now forcing his way up the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and now descending across fertile plains adorned with citrons and pomegranates. On he plunges, but he hears the sharp clicking of his pursuer’s steed behind him—and nearer and nearer it comes. Now he urges his charger through an eminence covered with tall palmetto trees, and halts for an instant to look back. He perceives his pursuer scamping the plain beneath him, and with an imprecation upon his lips, he plunges his spurs into his horse, and dashes

through the groves of myrtle and ilax. Still the sharp rattling greets his ear; louder it sounds every moment, and he knows that he must turn and fight for his life. A bold rider and a noble steed are upon his trail, and a voice salutes his ear.

"Edward Stanley, turn and defend thyself!" The pursuer heeds not, but continues to urge his panting steed along the ground. "Cowardly assassin, turn, or I'll strike thee from thy saddle!"

The degrading epithet effected what nothing else could—and turning in his saddle, his face perfectly livid with rage, he hissed between his teeth: "Fool, draw! I fear thee not. It was that my hand might not be stained with thy blood, that I fled before thee!"

"Traitorous villain, thy miserable pretences shall not avail thee now! Be on thy guard!"

Both were excellent swordsmen, and gave and parried with equal coolness for a time, until at length Deroche began to press his foe. Thick and fast fell the blows upon helmet and gorget. Both had drawn blood and were excited to the utmost, when the Englishman, determined to end the fight instantly, raised his sword to strike the flank of his adversary's horse. But Deroche, by the aid of spur and bit, evaded the murderous thrust, and as the sword descended, dealt with his own good weapon a blow upon his adversary, which severed his armor, and pierced his back. Mortally wounded, Stanley reeled from his horse and fell to the ground. Deroche dismounted and gazed into the face of his dying foe.

"Louis Deroche," whispered Stanley, faint from loss of blood, "I have deeply wronged thee. Thy brother's blood which stains my hand cries aloud for justice. Say that you forgive me, and then I may die happier!"

"Most readily do I forgive you. Would that my hand had been stayed!"

The dying man's breath came quick, and with difficulty he said:

"Lean towards me, for I must tell thee of a more fearful deed, while yet my breath remains!"

"Speak not of it! I know it all! Make thy peace with God," answered Deroche.

"Then tell her that in my dying moments I repeated the deed, and with my dying words asked forgiveness!"

As he spoke, his voice grew fainter—his head sank back upon the green sward, and the guilty spirit left its earthly tabernacle. Mounting his steed, General Deroche gazed for a moment on the corpse of his foe, and exclaimed, as he rode away: "My vow is fulfilled, and Isabella D'Aguilar is avenged!" Sadly he moved back, through the scenes which he had passed in such

haste, nor checked his charger, until he met the retreating column of his countrymen, defended by his brave Cuirassiers. The battle of Salamanca had been lost, but the oath of Deroche had been fulfilled.

Peace with its blessings was once more restored to sunny Spain. The wind once more rustled through the silken tassels of the ripening corn now growing in the fair villages of Castile.

Brightly the light shone through the window of an old Moorish castle, and many were the gallants and maidens who might have been seen sauntering among the newly repaired walks and grottoes of the court. Lightly the gay laugh echoed among the arches and corridors of the lofty hall. The hurrying to and fro of fair maidens betokens the approach of extraordinary festivities. Every one seems to know that there is to be a wedding, and everybody seems happy to know that Isabella D'Aguilar is to be wedded to Louis Deroche. The peasantry of Navaladid had long known that they were lovers. * * *

There they stood in a balcony adjoining, looking out where the distant Guarena, lighted up by the silver light of the full moon, wound its way through the delicious valley of the Duero. Never did maiden look more lovely than Isabella, as she stood by the side of her brave and handsome lover. With a look beaming with love, she gazed into his countenance, and then leaned pensively against the railing of the balcony. After gazing for a moment into the court below, and smiling with pleasure at the gayety of its occupants, she placed her jewelled arm in her lover's and they proceeded into the crowded hall. With happy hearts they step towards the altar where stands the priest of the most holy church, and in solemn silence their hands are joined together. Eagerly the joyous peasantry gathered round their lord and mistress, and many were the thanks showered upon the maiden of Navaladid and the gallant Cuirassier of Salamanca. It was a joyous scene.

A NEW WAY TO PAY POSTAGE.

A young gentleman, having occasion to write a letter to a friend in the country, sent it to the office by a German lad in his employ. Having no postage-stamp, he gave him three cents to pay the postage. The gentleman received a reply to his letter, and in it his friend requested that when he wrote again, if he had no stamps, to send the letter without pre-paying, as he had no idea of paying fifteen cents postage on three coppers. The truth was that the lad, on his way to the office, had slipped the cents into the envelope and dropped it into the box.

THERE NEVER WAS.

BY L. G. RICE.

There never was an earthly dream
Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sunbeams with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart,
Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate,
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad bright eye,
But it was dimmed with tears;
Caused by such grief as ever dull
The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flower—
'Tis withered soon, and gone;
We gaze upon a star, to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
A mind of worth and power,
That had not in this changing world,
Pain, misery, for its dower;
The laurel on the brow hath hid
From many a careless eye,
The secret of the soul within,
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be
On earth a precious spring,
Whose waters to the favored lip,
Unfailing we may bring;
All changeth on this troubled shore,
Or passeth from the sight;
O for that world where joy and peace
Reign as eternal Night!

MY PASSENGER:

—OR,—

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE BOURBON PIRATES.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF AN OLD SHIP-MASTER.

BY SYLVANUS CORB, JR.

My ship cleared from Liverpool, and I was bound for the Indies. In the cabin I had some dozen passengers, most of whom were army officers who had been home on leave of absence. Beside these I had a widow woman named Legrand, and her son, whom she called Walter. Walter Legrand was, according to the register, five-and twenty years of age. He was very slight in his build, or, at least, he seemed so when compared with the stout infantry officers who surrounded him; but there were no signs of feebleness about him. He was of medium height, and smaller than the ordinary class of men. His hair was long and curly, and as black as night. His eyes were large and full, and

burned like orbs of light set in jet. His countenance was very pale, and the brow, which was much higher and fuller than is often seen, was strongly marked by the blue veins which stood boldly out upon it. His features were regular and eminently handsome—the nose prominent and straight, and the lips very thin and colorless. His hands were small and as delicate as a babe's. His whole appearance indicated the close, unswerving student, and I think he had the least of the animal man in his physiognomy of any person whom I have ever seen. Mrs. Legrand must have been married when very young, for she could not then have been more than forty years of age, and she was still as beautiful as ever. A more lovely woman is seldom seen. Her hair was of a golden hue, and her eyes seemed made for the abode of smiles and love, though it was now oftener sad and downcast. Her husband had died in India, and she was going out to settle his estate, she having an only brother still there. Her husband had been a colonel of cavalry, and a brave and honest man.

Mrs. Legrand had one female servant to accompany her, and together they occupied a small state-room which she had fitted up with my consent, at her own expense.

We found Walter to be a very agreeable companion, though he was reserved and sedate. He could converse freely on subjects of general interest, and at times he was startlingly eloquent. For one I enjoyed his conversation much, though I sometimes noticed that some of the military passengers were inclined to wear a sneer upon their lips when he went deeply into moral philosophy.

Matters passed on quite pleasantly for several weeks. To be sure, at times, young Legrand received treatment from one or two of the other passengers which I thought meant insult, and which I should have resented, but he took no notice of it, and so I did not make myself uneasy. One man in particular seemed to dislike the youth. It was an infantry captain named Savage. He was a profane, reckless man, and he seemed to hate Legrand simply because he was so unlike himself. Legrand never laughed nor even smiled at any of his profane, vulgar jokes, but, on the contrary, plainly showed by his looks that he did not like them.

We had cleared the southern capes of Africa, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. One day at the dinner-table, Captain Savage allowed himself to become more profane than usual. Neither of the females were present, and he launched out into a course of stories and jests which were indecent in the extreme. The wine

circulated freely, and his boon companions seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. Several times Legrand cast a reproving glance at Savage, and the latter noticed it, but instead of becoming more decent, he only tried the harder to displease and annoy the quiet passenger.

At length the infantry captain became so outrageously profane and vulgar that Legrand would stand it no longer, and quickly moving his chair back, he arose from the table and moved towards the deck.

"Come back, here," shouted Savage.

But the young man took no notice of him.

"Come back, I say."

Legrand did not turn, but with a steady step he kept on and went upon deck.

At length the officers finished their dessert, and most of them went on deck. Savage went up, and as soon as he saw Legrand standing by the weather mixzen rigging, he passed over.

"Mr. Legrand," he said, in a highly pompous tone, "why did you leave the dinner-table?"

"Simply because I wished to," calmly replied the young man.

"But why did you wish to leave it?"

"That is a question I choose not to answer."

"But I choose that you shall."

"O, I would answer it with pleasure, if I thought it would benefit you any to know; but I fear you would not improve upon it even were I to tell you."

"Allow me to be the judge. Tell me."

"Since you are so urgent, I will comply," returned Legrand, in a tone perfectly calm and pleasant. "The truth is, sir, your conduct and speech were so unpleasant, that I suffered exceedingly, and so I chose to leave you with those who were better calculated to enjoy or put up with it."

"Ah," uttered the captain, while his cheek flushed, and his lip trembled. "And may be so bold as to inquire what part of my conduct you thought unbecoming a gentleman?"

"All of it, sir."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman?"

"I have said no such thing. I have simply answered your own questions."

"But you have intimated that my conduct was not gentlemanly."

"Yes, sir. I have plainly said so."

"Ah, now I have it. I shall demand satisfaction for that. You shall find, sir, that no one calls my character in question with impunity."

"Then, my dear sir," said Legrand, "why will you not endeavor to have some respect for the feelings of others?"

"I have, sir, all that is necessary. Do you suppose that I care for your sickening, babyish, soft-pated piety? Not a bit of it. You have insulted me. First at the table—for actions speak as well as words. Your leaving as you did, and thus interrupting me in the midst of a narrative, was a gross insult; and you meant it as such."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"You lie, sir!" exclaimed Savage, now fairly enraged at the young man's perfect coolness. "You did mean it as an insult. Now, sir, you must answer for it. You shall answer for it. Will you take the sword or pistol?"

"Neither, sir. Let me be in peace—that is all ask."

"You wont fight, eh?"

"No sir."

"Now will you?"

As Savage thus spoke, he struck the young man with the flat of his hand, upon the cheek.

"Now will you fight?"

Walter Legrand turned as pale as death, but not a nerve nor muscle moved. In a moment more the blood returned to his face, and he looked the brutal man calmly in the eye.

"Captain Savage," he at length said, in a low, tomb-like voice, "I cannot fight you, nor have I any wish to do it. If you feel happier after what you have done, you are welcome to the emotion. You may think my course a strange one, but I have no explanation to make."

"Coward!" hissed the brute.

Again that deathly pallor spread over the young man's face, and I could see that the nails of his fingers were fairly eating into the palms of his hands. He was silent but a moment, and when he spoke again, it was in the same calm, strange tone:

"Captain Savage, leave me, sir. I have harmed you not, and now I am in the possession of my senses. Leave me, or I may be made a madman."

Savage was upon the point of saying more when I interfered.

"Captain," said I, "let this subject drop now. You are wholly in the fault, and I will see the young man abused no more."

"Do you interfere?" exclaimed Savage, turning madly towards me.

"I do," I returned, "and I mean what I say. I command here, and you will be wise if you obey."

"And suppose I do not choose to obey?"

"I think it will be an uncomfortable experiment for you to try," was the reply.

Now I owe to Dame Nature some thanks for

having given me a frame more powerful in its physical mould than she ordinarily bestows upon her mortal children, and long command of turbulent spirits in the shape of refractory seamen, had given me not only a decision of character, but had written the fact pretty plainly on my countenance. Savage looked at me a moment, and then he said, with rather a chop-fallen expression of countenance:

"O, very well. You are captain, and I suppose it would be open mutiny to resist you." And with that he walked away.

Now to tell the truth, I hoped the fellow would have shown some more resistance, for I had made up my mind to knock him down and put him in irons; but I was disappointed; though, upon more calm reflection, of course I was glad affairs turned as they did.

This event cast a sort of cloud over the spirits of the passengers for several days, and though Savage refrained from most of his profanity, yet I could see that not only he, but the others, looked upon Walter Legrand as a coward. The young man himself seemed to notice it, for he was taciturn and sedate, and I often noticed that his eyes drooped before the gaze of others, and that his lips trembled.

Early one morning land was reported upon the larboard bow. I knew it to be the Bourbon Island. The wind was very light, the ship not making more than three knots with her royals and studding-sails. About the middle of the forenoon we saw a long quiac-built boat or rather vessel—come out from one of the coves of the island. I levelled my glass upon the craft, and found it to be full of men. There were seventy-five at least.

"Captain, what is she?" asked Savage, approaching the spot where I stood.

"I think there is not much danger in setting her down for a pirate," I replied. "I have heard that there were a nest of pirates on the Bourbon Island, and I think we are likely to find it true."

"Pirates!" uttered Savage, turning pale. "They will be likely to be ugly customers, wont they?"

"Of course they will. They certainly outnumber us three to one, and are in all probability, all of them stout, reckless fellows."

"But you don't think they will follow the rule of putting all their prisoners to death, do you?"

"You can judge of that as well as I can," was my reply; and then I turned to the men.

I could see that Savage was much frightened, and, in fact, nearly all were startled by the appearance of the suspicious boat. The pres-

ence of a pirate is not a pleasant theme for any one, and more especially these land pirates, for they generally make it a practice to put their prisoners to death, so that their haunts may not be exposed.

We had no carriage-gun, but there were cutlasses and pistols enough on board for the crew, and I lost no time in arming my men. All told we mustered forty-one men. The ship's crew, including myself, made twenty-nine, and there were twelve of the passengers, though I knew not whether to count upon Walter Legrand or not. However, he could fire a pistol, and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements, the quiac was within two cables' lengths of us, and we could see that there were nearly eighty men on board of her—not so great odds as we had at first supposed, but still two to one against us. We could see, too, that they were all of them powerful looking fellows, and of all shades and complexions—some of them white, some red, some brown and some black.

I arranged the men close to the bulwark with what muskets we could muster, and then turned to see if Legrand was upon deck. He stood by the cabin companion-way with a sword in his hand, and with two superbly mounted pistols stuck in his belt. The sword I had not seen before, and of course I judged that it must be his own. It was broad and heavy, of the most exquisite polish, and mounted in a hilt of gold and precious stones. I was for the moment chained to the scene. The youth looked most strangely. His face was yet pale and calm, but its expression was changed—wonderfully changed. The fire of his eyes was deep and intense, and the usual sedate, melancholy expression had given place to a sort of exultant, smiling satisfaction. I did not speak to him. I saw that he stood over the place where his mother had found refuge.

By this time the quiac was nearly alongside. I waited until the moment for pistol shooting came, and then I gave the order to fire. There was a long, wild yell from the boat, and on the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates began to clamber up our rigging. Our shot had not done much execution, for nearly all who had sat in the quiac leaped for the ship. We beat them back as well as we could, but they began to gain upon us, and at length my men gave way. I urged them all I could, but the bloody pirates came on in such wild fury that to stay them seemed impossible.

Savage fell back to the poop, and his companions followed him. The pirates struck down three of my men, and the rest fell back to the opposite side of the deck. By a hasty count I

made out that there were about seventy of the enemy, and we had thirty-eight left. For a few moments there was a mutual suspension of hostilities. The pirates had all gained the deck—all that were alive, and their chieftain stepped out in front of them. He was a Spaniard, but spoke English well.

"Do you surrender your ship?" he asked.

"Of course we surrender," spoke Savage, seeing that I hesitated. "We may receive quarter if we surrender quietly."

"Never!" spoke a calm, clear voice, and on turning we beheld Walter Legrand. "Never!" he repeated, while his dark eye flashed proudly. "Are we Englishmen?"

I saw that these words produced a wonderful effect upon my crew, and so they did upon the other passengers, and I must confess that they went to my heart with a nerve power. Only Captain Savage seemed to dislike them. Upon him they seemed to grate harshly.

At this moment Mrs. Legrand came upon deck. She had heard her son's voice, and perhaps she thought he was in danger.

"Santa Maria! that is my prize," exclaimed one who seemed to be second in command among the pirates, as soon as he saw the beautiful woman.

"No, no, by San Paulo, she's mine!" cried the chieftain, and as he spoke he started towards the spot where the widowed mother stood. His lieutenant followed him, and so did several of the others.

"Stand back!" said Walter.

"Out, boy—or die!"

Thus spoke the pirate leader, but he spoke no more, for the young man's sword swept the air like lightning, and the villain's head was cleft in twain. Another stroke, and the lieutenant shared the same fate.

"Now, men of England, show the blood of your proud nation!"

Every man heard those words, for they were like bugle notes—clear, and ringing, and distinct. I remember how Legrand looked at that moment. He had just forced his mother below when he spoke, and then he turned upon the crew. His head was up, his teeth set, his finely chiselled nostrils distended, and his eyes literally emitting sparks of fire. He dashed like a lightning shaft among the foe, and we all followed him. Ever and anon I could distinguish his form amid the smoke—for there were many pistols fired—and I could see the flash of his bright blade where it was not covered with blood. I fought with all my might—and so did all my men. Savage fought, too, but he did not seek

places of danger, rather seeming to keep his back against the bulwarks.

Ever and anon the flash of Walter's sword would catch my eye, and I failed not to see a man fall when it descended. My own men looked to him as their leading spirit, and I did not feel offended. I rather felt proud of him. How could I help it? The very genius of Mars seemed to sit within him. It was almost a miracle how he swept away the foul villains from before him. At length the deck began to grow thin of standing men, and streams of blood were flowing towards the scuppers. I reached Legrand's side, and I saw stout men flee from before him. I saw his arm move, and I saw another pirate fall.

Then a cry broke upon our ears. It was a cry for quarter, for mercy. The fighting ceased, and the living pirates were huddled together in the starboard gangway and disarmed. They numbered *eleven men*! My next work was to count my own, and I found eighteen of them, and nine of the infantry officers. In the centre of the quarter-deck stood Walter Legrand. He was leaning upon his sword, and a tiny stream of blood trickled down its faithful blade and made a dark pool upon the deck about its point. He was still calm and serene, but the old look of sedate melancholy had once more taken possession of his countenance.

"Captain Favor," he said, addressing me, "can you take care of the prisoners?"

I quickly answered him, "yes."

"Then," said he, "I will go and comfort my mother. She may be anxious."

The prisoners were put in irons, and placed in safe confinement, and then we sat to work and cleared up the deck. All hands turned workmen, and ere long the dead were sewed up in old sails and buried in the deep, blue sea—friend and foe together. There were but few wounded men. Such as there were, however, were properly cared for.

That evening, when we sat down to supper, no one could have told, from the appearance of Walter Legrand, that anything unusual had happened. He met us with that same calm smile of recognition, and his face wore that same look of unobtrusive, modest reserve. The meal was eaten mostly in silence. I could see that the other officers gazed upon the youth with looks of admiring wonder, and even Captain Savage was humbled and awed.

Legrand saw the looks that were cast upon him, and he knew well what they meant. After he had finished his supper he wiped his lips, and we knew from his movements, that he was going

to speak. A pin might have been heard to drop at that moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, while a slight tremulousness was manifest in his nether lip. "You all know what has passed since I came on board this ship, and I shall not recount the painful tale. I have heard the word '*coward*' and I have not resented it, and had not this day's events come to pass, I should not have made the explanation which I am now about to make, for it might only have been received as the hollow excuse of one who dared not fight. You have some of you heard of my father. He was a brave man, and a good officer, but in an evil hour he had a difficulty with a brother officer, and he accepted the challenge to fight a duel. He met his companion upon the field, and he fell. He had marched boldly up to the cannon's mouth for his beloved country, and his life was spared that his bosom friend might take it. My mother heard the sad story. She knew my hot blood—she knew I was my father's child, and she feared for me. She drew my head upon her grief-laden bosom, and asked me to promise her that I would never give nor receive a challenge to mortal combat, and that I would never lend my countenance or assistance to the same in the capacity of a friend. I made the promise, and sealed it with a vow, and a mother's prayer went up that I might be true to it. Gentlemen, you know all now."

There was a tear in his eye, but he turned quickly away and went on deck.

For some moments after he had gone, there was a death-like stillness.

"Gentlemen," uttered Savage, starting quickly from his seat, "follow me on deck."

He started for the ladder, and we all went after him. Legrand stood by the lee quarter-railing, and Savage moved quickly to him.

"Mr. Legrand," said the humbled officer, in a trembling, but frank tone, "I have wronged you most deeply, and here, before all the living witnesses of my error, I ask your pardon. Forgive me, sir, and I will never do such wrong again."

Walter took the proffered hand, and while tears trembled upon his dark lashes, he replied:

"Captain Savage, most joyfully do I accede to your request. Let the past be forgotten, sir, and may its darkness be more than obliterated by the friendship of this hour."

The temptation could not be resisted: My first mate, a noble-hearted sailor, threw up his cap and called out for three cheers. And they were given—three times three—for the noble youth who had not only been the direct agent of saving our ship and crew, but who also had the moral

courage to do his whole duty, even though it brought out the jeer and scoff of companions against him.

The widowed mother had followed her son on deck, and she had seen all that had transpired, and never shall I forget the strange look that dwelt upon her countenance as she clasped her hands and raised her streaming eyes towards heaven. It was a look of such joyful pride and ardent gratitude as words cannot tell.

In due time we arrived at Calcutta without further trouble, and from that evening of reconciliation I heard not a profane word nor ribald jest fall from Captain Savage's lips. He was a better and a happier man. Walter Legrand was urged most strongly to join the army, but his love for his mother restrained him. He settled his father's business, and he and his mother returned to England with me. Three years after that he was sent to Parliament from his native borough, and no man can enjoy more extensively the confidence and esteem of his fellows than does he; but I know that all the honors which men can heap upon him can never take that place in his heart and love which is filled by the gratitude and trusting confidence of his own dear mother.

DROMEDARY-RIDING.

I found dromedary-riding not at all difficult. One sits on a very lofty seat, with his feet crossed over the animal's shoulders, or resting on his neck. The body is obliged to rock backward and forward, on account of the long swinging gait, and as there is no stay or fulcrum except a blunt pommel, around which the legs are crossed, some little power of equilibrium is necessary! My dromedary was a strong, stately beast, of a light cream color, and so even in gait that it would bear the Arab test: that is, one might drink a cup of coffee while going on a full trot, without spilling a drop. I found a great advantage in the use of the Oriental costume. My trowsers allowed the legs perfect freedom of motion, and I soon learned so many different modes of crossing those members, that no day was sufficient to exhaust them. The rising and kneeling of the animal is hazardous at first, as his long legs double together like a carpenter's rule, and you are thrown backwards and then forwards, and then backwards again, but the trick of it is soon learned. The soreness and fatigue of which many travellers complain I never felt, and I attribute much of it to the Frank dress. I rode from eight to ten hours a day, read, and even dreamed in the saddle, and was at night as unwearied as in the morning.—*Bayard Taylor.*

IT'S ALWAYS MY LUCK.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"It's about time to give up trying, and yield to the force of circumstances. The tide of ill luck sets against me harder than ever. Really, brother John, I cannot stem the current much longer."

"What has happened now?"

"You remember the handsome bay I purchased a few weeks since?"

"Yes."

"He had a slight lameness in one of his feet."

"Yes."

"Well, the trouble has been increasing, until the animal is a complete cripple, and quite unfit to use. I s'pose I ought to have expected something of that kind; it's always my luck. You know I can never buy anything without being cheated, or do anything like other people. I was evidently born under a bad star. With some folks, everything works well without any apparent effort on their part. Neighbor Jones bought some railroad stock that paid him eight per cent. right straight along. Well, I went and purchased some stocks, too, and the result is, that I will sell out to-day at twenty-five per cent. Last year Job Smith went into the hop business; he raised a large field, and disposed of every pound at a handsome profit. This season I cut some two or three thousand poles, and tried it on a large scale. What is to come of it? Why, of course, hops have taken a turn, and wont pay the cost of raising. Mr. Thompson got his house insured a few nights before it was destroyed by fire. Ten days after the disaster he got every cent of the insurance. I went and insured with the P. T. W. Company. When my corn barn was burned, containing much value in various kinds of grain, instead of receiving the amount of the insurance, a rumor reached me that the concern had failed, which report was confirmed by the first newspaper that I happened to take up.

"Last spring I planted my potatoes on a hill, and the dry weather parched up the soil and prevented a crop. This season I planted them on a piece of low bottom-land, and the rains washed them out. It's always my luck. You know that corn has been a good yield in this part of the country, and always been marketable. I have usually never tried to grow any except for my own use, but this year I thought I'd try it, and so put in five acres. I was a fool for doing it. A person of my hard experience might have known better. Just as though I could raise

corn! Just as though I could do anything successfully! I can't sneeze like other folks, or blow my nose without setting it to bleeding! My corn is scarcely out of the silk; there has been a heavy frost, and it will be hardly decent fodder for the cattle. That's my luck. It's just so with my beans—the frost has got them, too. Something will happen to me next. I shall break my arm, or my leg, or choke myself with a piece of meat. Then again, if I was going to die, I s'pose it would rain, or thunder, or something of that kind. I've no doubt my grave will be full of water when I'm buried. That's my luck—it wont leave me—it'll follow as long as there's anything left of me. It commenced when I was a boy. I was late at school, caught whispering, throwing paper balls, pinching the boys, making wry faces at the master, carrying on pantomimic correspondence with the girls, and forever and eternally an eligible candidate for a thrashing. The big boys used to beat me, and the little ones stone me. I never got the medal but once, and then I lost it before I got home, for which I was maltreated the next day by the double-fisted master. When I got large enough to go courting, some fellow was sure to get the girl I wanted, or the one I wanted was sure to give me the mitten. I was confounded bashful, and was laughed at because I didn't appear natural in company. My work was found fault with. The tailor couldn't fit me to a coat. If I rode out, I got tipped over, or run away with. When I got a situation, I was sure to offend my employers. I couldn't go in swimming without having the cramp, or go hunting without being mistaken for a goose, kicked over by the recoil of my gun, bursting it up by overloading, or hurting somebody in some way. It's always my luck."

"You owe your luck all to yourself," said his brother John.

"Certainly; I expected you'd say so; you always do."

"You were ever wanting in forethought," added brother John, mildly. "You never calculated chances, or made provisions for contingencies. When a mere lad, you would undertake a piece of work without knowing what you were doing. You have been a kind of unconscious sleep-walker since the day of your birth. You appear to be dreaming most of the time. You don't reach conclusions by a logical process, but jump and flounder at them, or never reach them at all. So far as cause and effect are concerned, you are profoundly ignorant of both. The philosophy of the processes of Nature appears strange to you. If a shower comes up suddenly, you rath-

er imagine it was gotten up on purpose to wet your load of hay. If the season is too dry or too hot, it is just the same—all on your account. Why, man, Nature is as impartial as she can be, and cares no more about you, individually, than she does about a grasshopper. Do you suppose she would step out of her course to do you a petty piece of spite? Not a bit of it—she works for the good of all. But you appear profoundly ignorant of it. Your continued ill luck has its origin in your own organisation. You proceed without method, and do not govern yourself by the signs of the times. Before planting hops, you should have informed yourself whether the market was surfeited; and as for corn, you put it in too late, and on that part of your farm which is first affected by frost. Perhaps you may remember that I predicted a poor crop while you were planting. But why did I venture such a prediction? Simply because circumstances warranted it—circumstances that entirely escaped your observation; and in fact all circumstances that affect your luck are unnoted. Why it is that you do not profit by experience, I am at a loss to understand. When you got insured, you took your policy from a humdrum, rickety-racketty company. You were in similar fault when you bought the bay horse. A slight examination of his foot would have satisfied you that his lameness was incurable; but the animal looked well, the owner told you it was 'all right,' and so a fool and his money were parted."

"That's comforting!" muttered the man of ill luck.

"And the identical state of things prevailed when you bought into the Vermont Central Railroad," continued brother John. "Jones bought stock on the Boston and Worcester, which is always up and pays good dividends. I couldn't help laughing when I heard what you'd been doing. Why, anybody but an unlucky man would know better. You wouldn't have caught your wife doing such a foolish thing. All the women and children in the neighborhood are better posted about railroad stocks than you seem to be. There's no use in talking, though; it's always your luck. Age has now so crept upon you, that I fear it is too late to outgrow your thoughtlessness and want of method. It is to be expected that you will plod on in the old track. You work hard enough with your hands, but don't do head-work enough for a baby. Just make one strong effort, my good brother. It will be up-hill business, but possibly you may come to your senses enough to complain less of your ill fortune."

"That'll do, brother John," said the grumbler, with something like a smile. "I'm in for a blowing up when I mention my troubles. It's always my luck."

And so the brothers parted, one a little more thoughtful than when they met, but it is doubtful whether the other was any wiser, or in a more promising way to improve—for he had often heard the same kind of reasoning before. Probably he will continue to be an unmethodical person to the day of his death, and, grumbling in the old fashion, say, "It's always my luck!"

MALIBRAN.

Malibran's nervous temperament and romantic turn of feeling inspired her with a passionate love of flowers. During her performance of Desdemona, on the evening of her benefit, she betrayed her fondness for flowers in a singular way. When Desdemona lay dead on the stage, and the Moor, in his frenzied grief, was preparing to inflict upon himself the blow which was to lay him prostrate at her side, Madame Malibran, fearing the destruction of the bouquets and wreaths which lay scattered round her, exclaimed, in a low tone of voice: "Take care of my flowers. Do not crush my flowers." There resided in Naples at one time a poor hairdresser, who vainly struggled to obtain a scanty livelihood. Madame Malibran sent for him, and desired him to attend daily to dress her hair, for which she paid him most extravagantly. As soon as he was gone, she would undo all his curling and plaiting, and again go through the operation of having her hair dressed by another *coiffeur*. Some friends remarked that she gave herself a great deal of useless trouble, and suggested that as she only employed the poor hairdresser for charity, it would be better to give him money for doing nothing. "O, no," replied she, "he is poor but proud; he thinks he earns the money, and consequently feels no humiliation in taking it. To receive reward is gratifying; to accept charity is degrading. Besides, when he hears my head-dress praised, he believes it to be his handywork, and feels proud of his talents. To confer such happiness is worth nearly any sacrifice."

One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her characters; her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles; if I were to light them all up at once, they would waste and soon burn out. But, by lighting gradually, I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."—*Musical World*.

THE CONVERT'S ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

BY J. ALFORD.

Of on the mountain's rugged side,
Where rocks on rocks majestic ride,
I've sought thy beautiful form;
I've found thee in the vale below,
Sparkling midst heaps of drifted snow,
And in the wintry storm.

Again, when summer's milder reign
Has clad in varied charms the plain,
She loves in streams to lave;
Oft plunging from the river's side,
While zephyrs rippled o'er its tide,
I've found thee in the wave.

But when I made the town my choice,
Lured for a time by folly's voice,
In search of vain renown;
Through all my limbs disorder spread,
While feverish dreams and aching head,
Soon told me health was flown.

But, dissipation, hence adieu!
The tavern feast, the motley crew,
No more have charms for me;
The gay debauch can please no more,
The drunken riot, midnight roar,
The song, the catch, the glee.

Henceforth to rural haunts I go,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow,
Thy smiles again to share;
And thou, as well known scenes I hail,
Fresh strength with every breath exhale,
Once more shall be my care.

THE ARTIST'S STRATAGEM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"AND now," cried Frank Lemington, throwing himself upon a little mean, dilapidated sofa, "I am for the first time penniless. Not able to get a mouthful of bread, upon my sacred honor. Sell! what shall I sell?" he ejaculated, as if in reply to some suggestion made by his interior self; "what in fact is there to sell? That old bureau I paid—amazing sum, fifty cents for; no secret springs in it either. Wonder what it would bring now? Here's a sofa, valued thirty-seven and a half, and that old chest, relic of my theatrical foolery, contains a wardrobe that no living soul but myself could wear—and that only for farce," he continued, rising and pacing the floor.

The large, old apartment did look cheerless without a fire. To be sure there was a bright imitation of yellow blaze and sombre smoke over the fireplace, with its black hearth, but it was, alas, painted, though by such a genial heart it almost given heat to the canvass.

There were many pictures scattered about—

several plaster casts artistically arranged, brushes, palette pencils laid in confusion on the floor and table—an easel stood in the best light the room afforded, a few chairs leaned stiffly against the unpapered walls.

Frank Lemington had struggled with poverty all his life, he had been wild, but not dissolute; a dishonorable action had never stained his reputation. With real genius, yet no means of study, he had produced some incomparable portraits—but unknown and penniless, he could get but few orders. He had once strutted on the stage, and there is no knowing to what histrionic honors he might have attained, had not a singular pain forewarned him that the stretch of his vocal powers was too much for him, coupled as it was with his labor as an artist.

Still he was miserably poor, spite of his courageous exclamation which he omitted not morning or night. "I'll be a great painter—I'll be something yet, in spite of it all."

Frank was supperless and therefore hungry. His only acquaintance in the city had gone out of town—and what young man of spirit would get trusted for a supper? Zounds! to long for a piece of bread! It was too bad!

He put on his hat, wrapped his cloak grandly over his threadbare garments, and passed out into the entry, walking slowly. On the landing at the foot of the stairs he met the old widow lady of whom he hired his room, and owing only one week's rent, boldly wished her a good evening. She was a lady-like woman, and rarely spoke to her boarders, but to-night she felt communicative.

"We're fixing for a party, Mr. Lemington, and if we might have the honor of your company, I'm sure my daughter and myself will be much pleased."

"Your daughter!" said Frank, standing still for a moment, with one foot on the lower stair, "I was not aware you had a daughter—I have never seen any one but yourself."

"O, she's been to school all her life," answered the simple landlady, "and on her coming home to stay, I feel as if she ought to have some sort of welcome of the kind, and so I'm going to let her have a party. She hasn't had one, poor thing, since her father died."

"And when will your party take place?" asked Frank—he had much rather she had invited him to supper.

"O dear, that's what darling and I are in such a strait about; for the great room on the ground floor, just back of this one, sir, wants whitewashing, and the kitchen too; yet not a whitewasher can I get for love or money at this

busy time; not for whole weeks; and the party's put for Thursday; that's in two days, you see."

A scheme flashed through Frank's clever brain. "I cannot starve," he thought, "I will not beg, but I must have something to eat while I am finishing Ella's picture. My good Mrs. Blake," he answered, after a moment's seeming consultation with memory, "I think I know a man who will do your whitewashing in two days."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little widow, clasping her hands.

"He is rather singular though about his terms—he doesn't charge the usual price, but is considerably more reasonable; but he would expect to take his meals here. He has been, you understand, a sort of gentleman, but—" and Frank would have gone on butting till night, had not the landlady interrupted him.

"O, all the better," cried the widow. "I'll give him what he asks and his meals beside; but I sha'n't want him to come you know till nine or half past."

"I'll engage him," said Frank, and then added as he went out, "that's better than poison or pistols, young man; and be sure if you're brave you'll always get out of difficulty. You must of course go without supper to-night; but by getting up at daybreak, working hard at the picture for four hours or so, now that it is nearly completed, you'll get it done this week, old fellow. Courage, Frank, and thank your mother and the stars that you're not too proud to work at any thing that's honest."

Frank took a long walk, and could not avoid passing by pastry shops and eating-rooms from whence his own hungry humanity snuffed the savory scents eagerly; but afterwards laughing at himself, and repeating occasionally, "too bad—too bad," he hurried on home. His walk had done him good—and made him ravenous, too. What was his surprise on entering his lonely chamber, to find upon the table a brown paper package; and what his further state of astonishment, when upon carefully undoing it, out fell a neat supply of sandwiches—new white bread thinly covered with butter and mustard, and tucked between "fresh, sweet bacon, fat and lean."

"O joyful surprise!" exclaimed Frank, extending theatrically his right hand and the sandwiches—"but where the dickens did they come from? What good angel, or good fairy, or good creature of some sort, left them here, I wonder?" For a moment he stood thinking; then swallowing his amazement with a large bite of bread and bacon, he seated himself and had a good supper. "Only," he muttered—"it would be so much more delicious with tea."

O discontented mortals that we are! Who can lay his hand on his heart and say "I want no more!"

Here was the secret of the sandwiches. Susy Blake saw the rather interesting and handsome young artist go out and pass by the window. Her cousin, a dashing girl with a small fortune, had sat for her portrait, and in her letters to the boarding-school Susy, she was forever eulogizing the "divine Frank Lemington and his studio."

Susy drew her own conclusions from this—and anticipated being asked to the wedding. Susy was romantic, and almost crazy to see a painter's studio. "It must be very beautiful," she thought, "and if mother don't see me, and he's gone—I'll just run up and take a look." Now the young lady was engaged for a picnic for the morrow, one of those free and easy kind where the frolickers carry their own refreshments, and she held in her hand a small brown paper, carefully folded over a goodly number of sandwiches. This, without thinking, she still retained, as she ran cautiously up stairs. The key she carried, exactly fitted; the lock swung round, the door flew open, and she was for the first time in her life within the hallowed precincts of genius.

Well, Susy found nothing very wonderful there, but she walked round, admiring the very fine paintings, and stopping occasionally before one worthiest of her admiration. It was the face of a beautiful girl, and the expression was angelic. As Susy stood there, her hands demurely folded, her hair, which was very bright and pretty, falling softly and cloud-like over her shoulders, a sweet smile of satisfaction and admiration upon her handsome features, a close observer might have detected some likeness between the girl and the picture. The same soft blue eyes, over which the setting sun threw a mellow lustre, the same transparency of complexion, the same sweetness of expression.

"Who can it be?" thought Susy, going mechanically to the window—"mercy, there he is!" she added, in the same breath, for the artist was just then entering the house; and without a thought of sandwiches, away she flew, locking the door and hastily ensconcing herself in her own snug little chamber, one flight higher. Thus you see how Providence sent a supper to the penniless painter.

Susy never remembered her luncheon until she was going away next morning. Poor Susy, her cheeks were like crimson; "what will he think of me?" she whispered, after looking over her store of cake and fruit, forgetting that he could of course know nothing about it.

On the following morning Frank was up be-

times. He felt a little faint, but then, thought he, "I shall get a good breakfast by-and-by, and money enough to-morrow to keep me till next week; then I hope my patron will be liberal, for really I think I have done myself justice;" and he gazed, with hand and brush suspended, upon his work.

It was nearly nine. Frank sat before his easel in a shabby, genteel dressing gown, well adorned with huge tassels. Thrown rather foppishly over his jetty curls was a really rich cap, embroidered with silk and gold thread, and further ornamented with a broad gold band. The door suddenly opened; a lad and a young lady entered; the latter, in all but her extremely fashionable dress, very much like Susy Blake. A flush mounted to Frank's cheeks and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. He sprang rather than arose from his chair, and stammered something about his dishabille.

"O, never mind," said the lady, refusing with a motion of her hand the chair he offered her. "I only called in to tell you I and Charley will be ready to sit again on Monday. When is the exhibition to take place?"

"Not for some two months yet, so there is plenty of time," was the answer, laying his brush on the table, and wiping his bespattered hand on his dressing-gown.

"O plenty," was the lady's answer, "good morning;" and she went out taking the sunshine with her, leaving the artist standing as if spell-bound.

"Alas, what it is to be poor!" he exclaimed bitterly, throwing off his cap, almost angrily, and divesting himself of his dressing-gown. "She, so beautiful and an heiress, will never marry me, I fear, although she is so encouraging and gentle in manner, and sometimes dare to think she loves me. But a truce to this—to business now. Let us see if Madam Blake's daughter is as pretty as her cousin."

Saying which he went to the old chest and unlocked it with a rusty key. Such an assortment as that yawning lid disclosed! tarnished gold and silver ornaments—threadbare cloths and silk-bare velvets. Old shoes with enormous buckles, in short, the whole display was as motley as it was profuse. Selecting a large red wig, a long-waisted, spotted and wrinkled coat, and something like a butcher's apron, a set of false whiskers and eyebrows, he laid them out for inspection. They answered well, and he proceeded to transform himself from the highly talented Frank L., to a respectable looking man of all-work.

"That'll do," he muttered before his little

mirror, "my best friends would not know me now."

His best friend or his worst enemy could not indeed have recognized, in the blowsy, coarse-looking face, any resemblance to Lemington—so complete was his disguise.

Going down hastily, he told his hostess that he was the man sent by the painter to white-wash. She was ready for him—but first, would not he like a little breakfast? He looked cold.

No objection in the world, thought Frank, as he demurely assented; and sitting down, he did himself justice, and astonished the widow, who saw she had the worst of the bargain; "but, poor man," soliloquized the good-hearted woman, "who knows? Maybe the poor thing has not had a good meal for a week." Frank was by himself nearly all that day; but the next, Susy had returned. She stood at the great kitchen table, her sleeves turned up, and her fair white arms immersed in soap-suds to the elbow, her dark locks turned coquettishly over, the tips escaping in charming little ringlets. They did not of course mind the whitewasher; and so Susy rattled on, happily unconscious of the beating heart and wandering glances of the stranger towards herself.

"How much she is like her cousin," he thought, "yet how unlike. More beautiful certainly in her simplicity, than she in her finery, yet Marie is lovely, and alas, I fear beloved." Upon this he sighed so hard that Susy turned half about and wondered what that noise was.

"Mother," said Susy,—the bustling little woman was lighting up the big oven—"did you say you had invited our lodger up stairs—I mean the painter?"

"Yes," replied the widow, hastily retreating from a cloud of pine-wood smoke, and then lustily using the bellows.

"Didn't Cousin Marie ask you to?" continued Susy, rinsing the tumblers that were to be put in requisition the night following.

"To be sure, she did; you know she's sittin' for her pictur," replied her mother.

"I thought there was a face up there that looked like her, only better."

"Gracious me!" cried the widow, turning round, while the whitewash brush went amazingly slow; "when did you see a face up there—what do you mean? when was you in that man's room?"

Susy's complexion was crimson all over. However there was no alternative—the story of her visit and the sandwiches must be told.

"Ho, that's the secret!" thought Frank, stopping his work, and giving the wig such a turn

over with one hand, that it came near falling off. Luckily, nobody saw it.

"Well, Susan, all I've got to say, is, that you are served just right, going into the lodgers' rooms that way; pretty manners."

"Don't Marie go often?" asked the young girl, quite subdued.

"You know Marie isn't the kind of person I'd have you copy, Susan; you know she always was bold and forward, and has had lovers ever since she was twelve years old, yes, and jilted them, too."

Susy was silent for a moment, then she said—"I think she likes the painter. By the way she used to write to me at school, I concluded they were engaged, and going to be married."

"Whew!" whistled Frank to himself—and whitewashed vigorously.

"Well, I don't know," continued the widow, "but it's my private opinion, the young man is poor. Anyhow, he don't have many calls."

"Fact!" put in Frank, *sotto voce*.

"And I'm certain Marie wouldn't marry, as she herself says, less than ten thousand."

"Then she wouldn't marry me," thought the whitewasher, beginning to think Susy extremely beautiful and graceful, as she went about so dutifully working for her mother.

"For my part, I'm glad I haven't brought you up with such notions. A good decent trade and something a leetle beforehand, is enough to make any girl contented," said the mother.

"Well, it's my opinion," said Susy, "that Marie is really in love this time, and I'm sure she couldn't find a handsomer man."

Frank's complexion took the hue of his wig.

"Handsome is that handsome does," remarked the widow, very pithily.

Not five minutes after, with great rustling and show, in came Marie.

"How busy you are," she cried, laughing.

"You see my hands are in the dough," said Susy's mother.

"And mine in the suds," cried Susy, gaily; "but stop, I'll get you a chair."

"No, don't trouble yourselves—but how nice you're going to look! may a body speak to you after to-day? I hope, aunty, you've asked Mr. Lemington. I'm glad you have," she added in a voice of satisfaction, as the widow responded, "aint he a love of a man."

"He's a nice man I should think," said Susy.

"Nice man—I guess he is; just look at his genius. Papa says he can't fail to be at the head of his profession in a few years. I think he's a beauty."

Frank retreated into one of the thirty-six cor-

ners that composed the old fashioned kitchen. He thought to himself "perhaps after all it is true this beautiful girl loves me, and is willing to accept my genius in lieu of money—and she would bring me—gold. Yes," he mentally added, "but what is gold without the sweetest virtues of womanhood?" Then his thoughts reverted to the supperless evening—and on the whole he felt that with a fortune brought him by a lovely wife, and his own fame, which in such a case would bring him patronage, he should be happier than he was then.

"Who is that fright?" he heard Marie whisper from his corner; "what a scarecrow!"

"I shall wear white to-morrow," said Susy, "and a wreath of natural roses."

"And I intend to be dressed in the very dress I'm to be painted in."

"Ah, you mean to captivate the young artist," said Susan, archly.

"No trouble in the world about that," replied Marie, laughing again, and speaking very confidently—"all men are easily captivated. I rather think he's caught before this."

"Not so sure of that," ejaculated Frank, glancing at the sweet, artless face of one cousin, and, it struck him for the first time, the bold expression of the other.

"There! I'll declare if there aint the wood, and not a soul to split and saw it. Do you ever do such jobs, good man?"

"O yes," replied Frank, "but I couldn't till to-morrow."

"Well, I'll have it put in the woodshed, and you shall have the job. Somehow I like you; I think you're an honest workman. I declare, girls, he's got the queerest hair. I'm sure some of it is coal black. I shouldn't wonder if he'd been using hair dye."

"Fortune has smiled upon me," thought Frank, carelessly, as that evening the landlady brought up three letters, saying, as she gave them to him, that she had been to his room with them long ago, but he was out.

He opened the first. It was an order for a painting by a very rich and munificent gentleman.

"Brave!" cried Frank, snapping his fingers. The second was from his only bosom friend and contained only matters of private importance—but the third! he broke the seal lightly, threw his eyes over it, sprang up, looked at the signature, and then in his enthusiasm, overthrowing a chair and a small table, he shouted at the top of his voice, "hurrah;" and then with dumb signs capered round the room—his face glowing, his eyes almost on fire with intense joy.

"Well, I tell you what, Frank Lemington,"

he exclaimed, "standing before his little mirror, "that letter was a regular stunner—excuse him, he didn't often use slang words—"to think that the old West Indian should remember me; eighty thousand—hurrah! throw up your cap, Frank, you're a wealthy man and a match for—ay, even for Marie."

The fact was, this momentous letter informed him of the decease of an old second uncle, whom he had long forgotten, but who had resided for the last two years in the vicinity of the city. Having no heirs but Frank, he had generously remembered him in his will, and left him, besides his house and grounds, eighty thousand dollars.

"Now the young artist must be at L—," said the letter, "early the next day." "But the old lady's word," thought Frank. "I'll be home in time and see the fun out."

And so he was. Chuckling within himself he donned his frightful wig, and with the addition of a pair of ragged overalls, he commenced his work.

It was the night of the party; the whole house was brilliantly illuminated. Richly dressed belles and beaux were promenading in at the front entrance, while Frank, laughing in his sleeve, sawed wood at the back—in a shed where the widow had hung a little oil lamp.

Dame Blake was neither rich nor fashionable; she had her own, independent notions of the fitness of things; hence at an earlier hour than fashion required, she had refreshments served. Frank stood wiping his forehead, thinking the farce wouldn't pay, when he heard voices.

"Why do you suppose he hasn't come yet?" inquired Marie, anxiously.

"I can't think," answered her cousin; then she added, lightly, "you are certainly bewitched with him, for you have seemed so dull, so unlike yourself to-night."

"Pshaw," returned Marie in a vexed tone, "I don't care two cents for him only to flirt with."

"Say you so?" whispered Frank to himself.

"O that is wicked, Marie, and you will get him to love you dearly."

"Of course I shall," returned Marie, coldly.

"And then turn him off?"

"Yes."

"O Maria, you think he is poor, but I assure you a gentleman who was here to see mama to-day, assured us that Mr. Lemington had just had a handsome fortune left him by an uncle, who, dying, bequeathed him all his property."

"Is that so?" inquired Marie, with energy; "then don't say another word, I'll marry him."

"If you can?" queried Susy, slyly, laughing.

"No fear of that," returned the other; "he'd give all he's worth for a smile from me, now."

"Would he?" said Frank to himself.

"There, the poor wood-sawyer," cried Susy, "I'm going to send him out a plate of cake."

"That old curmudgeon! he's a perfect fright," replied Marie, crossly. "I wouldn't trouble myself about him."

"But he's poor—he works hard—he shall have some cake," persisted her gentle cousin.

Frank sat as if exhausted on a monster log. Something in white garments, looking like an angel, came out and offered him refreshments.

"God bless you, beautiful creature," he uttered earnestly. Another moment and she was gone.

How noble and handsome he looked—Frank Lemington—as he entered the widow's room, his face beaming with happiness.

Susy modestly shrank back in the crowd; Marie welcomed him, paying him every attention in her power—using every fascinating art. Her heart beat high; *now he was rich*, she allowed her selfish self to love him, and she madly worshipped him.

In vain all her arts. Frank sought the blushing cousin, and astonished, she knew not why, she still could not but note the expression of his glance. It was very sweet to her, "but why should he seek me?" she murmured, "when there is Marie, so much richer and more beautiful?" In a few words he told her why, and to Marie's anger, grief, indignation and remorse, Susy Blake was Frank Lemington's betrothed—the "little Susy Blake—that poor, unaccomplished thing. Pshaw!"

Frank and Susy were married. They had a splendid wedding, and forthwith removed into their beautiful house.

One day Susy was startled by the entrance of the whitewasher, red locks and all. He seated himself familiarly upon the rich lounge, and regarded the lady with his old, strange stare.

"Who are you? what do you want? Mr. Lemington is not at home," she repeated rapidly, rising and facing the door.

"Susy," exclaimed the strange apparition, inclining his head sideways, and smiling most hideously.

"Good heavens, sir, leave the house, now!" cried Susy, indignantly, crushing the rose Frank had placed in her bosom in her agitation.

Throwing off his hair, his whiskers, his false eyebrows, Frank held out his arms. Susy rushed into them with a scream of delight—"it can't be you was *he*," she cried, laughing till the tears ran; "what did you do it for?"

"No matter what I did it for," he answered, kissing her beautiful cheek, "since it gained me a true, loving wife."

CURING A BLOOMER.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

JACK CARYSFORT was engaged to Miss Melinda Winkle, the only daughter of a retired merchant, when she was quite a child, and then started for Paris, where he was to study medicine for four years; at the expiration of which time, Miss Winkle would be nineteen, and ready to assume the duties of a matron. There was no necessity for Jack's studying medicine, as he had an ample fortune, but old Winkle insisted that he ought to have a profession. From time to time he heard from and of Melinda, and learned that she was growing up very beautiful, and so changed that he wouldn't know her.

His studies completed, Jack hastened home, and no sooner arrived in Boston, than he went in search of Tom Winkle, to learn how his sister was—old Winkle lived on a fancy farm about forty miles from Boston. Tom told him that his sister had grown up handsome and attractive—that she had received a first rate education, and was witty and accomplished; but that she had been infected with the Bloomer mania, and nothing could cure her of her ridiculous determination to wear pantaloons, and adopt the habits of the ruder sex. He said that his father had remonstrated in vain, and that nothing could cure her of her folly.

Now Jack abhorred an unsexed woman, and in spite of his solemn engagement to marry Melinda, he resolved, if he failed to convert the young lady to his ideas of propriety by a system of tactics he had rapidly conceived, he would abandon her to some less fastidious suitor. Having imparted his project to Tom, he started by railroad for Winkle Lodge, and in a couple of hours was shaken warmly by the hand by Mr. Winkle. The old gentleman prepared him for a great change in his daughter, and hoped he would not be too much shocked at her costume. So much premised, he introduced the lover to the presence of his lady and her cousin Maria, a very pretty girl, staying with her to keep her company.

Melinda wore a jaunty black velvet riding-cap beneath which her hair appeared, cropped short like a man's; a frock coat, buttoned up to the throat; a pair of faultlessly-fitting pantaloons, and little high-heeled boots. If she had been a vaudeville actress, Jack would have been delighted; but he was very sorry to see a lady so intimately associated with his happiness, in this equipment. She, however, was evidently proud of the independence she exhibited.

Jack kissed her; but he kissed her cousin, too, not entirely to the satisfaction of the Bloomer.

"I was just going out to shoot woodcocks!" said Melinda; "there's my gun in the corner."

"Do you ride as well as shoot?" asked Jack.

"Do I ride!" exclaimed Melinda. "I don't do anything else! I've just been putting my horse up to stone walls; he'll make a capital jumper."

"Of course you discard the side-saddle?"

"Not so bad as that," replied the Bloomer, slightly blushing.

"I'm going to see to my grapes, Jack," said old Winkle; "so you must take care of the ladies."

"Dear girl," said Jack, addressing Maria, when Winkle had retired, "though I humored Mr. Winkle's joke, when he introduced me, still the moment I saw you, I knew that you were none other than my Melinda—you are just what I have painted you in my dreams!"

"And who do you take me for, then, you blockhead?" asked Melinda.

"For just what you are, my boy!" cried Jack, slapping her on the back—"honest Tom Winkle! Handsome enough for a girl, to be sure, but altogether too rough for one!"

"But I assure you, Mr. Carysfort—" said Maria.

"Don't assure me that you are not your own sweet self," said Jack, tenderly; "but tell me all about your life here. What a charming, retired place! How abundant is the country in resources for the gratification of true feminine tastes! With its birds and flowers for admiration and culture; its pleasant walks, its scenery for the pencil; and then books, music, and household work for in-door employment on rainy days and evenings. Such, doubtless, my dear Melinda has found it."

"But let me tell you, Mr. Carysfort—" interrupted the real Melinda.

"Be quiet, Tom!" cried Jack, impatiently. "Do be off with your gun—or go into the stable—you were always a troublesome boy. You must know I have a world of things to say to your sister."

"I shall stay where I am!" said Melinda, throwing herself into a chair, and rocking somewhat violently.

"Well, hold your tongue, then!" said Jack, turning his back on her, and continuing to converse with Maria. "Dear Melinda," said he, "this joke of trying to pass Tom, here, off as you, reminds me of the Bloomer mania. We had accounts of it in Paris, and it made the Frenchmen laugh considerably at our expense."

Once in a while you see a woman in the streets of Paris dressed in male attire, and such travesties are common in carnival time, but only tolerated then by the license of the season."

"It is an absurd mania, to be sure," cried Maria.

"I am glad to hear you condemn it," returned Jack, warmly, pressing her hand, "for sooner than marry a confirmed Bloomer, I would bestow my hand and name on a street singer or a tight-rope dancer."

"Don't you want to look at the grounds?" said Melinda, in a subdued and agitated voice.

"I want to talk with your sister, you little rascal!" cried Jack; and taking her by the shoulders, he put her out of the room and locked the door on her.

Ten minutes afterwards she peered through the front window-blinds, and saw Jack kissing Maria. It was part of his system.

At the dinner-table, Melinda appeared in the habiliments of her sex, looking very beautiful, though it must be confessed, her eyes were a little red and swollen. She blushed, and held out her hand to Jack.

"Amazement!" cried Jack. "Where's Tom?"

"Tom is in Boston—as you know very well, or ought to know," said Melinda.

"Then this lady—" said Jack, now turning to Maria.

"Is my cousin Maria, as you were told this morning, only you wouldn't believe it," said Melinda, reproachfully.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Maria," said Jack, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, "and I hope you'll excuse anything that passed between us."

"You owe the apology to me," said Melinda, pouting.

"How could I recognize you in that absurd costume?" asked Jack.

"My sentiments!" cried Winkle; "but she wouldn't listen to me. Hullo!" cried he, jumping up in alarm, "I believe the house is afire! Don't you smell a strong smell of leather and woollen burning?"

"I do!" said Maria, alarmed in turn.

"Shall I give the alarm?" exclaimed Jack.

"There's no occasion," said Melinda. "Just now I threw a pair of boots, and some clothes I wanted to get rid of, in the kitchen fire—the owner having no further use for them."

"Pair of pantaloons among them?" asked Winkle.

"Y—es," said Melinda, rather reluctantly.

"They belonged to a Bloomer, who has given up business."

"Hurrah!" shouted old Winkle. "I see through it all. Jack's cured you, when everybody else had tried and failed."

"Will you forgive me?" asked Jack.

"There's my hand," said Melinda, frankly. "I forgive you, and thank you, too! The lesson was a sharp one, but I needed it to cure me of my folly."

HOW AN INDIAN CAN DIE.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippewas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cider Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first notice of danger which saluted their ears, was a discharge of fire arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and whilst their assailants were reloading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could gain the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request they seated him on a log with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sang a louder and a livelier strain, and when several had gathered round him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screeching forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, etc., until they literally pinned him fast, without having once touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturbable stoic, continuing to chant his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his reeking scalp before his eyes—still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of the number approached him with a tomahawk, which, with a few unheeded flourishes, he buried in the captive's skull, who sank in death with the song still upon his lips. He had indeed succeeded well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.—*St. Paul Democrat.* Google

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

First, each to each, at all times, faithful prove,
And hoard with care, the sacred bond of good;
Tis this, which makes the joys of youthful love,
And married life more truly understood.

Ne'er let a word of discord with you rise,
To mar the feelings and destroy your rest;
But, as a perfect mirror, let your eyes
Reflect pure motives in each other's breast.

Then, when the dark and gloomy night of age
Shall cast a shade around the scenes of life,
Bright will be viewed on holy memory's page,
The vow that made one husband, one a wife.

ARNITA ZOLTAN.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVIDSON.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, on the borders of the river Drave, in Hungary, near the village of—readers, I have forgotten the name, and have looked in vain for it on my map; I shall be obliged to give it one, for I do not like to write,—near the village of—. The name has nothing to do with the interest of the story, so I will call it Carlstadt. Will it do? I will begin again.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, on the borders of the river Drave, in Hungary, near the village of Carlstadt, there stood, at short distances apart, three castles. The one nearest the village was in ruins, and haunted, according to popular belief; the next was built on a rocky eminence, overlooking the little village, and was the stronghold of the robber, Count Arthpud; the third and farthest was the property of the good Baron Almarvitz, who was loved as much by the villagers as his neighbor, the count, was hated and feared by them. The inhabitants of the village were industrious, but very superstitious.

Arnita Zoltan was the only child of the widow Zoltan, and the beauty and belle of the place; also the affianced bride of young John Detmold, the only son of the richest man in the place, and esquire to the Baron Almarvitz. Count Arthpud had seen Arnita, and being enamored of her beauty, had used every persuasive art in his power to make her consent to become his, but with no success.

At the time my story commences, the widow Zoltan was very ill, and her devoted daughter, Arnita, in despair, was sitting by the side of her mother's bed, watching her as she slept, when

the door of the cottage opened, and there entered without knocking one of those seers or wizards, then so common. He was an old man, but firm and erect; his dress was of blue cloth, trimmed with a scarlet band, upon which were strange figures and signs; his face was remarkable for very heavy black eyebrows, from under which his eyes peered forth with a strange light.

"Daughter," he said, "your mother is very ill—ill unto death; but you can save her you have courage."

"Tell me how?" exclaimed Arnita, forgetting her previous fears of the intruder.

"If you have courage to pass the hours of midnight, seated on the Witches' Stone by the threshold of the haunted castle."

Arnita trembled violently as she heard the old wizard, and she replied:

"None have been known to pass the night there in safety; none that have ever sat on that stone have lived to say what they saw, nor have they ever been heard of afterwards."

"But if I gave you a charm by which you would be insured from all harm, would you then dare pass the night there?" and the old man watched her attentively as he spoke.

Arnita made no answer, but seemed to be weighing the chances in her own mind. Again the old man spoke, drawing, as he did so, a chain from his pocket.

"Look at this chain. Once round your neck, and the medallion in your hand, and no power of evil can touch you. You will hear all that passes, but be unharmed by anything. If you will obey my instructions, you will come back unharmed and find your mother well."

Arnita hesitated. She loved her mother beyond all things on earth; and she had a stout heart. With that talisman nothing could touch her; why should she not try it? Thus thought Arnita, as she stood before the old wizard.

"Think of your mother—she dies if you have not the courage."

"Give me the charm!" nervously exclaimed Arnita, after having looked at her mother, and seen the deathly pallor which seemed to be stealing over her.

"Here it is, daughter," said the old man, hanging the charm, to which was attached a star and cross, round her neck. "Do you hear what I say?" he asked.

"Perfectly," whispered Arnita.

"Upon your faithfulness in following all my directions, hangs your safety and that of your mother. At ten this night, you must repair to the Witches' Stone, and seat yourself on it, facing the entrance to the castle; clasp the star and

cross in your hands, resting your elbows on your knees, and your head in your hands, covering your eyes. Strange noises you will hear—perhaps sweet music; but no matter what assails you, beware of giving way to curiosity and looking up. One look and you are lost. Remain till two. Take heed. Follow faithfully what I have told you to do. Seat yourself now in the position I directed, that I may see if you fully understand."

Arnita did so, but when she removed her hands the old man was gone. She sprang to the door, but he was away. Arnita was much less superstitious than any of the other girls of the village, and withal possessed rather a fancy for adventure. Her lover, John Detnold, being constantly with the Baron Almarvitz, who had no faith whatever in any ghost or apparition, had imbibed in a great measure his master's feelings, and was accustomed to laugh at the stories of mysterious disappearances and haunted spots told by the old men and women in the village, and listened to with fear and wonder by the young people. Arnita was possessed of greater intelligence than most girls, and consequently agreed in part with her lover, and joined with him in laughing at the tales.

The hour for Arnita to encounter the spirits was approaching, and rising softly from her bed, and throwing over her shoulders a coarse cloak, with a beating heart she set out. The feeling she experienced was not exactly fear, though she trembled from head to foot as she approached the castle, and saw the 'Witches' Stone gleaming white in the moonlight. By a great effort she walked forward and seated herself on the stone as directed. Before she covered her face she looked around. She saw nothing to fear; but the broken pillars and stones shone white and spectral in the moonlight, while the entrance of the castle, which she was facing, was in a deep shadow. A chill crept over her, and she was on the point of running away, when the thought of her sick, perhaps dying mother, came over her, and resolutely driving away every fearful thought, she bowed her head upon her hands, and her vigil began.

Two hours passed, and as yet nothing had been heard to frighten her, when suddenly she heard a rustling, and something brushed past her; then louder rustling, and a troop of spirits brushed past her; then all was still. Again she was startled by the sound of distant laughter, then pleased and surprised by soft music. Thus an hour passed, and alternately surprised and frightened, Arnita kept her post. At length a long silence ensued, and the poor girl began to

feel relieved, for she thought all her trials were over, when something seated itself by her side, and an arm was put round her waist, and a voice which sounded strangely like Count Arthpud's, said:

"Dear Arnita!"

"This then," she thought, "is my greatest trial. Some wicked demon has taken the form of the bad count, and will endeavor to bear me away." She clasped her charm firmer in her hand, and murmured a prayer to the Virgin for protection.

"Look at me!" said the voice; "I am no spirit. I am the real Count Arthpud; flesh and bones like yourself."

Faster and faster beats Arnita's heart, and faster and faster she repeated her prayers, and more tightly held her charm. Suddenly her hands were grasped and moved away from her face, which was so raised that she was obliged to look at the presence. Before her stood the hated count in a splendid dress, and a wicked smile upon his bold, bad face.

"Foolish girl! didn't you know that it is after twelve, and that the spirits are no longer loose?"

Arnita instantly knew that it was no spirit, and that she was completely in that bad man's power. Her quick mind instantly suggested the course to be pursued. Raising her head, which the count had allowed to fall, she asked, with great simplicity:

"Are you really the count, and not a bad spirit in his shape?"

The count smiled, and replied:

"I am really the count, my pretty girl; and I love you, and have come to take you away to my castle, where there will never be any bad spirits, and my pretty bird will have everything she wants."

"I wont go," exclaimed the pretty Arnita, in the tone of a spoilt child. "I say I wont go, because I shall have to leave John Detnold, who brings me pretty things from the baron's great castle."

"But, foolish child, I will give you better and prettier things. I will give you gold rings and bracelets, and velvet dresses," and the count smiled, for he knew that he had offered a bribe which would certainly win her.

"Gold rings and bracelets, and a velvet dress like your cloak?" Arnita asked, with the smile and manner of a pleased child; and she stood up and passed her hand gently over his velvet cloak, smiling and saying, "Soft, soft."

Presently her manner changed, and putting on a coquettish, imperious air, and moving a little from the count, she said:

"Seat yourself on that stone, and give me

that pretty cloak, now, that I may wear it and see how I like such fine clothes."

Amused and delighted with his easy conquest, Count Arthpud did as he was told, and throwing the cloak over her shoulders, Arnita with a graceful step began to walk up and down in front of the count. Count Arthpud was a tall man, and Arnita a small woman, and the cloak reached half way down her skirts. Laughing, and looking mightily pleased, Arnita walked, looking first this side and then that. Having amused herself in this way for a minute or so, she came to the count and demanded his hat and feather, and a little jewelled dagger. Having arrayed herself in these, and paraded up and down before him a little more, she came to a stand before him, and replaced the hat upon his head; then taking the cloak off, she held it up as if examining it, turning it from side to side. Suddenly, with a movement as quick as lightning, she flung it over his head, and turned and ran into the old castle.

It was with some difficulty that the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and parts of his dress. Having succeeded in removing it, he sprang forward; but the castle was dark, and he knew not which winding she had taken.

Arnita could not see her way, but having once entered the castle, she moved as slyly as a cat, feeling for some hold in which to hide herself, for, thought she, "he cannot see in the dark, and once hid I am safe." Alas! poor girl. With one note of his horn the count summoned half a dozen men, and in one moment they were searching with torches in every nook and corner of the castle. Arnita knew all hope was gone, so firmly grasping the dagger, which she had taken care not to return to the count, she waited in fear and trembling. She had not long to wait, for there was a flash of light, and Bernsward, the count's steward, stood before her.

"Found!" he roared at the top of his lungs, and the sound was taken up and repeated by this echo and the other, till it seemed to the poor girl as if all the demons with which the castle was peopled, were now exulting at her capture.

The count was soon by the side of his steward; his face looked black and fierce. Arnita gave herself up for lost. Very handsome did she look, her face thrown into bold relief by the dark wall of the castle, against which she was leaning, the ruddy, wavering light of the torches flashing upon her, and her hand clasping the jewelled dagger.

"I have you now!" hoarsely exclaimed the count, "and you will pay dear for this."

"I will die!" said the girl resolutely, and the dagger flashed brightly in the light as she raised her hand to strike her heart.

The blow did not reach its destination, for the steward seized her arm and wrenched the dagger from her.

"Die now!" sneered the count, as he caught her in his arms.

All hope of escape thus torn from her, Arnita sank into a swoon, and in this state was borne off by the followers of the count.

Let us now return to the invalid. Morning dawned, and when Madame Zoltan awoke, much refreshed by a good night's rest, her first call was for Arnita; but she did not make her appearance. It was very strange, for never had her daughter thus absented herself, and the mother began to be alarmed. At noon, John Detnold entered the cottage. The widow told him of the absence of Arnita, and he, too, was much alarmed. While they were endeavoring to find some clue to her disappearance, the same old wizard, or fortune-teller, entered the cottage. It must be recollected that the mother was asleep when he made his visit the day before, and consequently she was much startled when he said to her:

"You mourn the disappearance of your daughter. If you will fill this cup with water, and bring it to me, I will tell you where she is."

So saying, he handed John a heavy silver cup, curiously carved, who returned it to him filled with water. Drawing a scarlet feather from his pocket, he began slowly to stir the water, dropping from time to time little square pieces of silver into the cup. After looking at it attentively for a few minutes, he said:

"What I tell you is true. Last night, your daughter, having dreamed that by passing the night upon the Witches' Stone, at the castle gate, she could cure you, went to the castle and placed herself there. Shortly, dancers pass her; soft music enchants her; finally a demon, in the form of a handsome baron comes to her. He offers her jewels; she smiles; he shows her untold treasures, and a splendid castle, and she gives him her hand. The attendant demons laugh exultingly, and the castle is brilliantly illumed, and then she disappears on a car of flame. The temptation was too great—Arnita yielded to the power of gold."

As he finished, he rose as if to depart; but young Detnold, forgetting his age, all but the words he had uttered, seized him by the collar, and shook him violently, almost yelling in his excitement: "You lie! base knave!—thief!—traitor!—liar!—demon that you are!"

What is the change which comes that makes that young man glare like such a tiger? Unprepared for such a violent shaking, the cap, wig and eyebrows dropped from the wizard, and disclosed the features of Bernsward, the steward. In one instant he was down, and the young Detnold kneeling on his chest, with his poignard at his throat.

"Disclose where Arnita is, sir steward, or die!"

The steward, though a great villain, was also a great coward. No more threats were needed. The steward, trembling as he lay, told of his visit the day before, and of the capture of the girl at night. While he was speaking, he had loosened one hand and got his knife ready to strike, but the other had perceived the action, and wrested the weapon from him. It was Bernsward's last hope, and when that failed him, he felt willing to disclose all—the place of Arnita's imprisonment, the pass word, and the number of armed men in the castle. John Detnold then bound him hand and foot, and with the help of some of the other young men, he put him in a place of safety, leaving four men to guard him.

Having accomplished this, Detnold set out at all speed for the baron's castle, and disclosed to him the base abduction. The good baron listened attentively, and appeared scarcely less excited than his esquire. One hour more, and the baron's men were all armed, waiting only for the darkness to set forth in. The count had a weak force, for more than half of his men were off on a marauding expedition, and trusting to the superstition of the villagers, he had not troubled himself to have even the few men he had with him, armed or ready to resist any attack. So said the steward.

When night had fairly set in, the baron and his men began their march. At the gate of the count's castle was only one man, the warder; to him Detnold whispered the pass-word, and bade him as soon as he unlocked the gate to hurry to the count with the message that his men were returning, laden with booty. The delighted warder hastened to obey, and while he was gone the baron and his men entered. In one moment all was confusion. Lights flashed from the windows of the castle, and the bell rang out the alarm. Taken by surprise, the count and his men, though they fought like demons, made no headway. The baron found that the steward had deceived Detnold, as to the number of men, and the odds were against him. Had the count and his men been prepared, it would have gone against the baron's party, but they being well armed and in order, slowly, but perceptibly,

gained ground. Pen cannot paint the confusion that prevailed. Dark and darker grew the night; the moon was obscured by heavy drifting clouds; the din of the struggle more deafening each moment, and curses and prayers were mingled in strange confusion.

For a moment it seemed as though the robber-band would be victorious, for they had already killed many of the baron's men; but the men knew they were fighting for their life and freedom, and with that thought they fought right bravely. One instant more—one loud thundering crash, and with a wild cry sounding high above the clash of arms, and the strife was over—the count was subdued; the baron and his men victorious.

The clouds which had overspread the heavens, now broke away, and the moon shone brightly out. Searching through the castle much booty was found, which was divided between the men. John Detnold stopped not for that, but searched wildly through the apartments for his lovely Arnita. In a distant turret chamber he found her, awaiting with fear and hope the end of the struggle.

'Twas a blessed and proud hour for young Detnold when he placed Arnita in her mother's arms. The village resounded with cries of joy, and John Detnold was hailed as their deliverer from a constant fear. The old baron blessed the lovers, and gave Arnita a handsome dowry.

When the sun rose the morning after the strife, it shone upon two deserted castles on the borders of the Drave, whose waters sparkled in the light, and seemed also to rejoice at the punishment of the count. The village became more flourishing, but the inhabitants continued just as superstitious, for the young men who were left to guard the steward Bernsward, found him gone on the morning after the strife, and as each one declared that they passed the night with their eyes fixed upon the closet in which he was confined, never for an instant closing them, we are obliged to agree with them that the demons carried him off in a car of flame, and that he is added to the number of restless, bad spirits who haunt the old castle, and nightly circle around the Witches' Stone, which no jeering can shake their faith in, and which enjoys a far worse reputation than before. Arnita shakes her head when rallied by her husband, John Detnold, and says that there certainly were strange things passing her when she sat there so anxiously watching the dawn.

"There was a rustling of wings,
As she sat upon the stone,
And weird and witchlike things
Passed her slowly one by one."

TIS A BUSY WORLD.

BY WILLIAM W. GRANDY.

'Tis a busy world, this world of ours!
 'Tis a world of sunshine, shades and showers;
 'Tis a world of joy, and a world of woe—
 'Tis a world of change where'er we go.

'Tis a busy world! the man of wealth,
 Regardless both of friends and health,
 His only object, aim and ends,
 Are golden dreams and dividends.

'Tis a busy world! see the man of fame,
 As he seeks to build himself a name!
 While the ambitious man his structure rears,
 Midst seas of blood and floods of tears.

'Tis a busy world! see the man of toil,
 As he sweats away the midnight toll;
 While his careworn visage tells the best,
 That for such as he there is little rest.

'Tis a busy world, and a world of sin!
 We have foes without and foes within;
 While the shafts of slander are thickly hurled
 In this busy, cold, unfeeling world.

 THE LOVE MATCH,
 AND THE MONEY MATCH.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

It was a matter of curious speculation among the friends of Ida Archer which of the two offers of marriage she would accept. There was the fine-looking Mr. Singleby, cast in the mould of one of nature's noblemen, who inherited a fortune never estimated at less than half a million, having nothing to do but enjoy the pleasures of life, fond of society at home, in all convivial parties which were always spiced by his comical humor, and made attractive by the ready flow of his wit; and he had offered himself to Ida Archer, the old merchant's only daughter, as her future husband.

There, too, within a few paces of the rich lover, was the office of young Dr. Masters—a physician who had made his way almost entirely by his own exertions, and whose energy and indomitable perseverance had secured him a most enviable rank among the cultivators of his profession. No tongue of scandal ever breathed a report to his discredit—honorable, high-minded, enthusiastically devoted to his business, but still burdened with a debt which he had assumed for this education; and with all this drawback to the consummation of his wishes, he likewise offered his hand and heart to Ida Archer; so that the vulgar adage seemed verified, that Miss Ida

had "two strings to her bow;" and what was more remarkable, both these proposals were made the same day, each of course being utterly ignorant of the fact of the other's propositions.

Affairs of the heart appear sometimes to leak out so mysteriously, that it seems as if Cupid himself proclaimed them; and very soon it was current among Ida's friends that she had received "two offers."

Most of the calculating, plodding, money-loving acquaintances were ready to pronounce at once that the rich Mr. Singleby would carry his suit—while a few shook their heads doubtfully, adding: "Ida always disappointed expectations."

Not a few related strange incidents in her history. One recounted the fact that she refused an invitation to her daughter's levee, that she might attend the death-bed of an aged woman to whom she had ministered through the cold winter; while yet another had known for a certainty, that upon her father's presentation of a rich brocade silk, she entreated him to bestow the gift upon her mother, and in lieu thereof, she took the money which was paid for it, and dispensed it in wood and coal among the children of poverty whom she attended.

These accounts were not quoted, however, in justification of her high moral character, nor because they reflected a peculiar lustre upon her, but simply to show that she was a very singular person, and generally acted by contraries from other people, and therefore it would be just like Ida to reject Mr. Singleby for the poor Dr. Masters, who was penniless but talented. Shrewd old men, however, predicted the parents would settle this matter; for riches had a peculiar charm in the eyes of the old merchant Archer, who had made an assignment of his property some twelve months since, and a lift from Singleby would now turn to good account. So while the friends are conjecturing to what conclusions our young friend will arrive, let us follow her to her chamber where she is now seated, to meditate upon the importance of the subject before her. Let us first take up Singleby's letter, and read what it promises:

"MY DEAR IDA,—Would that I could prefix the little word 'my' in quite another sense from what its common usage denotes. Do not blush, Ida, when the object of this note is made apparent to you—perhaps, it will be unexpected, but be assured it is not made without due consideration. I have long been looking for a wife. I have an idea that I shall enjoy more in the married life with a congenial partner, than it is pos-

sible for me to do singly and alone. For months my eyes have rested on you as the ideal which my fancy dreams have portrayed. You must be aware that my means are sufficient to give you every indulgence—should you desire to attend upon fashionable pleasures every evening, you can do so. Our style of living will be equal to any ideas you may have formed as to making a paradise of home; works of art, tasteful designs, and all the requisites for an elegant home in the city, shall be placed at your command; nay, more, a cottage covered with woodbine and honeysuckles intermingled, shall be added, if your love of rural life craves it. I want a companion. I weary of reading and grow sick of conversation; but as I have no employment for my time, but to extract enjoyment from a life of ease, I am desirous of imparting my treasures to one who shall take the vacuity out of idleness, and minister to a mind and taste diseased and perverted. I think you will not have the disposition to reject the full offer of my hand and heart, when I assure you they are proffered to you, first of all the fairest of creation; and in return be assured all my wealth shall be freely expended to make us both completely happy. You shall know no more exposures in attending the sick nor ministering to the diseased, save to him who has a claim upon all your love. You will please communicate these thoughts to your parents, and give me an immediate answer to the subject. With much esteem,

"GEORGE SINGLEBY."

And now we will look over Ida's shoulder and read a communication on the same subject, from Dr. Masters.

"Miss IDA ARCHER,—My friend, certainly you will allow me to call you such; but when I tell you how devotedly interested I have become in your history, and that I have so long enshrined your good deeds in my heart, that you are unspeakably dear to me, you may be surprised at the honest avowal. Then again it may seem presumptuous in me to make the disclosure that I desire that our lives may be linked together as one. True, have no fortune to throw at your feet, no palace to invite you to occupy, no outward gifts with which I could bribe or allure you to myself; had I every one of them, I feel assured you would throw them away for the wealth of a disinterested love, and the pleasure that clusters about a true and manly heart, whose steady aim is to serve his fellow-men, and seek the favor of Heaven by an approving conscience.

"Ida, what say you to my proposal? What

if we do begin life relying upon our own exertions? Shall we be any the less happy for industriously improving our time and talents? What if you adorn no marble palace? Is there no contentment in a quiet simple home, where frugality without meanness and plenty with the handmaid of economy, sits at the social board? Life may not be one uniform holiday, but because we have the working days, will not the holidays be enjoyed with far greater zest? Think of these things, and remember when I pledge to you my affections, I feel they are committed to one who will not trifle; and should you refuse my request, you may find those who may proffer you more enviable distinctions as the world call them, but never, never, will a heart be found whose love will more uniformly flow to make you a happy wife, than his who asks in return your warmest sympathy and regard. From your devoted, HENRY MASTERS."

And Ida gazed first at one and then at the other. She compared the sentiments together, and thus she soliloquized:

"So, Mr. Singleby, you imagine you should be happier with a wife? one who would minister to your idle fancies and become a sort of passive being, live in idleness, bask in pleasure, extract from ennui a balm of contentment, sit beneath rich and gorgeous drapery, chat with those whom wealth alone has elevated to high stations, and herein I am to find my happiness! And then in the rural cottage I may train the woodbine and honeysuckle just as fantastically as I please, hey? And better than all, from an entire life of ease, I am to extract the pleasures of Paradise. *No more exposure in administering to the poor and needy*; but all the wealth to be lavished upon myself, thus making me supremely selfish and happy of course. Poor mistaken man! Your money looks to me like a most worthless possession, with the heart that thus confines it to minister only to selfish gratifications. Think you, I could cure your weariness, or relieve the dull monotony of a life of idle and luxurious ease? O, no, the premises are all false—nothing would induce me to accept your offer. I cannot be victimized to sordid gold. I thank you for your offer, but totally reject it.

"And now, Dr. Masters, let me speak to you. Tell me not about 'palaces' or 'outward distinctions.' read the nobility of your heart. Do I not see your daily struggles, and have I not secretly felt what a triumph you have won by your untiring industry? Have I not heard the high encomiums of praise which fell from those of thy profession, which would have been

withheld, had not thy splendid acquirements extorted their meed of praise? Yes, I will cheerfully link my fortune with thine; it shall be my delight to add to thy outward stores, and above all, we will improve our interior life, whence all true happiness has its foundation. Yes, Henry, I will encounter all the scorn of friendship, nay, even obloquy, and feel myself all the richer for having made the choice. And now I will go to my parents and lay open the whole matter."

Mr. and Mrs. Archer were sitting alone in their back parlor. Ida had a flushed cheek and a tremulous tone, but with a true, unshrinking desire to do her duty to all interested in her welfare, she read the two letters we have transcribed. Mr. Archer laid down his glasses, and looked pleased; then the mother inquired of her daughter if she had concluded which offer to accept? Her father answered, "of course the child is not a fool, mother? Sentiment is one thing, and talent is one thing, but real genuine cash is worth them all."

"If you were sick, father, which would you prefer, a bag of gold or a sympathising friend at your side?" gently inquired Ida.

"Money will procure sympathy," tartly replied the old man.

"Yes, Ida," joined the fond mother, "your father and I have lived over what you have in prospect. We have known what money will give, and have felt what it will take away."

"Money with a miser's heart is no coveted possession by me, I assure you," replied Ida.

"If you reject George Singleby for Henry Masters, you deserve the consequences which will surely follow. With Singleby what a life is before you—not a want but will be gratified; nothing but live in wealth, go and come as you please."

"And," interrupted the mother, "you can travel in foreign parts—you know how much you have desired to do so—but with Henry Masters nothing but poverty awaits you. You must listen to a little reason."

"And who is so fit to give you suitable advice as your parents, Ida? Don't we wish to see you well settled in the world? and what a promotion it will give us all should you marry Singleby. Perhaps he would lend me a small capital to invest in my business; he might do it as well as not."

"But father would not ask me to give myself away, when my affections do not go with the act."

"Pshaw, nonsense! love will come fast enough when you have all your wants supplied. It isn't half the people marry for love. Didn't Mary Gray marry Captain Tweed for money?"

"And what a miserable life they lead," replied Ida. "He sends the servant man with her when she rides out, and stays at home to talk about her with his domestics."

"Well, there's Tom Hunter—he married a fortune, what of that?"

"Only that Tom has been a real loafer ever since," remarked the daughter. "Money, father, I tell you, is not everything in the married life. I begin to think that those who begin poor, and are frugal, after all end the best and often the richest. Now I do not mean to distress you, but it does seem to me I should be happier in a mean shanty, with Henry Masters, than in a palace with George Singleby. That is my present belief, and I cannot help expressing it."

Mr. Archer grew wrathly—he was vehement in his use of language. Ida shed tears, but did not change her convictions of duty. She left the room, and before midnight she wrote her refusal to George Singleby, and her acceptance of Dr. Masters!

The news soon spread of her decision, and then what scores of nice people deprecated that "a young girl should stand in her own light, and be so obstinate, and wilful, and blind to her own interest," and those who scrupled to tell her so, informed her parents of their feeling.

But Ida went on leading the same beautiful life, doing good wherever her hand found it to do, and if her purse was empty, the rich mine of wealth which a ready sympathy caused to flow made her the friend of the friendless and the widow's stay. Her parents were silenced by her example, and although they received Henry Masters with a cold reserve, yet they permitted him to enter their dwelling, contrary to the advice of many who would have sowed the seeds of discord.

George Singleby had now become engaged to Miss Herbert, the daughter of a rich wine merchant. He was about erecting one of the most splendid mansions, and the bride elect seemed to glory in her choice. She appeared in the richest attire, wore the most brilliant diamonds, always asserted that it was a falsehood that George ever thought of marrying Ida, and with a magnificent sense of importance, she dropped the acquaintance of the Archers, while she often gaily fluttered past their dwelling, looking from her coach windows.

Henry Masters, however, had so far accumulated property, as to justify him in the purchase of a horse and light buggy, with which his visits to his patients were greatly accelerated, besides the growing demands upon his time which his reputation was exciting far and wide kept him

continually busy; and with such an activity combined with prudence, daily gains begin to swell to quite an amount—so that at the end of the second year of his practice, his debts were all discharged, and several hundreds were invested.

The fame of his professional skill had been often re-echoed in the ears of the Widow Ashley since her husband's decease, and now that consumption had clearly marked her for a prey, she resorted to Dr. Masters for some palliative for the distressing cough and uncomfortable night sweats which attended her disorder. The doctor's manners were of that frank and cordial turn which at once invites confidence and excites cheerfulness; and in a short time Mrs. Ashley found his visits quite indispensable to her comfort. As she resided about a mile from the city, in a most elegant cottage, planned with true architectural taste, whose exterior and interior corresponded, and as her walks were adorned with flowers, the doctor invited Ida to accompany him in one of his excursions thither. Had an angel dropped from the celestial regions into Mrs. Ashley's dwelling, she could not have been more attracted by the sweetness and delicacy of her movements and conversation than with Ida Archer's. Perhaps we do not think enough of our manners in visiting the sick and melancholy sufferer. There is a gentle approach, a modulated tone, a quiet adjustment of ourselves, a winning and soothing way of speaking the right words, which linger long in the ears of the stricken, and the sweet vision stands by them in hours of wakefulness, and we feel the reality of such sympathy to mitigate much outward distress. This art was perfectly understood by Ida, and her first visit to Mrs. Ashley left an impress which never faded from her remembrance.

It was now advancing toward autumn, and Mrs. Ashley seemed declining. Her delightful house and grounds needed some one to superintend them, and to whom could she make the offer of taking them but to Dr. Masters? It came so opportune too, just as they desired to enter into the marriage state, but their prudent forethought concluded must be postponed on account of insufficient means, and it so accorded with their tastes, that no word of obligation was raised; besides, no outlay was required, for the kind old lady desired them to freely use all the furniture and entire contents of the dwelling, just as best suited them.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Archer raised but one objection, and that was, that a physician, whose practice was in the city, should not live in the suburbs; but the doctor had anticipated that, and

retained his office in the city, leaving a young student at night to attend to orders.

It was a curious fact, that George Singleby and Henry Masters fixed upon the same wedding-day without ever speaking to each other upon the subject—but Ida Archer was married in church, simply attired, and attended by a few select friends, while George Singleby and Miss Herbert stood in a most gorgeously furnished apartment, attended by scores of fashionable people, who came to gaze, admire and criticise. The wedding, however, deserved the reputation it received, as "a magnificent affair."

But the foundations for happiness were as different between the two brides as was their outward apparel. One was to be transferred to a palace, imagining that revelry and the gaieties of the hour made the zest of life, while the other felt that true peace must be lodged within; and in ministering to the need of her who had so generously placed her own comforts under her charge, she felt that life might be irradiated by the sunshine of sympathy, and the helping to bear one another's burdens.

Is it not wonderful that the experience of others so little impresses ourselves? Do we not always find the law of compensation fulfilled even here? As we sow, we certainly reap.

Two years from the date of the above marriages have passed away, and what do we now behold? In yonder marble palace a light is dimly burning, whose faint rays are just perceptible between the heavy folds of muslin drapery. There is stillness in that apartment—the physician is hurrying towards it at midnight—there is a deep anxiety upon his brow; his patient is Mrs. Singleby, who from continual exposures, has brought on an inflammation which it is feared may prove fatal. Strange as it may seem, her husband is at the "Club House." He has gone thither, as was his habit, just to see a few choice spirits and try the power of a game at billiards, to drive away "the blues" and make him forget his troubles at home. All winter long he has been plunged in gaiety—sometimes he has attended his wife, and sometimes he preferred "the Club;" there is the seal of the wine cup on his cheek, and a bloated exterior which denotes a life of sensuality and epicureanism quite revolting. But this very night he returns home to meet the physician just leaving his door. In the morning he cannot remember what was told him in the evening—but he awakes the next morning to hear the announcement that his wife is better; but he breathes no thanksgiving to Him who directs "the issues of death."

In a few days a dinner-party celebrates convalescence, and while the invalid wife is pillowed to look out in yonder garden, the merry shouts of revelry from below fall on her ears! She craves other sympathy besides her nurse and her physician, and the thought flits across her brain, why did I not marry for *love* instead of *money*? She cannot smother it—it comes again to her at midnight, when the massive door is opening and her husband is just entering. She looks upon those brilliant diamonds, her wedding gift. She craves something better than diamonds. She surveys that splendid apartment she occupies; but the poor woman whom she called upon to do some upholstery work, had only a neatly furnished room, and beside sat her husband full of good humor, and somehow such a vision strangely rises before her. She longs to get strong and go out in the world, and mingle in fashionable life, for such vapors will not annoy her then. George Singleby's life of luxurious ease is now envied by no one.

And there is the untenanted cottage, where the Widow Ashley lived, which Dr Masters inhabited two years ago. The widow is dead, and having no children to provide for, and no near relative, she selected the doctor as her heir, and made a will bequeathing him nearly the whole of her estate, estimated at twenty thousand dollars! But Masters's fame has reached a distant city, and he has been invited to accept a professorship richly endowed, in a large city. He has gone to enter upon his duties, but he has left behind him the affectionate regards of hundreds of patients. Now just let us take a look upon Ida before she leaves her numerous friends, among whom the poor and needy come first in her benevolent regards.

There is the poor crippled boy, Jamie, whom a rheumatic fever has left in a helpless condition. She fits him up a small room and stores it with a juvenile library; then she places before him a little shelf attached to his easy chair, and directs him how he may amuse many a listless hour by writing from slips; and a few school books are marked, assigning the lessons he must commit ere her return, and a few dollars are placed in his mother's hand for special emergencies, and so she kisses Jamie's pale cheek, and bids a kind farewell to his mother, and this family never doubts the ministry of angels.

Ida next knocks at the Widow Beman's—she has ordered her coal and groceries, provided her with plain sewing, caused the carpenter to cut an extra window, which will give the poor woman additional light and air, and then she says such comforting words that they will re-echo in

that heart until death stops its pulsations. And there are yet many others who share in her benevolence, whom the world has never known, struggling with small incomes, and these are annually provided for; and yet from the Ashley fund there is enough and to spare for herself—because she has no superfluous wants! Besides, she has not neglected her own parents,—those who felt she committed such a wrong by her marriage with Dr. Masters, they would fain forget it now; for since the world is according to him such splendid attainments they feel a pride in reckoning him as their son. Of George Singleby they would be ashamed. His wealth confers happiness on no one—and this has taught them that old precept, that marrying for money without affection, is a dangerous experiment.

"Yes, marrying for money," although volumes have been written upon it, still can we not recall one and another who would never have made the choice they did, had only pure affection lighted the torch of love; and so they danced in the giddy round of a short honey-moon, and by-and-by the fires of passion were cooled, mere sentimentalism became stale, there were no reserved funds of inward resources—life became monotonous, domestic cares burdensome, and too late the mistake is discovered that the foundation of happiness which must be based on mutual respect, is wanting; and life is only *endured*, not *enjoyed*.

CARE OF POULTRY.

As everything connected with poultry nowadays has a peculiar interest, we give the following remarks from an English paper. First, of the roost and nest-house. The floor should be sprinkled with ashes, loam, pulverized peat, or fine charcoal, and the floor should be cleaned off every week. The yard should contain a grass-plot, some fine gravel, slaked lime, dry ashes, and pure water. The nests should be lined with moss heath and straw. Evidently the Dorkings are the best breed; they will lay an average of one hundred and eighty-five eggs each per annum. Fowls with black legs are best for roasting, while those with white legs are best for boiling. If you want them to sit early leave the eggs under them. Fowls in their native habits never lay more than they can hatch. Remember that no success can be expected from poultry-keeping if their houses be damp, cold, unclean, or badly ventilated; if their food does not approximate to that which they get in a state of nature, viz.: a mixture of animal and vegetable food; if the water they drink be stagnant, the drainage of the manure heap, etc., or if the strongest and handsomest be not bred from.

HUMAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE.

How frail man's feeble hold on life!
 How soon he bows his head
 To mingle with the worthless dust
 He spurns beneath his tread;
 Yes, all we love, and all we prize,
 Must mingle with the dead!

A vapor passing quick away!
 A dream which soon is o'er!
 An arrow flying through the air,
 Which can return no more—
 Such, such alas, is human life,
 On Time's all-changing shore.

THE ROSE OF ACADIE.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

At the time when the events transpired, which we are about to narrate, the Neutral French of Nova Scotia had already begun to experience the wanton oppression of their royal master. Edicts had been promulgated restricting the privileges of the peaceful Acadians, and the quiet streets of the town of Grand Pre' had more than once resounded with the martial notes of English soldiers, who had come to maintain espionage over the actions of its peaceful inhabitants.

Though in hourly expectation of some gross outrage, the Acadians took no precautions against aggression, but continued their simple agricultural avocations in the open fields, without arms,—conscious of their own perfect rectitude, and humbly relying upon the protection of God. The dames of Acadie manipulated fearlessly in the dairy, or at the spinning wheel, protected only by their guileless simplicity, and consciousness of innocence. At evening, the pious elders gathered their families around the fireside, and after expounding the truths of the Bible, offered up fervent prayers for the happiness of the relentless sovereign who was persecuting them so ruthlessly. Such was the only defence against oppression, which they had been taught from infancy.

It was at this period, teeming with peril to the Acadians, that a couple of travellers, emerging suddenly from different quarters of a dense wood which encompassed a lake, about three leagues from the hamlet of Grand Pre', unexpectedly met each other face to face. They were both clad in an anomalous garb, consisting of part hunting jacket, and part military dress, and each bore upon his shoulder a heavy French musket.

"Ah, Max!" said the stouter and older of the two, dropping the butt of his gun upon the grass, and cordially extending his hand, "I expected to meet you about here. Have you crossed any trail, shot any game, or got into any scrapes since you left camp?"

"I believe there haint a man left a trail, nor a bird taken wing, since these English came so near us!" replied the other. "I left the French fortifications early this morning, and you're the first biped that has crossed my path since—"

"We're now about nine English miles from Grand Pre'," said the first speaker. "If we go round this lake, it will be a league further, and we shall be detained too long. There used to be a boat here, but during the recent troubles, it has been removed, I suppose."

"Let us swim across."

"But the guns?"

"I'll arrange that. There's the boat, or rather what is left of it, smashed in pieces, at the foot of the rock. I did it myself the last time I crossed. We'll make a raft for the weapons, and shove them before us."

The fragments of the demolished boat were soon fashioned into a rude raft, upon which the two young men first adjusted their garments, and then placed their muskets.

"This is not the time to be lounging round barracks, Bernard," said Max, as they parted from the shore, and began to cut the smooth lake, in measured and powerful strokes, "when one's father, and mother, and sisters, are hourly threatened with imprisonment, and perhaps, death!"

"Assuredly not. We were justified in leaving the camp, to warn our friends of the impending danger. I met a man at Brook's garrison, who informed me that the English had already commanded the Neutrals to deliver up their arms, and that a descent upon Grand Pre' was hourly expected!"

"Indeed! Then the danger is more imminent than we had anticipated!" said Max, in voluntarily quickening his strokes. "Perhaps we may yet be too late!"

"Look out, Max! you're nearly capsizing the clumsy craft. You've suspected truly—the peril is considerably greater than we had supposed yesterday."

"The English will ever rue the day when they disturbed the tranquillity of the peaceful Acadians. It will be a perpetual reproach—a stain upon their arms, which time will not efface from the remembrances of men. Bernard, when I think upon the injustice which these haughty masters of ours have already inflicted upon us,

this last crowning tyranny stirs to fury all the revengeful passions of my soul!"

"It is indeed a heinous wrong, but one which I fear is too easy of perpetration!"

"Yes, and one which will too easily escape retribution! How easily we might be captured now, Bernard. Suppose some one should spring out of the woods, and oppose our landing. We should make but a poor figure, defending ourselves here in the water, *sans culottes!*"

"That's true!" replied the other, and quickening their motions simultaneously, Max Drummond and Bernard St. Verd speedily stood upon the opposite shore of the lake.

After resuming their clothing, and carefully examining the priming of their weapons, they pursued their journey in a course due south, at a speed which precluded all attempts at conversation. Max peered anxiously through the openings in the forest, and ever and anon stopped to listen if any sound disturbed the deep stillness of the measureless wood. His companion, however, strode on, with his eyes fixed steadily before him, and his right hand cautiously grasping his gun-lock. Though the external manifestations of solicitude were not so marked, Bernard St. Verd was not wanting in affectionate concern for his friends and relations, who were in jeopardy. They had advanced about a league and a half, when Max suddenly shouted, in feverish excitement:

"Look there, Bernard! See that smoke rolling up over yonder hill! By St. Denis, they're burning Grand Pre!" Max was of French extraction, and when powerfully excited, often exhibited his French proclivities.

St. Verd cast his eyes round, and beheld a black nebulous mass, rolling away in dense, lazy volumes, in the direction of the wind. His brow grew dark, and his lips closed together in deep, concentrated wrath.

"If they injure but a hair of my father's head, they shall feel a son's terrible vengeance!"

"And if they dare offer a breath of insult to your peerless sister, they shall again experience the power of a Drummond's arm!" said Max. "We must proceed hastily, but warily, if we would be in time to furnish any assistance."

Knowing that they must now be in close proximity to the English troops, the young men advanced with redoubled caution, holding their guns before them ready cocked, like fowlers coming up with their game.

They had advanced in this manner about a mile, when a pistol-shot re-echoed through the forest, and a voice followed, ringing with startling clearness among the stems of the trees:

"*Prenez garde!*"

Max and Bernard stopped a moment, and beheld behind a clump of trees, at the distance of a hundred yards, a French soldier, guarding a couple of saddled horses.

"I recognize those horses!" said Bernard.

Advancing carefully they were soon within hailing distance of the Frenchman.

"*Vous criez, comme un aigle, mon ami!*" said Max.

"*A qui sont ces chevaux?*" asked Bernard, sternly.

"*Ces sont a Monsieur St. Verd!*" replied the Frenchman.

"Then what are you doing with them here?"

"I guard them, *pour Monsieur.*"

"We'll relieve you of your charge," said St. Verd, and mounting one of the animals, he consigned the other to the charge of his companion. Max coolly got into the saddle, and after admonishing the astounded Frenchman not to "*prenez garde*" so vociferously in future, and politely bidding him *bon jour*, rode away at a tearing pace.

On reaching the summit of the hill which overlooked the valley of Grand Pre', and over which clouds of murky vapor were still constantly pouring, a scene presented itself which would have shocked the stoutest heart. The whole valley, as far as the eye could reach, was enfolded in flame and smoke. Here and there could be seen human forms, bearing away articles of domestic use, but otherwise the valley seemed totally deserted. Fields of rich grain were yielding to the devouring element, and far in the distance was a train of cattle, urged on by the bayonets of English dragoons.

"This is too much!" said Max, checking his horse.

"See, the St. Verd house still stands!—we may yet be in time!" said Bernard, dashing instantly down the hill, followed closely by Max.

They reached the dwelling, which was situated upon the outskirts of the town, only to find it deserted. An English soldier, with a torch in his hand, was about to set fire to a pile of rubbish, at one corner of the building. Max rode fiercely up to him, and striking the torch from his grasp, demanded what had been done with the St. Verds. The man shook his head sullenly, but made no other reply. Max dismounted, and presenting a pistol with his right hand, while he seized the soldier's throat with his left, threatened him with destruction unless he divulged all he knew. Completely intimidated by Max's impetuous style of attack, the Englishman informed him that the elder St. Verds had

been taken to the coast with the rest of the Acadians, to embark in English ships for the American colonies.

"But the young lady?" demanded Max.

"The colonel took charge of her!" replied the soldier, with an insolent leer.

Max stretched the caiff upon the parched sward with one blow, and turning to enter the house, confronted Bernard, issuing from the door.

"Read that!" said he, presenting him a note.

It ran :

"DEAR BERNARD,—They have taken father and mother to the sea-side, with the rest of the people. Myself they have reserved for some special insult. There are about half-a-dozen mounted men on guard at the door. What is their purpose I cannot tell. I'm in fearful anxiety. Would that Max or you might come.

"BEATRICE."

"This villain outside knows the whole matter, but it won't be in his power to give us any information for some time," said Max, contemptuously touching the prostrate incendiary with his boot.

"There's no need of it. Here is their trail—a dozen feet in width;—they have taken no pains to conceal it."

The grass was furrowed up by horses' hoofs for a considerable space around the door, and from this broken track there issued a broad trail, which appeared to pursue a course nearly due southwest from the hamlet of Grand Pré'. The horsemen evidently did not apprehend pursuit, as they had taken no precautions to conceal their path.

"My course lies in the direction of these tracks!" said Max, tightening his saddle-girth, and putting his pistols in the holsters.

St. Verd paused an instant, with one foot in the stirrup. After a moment's reflection, he said with the air of one who had finally determined a difficult point:

"I believe mine does, too, Max."

Following the broad path, they soon reached the limits of the valley. Here Max, who was foremost, was about to proceed in a right line, through a deep glen, which led from the valley, when Bernard shouted:

"Stop! We're off the trail!"

Max waited until the wind took up the glen a cloud of smoke which just then enveloped him, and then proceeded to examine the road. Not a track was visible before him, and behind could only be discerned his own horse's footprints.

"We have lost the trail! Let us return and recover it."

They slowly and carefully pursued their way back for the distance of a quarter of a mile, when they suddenly struck the last trail, which, though as broad and distinct as ever, appeared to end here; there were no diverging tracks to the right or left.

"They have doubled!" said Max. "Keep a good lookout, and we'll circumvent their cunning yet."

They returned in the line of the hoof-prints, until they reached the margin of a little creek, when both simultaneously halted.

"Leap the creek, Max; and if I'm not greatly deceived, you'll find horses' feet have trod the opposite bank."

Max leaped the little run without much difficulty, and shouted as he alighted on the opposite shore:

"Here they are—as distinct as ever! Cross quickly!"

St. Verd crossed; and as he observed the new course which the trail took, remarked:

"This will conduct us directly to the sea-shore, where they have taken all our people to embark them for the south, and where the whole British army is encamped."

"True," replied Max; "but if we hasten we shall be able to intercept this detached party before they can join the main body."

The sun had already begun to decline, and as there was no time to be lost, and the trail was perfectly clear, the two horsemen urged their steeds to the top of their speed.

The sun went down, and twilight began to deepen into night, but still they had not come up with those of whom they were in pursuit. The forest began to assume the dusky, gloomy hue of a moonless night; and the trail began to grow indistinct in the darkness.

"I fear we shall have to wait until morning," said Bernard. "I've come near losing the trail several times."

"They must have encamped near here," replied Max, "unless they intended to finish their journey to-night, which is not at all probable. Hark!—a horse neighing, by St. Denis! Bernard, we are upon them!"

Both young men appeared to know how to act in the present emergency. They both dismounted, fastened their horses securely, examined the priming of their weapons, and cautiously advanced in the direction of the sound which Max had heard. After proceeding half a mile, they suddenly emerged from behind a dense thicket, under cover of which they had been advancing, and beheld within a score of rods, the British encampment. A fire was

blazing in the middle of it, around which three or four soldiers were seated, apparently partaking of their evening meal.

"Hold me, Bernard!" said Max, in intense excitement. "Do you see that fellow in epaulettes, sitting beside Beatrice? If he moves an inch nearer her, I'll roll him off that log into the crackling fire!"

"Wait till we're nearer!" said his companion.

"By Jupiter! I believe he's putting his arm around her! Do you take the tall fellow with a red cockade, and I'll arrange matters with that colonel!"

Two musket-shots following each other in rapid succession, woke up the echoes of the vast forest, and without stopping to ascertain the result of their fire, Max and St. Verd rushed fearlessly into the encampment, pistols in hand.

"Come on, my men!" cried Bernard, as if a whole company were at his heels.

"Yield, or expect no mercy!" shouted Max, discharging his pistol at a man who had levelled a carbine at him.

"Steady, men! steady!" feebly vociferated the bleeding colonel, from under the log on which he had been sitting.

But his men were all down before he gave the order. Max, after discharging his pistol, grappled with a fellow who was guarding the horses, and after a short conflict hurled him bleeding to the ground. There were but two others in the party. One of these Bernard shot down as he advanced from his concealment, and the other was made prisoner without much resistance. When the victory was achieved, the two young men turned to the lovely Beatrice—the rose of Acadie.

"Dear Bernard!—Max, dear Max! how kind in you to incur all this for me!"

"I would have incurred ten times as much rather than have forfeited so sweet an acknowledgement of the favor!" answered Max, his tones displaying a manly tenderness, that became him well.

"I knew you would not forsake me, Bernard," said Beatrice, smiling, "and I thought," continued she, her cheeks mantling, "that Max might remember her old playmate!"

"Max merits the largest share of your encomiums, for he decided instantly to go in pursuit of you, while I was hesitating whether to follow your captors, or go in pursuit of father and mother," said Bernard.

Beatrice bestowed a glance upon the delighted Max, which amply repaid him for all the dangers he had undergone, and all the anxiety he had felt for her.

"We must now decide upon our line of march," said St. Verd, "for it is impossible to remain here. The firing will attract people to the spot."

"Let us return to the French camp," said Max.

"And leave my parents in the hands of the English?"

"We shall not be able to rescue them from the force that guards them. It will be better to rejoin them after they have arrived in the American colonies."

"That is true," replied Bernard, sorrowfully. "Even if we should succeed in rescuing them, they could not live in tranquillity in Nova Scotia. It is better for them to undergo the perils of a sea voyage, than endure all the insults and hardships to which they would be inevitably subjected here. Even you, Beatrice, will not be allowed to remain here."

"I have no desire to dwell in the land from which my friends and parents have been so mercilessly expelled!" responded the lovely girl, a tear moistening her eye.

"A sentiment to which I respond with all my soul!" said Max. "Never will I tread this soil as a dweller upon it, after this humiliating extinction of our race!"

The fair rose of Acadie smiled a sweet approval of the determination. She had apprehended that he would continue in the French service in Acadie.

Too much time had already been consumed, and they made hasty preparations for departure. A rude litter was constructed for the wounded colonel, and lashed between a couple of horses. Beatrice was assisted to the saddle by the attentive Max; the two young men brought up and mounted their horses, and the train took up its line of march for the French encampment. They rode all night, and arrived at their place of destination at morn, the next day.

Three weeks after the occurrences which we have narrated, there was a joyful family meeting in the town of Philadelphia. The St. Verdes had been taken to the American province of Pennsylvania, whither Beatrice, Max and Bernard had followed them, as soon as they were able to make preparations for so long a journey by land. Joyfully the fond parents welcomed back their lost children. They could welcome them *all* as children—for Max had won and wedded "The Rose of Acadie."

Some enemies, as well as friends, are necessary; they make us more circumspect, more diligent, wiser and better.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

So like the happy, happy summer time,
Is this brief measure of warm autumn days,
We almost think we revel in June's prime,
Or bend to be crowned by July's green bays.
From out the clear blue sky, the refulgent sun
Shines with the glory of a glad new-comer;
The light-winged zephyrs gaily float and run,
And yet—O dreary yet! it is not summer!

For, where the birds rang out their melodies,
Nought but the creaking of dead boughs remains;
And where the fragrance floated on the breeze,
A smothering sense of desolation reigns;
And where the leaves danced lightly on the trees,
Kissing the wooing zephyrs as they passed,
A sullen gloom hangs in the cavities
That have been opened by the autumn blast.

The birds are gone, and 'neath their downy wings
They've carried the sweet incense from the flowers;
The streamlet sighs to see the gloom that clings
About its lonely course through groves and bowers;
The crimson leaves lie scattered on the ground,
And by the pattering rabbit's tread, are crushed—
One hurrying moment for each tiny bound,
Ere that, too, dies—and all again is hushed.

Hushed in deep gloom, save when the solitude
Is rudely broken by the startling cry
Of hunters' horns and hounds throughout the wood,
And the fleet deer in terror rushing by.
All, all is still, save when the squirrel springs
From branch to branch of the tall hickory tree;
Or when the nut-shells to the ground he flings—
Like pattering raindrops falling drearily.

Yes, though the sun may still some power gain,
Though the light breezes linger playfully,
And though the air is summer's, all is vain;
They cannot bring the flowers we love to see,
The birds we love to hear trill out their lays;
They cannot bring the gay and cheerful hummer
That buzzes through the long, glad summer days—
Alas, we sigh, for O, it is not summer!

HAHNEMANN.

Mrs. Mowatt says that while in Paris, she had occasion to use some of the remedies of Hahnemann, and she applied for them to the physician himself, at his residence. She describes him as "a shrivelled, little old man. He was reclining in a sumptuous arm-chair, with a black velvet skull-cap on his head, and in his mouth a richly-enameled pipe, that reached almost to his knees. His face reminded me of a ruddy apple that had been withered by the frost; but the small dark eyes deeply set in his head, could scarcely have glittered with more brilliancy in his lusty youth." Such in appearance was the inventor of Homœopathy.

VIOLET LEE:

—OR—

THE UNAPPRECIATED.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

"WHERE can that child be?" said Mrs. Lee, as she dropped her work and stepped impatiently to the window. "It must be half an hour since school was dismissed. Suppose she is stopping to look at some butterfly or flower on the way on the way. She is the strangest child I ever saw, not anything like the other children. I am sure I don't know what to do with her."

"Do with her," said Mr. Lee, starting up, "do with her, why give her a good sound whipping. I say the gal must be made to work, like the other children, or she'll be no profit on the farm."

"Whipping doesn't seem to do the least good, for she will burst out into such a fit of crying, one would think her heart was going to break right off; and I've known her to sob all night. The other day I whipped her for bringing in a bunch of wild flowers to litter up the best room. To be sure she didn't bring them in *there* again, but I went up into her room not long after, and there she had another bunch in an old broken pitcher on the window seat. There is no use trying to break her of such notion as I see."

"This comes of the flagree name you gave her. I don't wonder, with the name of Violet, that she's crazy after all the posies she sees."

"Well, you know, husband, that was all Cousin Mary's doings, for when the child was scarcely three months old, she gave her a violet one morning, and she actually laughed out loud with delight, and Cousin Mary insisted that she should be called Violet."

"Well, well, she is just such another one, full of notions about every thing but what is useful. She would not make a farmer's wife by a great deal."

At this moment a hesitating little step was heard in the hall, and a timid little face peeped in at the door.

"So you have come at last," said Mrs. Lee, giving the child a rude shake; "where have you been all this while?"

"I have only been coming home from school another way, mother. The road was so dry and dusty, I thought I would come through the woods, as it is only a little farther."

"A little farther it is, full half a mile out of your way. This is another of your silly freaks, to come through those lonesome woods without

a soul with you, instead of coming home with the other children. What have you got in your hand, a mess more of weeds to clutter up the house?"

"Indeed, mother, they are not weeds, they are lilies of the valley. When I was gathering them it made me think of my lesson at the Sabbath school last Sunday. Our teacher told us what Christ said about the lilies of the field. She said he loved those little flowers, and why shouldn't I?"

"There, there, you have preached a sermon long enough this time. I want you to go over to Mrs. Jones's and carry home the basket she left here this afternoon. And mind you come home before dark. If you had come home with the other children, some of them might have done the errand; as you seem so fond of long walks I will give you enough of it this time."

With a tear dimming her blue eyes, Violet received the basket from her mother, and with weary feet began her walk of a mile to Mrs. Jones's. And hers was not a heart to retain its sadness long in the bright sunshine, and soon she was singing merrily along the road, her bird-like voice rivalling the sweet songsters of the wood she loved so well.

Leaving Violet to pursue her walk, we will give some account of the family of whom it would seem by the conversation of her parents, she is so unuseful a member. Harvey Lee was a farmer of considerable note in the village of Rockland. His was the best managed, the best tilled and the most thrifty farm to be found anywhere in the vicinity. This gave him no little consequence in the eyes of the villagers, who in their admiration of his superior farming, promoted him to the several offices of town clerk, committee of the school, a selectman, and so forth. To all of these offices he was about as well qualified as his youngest son, who, at the time of writing, had reached the interesting age of two years. He considered farming to be the great business of life, and looked with sovereign contempt upon every species of knowledge that had not some relation to his favorite pursuit. His wife, Susan Lee, was as notable for her thrifty management in doors, as her husband was in the field. Her butter was eagerly sought after, and not a matron in the village could excel her in the culinary department. They had five children, three sons and two daughters. Harvey, the eldest son, and the namesake of his father, was a sturdy, stout fellow of seventeen, who already manifested the admirable farming skill of his father, Nancy, the right hand of her mother in household matters, and a rosy-cheeked,

good-looking damsel as one would wish to see. To obtain a name for good housekeeping equal to that of her mother, was the height of her ambition, and she seemed on the high road towards attaining such an enviable reputation.

Edward, a lad of twelve, was a sore grief to his father, who found it an exceedingly hard matter to get an hour's work from him out of school hours. He was perfectly well acquainted with all the fishing ponds in the neighborhood, and also the best localities for hunting game, but as to actual work on the farm, it didn't suit his ideas at all. Next came our Violet, the sweet, blue-eyed, sensitive creature we have chosen the heroine of this little sketch. Her complexion was very fair, and her silken hair floated like sunny clouds about her snowy neck. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and in their liquid depths were hid inexhaustible fountains of feeling. Her parents had the usual amount of mutual affection for their children, but this lamb of their flock was entirely unappreciated. She seemed to move among the family like some rare garden exotic, delicately blooming among hardy wild flowers of the wood. Her intense love of the beautiful in nature, and her shrinking sensitiveness, were mysteries of the human mind her parents could not fathom.

Her little brother George, the youngest of the family, was the only one in the house that would condescend to be her companion in play. Hand in hand they would roam over the sweet fields and down by the shady brook, and deck each other with the wild flowers that bloomed on its banks.

"There is that Violet," said Mrs. Lee again, taking her post at the window, "standing like a stump on the hill yonder, and looking at I don't know what. I told her to get home before dark, and if she doesn't come, I will certainly punish her, that I will. I never shall be able to make anything out of her. There, she has started on her way again, and it is a lucky thing for her that she has."

"Violet has come, mother, Violet has come," said little George, bounding into the room; "I'm so glad, I guess she's got some flowers for me."

"Yes, I suppose you'll learn all her flummery, by-and-by. Well, Miss Violet, what did you see on the hill that you must stop and look at so long?"

"O mother, it was the most glorious sunset you ever saw. The great clouds were piled up one upon another, so that they looked like mountains made of pearl and all tipped with silver and gold. I could not help thinking, moth-

er, that I was looking upon some beautiful country a great way off. I never saw the clouds look so splendid."

"Nonsense, child, I guess when you've seen the sun set as many times as I have, you won't think it such a wonderful thing to see a few clouds with the sun shining on them. One would think your brain was turned to hear you talk; don't let me hear any more such nonsense. You will find your bread and milk in the kitchen, and when you have eaten it, go right to bed, for I want you to be up very early in the morning."

Having received such a chilling damper to her enthusiasm, Violet sought the kitchen with a heavy heart, and received her supper from the ungracious hands of Nancy, who did not fail to taunt her all the while she was eating, about being such a little fool as to stand gazing at a mass of red clouds, instead of coming home to her supper. Very glad was Violet to take her tallow candle, and retire to the apartment that had been appropriated to her use. She formerly roomed with Nancy, but was voted by her to be a bore, so she was assigned a part of the garret that was partially finished, where she was allowed to have undisputed sway, as scarcely any member of the family ever entered it but herself. Throughout this humble apartment the hand of taste was everywhere visible, and a broken pitcher that Violet had discovered among some rubbish, served her for a vase, and every day it was refilled with fresh flowers, bold, wild and uncultivated. "I wonder," soliloquized Violet, as she seated herself by the window, into which the full moon was pouring in all her splendor, "I wonder if it is such a very foolish thing to love to look at the splendid clouds at sunset, and all the beautiful things I see everywhere around me. I am sure my teacher at Sabbath school says God made all things, and it don't seem as though it could be any harm to love to look at them. But my candle is burning low, and I must read my psalm for the evening, or my teacher will be grieved at my neglect to obey her request and read a psalm every day in course."

The one for this evening happened to be the nineteenth, which began with these words: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work;" and further on she read, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." A light had suddenly dawned upon that young mind, and with a swelling heart and sparkling eye, she again sought the window and gazed with new pleasure on the moonlight scene before her.

Her admiration for the works of Nature had received a sanction from the words of Holy Writ.

"Now I know it is not wrong to love all these beautiful things," she said, "for they show forth the glory of God. I am so glad I happened to read this psalm this evening, it has made me feel so happy." A few days after, Violet received permission from her mother to take a stroll down by the brook, a little silvery stream that flowed not far from the house, and was her favorite resort. Tired of wandering about, she seated herself upon a grassy knoll on the bank of the stream beneath the shade of a broad spreading elm, and then taking out her sewing, she began to ply the needle very industriously, repeating aloud the while, a beautiful piece of poetry about a murmuring brook, that she had cut out of a newspaper, and committed to memory. So absorbed was she in her occupation, that she did not heed the footsteps of a stranger that had been attracted by the sound of her sweet voice, and gradually approached where she sat.

"So my little maid, you have come out this pleasant afternoon to enjoy the delightful shade of this grand old elm. I admire your taste, for certainly this is the loveliest spot about here I have seen this many a day."

Violet started at the sound of a strange voice, and her first impulse was to gather up her work and take refuge in flight, but as she caught sight of the mild benevolent face of a somewhat elderly gentleman, she remained seated, and timidly answered him:

"Yes sir, this was such a beautiful afternoon I thought I would take my seat under the old elm, and do my sewing."

"That was a sweet little bit of poetry you were repeating. I suppose it is some that your mother has taught you. I remember when I was a little boy my mother used to teach me poetry, and some of those little gems I haven't forgotten yet."

"Indeed, sir, my mother thinks it a great waste of time to read or learn poetry, and so does my father, but I like it so very much that when I can get away alone somewhere, I contrive to learn some, and this you heard me repeat was one I learned the other day."

"How can they consider the cultivation of poetry a waste of time, when everything around that God has made is so full of poetry? There is poetry in this lovely scene before us—in this murmuring brook, these waving trees, the deep blue sky above us—there is poetry everywhere!"

"O sir, you are the only person I ever heard talk so, except my Sabbath school teacher. They tell me at home I am very foolish when I speak of such things, and they think I am a foolish, good-for-nothing child."

"Where do you live, my dear—in the white house, yonder?"

"Yes sir. I am Harvey Lee's daughter, and my name is Violet."

"That is a sweet name; how would you like to come and be my little girl? I lost a daughter about as old as you are a few years ago, and I should like very much to take you as my own, for I have no children, now."

"I should like to live with you very much indeed, if my father and mother are willing, and I think they would be, for they often tell me I never shall be worth anything, and they don't know what to do with me. I can't work as hard as sister Nancy, but I try to be a good girl."

"Well, my dear, I will see your parents in about two hours from now. At present I must leave you, for I have some business to attend to."

Violet gathered up her work and returned to the house, and her little heart for the next two hours beat wildly with excitement.

"Mother," said Nancy, bursting into the room where Mrs. Lee sat, "as true as you live, there is that fine gentleman that has been staying at the tavern this two or three days past, talking with father, and they are coming into the house. What do you suppose he wants?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Run quick, Nancy, and get my best cap, and my bran new gingham apron, and mind you tell Violet to keep out of the way, for I should be terrified to death to have her make one of her silly speeches before him."

"Well, Susan," said Mr. Lee, "this gentleman, Mr. Brandon of New York, has seen our Violet out here by the brook, and has taken such a fancy to her, he wants to adopt her as his own. What do you say about it?"

"Wants to adopt Violet? Why she's the last one I should have thought of any one's wanting to take. She's the strangest child you ever saw, sir. Now there's our Nancy, I shouldn't have been at all surprised if you had picked out her, for she's called an uncommon smart girl. However, if you would like to have her, and her father is willing, I don't know as I have any objection. Of course she's my child, and I have maternal feelings towards her, but I must say I'm afraid you'll find her a terrible trial."

"O no," replied Mr. Brandon, "I am not at all afraid of having any trouble with her. I think I have discovered traits of character in her, that with cultivation, will make her all that a woman should be. As her father consented before we entered the house to let her go, if you were willing, I think the child better be called, and she shall decide the matter."

Violet entered with a trembling step and seated herself near the door.

"Come here," said Mr. Brandon, kindly, "your parents have consented that you may live with me. In the winter I live in the great city of New York, but in the summer, I have a fine residence on the banks of the Hudson river, where I have any quantity of flowers and beautiful trees; now do you think you would really like to leave your parents, and all your brothers and sisters, and go with me?"

"Yes sir, if you please, I should love dearly to live where there are so many beautiful trees and flowers."

"Well, Mr. Lee, I suppose we may consider the bargain as concluded, and to-morrow we will have the writings made out in legal form. You are to yield all claim to her, and henceforth her name shall be Violet Brandon."

The adoption of Violet by the fine gentleman at the tavern, was the talk of the whole village through its entire length and breadth, and all but her Sabbath school teacher wondered at his choice. She had discovered the beautiful gem that was hid from other eyes, and rejoiced that it was likely to be cherished and made to show its brilliant light. The appointed day at length came, and Violet, with her new father, bade adieu to all her friends in Rockland, who beheld her departure not only with tearless eyes, but even with a satisfied look that they had disposed of such an unprofitable child so well.

Violet was received by Mrs. Brandon with open arms, who immediately took the little timid stranger to her heart, and lavished upon her all a mother's fondness. And that night as Violet lay in her downy bed, and felt the affectionate good-night kiss of her new mother, she felt that she was in a new world, and almost feared to close her eyes, lest she should wake up and find it all a dream. She was immediately placed at school, and received every advantage that wealth or position could procure for her. And under the affectionate care and instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, her opening mind was filled with precepts of wisdom, and sound moral principles, that in future years would fit her to adorn any sphere in which her lot might be cast.

We will pass over the years of Violet's education, and look upon her again as a graceful, accomplished young lady of eighteen. Those deep blue eyes still speak out the language of the soul, and her beautiful brow bears the seal of a glorious intellect. Her hair, that once bore a sunny hue, has grown a trifle darker, yet her features wear the same innocent expression they did in childhood, the same that interested Mr.

Brandon so much when he first met her by the brook.

It was evening, and a brilliant assembly of the fashionable were convened at one of the most princely mansions of New York.

"So you have not got married during your long sojourn in the Quaker city," said the younger of the two gentlemen, that were engaged in conversation in a recess of one of the windows.

"No," replied his companion, "I shall never enter into the state matrimonial, until I can find a wife that has some pretension to a heart and soul, beneath a fashionable exterior."

"Why, Fred, you seem to intimate that the majority of our fashionable ladies are destitute of those useful appendages. Don't be so very uncharitable."

"It is too true, Henry, they are educated now-a-days not to be useful wives and mothers, but merely gaudy butterflies of fashion, to glitter in the ball room, or lounge in idleness at home."

"Well, Fred, I must own there is too much truth in what you say, but there is one here in this goodly company that I think could bear even your severe criticism."

"Who is she? the lady dressed so simply in white, with no ornament save a rose-bud in her hair?"

"Yes, the very same. perceive she has already attracted your attention, and if you wish, I will introduce her as soon as there is a good opportunity."

"Do so, by all means. She is very lovely, and something tells me the beauty of her mind compares favorably with that of her face."

At this point in the conversation of the friends, a call was made for music, and one after another of the fair belles were conducted to the piano.

"You cannot deny that our ladies have superior talent for music," said Henry Eaton, again addressing his companion. "The brilliant execution of some of these difficult opera songs will convince you of that."

"Yes, they have talent, certainly, but it would suit my taste to see it employed differently. Give me some simple, soul-stirring melody, that touches the heart, and causes it to vibrate to its strain of joy or sorrow. This is music such as I love. To hear a lady screech at the top of her voice, distorting her face most hideously, and growing red in the effort, and all because it is fashionable, thus to torture herself, appears to me supremely foolish."

"O Fred, you are incorrigible; but hush, there is Miss Brandon taking her seat at the piano. I hope she will not destroy the favorable

opinion you have formed of her by singing an opera song."

Violet ran her hands over the keys for a few moments, then burst into a wild, passionate melody, as beautiful as it was new. She sung with her whole heart thrown into her rich voice, and it had its effect upon the company, for when the last note died away, there were but few dry eyes.

"How beautiful, how touching!" exclaimed Frederick Stedman, with enthusiasm. "I must know more of this lady. What I should find in her my long-sought ideal of a wife."

The last observation was mental, for had it been otherwise, his friend, Henry Eaton, would have watched his farther intercourse with Miss Brandon rather more closely than he could wish. As it was, he managed to procure an introduction to her, and also was favored with the privilege of escorting her home. This was the commencement of a more intimate acquaintance, and how far she realized his ideal will be seen hereafter.

Violet, a few months later, was sitting in her private room, an apartment that had been fitted up by Mr. Brandon especially for her use. Around her was all that her own exquisite taste could suggest, or wealth could procure, to make this a favorite retreat. She was sitting nervously turning over the leaves of a book, although it was evident her thoughts were far away from the printed page before her. At length, she received a summons to attend Mr. Brandon in the library, and with trembling step she sought him there.

"Sit down, Violet," said Mr. Brandon, leading her to a seat opposite him. "I wish to converse with you upon a subject affecting your happiness for life. Don't blush so, dear; I perceive you are already aware of the nature of my communication. Well, as I was about to say, a young gentleman, Frederick Stedman by name, has had an interview with me this morning, and asked me for your hand in marriage. Your heart," he says, "he believes is already his; now I wish to know if this is really the case, for never, with my consent, shall your hand be given, where your heart cannot accompany the gift. I have seen enough misery in the world from such unnatural alliances."

"Dear father, he has told you truly," replied Violet; "my heart has long been his, and should you sanction my choice, I shall be supremely happy."

"I am glad, my dear, you have spoken so frankly, and now permit me to congratulate you upon the conquest you have made. I perceived

that Mr. Stedman was rather particular in his attentions to you, and I made many inquiries concerning him, and was most agreeably surprised to find he was the son of a most intimate college friend of mine, that I had lost all trace of for many years. I can see he inherits all the noble qualities of his father, and to no one else would I so willingly entrust my sweet, wild flower I found blooming in the shade. I am confident, Violet, that he appreciates you, and you know by the experience of your childhood, how necessary this is to your happiness."

"I do indeed, for never, until you took me to your home and heart, did I know the luxury of speaking the thoughts that would come into my mind, into a kindred ear. To speak of the beauty of a flower, or admire a strain of poetry, and not be laughed at or my folly, seemed so strange at first. I never can be grateful enough to you, and my dear adopted mother, for all your kindness to the little one you met so fortunately by the brook."

* * * * *

It was a bright pleasant day in early autumn, when a group of villagers might be seen, idly lounging about the somewhat antiquated structure that served as the only hotel of Rockland. They were anxiously watching for the mail stage; soon to their great satisfaction, that clumsy vehicle came rolling along through a cloud of dust to the door of the hotel. A gentleman and lady alighted, and scarcely had they entered the house, when the whole group, to whom they were strangers, forthwith began to speculate upon who they could be, where they came from, and how long they were going to stay. Sally Jones, who held the office of chambermaid in the establishment, said she guessed they were just married, and Mrs. Emery who had dropped in a few moments before, hearing the remark, set off as fast as her powers of locomotion would allow, to tell her neighbor, the grocer's wife, that a stylish bridal party had put up at the hotel. She in turn communicated the fact to Aunt Hester, the venerable spinster of the village, and so before two hours had elapsed, all the inhabitants of Rockland were apprised of the astonishing fact, that two persons had actually put up at the hotel.

The family of Harvey Lee had experienced but few changes since the departure of Violet, except the marriage and settlement in their vicinity of their eldest son and daughter, the two most promising members of their family, at least so their parents thought. Yoang Harvey had taken a farm adjoining his father's, and Nancy had recently become the mistress of a great es-

tablishment, where she bustled about with all the dignity of a matron, and drove a great business in the dairy line. On the afternoon of the day when such an event had taken place in Rockland, Mrs. Lee, after having finished her chores, as she called them, had seated herself in her sitting-room, and began busily plying the needle. She was wishing mentally that somebody would come in, when Mrs. Jones, her confidential neighbor, unceremoniously entered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lee, you see I was out a spell this afternoon, and I thought I'd drop in here on my way home."

"I am so glad you did, I was just wishing somebody would come in, for I haven't heard a word of news I don't know when."

"La me, then I'm jist the one you ought to see. You haint heard about the bridal folks up to the tavern, then?"

"Mercy, no. Who's got married now? There wasn't any publishments up in the meeting-house last Sunday, for I looked partickelar."

"O dear, it isn't anybody round here. They are some strangers that's staying at the tavern. Sally, you know, is chambermaid there, and she sent me word by Aunt Hester. I've been meaning to go and see the landlady this long while, so I thought I'd take my knitting-work this afternoon and go, and perhaps I should get a glimpse of the strangers."

"Well, did you make out? Do let us hear."

"Yes, I see 'em, and I tell you what, Miss Lee, they are the handsomest couple that ever stepped their foot into the town of Rockland. I had a real good sight at 'em, and she's as handsome as a picter, and la, what a step she had. She's a real born lady, and no mistake."

"What's their name, and how long are they going to stay?"

"I believe Aunt Hester said it was Stedman, or Stanley, or some such name. Nancy could not find out how long they were going to stay. But, mercy on me, Miss Lee, as sure as you're a livin' woman, there they are, coming straight towards your house."

"And such a looking cap as I've got on, too," said Mrs. Lee, in great consternation. "Since Nancy got married, I haint had nobody to fix me up."

"Now you see if you hadn't give away Violet, she would have been grown up by this time, and able to help you."

"Yes, I know it, Mrs. Jones, if she'd had any gumption about her, but you know what a queer child she was. O dear, there are those folks knocking at the door. What can they want here?"

"Is Mr. or Mrs. Lee in?" said the gentleman, as the door opened.

"I am Mrs. Lee, sir, wont you and the lady please to walk in? I sat right down after dinner just as I was, and you must excuse my looks, for I've had a power of work to do to-day."

"No apology is due on your part," said the gentleman; "it's we who have made bold to enter your house as strangers, who ought to apologize. Our name is Stedman; my wife thought she could not leave Rockland without seeing you."

"Without seeing me! I think there must be a mistake, somewhere," said Mrs. Lee, addressing the lady. "I don't know as I ever saw you before."

"Did you not have a daughter Violet?" said the gentleman, "whom you gave away to a Mr. Brandon?"

"La, yes, and I haven't heard from her this long time. I spose they knew you was coming through Rockland, and wanted you to call. Do tell us how she is, and if she's got over them foolish ways she had when a child."

The lady could restrain her feelings no longer, but approaching Mrs. Lee, she said, in a tremulous voice:

"Don't you know me, mother. Don't you know your long lost Violet, [your foolish child, as you used to call her?"]

"Well, I never," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Lee simultaneously, holding up both hands, while the tears actually dimmed the eyes of the latter. "That I should live to see this day. It doesn't seem to me you can be Violet Lee that was. So grand looking, and such a lady. Now I thought our Nancy had made out uncommon marrying that ere Stephen Morse, but I declare you have beat the whole on 'em."

"I am glad, mother, if I have exceeded the expectations you formed of me when a child. I thought, as we are going to take up our residence in a western city, I should like to see the old homestead once more, the scene of my early rambles."

"You aint going to leave us right off, now, that is too bad," said Mrs. Lee. "I'll tell you what, you must stay here all night, and I'll have Harvey and his wife over here, and Nancy and her husband, and now I think of it, Edward and George, who've been out to work this week, are coming home to-night, so you'll see all on 'em at once. I sha'n't think of letting you go to-night."

Violet could not restrain her tears to hear herself thus cordially pressed to stay in the house, where she once was considered so out of place. As they were not expecting to leave until the afternoon of the next day, Violet and

her husband did stay, and employed their time until nearly dark, in rambling about all her favorite haunts in childhood. She stood with a swelling heart beneath the old elm by the brook, where she first saw Mr. Brandon, and among the rest of her wanderings, she did not forget to visit her garret chamber, which to her great joy remained precisely as she had left it. It was a happy family gathering at Harvey Lee's that evening, and the parents, proud of their once stupid, uncared-for child, strove by oft-repeated expressions of admiration to atone for the neglect of former years. George had not forgotten the sister of his childhood, but kissed Violet over and over again, and was made happy as a king when she promised to educate him at her own expense if he wished a profession. Violet started the next day with her husband for their western home, where they were to meet Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, who were going to spend the remainder of their days with their beloved children. There were many tears shed by the Lee family at this parting from Violet, and although she felt deeply grateful that they had at last acknowledged her "to be grown up to be worth something," yet she could not help feeling that as far as her character, the deep-workings of her heart, were concerned, she was still, and ever would be by them, unappreciated.

LIFE, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

The editor of the New York Mirror, reasoning from the increasing demand for *spittoons*, of the manufacturers, concludes that the national fault of "spitting" is upon the increase; a conclusion that, we fear, is too well warranted by the facts. Inveterate cigar-smoking, tobacco chewing, and rum-drinking, are fast undermining the healthful constitutions our countrymen have inherited from the hardy sires who first conquered the rude native soil, and its wild and savage hordes, and next their almost as barbarous political oppressors. Throat, lung and nervous diseases are becoming fearfully prevalent; our rising and risen generation actually *spitting* away their lives and being, while the villainous profanations change them to social lepers and reeking charnel-houses. Our once noble and manly race is fast dwindling into a pigmy one; or if a youth attain over the height of a yard-stick, he is attenuated, dyspeptic, or consumptive—a literal walking case of fiddle-strings, affected to death by every passing breeze, or resting upon a staff, ere yet he has attained the usual years of manhood. O, for some reforming fashion, some prohibitory law, to save us from ourselves, in these vital matters of life and happiness.—*Saturday Courier.*

THE GLOVES OF OMER PACHA.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE great facts of the Eastern war do not enter into our humble province; but we may glean a few anecdotes on the heroes of this Iliad. Here is one related by Mr. Edmond Texier, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

About fifteen or twenty years since, a young man presented himself at Widdin, and asked for Hussein Pacha, the commandant of that place. This young man was as handsome as a woman, and as imposing as a demigod. His complexion was white and clear, his eyes soft and penetrating, and his form slender and vigorous. The Turks, who are superstitious about countenances, received him with cordiality, and pointed out to him the pacha's dwelling.

Hussein had encamped before Widdin, in a superb tent. The young unknown presented himself for an audience just as Hussein awoke in a very bad humor.

"What do you want?" asked he, frowningly, of the importunate solicitor.

"To enter the service of your excellency."

"I have too many servants already. Go!"

In Turkey, men of the most humble condition may offer presents to a great nobleman, without infringing upon customs. The young man drew from his pocket a small package, carefully enveloped, which he handed to the pacha, entreating him to accept it.

"What are these?" said the pacha, when he had opened the package.

"Gloves, your excellency."

"And of what use are they?"

"When you march in the sun, its rays will not burn your hands (those of Hussein's were very white), and when you hold the bridle of your horse, your fingers will not be wounded by the hardness of the leather."

"And how are these gloves put on?"

The young man put a glove on the pacha's hand.

"Now the other."

The young man complied. Hussein then clapped his hands three times, and held them over his head, while the officers of his suite entered and looked wonderingly at the gloves.

Thanks to these, which were a long time the admiration of the pacha and his staff, the unknown was admitted to the service of Hussein, and became his confidential aid-de-camp.

Now this unknown youth was Michael Hattas, originally from Croatia, formerly sub-inspector of bridges and causeways in Austria—at present Omer Pacha, general-in-chief of the Ottoman

army. How came this young man without a country, this fugitive without resources, this German turned Turk, to risk his future destiny on a pair of gloves? This history is not less curious than that of his audience with Hussein Pacha.

The fourth son of Peter Hattas, a poor and noble Austrian lieutenant, Michael was in his childhood so delicate that he lived only by a prodigy of maternal love. At eighteen, he was appointed superintendent of the bridges and causeways of Carlstadt. At twenty, he was nominated sub-inspector at Zaro, in Dalmatia. Compromised in a political affair, he exiled himself, and gained the Turkish frontier, with a few sequins in his pocket.

The first Ottoman village which he traversed being Omer-Unas, he took the name of Omer with the turban, and advanced at random into the province of Bosnia. Some wagoners met him, attacked him, robbed him, took away even his clothes, and left him almost naked on the public road. A peasant furnished him with a garment and a little money. He arrived thus at Boujalouka, where he entered the shop of a merchant as clerk.

Here a consolation awaited him, which had nearly turned him from the arduous paths which lead to glory. The merchant had a charming daughter. Omer perceived it by the beatings of his heart. The young girl, on her part, could not see without emotion this exile pursued by fate, this brave and skilful engineer reduced to the condition of a clerk, this white and delicate but energetic and valiant hand, which trembled at holding a pen instead of a sword. The two young people understood each other without speaking, and the father comprehended them in his turn, without needing their confidence.

One fine morning he sent to Omer two caskets—the one contained a wedding-ring and the inventory of his business, the other, a purse full of gold and a Damascene sabre. Omer divined the choice which was offered to him—the fortune of the merchant and the hand of his daughter, or departure and a military life, with the expenses of the journey to the nearest camp.

Omer kept the book and the ring, and restored to the merchant the sabre and purse. The next day the two young people were affianced amid a joyous family festival. But on the day after, the young girl, overcome with happiness, fell ill, to rise no more. The father and lover watched over her eight days and nights, and tearfully received her last sigh. Then the merchant, taking the sabre and the purse, offered them again to the young man, saying to him:

"God has willed it! It was decreed! May glory be more faithful to you than happiness!"

This time Omer accepted the arm, and kissing the icy hand of his dead betrothed, took his way towards Widdin, where he became the aid-de-camp of Hussein, as we have seen.

After the death of the Pacha of Widdin, Omer repaired to Constantinople, where he rose rapidly from rank to rank, and was appointed in 1852 and '54, by his merit and success, to the supreme command of the Ottoman forces against Russia.

See what a pair of gloves may produce—in good hands.

ESPARTERO.

His strongly marked eyebrows, the steady regard of his eye, his slightly-closed lips, and the width of his chin, announce that no oscillations are to be looked for in him, when once his will has been declared. Espartero commands respect by other physical and moral qualities. Of middle height, sixty years of age at least, but not looking more than fifty, he bears on his lofty forehead, in his black eye, and on his lips, turning readily to a smile, a great appearance of kindness, frankness and courage carried to recklessness. By the services which he has rendered, he is the first of the living Spanish commanders. He is a good comrade for his soldiers, and when he saw the troops suffering for want of supplies, Espartero often engaged his private fortune towards the contractors. It is in that way that, being a rich man when he assumed the chief command, he was infinitely poorer when he laid it down. His fortune comes from his wife, the daughter of a rich banker; and she never hesitated to give her signature when it was called for to serve the army. Espartero had himself no fortune—nothing but his sword. Of an honest but obscure family, he had always the good sense not to deny his origin. One day during his regency there was a grand *soirée* at Buena Vista, and an uncle and two female cousins of the regent were announced. The uncle was a small contractor for roads in La Mancha, and his daughters, dress-makers. The duke went at once to meet his relatives, received them most kindly, and left every one struck with that democratic pride which showed itself so gracefully in the palace of kings. There is nothing in all this, certainly, which amounts to absolute proof that Espartero will be equal to the task assigned him. And yet man's antecedent conduct is one of the elements that serve best to enable the world to form a judgment of his future conduct.—*Paris Siecle*.

INVOCATION TO THE DRAMA.

BY MARY WENTWORTH ALEXANDER.

Rise, crowned with light, immortal Drama, rise!
And lift thy head untarnished to the skies;
Renew thy virgin prime, thy golden youth,
When lofty themes demanded loftier truth;
When Chaucer lived, and glorious Spenser sang,
And through the world blind Milton's numbers rang.
When Shakspeare rose, creative genius grand,
And subtle Essence girt with this old band
Mortality, and gave it shape and form,
And saw it glow with life instinct and warm.
Renew the scenes that graced old England's stage,
When wit and wisdom marked the golden age;
When Youth and Genius reigned, and round the throne
Transcendent grace in courtly splendor shone.
Stir up the scenes, the long grand list unfold,
That monarchs heard and saw, and bards of old.
Give Passion wings, and Fancy flight as free
As winds that chase the bubbles o'er the sea.
Lash human folly—scathe its teeming pride—
Nor ever Vice in gilded garments hide;
Oppression hate, and Wrong and lawless Might,
Strong in its lust of power, outweighing Right.
Show us how Virtue thrives, and Vice grows lean,
And Avarice sneaks, abasing godlike mien—
How Sloth and Luxury steal from brown old Toil,
The hard earned harvest of the grudging soil.
And ye who speak, whose burning numbers flow
From lava streams that waste the strands below,
Say, are ye called as oracles divine,
Ordained of God, priests of that inner shrine,
Whose fire Promethean glows on holy lips
Unfed, unfanned, and knows no dark eclipse?
Inspired your office is—not born of man,
Prophets which have been since the world began—
In you soul has its life—spirit its form,
To do, and be, and glow with feeling warm.
O glorious linking—thoughts with speech—
Each in the other lives and thrives in each.
So should your lives be pure as men who bind
Language to life, and matter unto mind.
To Nature true—be false not unto Art,
But of your life-work make your life a part.
And ye whose feet these classic thresholds press—
Who count the sights, and note the scenic dress,—
Greet here old friends, and kill the sluggish Time;
Learn that the Drama has a power sublime;
That every act enkindles lofty thought,
Chivalrous deeds to noble purposes wrought.
And when life's scenes grow dim, and round us close
The narrow curtains of our last repose,
When one by one our lights extinguished, drop,
And sinks the stage left by its faithless prop,
Great king of scenes—lead us in love to thee,
To join thy Drama in eternity!

"How has it happened," asked a conceited youngster of Dr. Parr, "that you never wrote a book? Suppose we write one together."

"In that way," replied the doctor, "we might make a very thick one, indeed."

"How?"

"Why, by putting in all that I know and all that you do not know."

THE WEST POINT CADET.

BY H. W. LORING.

Mrs. HELEN BOLTON was married to a man she adored, a man whom she, the belle of two seasons, had distinguished amidst a throng of suitors, more or less disinterested, and more or less distinguished. He was handsome, accomplished, intellectual, of irreproachable morals, and independent fortune. Their tastes agreed perfectly. She was, like himself, tired of city life and the frivolities of fashion, and gladly learned that it was her husband's desire to reside the whole year round at his beautiful estate, Linden Villa, which was situated on the lordly Hudson, some sixty miles above New York.

Linden Villa was built in the Italian style, and covered a great extent of ground. The grounds were laid out with exquisite taste, according to the most approved principles of landscape-gardening. In the training of the trees, and their picturesque groupings on the lawn, and in the meadow, the hand of art was dexterously concealed, and it seemed as if nature alone, in her most genial mood, had piled and balanced those pyramids of verdure—shaded the rivulet just where it wanted shade, crowned the summit just where a feathered crest was needed against the dark blue sky, and permitted those glimpses of the noble river just where it wooed the eye most lovingly. There were grape-houses and conservatories, beneath whose high transparent roofs an artificial summer reigned when all without was bleak and desolate. The rooms of the mansion were spacious. The broad hall was floored with many-colored woods; the drawing-room was lofty and richly-decorated; there was a fine library, and a picture-gallery, where one might pass days without a wish to stir abroad. Some half-a-dozen fine horses for riding and driving, occupied the stables. In a word, the establishment and its style were such as few gentlemen can boast of—it was the home of opulence and taste.

Of course its lovely mistress was happy? We shall answer that question by laying before the reader a copy of a letter, marked "very private and confidential," and addressed to a married cousin—a wild, dashing, harum-scarum creature, who lived some ten or twenty miles off.

MRS. HELEN BOLTON TO MRS. MILLICENT MARSAY.

"Linden Villa, Sept. 1, 185—.

"MY DEAR MILLICENT,—You ask me if I am happy, and I will try to answer you with all the frankness that your fidelity, friendship, kind-

ness and trustworthiness inspire. Without being the most miserable woman on the face of the earth, I am far from being content. When you saw our place, you called it a perfect paradise; had you have seen my Henry, who was then away from home, you would have envied me my lot, though yourself married to the man of your heart. But you will see him—you must see him, for I rely on you for the execution of a project I have conceived.

"Briefly then: though my husband is all in all to me—though I never regret the gay society I resigned for his sake, to enjoy his company,—I begin to fear that I am not all in all to him. He appears to me *distract*; shall I say it?—indifferent. Once—that was before we were married—he would change color if I accepted the hand of another in a ball-room. Now I may flirt with the young parson, who drops in occasionally of an evening—and who, by the way, is a very pleasant man—without causing him the slightest uneasiness. He seems to have no desire to monopolize my attention, and he passes many hours away from me that I know he might spend in my company. Those odious books! and above all those miserable mathematics! Do you know that I begin to think that the caliph, who burned the library of Alexandria, was a very sensible person? The ladies of Alexandria were certainly very much indebted to him. The other day, at the breakfast table, I had been reading him a long account of the latest Parisian fashions, he, all the while, gazing on me, his hand resting on his chin, looking the picture of intelligence and attention; but when I asked him what he thought of the dress introduced by the Duchess of Montpensier, for evening costume, he replied: 'The solidity of a truncated triangular prism is found by adding together the altitudes of the three vertices of the inclined section, and multiplying their sum by one third of the area of the base,' and I found his head had been running on that paltry geometry all the time.

"Now, dear Millicent, the question is—have I lost his heart or not? That is the problem to be solved, as he would say in his horrid mathematical jargon. Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Now you, and you alone, can aid me. My poor weak head, after a week's labor, has concocted the following scheme; and I know you to be as daring in execution as I am ingenious in planning. I know you, too—excuse me for flattering—to be the wildest little madcap living, and that marriage has not tamed you in the least, but only taught you the necessity of concealing your eccentricities. Didn't you, at the boarding school, out of revenge for the short

THE WEST POINT CADET.

commons on which she kept us, shoot Madame Vinaigre's parrot, and compel the cook, on pain of being horsewhipped, to serve it up to her with claret sauce? Did you not rob Mr. Vandover's melon patch? But why rehearse those exploits?

"The time seems fitting for my grand *complot*, as our old French teacher would say. Your husband is away—you must needs be lonely—come to Linden Villa. But you must not come as Millicent Marsay, but as a gallant cavalier, lured hither by the attraction of my bright eyes; not as yourself in short, but as your brother, Dick Reynolds, the West Point cadet. You told me that he left his uniform at your house when he went off to pass his vacation at the White Mountains. Don't scruple, then, to don the regimentals. There is no company at our house, and you will only be seen by my husband, myself, and the servants. You must flirt with me desperately, and try the effect on Bolton. If you arouse his jealousy, all my doubts will vanish into thin air, and I shall be the happiest of women. Let the answer to this letter be your dear self.

"Adieu, with much love, HELEN."

On the afternoon following the day on which this private and confidential epistle had been despatched, a handsome young fellow—apparently—in uniform, was presented by Mrs. Bolton to her husband, as her cousin, Mr. Richard Reynolds of the West Point Academy.

"My dear sir, I am very happy to see you," said Bolton, shaking his (her) hand cordially. "I have often heard my wife speak of you, and desired to know you for her sake and mine. It is a great pleasure to meet a gentleman from a school so famous for mathematical proficiency. I shall ask your aid, at your leisure, in the solution of a few problems—"

"O, hang mathematics!" cried the youngster. "We're bored enough with them at the Point in term-time. I've no idea of spending my vacation over triangles and quantities."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Bolton, gently, "don't you think the study of mathematics one of the most important of pursuits?"

"No, my boy!" cried the young gentleman, slapping his host on the back. "Give me war, wine, and the ladies."

"But war is nothing without mathematics."

"Hang mathematics! I say again," cried the young hopeful. "That's for the engineer department. Give me a fleet horse and a sharp sabre, and the smile of a sweetheart as lovely as Helen, and I care for nothing else.

"His horse and his sword,
And his lady, the peerless,
Are all that are prized
By Orlando the fearless."

By the way, I hear you have some good bits of blood in your stable—I shall try their mettle to-morrow. I brought a pair of Rippon spurs in my pocket—and I mean to give your nags the gaffs to-morrow. No slow coaches for me! I have had enough of spavined nags at the Point."

"Anything of mine is at your service, sir," said Mr. Bolton, with a stately bow.

"I can hardly realize," said the young soldier, turning his back on Mr. Bolton, "that you are married, Helen. Do you remember the last evening we passed together?"

"Can I ever forget it, Dick!" replied the lady.

"It seems you did forget me," said the young cadet, pointing to Bolton.

"My dear," said Mr. Bolton, "since you have company to amuse you, I trust you and your cousin will excuse me. I am calculating the area of some irregular solids, and I hate to lose a moment."

Mrs. Bolton gave the required license, and the husband vanished into his study.

"How did I play my part, dear Helen?" asked the cadet.

"Admirably, Millicent; but how provokingly cool Henry was."

"I am piqued at his behaviour," replied Millicent, "and will do my best to shake his philosophy."

"We will flirt all the evening," said Mrs. Bolton.

"That we will," replied Millicent, gaily; "and we'll snub him most outrageously."

"Here comes my maid, Prudence—a terrible prying old thing; she'll help the plot along by telling tales of me to Mr. Bolton," said Mrs. B.

The ladies were sitting together on the sofa, and Millicent had her arm round Helen's waist. Mrs. Prudence, a thin, sharp-nosed demoiselle of fifty, stopped at the doorway, and uttered a little scream as she beheld them.

"I s'pose I'd better not come in, mim," she said. "I begs your pardon for intruding; but I wanted to ask you if you would have tea now."

"O, come in, Prudence—this is only my cousin. Is tea ready?"

"Yes, mim," replied the maid, primming up her parched lips.

"Then tell Mr. Bolton."

"Yes, mim. I hopes you bear me no malice, mim, for coming in without knocking. I didn't know there was a young gentleman with you."

"Go away, Prudence, and deliver my errand."

Prudence tripped away, and tapped with her nails at the study door. Receiving no reply, she employed her knuckles, and that producing no effect, she opened the door and walked in.

"Missie says as how supper's ready, and you are wanted directly, sir."

"Tell her not to wait for me," replied Bolton, without raising his eyes from the sheet of strange hieroglyphics that lay before him on the table.

"Perhaps you doesn't know as how there's a young gentleman to tea."

"Yea, yea—my wife's cousin."

"I am glad it's her cousin, sir. I was in hopes, sir,—if you'll excuse me for the sentiment,—I was in hopes that it was her brother."

"Why so, Prudence?"

"I never tells tales out of school."

"But I choose to be answered when I ask a question," said Bolton, raising his eyes from his paper. "I ask you why you hoped it was her brother?"

"Cause, sir."

"Answer!"

"I prefer not to," said the waiting-maid, tantalizingly.

Mr. Bolton rose and took hold of her sharp shoulder.

"Let me go, sir!" said the handmaiden, sharply. "I'm not used to be treated like I was a nigger. If I am a servant, I has my rights."

"You observed," said Mr. Bolton, calmly, sitting down, "that you wished the young man had been my wife's brother. You can explain your meaning, or leave the room—I am indifferent which."

"Well, sir,—if I must speak out,—I thinks that when young gentlemen has their arms about ladies' waists, and them is married ladies, sir, they ought to be their wives, or leastways, their sisters."

"Umph! so this young gentleman had his arm round Helen's waist?"

"I see it with my own eyes, sir."

"Pshaw! he's only her cousin. I'll go right down to supper."

Mr. Bolton was very attentive to his wife at the table, but not so attentive as the cadet, nor did the object of his gallantry receive his *petits soins* with the same pleasure she manifested at those of her cousin. Their eyes met often; they smiled on each other, and they whispered together. Mr. Bolton began to be uneasy. When the table was cleared, he did not retire as usual to his study, but remained on the field, watchful and alert. The evident success of their plot redoubled the malice of the conspirators, and when Bolton retired for the night, he was a decided victim of the green eyed monster.

"O, woman! woman! inexplicable riddle!" he muttered to himself. "Starve her, maltreat her, and she clings to you like a dog!—surround

her with every luxury, grant her every wish, and her heart turns from you with contempt! O, Helen! Helen! little did I expect this from you!"

The next morning he rose feverish and unhappy, and he certainly passed a miserable day, for the conspirators, wishing to make assurance doubly sure, counterfeited, with cruel skill, the phases of an absorbing mutual passion. That evening Bolton passed shut up in his study, a prey to despair. It was ten o'clock when he heard a light tap at the bay window that opened on the piazza.

"Who's there?" he asked, as he undid the fastening.

"Hush!—not a word; it's only I," replied a voice.

"And who are you?" asked Bolton, gruffly.

"Your old friend—Ned Marsay."

"Come in, Ned—come in. What brought you here at this hour? And how's your wife?"

"Why, you know better than I do. You have seen her later."

"I seen her! You know I haven't seen her at all yet."

"But she's been in your house two days."

"You're mad."

"Not a bit of it. Hear me," replied Marsay. "I left her to go to Boston, on business, expecting to be absent a fortnight. However, I despatched my affairs in two days, and hastened home, for I am so young a husband that absence is a painful affair to me. Judge of my surprise when I found that she had gone off, no one knew whither. I was at a loss to know what was the cause of this escapade, when, as luck would have it, I found a letter, which she carelessly left in her dressing-room, from your wife, and which explained everything. Here it is."

Bolton eagerly caught the letter, the same with which the reader is already acquainted, and perused it eagerly. After reading it, he handed it back to Marsay, with a hearty laugh.

"By Jove! Ned," said he, "I'll turn the tables on them, and pay them for this. Will you forgive me if I should give your wife a thorough scare?"

"I doubt if you can scare her," replied Marsay, laughing. "She's as bold a creature as ever fired a fowling-piece without winking, or put her horse over a five-barred gate. She deserves a lesson for this last freak. Why, she out-bloomers Bloomer. In regimentals!—only think of it."

"Well, I have a plan in my head for bringing her into subjection," replied Bolton, smiling.

"But you'll sleep here to-night?"

"No, I'll go back to the tavern."

"Very well—perhaps that's best. Come round here to-morrow morning early."

"Well, then, good night," said Marsay. "I'll cut across the lawn." And the two friends separated.

The next morning Mrs. Marsay was walking by herself in a little wood back of the villa, when she was suddenly encountered by Bolton.

"Well met, young gentleman," said he, very sternly.

"You rise early," said Millicent, carelessly.

"I always do when I have business on hand," was the reply.

"Pardon me," said Millicent, "I thought Mr. Bolton a man of elegant leisure, who despised business, and was fortunate enough to have none on his hands."

"The care of my honor is sufficient business."

"*Plait-il?* I do not understand you," said Millicent, coolly.

"Tell me, sir," continued Bolton, "were you not well received at my house?"

"My dear Helen was certainly very glad to see me," answered Millicent; "but you began to bore me with your angles and hypotenuses as soon as you were presented to me. You were *diablement ennuyeux, mon cher*."

"Yet my house and all it contained were placed at your service. I allowed you to ride my horses, shoot over my dogs, and ransack my graperies."

"And I availed myself of the privilege, sir. I ran your horses, astonished your pointers, and ruined your graperies. What more would you have me do? I couldn't empty your cellar—I have no head for drinking."

"You have forgotten one thing in the catalogue of your exploits, sir."

"Name it."

"I did not give you *carte blanche* to make love to my wife."

"No, indeed! for that was my duty to a pretty woman, neglected by her husband. *Cela va sans dire*."

"Sir, you have abused my hospitality."

"Sir, you bore me. I would be alone."

"This insolence is too much!" said Mr. Bolton; "and let me tell you that I have come here to chastise you—to demand satisfaction. You are a soldier—you know what that means."

"Of course," replied Millicent, a little fluttered. "Well, we'll see about that—we'll arrange time, weapons, and place."

"Wherever I meet my foe, there I make my battle-ground!" answered Bolton. "There is no time nor place like the present; and for weapons, here are a pair of hair-triggers;" and he

produced a brace of duelling-pistols as he spoke.

"Hold!" cried Millicent, turning pale; "this is carrying a jest too far. Mr. Bolton, forgive me. I have been playing a cruel trick on you; I am not what I seem; I am no soldier—no man,—but a wild, self-willed woman."

"A woman!" cried Bolton, with a derisive laugh. "This is the quintessence of impudent ingenuity. Foiled in your hopes of impunity, deceived in your reckoning of my blindness and indifference, you seek to escape by an incredible falsehood. Come! take your weapon and your distance!"

"Mr. Bolton!" shrieked Millicent, thoroughly alarmed, "I am not deceiving you now. I am your friend's wife; I am that Millicent Marsay of whose mad freaks you have doubtless heard so much. O, if my husband were only here, he would confirm the truth of all I have stated!"

"You hear her, Marsay!—come forth!" cried Bolton. And Mr. Edward Marsay stepped forward from a screen of bushes, which had served to conceal him. "Do you acknowledge this lady to be your true and lawful wife?"

"I do," replied Marsay, taking the repentant sinner in his arms; "though it is hard to believe my eyes when I see her in that dress."

"I will never assume it again, Ned," said the lady, half sobbing, half crying.

To make a long story short, the parties returned to breakfast at the villa. Mrs. Bolton was cured of her doubts, Mrs. Marsay of her love of masquerading, while Bolton made his peace by promising in future to be a little less studious, and a little more attentive.

ENERGY.

See how that fellow works! No obstacles too great for him to surmount; no ocean too wide for him to leap; no mountain too high for him to scale. He will make a stir in the world and no mistake. Such are the men who build our railroads, dig up the mountains in California, and enrich the world. There is nothing gained by idleness and sloth. This is a world of action, and to make money, gain a reputation, and exert a happy influence, men must be active, persevering and energetic. They must not quail at shadows, run from lions, or attempt to dodge the lightning. Go forward zealously in whatever you undertake, and we will risk you anywhere and through life.—N. Y. *Picayune*.

He that has the fewest faults, has comparatively none at all; no man has more faults than he that pretends to have none.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SAI UTATORY.

In presenting **BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE** to the public, the proprietor has been influenced by a desire to furnish good and entertaining reading for the million at a price which all can afford. It will be observed that the work contains one hundred closely printed pages of matter, legibly and handsomely executed, and that this will be the regular amount which each number will contain; thus actually forming the cheapest magazine in the world. The reader will see that he obtains *twelve hundred* pages of interesting and valuable reading matter, at the expiration of the year, for *one dollar*, or at a cost of *eight cents* or each number of the Magazine, with its hundred pages. Thus supplying himself with a work which will bind at the end of the year, into two large and handsome volumes of six hundred pages each.

The work will be issued regularly on the first day of every month, and will be filled with the current topics of the times, news, wit, humor and pathos, being largely devoted to miscellany and general literature, tales, sketches and poetry. No more convenient collection of reading matter for perusal in the cars or by the fireside could be devised, and it is intended to make it a welcome visitor everywhere.

The number which we issue herewith is a fair sample of our design and purpose, and will speak more clearly for itself than any assurances of ours can do for it. With these few introductory words we would refer the reader to the imprint on the third page of the cover, and advise him to subscribe early, that the work may be secured complete.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The St. Louis Republican speaks of a negro in that city, who was born and brought up in Ireland, and possesses just about the richest brogue to be found among all the emigrants of the Emerald Isle.

INSANE.—A late report of the Senate of Massachusetts says that there are now in the custody of the institutions of this State, 1168 insane persons, of whom 561 are in one hospital.

TOO TRUE.—It is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgetful as for hope to be mindful. One who has drank, turns his back on the well.

ECONOMY.

We have but a faint notion of economy in this country, and there are few persons who seem able to exercise its spirit in their mode of living. As a general thing, young people, clerks, and the like, calculate to live fully up to the amount of their income, if indeed they do not out-run its limits and become involved in debt. So with married men, of humble means; they calculate to spend about as much as they get, and often find themselves involved in debts they cannot liquidate. Now there is a simple rule which, if adopted, would make people quite independent.

In the first place, let a man's income be ever so small, he should calculate to save a little, and to lay it by, if only five or ten dollars a year. This will be sure to keep him from running in debt, and as soon as he finds that he has a sum of money saved, there is a natural incentive to add to the amount, and thus unwittingly, as it were, he begins to accumulate. This operation once commenced, he will be surprised to see how fast his means improve; and then the slow but sure increase of principal by the accumulation of interest is a matter of clear gain. In this relation our old style savings banks, and new five cent savings banks, are accomplishing a work of great good, being practical suggestions to the people that cannot fail of their influence.

Never purchase any article of dress or luxury until you can pay cash for it; this is a most important rule to observe, and the credit system, in fact, has done quite as much to ruin debtors as creditors. A vast number of little expenses (but large in the aggregate) would be saved if one always paid the money for the same at the time of purchase, in place of having it charged. Pay as you go, is a golden rule, and is true economy.

Many a poor man could build a house over his head and own it, with the price of the cigars and tobacco he has used, to say nothing of the worse than useless "drinks" of beer and bad spirits in which, from time to time, he has allowed himself to indulge. Avoid any habit, however simple it may be at the outset, which involves unnecessary expense; one leads to another, and all together will empty your purse, and sap the marrow of your physical strength. It is not so much what a man's income may be, as it is what he spends, that graduates his means. Strive then to adopt the true principle of economy, and you have the secret of independence.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

We have been much interested in some statistics which have lately fallen under our observation relating to this subject. It appears that during the last seven years, this country has been receiving the poor Irish at the ratio of about 220,000 a year. About a million and a half of her pauper population has, during that short period, found a home in our happier land—of that very population which could scarcely find subsistence of any kind in their own country, and which was felt as an incubus, and did indeed constitute a canker upon the United Kingdom. We gave them liberty, protection, and a comfortable livelihood—blessings to which they had, in a great measure, been strangers all their lives before. We afforded them the opportunity not only of helping themselves, but of assisting their poor relations and friends whom they had left behind. The amount of money sent back from this country to Ireland by her poor emigrants, for the assistance of their connections there, is one of the most striking phenomena which her strange case presents. It is ascertained, through the medium of Anglo-American banking houses, that from the year 1848 to 1853, the amount has gone on gradually increasing from about two millions and a half to upwards of seven million of dollars a year. A return now before us makes a total of £4,361,000 sterling for that period—the amount for the last year alone of the return being £1,404,000 sterling, or upwards of seven millions of dollars. Thus, in five years, have these poor people been able to save out of their earnings, and send back to the Old Country, about twenty-one millions and three quarters of dollars. A calculation has been made that, supposing these sums to have been sent over by the emigrants of six months' previous dates, it amounts to about twenty dollars transmitted by each emigrant—a sum quite sufficient, with that which is known to be transmitted by private hands, to defray the whole cost of emigration—so that America, not Ireland, practically pays the expenses of Irish emigration to the United States. Thus, in a two-fold degree, are we aiding in the recovery of Ireland from the sad condition into which she had sunk. May Heaven help this down-trodden people, and bless them with the light of intelligence!

ELEVATING THE MASSES.—This is what takes place on the Mississippi every time a high pressure steamer bursts up.

A NOBLE PURPOSE.—Another Insane Asylum is to be erected in New Hampshire.

KANSAS.

The Kansas Herald, is the title of a paper printed at Fort Leavenworth. It is the first newspaper published in the new Territory, and is a very respectable-looking sheet, and edited with ability. The town of Fort Leavenworth was founded by thirty-two settlers, who formed themselves into an association, who got the original claimants of the town to relinquish their rights. The company expended \$2400 in clearing three hundred and twenty acres of land for the town. The stock was divided into one hundred and seventy-five shares, which have since sold at prices ranging from \$200 to \$500. The town is situated one mile and a half below Fort Leavenworth. It joins the Military Reserve, and has a rock-bound front on the river, with a gradual ascent, and gentle undulation for miles around. This place is destined to be the capital and metropolis of the Territory. They have already a steam saw-mill, a printing office, several stores, a large hotel, a boarding house, warehouses, and a number of private dwellings. The newspaper office is somewhat primitive in style at present. It is under a tent, and the compositors' stands are placed under an elm tree in the open air. The editor, in addition to his other arduous duties, says he has packed wood, built fires, cooked for himself and compositors, fought mosquitoes, and slept on prairie hay on the ground, besides superintending building a house. His writing-desk is a big shingle lying on his knees.

NATIVE IMMIGRATION.—Among the upward passengers on the Eastern Railroad, a few days since, was a patriarchal family, consisting of a father, mother, and thirteen children, who were journeying from their home and birth-place in Maine, to cast their lot in the fruitful West. They were bound for Wisconsin. The eldest of the family was a smart young man of about twenty-five years of age. The youngest was a child in its mother's arms.

HUSBANDS' RIGHTS.—There is an institution in Havana, called the Penale, a sort of hospital where husbands have the power to confine their naughty wives. This power is frequently exercised, the husband during the duration of his wife paying the jail and subsistence fees.

SECTARIANISM.—Little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your neighbor because he has his eggs roasted when you have yours boiled.

CRITIC.—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

CAUSES OF THE GULF STREAM.

Mr. Stanton Shoules, an experienced navigator, gives it as his opinion that the waters of the Gulf stream are nothing more nor less than the waters of the river Amazon. This great father of waters is bedded more than 1000 miles immediately under the equator, and all its tributary streams for many miles are constantly pouring their hot water into this mighty reservoir of water. As these waters are gathered in under the burning sun of the equator, it is extremely warm; far more so than the Atlantic Ocean waters under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out into the Atlantic more than a hundred miles, in the face of the eternal trade winds. The Amazon is sixty miles wide; after being belted in its irresistible course, it curves off to the left and scuds off before the strong trade winds till out of their reach. Driven along with great force, it takes its course round the great bay formed between the two continents of North and South America. Dashing along the northern coast of South America, and passing to the leeward of the West India Islands, it leaves the shore of Cuba, and proceeds along the shores of Florida, the capes of Virginia and the south coast of North America, and passing the shore of Newfoundland, ends its mission, among the icebergs which float out of the Northern Ocean. Cut off by the Gulf Stream, and it would not be many years before the North Atlantic would be filled with icebergs that would be very destructive to navigation. But a wise Providence has provided an external reservoir of hot water constantly rushing around over back of the cold Atlantic to its destination, where, after spending its vital warmth among the icebergs, it is hurried away by a new supply of native warm water from the great Amazon. Seamen can always tell when in or out of the Gulf Stream by dipping the hand in the water alongside.

THE MOST "SOLID" MAN.—The richest man in Providence is Thomas B. Ives. He is put down at \$1,825,700, and is taxed for the sum of \$10,223 26. He is probably worth about three millions. Tax men have cutting down ways with them.

BOWIE KNIVES.—A recent writer calls bowie knives "the long thorns put forth by the human crab-apple tree, before it is reclaimed to sweetness by cultivation." Not a bad simile.

WHAT THE MADAME SAYS.—Mad. Pfeiffer says Boston is the cleanest city she has ever visited. A feather, that.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

It is important to recollect that in most cases a tolerable degree of health and strength is in our power. Even where there is an hereditary predisposition to disease, a great deal may be done towards regulating our physical condition. We are often surprised to see how much is effected in this way by persons of delicate constitutions. They are generally on the look-out for attacks. Every organ is a sentinel to report danger. The weak part, to which disease always tends, is actually sensitive, and it rarely fails to announce a warning in due time. Such persons are seldom presumptuous. They do not rush into foolish exposures, and in this way their lives are frequently prolonged beyond the common term of duration. Delicate, but enduring, is quite a characteristic of this class of individuals, and hence they often bear more and live longer than those of greater stamina.

OUR TITLE.

The undersigned having purchased of Mr. GLEASON, all right and title to the present work, as well as his publishing business generally, has substituted his own name in place of that by which the Magazine was at first announced. This explanation is made to prevent an otherwise apparent incongruity in the title of the Magazine, and the advertisements by which it was first made public.

M. M. BALLOU.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE MONEY?—Gold has been imported from California at a rate of nearly a million a week, for three or four years, and yet, in consequence of heavy imports of foreign merchandise, there is a scarcity of money. If we had one million in the precious metals, we have received four in foreign goods. These goods are forced into market, and mostly consumed, from year to year, leaving us nothing to show for the two hundred millions of gold received from California.

BACKBITER.—"What is the meaning of a backbiter?" said a reverend gentleman during an examination at a school. This was a puzzle. It went down the class till it came to a simple little urchin, who said, "P'raps it be a flea."

SINGULAR FACT.—The State Prison at Auburn, it is stated, has ceased to be a burden on the State, for it now yields a monthly supply.

TRY IT.—If you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice as well for it.

Foreign Miscellany.

The population of the Turkish empire, in Europe, Asia and Africa, is 27,000,000.

It is computed that over 25,000 persons died of cholera in London this season.

The Mormons continue to make great progress in Europe. All over England they are making converts.

The Russians, instead of erecting monuments to commemorate remarkable events, erect churches as memorials.

A pumpkin was recently sent to the Paris market, which is said to weigh four hundred and seventy-eight pounds!

King Max, of Bavaria, has lately granted an allowance of 500 florins, to be repeated next year, to Melchior Meyer, a young Bavarian poet.

Every Russian who removes a buoy in the Baltic, is rewarded, and if an English vessel should be wrecked in consequence, he has a life pension.

The tallest man in Prussia, a grenadier of the Royal Guard, has recently died at Potsdam. His height was exactly seven feet and eight inches.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, now over ninety-two years old, appears to have regained much of his strength, and may be seen taking a carriage airing in Regent's Park, London, every fine day.

The concourse of pious pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut was so great this year that a local famine ensued, and hundreds of Hindoos were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

The average weight of the mails despatched from London every evening is between fourteen and fifteen tons. The newspapers and the bags weigh twelve tons five hundred pounds.

It is estimated that the damage inflicted by the armies of the Czar upon the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, amounts to at least £10,000,000.

The savans of Paris are going to introduce the *Dioscorra Japonica* as a substitute for the potato. It is a tubercular vegetable, with a more delicate flavor than a potato.

The Hotel des Invalides in Paris is now lighted by new gas extracted directly from water. Workmen are now engaged in constructing by the side of the gasometer a general calorifere for warming every part of the hotel.

Chevalier Bonelli has an invention for the application of electricity to weaving. It has been pronounced entirely successful, as well in London and Paris as at Turin. An agent of the inventor is on his way to the United States.

The returns of the Prussian income-tax show that, in a population of nearly 17,000,000, there are only three persons enjoying a greater income than £36,000, while in England there are twenty-two persons whose yearly income exceeds the sum of £50,000.

A shawl has lately been manufactured at Lyons for the empress of the French. It cost forty thousand francs, and contains the arms of England and France most ingeniously woven in the lace, and the emblematic lilies and roses running round the border.

Nine hundred out of every thousand boys born since 1848, in Hungary, we are told, bear the name of Lajos (Louis), in memory of the exile Kossuth.

A letter from Paris reports that two vessels of 2000 tons burthen each, are in course of construction at Nantes, to ply between Havre and New York, the engines of which are to be worked by chloroform!

The Haurestein Tunnel (Bale) is pierced to a length of 365 feet on the southern, and 400 feet on the northern side of the mountain. The three shafts are 174, 120, and 220 feet deep. The whole tunnel is to be 8300 feet long.

Nearly 200,000 persons have bathed in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, this season. Nineteen of them were saved from drowning by the exertions of the boatmen employed by the Royal Humane Society, and but one fatal accident has occurred.

The entire repeal of the usury laws in Great Britain has been accomplished at the recent session of Parliament. It is now lawful in Great Britain to loan money at any rate of interest and on any description of property, either real estate or otherwise.

The war taxes now imposed directly upon the British people, and paid for in hard cash, amount to fifty millions of dollars annually. This is about equal to the whole amount of annual taxes levied by the United States government on its revenue duties.

From official returns it appears that in Ireland the gross amount of acres under flax, this year, amounts to 159,238 against 174,579 in the previous year, showing a decrease of 15,341 acres in 1854.

Mr. Phillips, an American citizen, travelling with a regular passport from the Secretary of State, was arrested at Basle in Switzerland, and detained in prison two days, and subjected to insults and unnecessary severities.

A secret Paris society has been discovered, which has caused the revelation of some sad extravagances; the head of a dead body, exhumed for the purpose of giving solemnity to the initiation of members who were sworn upon it, was found.

A French gardener has reversed the order of things, and instead of producing colossal vegetables, has succeeded in growing microscopic specimens, which are said to contain as much of the nutritious principle as vegetables several times their size.

The number of men enrolled in the various Russian armies is stated at 561,295. This is a powerful force, but is necessarily very much scattered. In the Crimea the number of men is stated at 58,000, but that army has probably been reinforced before this time.

The gross amount expended yearly by the religious societies of Great Britain is upwards of five millions of dollars. The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society alone, last year, was some \$700,000; its issues since its formation have been nearly 28,000,000 of copies of the Scriptures, in about one hundred and fifty different languages.

Record of the Times.

The valuation of New Bedford for the present year is about \$25,000,000.

Of 138,232 miles of coal beds in the United States, 44,000 are in the State of Illinois.

The operations of the New York Post-Office the last year amounted to \$1,265,445 18.

The price placed upon the Warm Springs, Va., was \$50,000, and they were bought for \$50,001.

The city debt of Philadelphia is nearly twenty millions of dollars.

The Germans in New York city are estimated at 80,000 at least.

There are at present 197 primary schools in Boston proper.

Short women are generally good natured. Make a man, young men.

The province of New Brunswick has more ships of 1000 tons than the whole empire of France.

The salt inspected at Syracuse, has this year exceeded the last, 130,000 bushels.

Ladies are now acting as clerks on some of the Mississippi steamboats.

The human heart gives 96,000 strokes every twenty-four hours.

Books sent by mail must be left open on one end, else they are rated letter postage.

There are fifty times more of spurious wine and spirits sold than of genuine.

In Utah, on the death of a man, his property all descends to the church.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Capt. West, of the Atlantic steamship, has travelled across the ocean 705,000 miles!

The longest railroad on the surface of the globe, is the Illinois Central, which is 731 miles long.

The new city established in Kansas, by the New England emigrants, is called "Lawrence."

Mary Howitt is said to be engaged in writing a popular history of America.

Bank of England notes are now signed by machinery, by which a saving of ten thousand pounds a year is effected.

A letter from the late Duke of Wellington written three weeks before his death, is advertised for sale at the price of twenty guineas.

The present year at Yale College opened well; one hundred and fifty-seven students have newly entered the different classes, of which one hundred and twenty-six are in the Freshman class.

The effect of the increased pay in the enlistments in the army from September 1 to September 30, 1854, have been 331 against 96 for the same period in 1853.

Prussia and Austria have definitely declined taking any part in the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, to be held next year at Paris. Ominous, certainly.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence, is said to have contributed \$1,000,000 to the American cause.

A famine unparalleled in the history of the country, is said to prevail in the land of Judea.

A wise man knows his own ignorance; a fool thinks he knows everything.

No fewer than fifty four newspapers are now published in California.

Superstition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.

The drinking-rooms in New Orleans are, by law, obliged to close at eleven o'clock at night.

Rich silver mines have been lately opened on the Chatahoochee River, Georgia.

The granaries of the Danish islands are said to be overflowing.

Nearly a dozen clergymen will be in the next Legislature of the State of Maine.

The sales of public lands this year will exceed 6,000,000 acres—a larger quantity than has been sold in any one year for fifteen or eighteen years.

It requires the influence of a Congressman, or some other influential official at Washington, to obtain a midshipman's warrant. The salary is, we believe, about \$30 per month, prior to reaching the grade of Passed Midshipman.

Napoleon the First was a magnificent hand at whist. While "every inch a king," at the Tuilleries in Paris, and while a captive on the rocky island of St. Helena, his passion for this game was equally strong upon him.

In Washington during the past year there have not been one third as many houses erected as during the last. This is attributed to the high price of materials and labor and scarcity of money.

A Quaker, and a member of the Peace Society, has been fined and served with a distress warrant, in London, for declining on principle to supply a horse and wagon to convey a portion of the baggage of the Scotch Fusiliers.

A horse fell into a reservoir in New Bedford not long ago, but was rescued by the spectators without serious injury. Upon being asked by a benevolent gentleman "if he was much hurt?" he said *neigh*, and trotted off.

Speaking of the recent appearance of the sea-serpent near Dunkirk, N. Y., the Journal of that place says: "We were also told that several of our fishermen have long been impressed with the idea, from actual observation, of the existence of some imaginary monster in the waters of the lake." Very few persons are favored with actual observation of imaginary monsters.

The Rev. London Farrill, a colored man, was followed to the grave in Lexington, Kentucky, not long since, by nearly two thousand persons. At the time of his death, though originally a slave, he was pastor of a Baptist church of colored persons. He had been so for forty years, being at the time of his death sixty-five years of age.

A black bear got loose from a museum in New Orleans, and getting upon the roof of a bell hanging establishment, created a great excitement. With much difficulty he was got down to the street door, and into a cage placed there to receive him; but in thrusting him into it, a rope around his neck was drawn too tightly and he choked to death.

Mr. A. T. Wood, the late architect of the new Custom House, in New Orleans, died there lately.

The Paris (Maine) jail has been tenantless for more than six months past.

One man died and one child was born at a recent advent camp meeting in Exeter, N. H.

Deliberate long upon what you can do but once. A maxim worth remembering.

The wheat crop in California is said to be unusually good.

One million five hundred thousand of dollars of the state debt of Ohio has been paid off since the first of last January.

There will soon be completed at St. Anthony's Falls, a wire suspension bridge across the Mississippi.

A mill has been started at Skaneateles, N. Y., for the manufacture of coarse paper from straw and cornstalks, according to the new process.

The Japanese are fond of eggs; they boil them hard, and eat them at the dessert like fruit, frequently with oranges.

A Glenburn farmer says in a letter to the editor of the Bangor Courier, "Keep potatoes dry, and they will not rot."

A negro who was bitten by a moccasin snake, in Henrico, Va., was cured by drinking plentifully of brandy.

The city of Kola, the capital of Russian Lapland, has been destroyed by an English ship-of-war.

American dentists are getting in vogue among the Parisians. There is said to be four of that profession from Yankee land, now settled in that gay capital.

Speaking of iron, a Virginia paper says there is ore enough in Montgomery county, in that State, to build a railroad with a double track of heavy T rail, 210 tons to the mile, from Washington city to San Francisco.

Mr. Laysel, a French chemist, says that he has discovered that by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled. The experiment is worth trying.

One of the most elegant churches in New York, now building in the upper part of the city, is paid for out of the proceeds of an acre of land left many years ago by a parishioner to one of the clergymen for the pasturage of a cow.

The Branch Mint at San Francisco is doing a large business in coinage. During the month of August 100,000 ounces of native gold dust were deposited, and the coinage amounted to two millions of dollars.

A pumpkin vine sprouting out of a manure heap at Pittsfield, produced thirty-four pumpkins, whose aggregate weight is 592 pounds. These must be what people call "some pumpkins."

Sickness has a wonderful influence on the heart: If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them. All our crimes are committed by men overflowing with blood and robustness.

The Catholic cathedral in San Francisco cost \$200,000, being more than the aggregate cost of any three Protestant church edifices in the place.

In Northumberland, among the lower classes, India-rubber is almost universally called lead-eater; of course for its useful property of erasing marks from lead.

In Russia, the candles used in the mines are made of tallow mixed with powdered charcoal, which is found to increase the intensity of the light.

The New York Sunday Atlas suggests that "Master Nellis, the boy without arms," will make an excellent man for Mayor, because he cannot get his hands into the treasury.

George W. Keyser, convicted of the seduction of Sarah Ann Ashton, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$1000, and be imprisoned for three years in the eastern penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

The keeper of the State Arsenal in New York is in the habit of loaning out muskets to target companies at a shilling a piece. As there are thousands out daily during the fall months, the shilling pieces amount to a very respectable sum.

The Jewish residents in San Francisco have recently erected two costly synagogues—one on Broadway, and the other on Stockton Street. The cost of the two will not fall short of \$50,000. They were both consecrated recently, and the ceremonies were witnessed by a large number.

The supply of lager beer having given out in St. Louis, the Republican takes advantage of the occasion to show the immense consumption of that drink in St. Louis. 18,000,000 of glasses were consumed within a period of about six months, at a cost of \$800,000.

It has recently been decided that the laws and regulations of the army authorizing pay for transportation to officers travelling on duty, do not include their families; and no payments on their account for travel or passage money can be legally allowed.

The amount of gold shipped from California, from January first to October first, was \$37,216,831; amount deposited in bars in the mint, \$3,760,841; amount deposited for coinage, \$3,402,229—making a total yield during the nine months of \$44,374,401.

Mrs. Sinclair has realized a fortune at San Francisco. A recent benefit yielded her over three thousand dollars. The lady appeared at the conclusion of the performances, and made a speech, which was received with much enthusiasm by the audience.

There are in the United States 40,564 physicians, 191 surgeons, 6139 apothecaries, 465 chemists, 3923 dentists, 19 oculists, and 59 patent medicine makers. In the State of New York there are 5050 physicians, 54 surgeons, 1062 apothecaries, 8 oculists, 563 dentists, and 25 patent medicine makers.

The Annapolis Republican says there is now living in the "Swamp," in the lower section of Anne Arundel county, a man by the name of Richard Crandell, who is one hundred and six years old, and is said to be very active and sprightly, and speaks of the improvement he intends to make on his farm like a man of forty or fifty.

Gems of Thought.

A favor places a man above his equals, a fall places him below them.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom.

From impure air we take diseases; from bad company, vice and imperfection.

To trust everybody and to trust nobody, are equal failings.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Your wit makes clear things doubtful; but it is your prudence that makes doubtful things clear.

He that talks all he knows, will talk more than he knows. Great talkers discharge too thick to always take true aim.

Nothing requires more judgment, than to rally inoffensively, and to make this innocent war agreeable and pleasant.

If your opinion be indefensible, do not obstinately defend a bad cause. He that argues against truth, takes pains to be overcome.

The ground of almost all our false reasonings is, that we seldom look any further than on one side of the question.

Self-love makes men idolize themselves and tyrannize over others when fortune gives the means.

An enemy may receive hurt by our hatred; but a friend will suffer a greater injury by our dissimulation.

A wise man will dispose of time past, to observation and reflection; time present, to duty; and time to come, to providence.

Want is little to be dreaded, when a man has but a short time left to be miserable. Of all poverty, that of the mind is the most deplorable.

To speak ill of a man in his absence, shows a base mind; and to do so to his face, is adding an affront to the scandal.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that there was never yet one found that would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

The coin that is most current among mankind, is flattery—the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may learn what we ought to be.

Make yourself agreeable, as much as possible, to all; for there is no person so contemptible, but that it may be in his power to be your best friend or worst enemy.

Those who feel most deeply, are most given to disguise their feeling, and derision is never so agreeable as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility.

He that is peremptory in his own story, may meet with another that is peremptory in the contradiction of it; and then the two *Sir Positives* must have a skirmish.

Some men extinguish their own genius by copying and striving to assume that of others.

Our merit procures us the esteem of men of sense, and our good fortune that of the public.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer to the truth than we do ourselves.

Our self-love bears with less patience the condemnation of our taste than our opinion.

It is vain to charm the ears or gratify the eyes, if the mind be not satisfied.

A great part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

It is dangerous to attack a man whom you have deprived of all means of escape.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

To judge impartially, we are to put men's good qualities in the balance against their bad ones.

Men may give good advice, but they cannot give the sense to make a right use of it.

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it anywhere else.

In conversation, condescend to compliance, rather than continue a dispute.

If your means suit not your ends, pursue those ends which suit your means.

Be not easily exceptions, nor rudely familiar; the one will breed contention, the other contempt.

There is nothing more to be wondered at, than that men who have lived long should wonder at anything.

Those are presumed to be the best counsels, which come from them that advise against their own interest.

One month in the school of affliction will teach us more wisdom than the grave precepts of Aristotle in seven years.

It is difficult for a man to have sense and be a knave. A true and solid genius conducts to order, truth and virtue.

Make the most of your minute, says the Emperor Aurelius, and be good for something while it is in your power.

People should understand that it is cheaper, and in every respect much better, to look up neglected children, and educate them, than to hang them when older.

A great many people are fond of books, as they are of furniture; to dress and set off their rooms, more than to adorn and enrich their minds.

Gentleness is the best way to make a man loved and respected in his family. He makes himself contemptible, when he talks passionately to his servants, for no reason but to show his authority.

None but those we are nearly concerned for, or whom we are to answer for, should make us solicitous about their conduct. The way to live easy, is to mind our own business, and leave others to take care of theirs.

Though knowledge may refine and improve taste, it cannot create it; nor can both together produce practical skill and executive art—which can only be acquired by long and continued exertion of practical industry.

Merry Making.

An exchange calls the union of England and France against Russia, the Bull Frog coalition.

To prevent fish from smelling in the summer—cut their noses off!

"Flour has riz," and it is owing to the "yeastern question," of course.

Some one says that the State Prison in Charleston continues to hold its own.

A mesmerized druggist, on having his organ of adhesiveness touched, immediately rose and said he would spread a plaster.

A cotemporary says he does not know whether "music is the food of love," but hearing it always creates in him the love of food.

"Bob, you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Tim, I am sighting all the misses on this side."

When does a young lady wish to win more than seven beaux at once? When she tries to fascinate (fasten eight).

Waterproof houses made of gutta percha slabs are now manufactured. There is one advantage about this style of houses—and that is you can bend the chimney to suit the wind.

A proud boy boasted that his father had a horse, when his companion, of poorer parentage, replied, exultingly: "And my father has a horse and a saw, too!"

"I am going to the post-office, Bob—shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls in town.

Can a very pale young woman be considered the pink of fashion? Are the currents of the ocean always green? Why is a heavily laden river barge called a lighter? We pause for a reply to all the above questions.

Mr. Tupercent P. Month, who is a man of observation, tells us to put no confidence in the story that the filibuster expedition for Cuba will get off very soon. He says it will be impossible to raise the money to start.

Dobbs says he would have died of the cholera in August, if it had not been for one thing—"the doctor gave him up." Two days afterwards he says he was a well man indulging in succotash.

"Abinidab, who is Cupid?"

"One of the boys. He is said to be as blind as a bat; but if he's blind, he'll do to travel. He found his way into Aunt Nan's affections, and I wouldn't have thought any critter could have worked his way into such narrow arrangements with eyes open."

On a late ascension of an aeronaut, a gentleman requested to be allowed to accompany him into the upper regions.

"Are you good tempered?" asked the aeronaut.

"I believe so," said the other; "but why do you ask?"

"For fear we may fall out on the way."

What is the most provoking seed in use? Mustard—for it is apt to take one by the nose.

The man who is always as cool as a cucumber, must, we think, be about as "green."

A violin is an instrument that tortures many for the enjoyment of one.

An hospital for the cure of wooden legs has been opened in Buffalo.

The epicure who finished his dinner with the "desert" of Sahara, found it rather dry eating.

If dress makes the man, what does the tailor make? From ten to twenty dollars profit, perhaps.

Sir Philip Sidney defines health in these words: "Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care."

A fellow with a scolding wife moved into a swamp, where the *dumb ague* was prevalent—his wife was effectually cured.

The Russian women think their husbands are becoming cold and indifferent, if they do not flog them once a week.

Water in which hemp has been soaked, will intoxicate; and, *per contra*, what intoxicates often leads to hemp.

They write home that there are fleas enough in Turkey to dam up the Bosphorus. The Turks wear them for lining for their shirts.

There is a shop kept by an old maid in New York, in the windows of which appear these words, "No reasonable offer refused!"

The man who "took a walk" the other day, brought it back again; but the next day he "took a ride," and he has not been heard from since.

The Springfield Republican says that under the head of "Fall Fashions," in a Philadelphia paper of a recent date, is found the record of twenty-two marriages.

The hen-pecked husband is happy enough if he were only left alone, but he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

Generous.—The editor of the Woonsocket Patriot promises his autograph to all such of his subscribers as will pay up. The generous offer will no doubt be irresistible.

People have queer reasons for doing things, sometimes. A friend of ours joined the church the other day, because he was "so fond of sacred music;" and the cream of it is, he runs away with the idea that he is religious.

When Dr. Allyn was ordained over his society in Duxbury, some sixty or seventy years ago, he disturbed the gravity of the Puritan deacons by coolly paring and eating an apple while a brother clergyman was delivering the "charge" and exhorting him to the faithful performance of his duties.

An illiterate person, who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied:

"Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody*."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 4.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1855.

No. 2.

THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

WHEN Karl Pfeffer joined his regiment, which was under marching orders for—he knew not where,—he took a very fond and affectionate leave of his darling Neophine (a pretty black-eyed Italian girl), who loved him very devotedly. Karl had no idea when he would return to her, if ever!—so dubious were the prospects of the poor soldier at the period of which we are writing, though he talked very flatteringly, and really hoped to greet his love again, at farthest, within a twelvemonth.

Karl was of German extraction, but was attached to the French army, which at this period had possession of the petty states of Italy, where a wretched tyranny had been rampant for a long time among the smaller representatives of papal power. The conflict had assumed the characteristics of bandit oppression, and the hand of every man in authority seemed turned against his neighbor, until the great Napoléon thrust his army into their midst, and gave the people—for a time, at least—a respectable constitution and government.

"I will return, dear Nephly," said Karl, embracing the fair girl, at last; "and when the tyrants, who have so long robbed and desolated your fair land, shall have been entirely subdued, I will marry you; and we will be very happy, to be sure."

"Nephly," as he called her, was in doubt, and she shook her head as she alluded to the horrors of war, and the chances that the young sergeant might be left somewhere with a bullet in his head, perhaps! Besides, the wild men were uncertain, and more especially French-men, and ambitious young officers. Still, there was no

present help for her. Pfeffer's regiment must march next day, and whatever her secret plans might be, for the future, she saw that it was requisite she must not only be adroit, but expeditious in carrying them into operation. Perhaps, she had previously arranged them, and was prepared for the present emergency—who knows? Be that as it might, the lovers embraced again; Karl kissed her bright, warm lips for the twentieth time, and they parted—she to her home duties, and he to prepare to start on the following morning for—nobody knows where.

In one of the extreme southerly departments of the Italian provinces, at this time, there was a notoriously offensive and lawless scoundrel, who had for years enjoyed the privilege of robbing and oppressing the defenceless peasants and poor people of the region around him, and who had always been favored by those in power (under the pope's sway), for two reasons, namely—he entertained a mortal grudge against a Frenchman, and he was too powerful, when backed by his confederates and hirelings, for the local authorities around him to cope with successfully. So, though this chief of a bandit tribe, this rascal, Robina, did pretty much as he pleased, he was tolerated by those who should have crushed him.

The day before Karl's regiment started, there came tripping up to the colonel's tent a youthful stripling, desirous to join the French forces.

"*Mon dieu!*" exclaimed the commander, as soon as this youth had found his way before him, and he had glanced at his slender appearance. "what can you do? Have you ever served in military life?"

"No," was the reply, "not in the French army. I am an Italian, though, as you see, I can speak your language indifferently. All your soldiers are not French born, and I have been ill-treated, like thousands of my countrymen. I ask for the opportunity to be avenged, and the French army will be triumphant."

"But, you are very slight in form, and you know nothing of the fatigue and hardships of military life. What could you do, pray?"

"Place me where you will. I will not disgrace your goodness. I prefer to join the rear of your regiment. Will you enroll me?"

"What is your name?"

"Florento Decinni."

"Yes. You speak well, and we will give you the opportunity to show what you are made up of."

And half an hour afterwards, young Florento answered with the rest to his name at the roll-call. He was a spirited, brave-looking youth, and declared that he would be promoted above the common ranks very shortly, if the chance were afforded him to exhibit his prowess; a boast which greatly amused the hardy and rough old veterans, who overheard it. But Florento returned their good-natured jibes, and said:

"Wait, and we shall see!"

The regiment got off the next day, and as it moved away down the valley outside of the town where it had been quartered for some months, a young girl stood at the side of the way, upon a small hill, beyond the line of their march, in the act of waving a snowy handkerchief as the soldiers passed. Karl could not distinguish this person's features at so great a distance, but he thought he knew the dress, and he had no doubt that it was his charming Nephew, who was there to bid him a final good-by. So he gazed long at the form of the fair creature, and mentally exclaimed as his regiment filed down the ravine, and were out of sight: "God bless my dear Nephew, and return us in safety!"

The soldiers moved briskly on, and while Karl, as sergeant, accompanied the van, young Florento kept his place in the last section of the company in the extreme rear. Much of the time the several commands of the regiment were separated, occasionally for a mile or a league, as they journeyed on; and the young Italian did not get much acquainted, for a while, with any one out of his own immediate mess.

Thus matters went on, and for two months the march was kept up, by slow degrees, and without much serious interference, until it reached the vicinity (in the south of Italy) of a small town, then known as Bothne, where they halted

to await further orders from the commanding general in that section.

The country within five or six leagues of this rather insignificant place, had long been the theatre of Robino's operations, and the people there gladly hailed the presence of the French army, at least for a time, believing that they would thus be temporarily relieved from the impositions and oppressions of this bandit-tyrant, whose nefarious schemes had been so constantly winked at by the civil authorities. Robino was at this time absent, forty miles distant from Bothne, however, and knew nothing of the arrival of the French regiment within reach of what he had long nominally arrogated to himself as his precincts. The tents were pitched, however, and a season of rest and leisure was afforded the soldiers after their long march.

A few days after their arrival here, a young French artist, who had travelled through Italy, and was now en route for Marseilles, chanced to fall in with Karl, and finding him a very companionable fellow and a countryman, he treated him with considerable civility. He invited him one day to go with him a couple of leagues out of the town where the camp was located, for the purpose of examining some ancient ruins there, which were described to him by a friend who had preceded him, some years before, in a tour of study and observation through Italy.

To this the sergeant assented, and obtaining leave of absence, they set out upon their expedition on foot, calculating to return before sunset. As they passed the sentinel at the outer post, young Florento observed them, as he was standing at the moment near by when they gave the pass-word.

"Who are those?" inquired Florento, as the two young men moved away.

"One is Sergeant Pepper; the other a civilian, a friend of his."

"Where do they journey?"

"That I can't tell, boy. On a lark, probably; there's many a pretty-eyed demoiselle in the hills here, whom they can find out and frolic with when they will."

At this remark, the eyes of Florento sparkled a moment, and his cheek flushed; but the sentry did not notice it. The youth moved away, and soon after skulked quietly down behind the hill, and fell upon the track of the two travellers all unawares to them, however. They jogged on, and after two hours' walking, came to a sparsely-settled town, where they halted for refreshment; after which they turned aside from the more public way, and passed up to the north-west in search of the spot to which they had

been directed. They wandered on till after noon considerably, and Florento dogged their tracks closely, scarcely losing sight of them for a moment, and never exciting their suspicions by exposing himself to them; but still they did not find the place they sought. As night was approaching, they began to retrace their steps, disappointed with the result of their day's unsuccessful jaunt; but instead of falling into the path by which they had come, they struck upon another, which, after a few windings, turned off to the southwest, and led them every step they moved still farther from the camp! Before sunset, they had entirely lost their reckoning, and were forced to look about them for some place where they could tarry for the night.

By this time Florento had got to be rather weary, and desperately hungered, for he had fasted since morning. But a small inn soon hove in sight, and the two young adventurers—followed stealthily by Florento—entered the hotel for the night, glad enough to meet with any place that would afford them temporary shelter, and a prospect of something to eat and drink. Florento did not wait for compliments; but, being a native, and speaking the language readily, was soon supplied with a good supper of macaroni, fruit and white wine; after the disposal of which, he felt very vallant and immensely refreshed.

There occurred soon after their arrival at this inn, considerable stir about the premises, and four or five forbidding-looking rascals thrust their noses into the different rooms, as if their owners were in search of some party who had given them, or somebody else, offence. Florento observed this movement, especially, but the other two strangers—Karl and his friend—did not. They were too busy in discussing their wine to notice the business of other people, and they knew nothing of what seemed to be going on, until, on a sudden, the door of their room opened rashly, and a dark-visaged, rough-featured Italian entered, and said:

"Monsieur Ronge, I believe?"

The artist sprang up, and said:

"And what now?"

"Nothing; only I see that you recollect me. There is a little account, monsieur, as yet unsettled between us, you may also remember—eh?" added the rude stranger.

"This is not the place for you to assail me, and I will answer no questions *here*," said the artist.

"We shall see, monsieur! I have dogged you, as I told you I would, for seven weeks. I have found you where your friends are not so

plenty as they were when last we met, and you will now pay for your mistake on that occasion with your head, monsieur!"

"The laws—"

"Fehaw!" said the other, quickly, "save your breath; you will want it before to-morrow night. You must now go with me."

"Whither?"

"Before the date. He will conclude your business at once. I arrest you as a spy. If your friend here interferes, he shall join you directly. You will be shot, or strangled, within four-and-twenty hours after I prefer my charges against you! How do you like that? Come, monsieur, move!"

Six or eight strong, well-armed men entered at the stamp of the ruffian's foot, and the artist was instantly platoned. Karl was astounded, and did not know how to act. His newly-made friend had plainly been guilty of some overt act that had thus brought such sudden vengeance upon his head, and he could scarcely believe that aught but merited punishment could possibly have prompted this apparent mission of the law to have acted thus summarily. Poor Karl did not then know who this man was, and he was but imperfectly acquainted with the habits and the iniquity that then prevailed in southern Italy.

Felix Ronge was torn away rudely, before a word could be spoken in his behalf, and Karl was left behind to discharge the inn bill. When he came out into the public room, he learned from the host that this pretended "official," who had thus ruthlessly seized upon his artist-acquaintance, was the redoubtable *Robino*, who, it afterwards turned out, had robbed the French painter some months before, and who, in return, had caused the bandit's arrest, subsequently. On that occasion, however, Robino brought fifteen men—all his own hirelings—to swear that the signor Robino was with them (at the time of the assault upon the artist) sixty miles away from the spot where he had been robbed! Of course, he was instantly cleared, but he swore vengeance on poor Ronge, for thus placing him in temporary peril. When the artist was found unwittingly within the precincts of Robino, the latter instantly resolved upon his destruction, for he could not forget an imaginary wrong against himself, and he could not forgive.

Might was right in that section of the country, at the period we write of. Robino had no character, no strength, no office, no power whatever, except what he caused to be accorded to him, directly or indirectly, through the fear he created among the weak by means of his villany

and known heartlessness. So, when poor Ronge was brought before the nominal agent of the pope, in the district where he was found and arrested by Robino, his trial and condemnation as a French spy was very summarily conducted. The bandit brought half a dozen of his own gang to swear to all the requisite facts for his conviction, and the artist was ordered to be shot on the following day. In vain were his protestations of innocence of any political knowledge of the state of affairs between the belligerent governments. In vain did he declare that he was but an humble artist, in search of certain rains, which he described as well as he could. Drawings and outlines of various spots in the vicinity were found upon him, sufficient, in the estimation of the pope's agent, to damn a score of spies! The unfortunate painter could not speak or understand the language but very indifferently; he was a Frenchman, clearly; Robino declared that he must die, and the nominal duke, who adjudged his case, put forth the fiat for his immediate execution.

Robino chuckled at the sentence, grinned a ghastly smile, as he finally passed the prisoner, when he left the "angust court" that had thus infamously condemned his innocent victim, and with his confederates in crimes, the triumphant villain left the unlucky artist in the hands of the merciless minions of Italian law.

This predicament, with certain death in prospect before him, before the setting of the succeeding day's sun—was a vastly interesting dilemma for Felix Ronge, the poor artist; who, five days previously, had confidently calculated to be on his final return home within a week—after his long and arduous professional tour through Switzerland and Italy. He was instantly dragged to prison and incarcerated in a dungeon, where he held communication with no one, except his keepers, for the next twelve hours!

In the mean time Karl had not been idle. He was an officer in the French army, though his undress uniform, had, up to this time been covered with a blouse that concealed his rank. Half an hour after Ronge had been torn away from the inn, on the evening after they arrived, a young man came into the apartment where he sat, moodily thinking over what plan he could devise to save his artist friend—and addressed him in very bad French. This youth was Florento Deciani, who had followed the two travellers since morn'g, as we have already seen.

"Monsieur is troubled," remarked the boy, in a tone of unaffected sympathy. "I am an Italian—haply, I can be of service to monsieur."

"No," said Karl, "the Italians cannot now be the friends of Frenchmen—we are enemies."

"Not all of us, monsieur. The emperor will give us liberty, and the people of Italy will live to bless the French hero and statesman."

Karl looked upon the youthful speaker, and by the dim light in his little room saw that he appeared frank and honest. He wore a handsome black moustache and heavy whiskers, his skin was dark, and his eye fiery and brilliant. He would trust him, he thought at length, and after a moment's hesitation, he replied:

"You speak fairly, and can aid us—since you are a native—undoubtedly, if you will."

"Try me, monsieur. I give you my honor that I will act faithfully with your directions."

"Good, then!" exclaimed Karl, as a thought struck him. "Can you find this man Robino, who has borne away my friend to-night?"

"Easily, monsieur."

"Lose no time about it, then. He is a villain, and for the chance to destroy an officer of the French army, he will give up and free my companion."

"What would you do?"

"I will offer myself in exchange for Ronge. Go to Robino, tell him that you will place me in his power, if he will consent to release the artist; and my arrest will be a much prouder feather for his cap than the sacrifice of a poor penniless citizen, who is too humble to be of any consequence to anybody here, dead or alive."

"And you will be shot or hung in the place of this young stranger!" exclaimed Florento.

"No, no, there is no fear of that, signor."

"What then?"

"See here," returned Karl, opening his blouse, that had been buttoned closely to the throat up to this moment, "you observe that I am not deceiving you. I am an officer in the French army, and if you follow my directions implicitly—as you have volunteered to do, all will go right."

"But I must know your plan, first," insisted Florento, determinately.

"Very well, then, listen. You will search out this Robino, give him the cue as I have proposed, and we will agree upon a spot—out of harm's way, in case he should refuse your proposal, and attempt to arrest me without his assurance to release my friend—where you may immediately conduct him to find me. The artist will thus be free, and will very quickly make his escape, I warrant. There will be a day or two's delay, before any summary process will follow in respect to me, and do you think the French regiment, now within five or six leagues of us, will not be likely to rescue me from harm?"

"But this is too risky, by far, monsieur."

"Not at all. I am resolved on this. If you will undertake to aid me, you shall be amply rewarded; if not, I will instantly make this proposal in person to the civil authorities, here. No time is to be lost. You shall be the messenger, do you see, to the colonel of my regiment, announcing to him the fact that I have been trapped by the treachery of this villain—who is not aware of the presence of a portion of the French forces so near his tracks; do you observe? I will risk the result. We cannot fail, my friend will be set at liberty, and I shall surely be rescued."

"And if not?" said the youth, doubtfully.

"You are wasting time in foolish questions, and my friend is in peril," said Karl, uneasily. "Will you proceed, or shall I go in person to save him?"

"No, no. I will join you in the scheme you propose."

A place was pointed out by Florento where he would meet him in company with Robino—at midnight—if he succeeded with that scoundrel, and they parted at once. While Karl was left to reflect upon the chances before him, and to prepare a letter to the colonel of his regiment, which had been agreed upon between him and Florento, announcing to him his peril, and asking his instant aid in such manner as he might think advisable, under the circumstances, Florento started off under the landlord's direction, to find Robino, or the officials, to present the proposal of Karl for his friend's release.

The bandit Robino was found within two hours; and after a few minutes' reflection, he assented, with a good deal of apparent satisfaction to the offer of exchanging the person of the insignificant painter for that of a live French officer; and he instantly gave his promise that Ronge—who was to have been shot the next evening, should be released immediately, upon the hiding-place of Karl being made known to him. He also went with Florento to the nominal judge "duke," and that functionary agreed, too, that Robino's plan should be accepted, and that the painter should be set at liberty as soon as the sergeant reached Ronge's prison-house.

In good spirits at the success of Karl's plan, thus far, but nevertheless doubtful and fearing the ultimate result of the scheme, Florento hurried back to the sergeant,—after making his midnight appointment with Robino—and gave Karl all the information needful.

"Now, my young friend," said Karl, hurriedly, "secure a swift horse at your earliest convenience, and after I am in Robino's hands,

suffer no delay to occur until you place in the colonel's possession this letter, which will tell my story, briefly, and ensure my release within five hours after the document reaches him. *Comprenez vous?*"

"Yes, yes," responded the youth, and he quickly disappeared to obtain his horse for the coming midnight journey.

At the appointed hour, the French sergeant was conducted by Florento to the spot where the latter had agreed with Robino to deliver him up. He wore no blouse on this occasion, and his official rank was quickly discovered by the lynx-eyes of the bandit rascal, as Karl approached to fulfil his share of the murderous contract he had undertaken. He was roughly seized by Robino's men, and was as rudely borne away amid the darkness to the prison that had been prepared for him.

Florento saw the sergeant on his way to prison, and he immediately hastened to horse with Karl's letter to his colonel. Meanwhile, the young French officer was thrust into confinement. As soon as he reached the prison, he demanded the artist's release, but Robino and the papal officials laughed at his innocence!

"Did you not promise this?" asked Karl, deeply alarmed and chagrined at being thus overreached by the two scoundrels with whom he was dealing.

"This is not the place for you to ask questions," said the pope's agent, pointing to Karl's uniform. "You are a French officer; we do not often catch such fish in our nets, here! You are our prisoner. Your friend, of whom you speak, is doomed; he will be shot to-morrow noon. If you have any preparation to make, meantime, be about it, for your hours are numbered! You will die, with him, before the setting of another sun. Away with him!"

The order was quickly obeyed, and Karl Puffet found himself soon after within the four low walls of a miserably damp hole that was dignified with the name of a prison-cell—alone, and not in the best of spirits—while his companion of the morning, Felix Ronge, was just as near to being liberated as he was three hours previously, and no more so!

Florento knew nothing of all this. He could not afford to lose any time, otherwise he would have tarried a few minutes after delivering up Karl to Robino, to have greeted poor Ronge upon his providential escape from the clutches of those modern "Philistines." But it was well that he did not wait! Though he confidently supposed that the painter would very soon reach the camp in safety, after he performed his part

of the agreement, as he had. But neither Robino nor the "duke" had ever entertained the slightest idea of conforming to their promise; and, had Karl been a little better acquainted with the villains he was thus dealing with, he would have known better than to have trusted them! However—the painter mourned, Karl was angry but calm and hopeful—and Florento dashed into the French camp before daybreak with the following letter from Karl Pfeffer, addressed to the commander of the regiment to which he belonged:

"MY DEAR COLONEL:—I have no date for this, as it is written in a spot that I know nothing of. The bearer will point out the way hither, and I will only say that I am arrested and shall be shot or swung up, to-morrow, by the minions of Italian law, unless you rescue me!

"Time presses, and I can only add that if I am seasonably saved, I will explain all to my commander's satisfaction; but that it will be necessary to take instantaneous steps to relieve me, will be apparent to you, of course. Come, then, and at once, with a strong force, or I am lost! The messenger, who is a friendly Italian, will conduct you thither.

"Yours in trouble,

KARL PFEFFER, *Sergeant, etc., etc.*"

As soon as the colonel could read this missive, he demanded of the messenger, whom he did not recognize in his disguised attire and false hair, how far distant Karl then was, and learned that he was imprisoned about sixteen miles away; and briefly told him how the two young men had found their way into the place, how they had been taken by Robino, etc.

In a very brief space of time, an advance of fifty men were well mounted, and at sunrise, three hundred picked soldiers joined them. The detachment was headed by the lieutenant colonel of Karl's regiment, a daring and intrepid soldier, and, under conduct of Florento, they hastened forward to the rescue of their companions-in-arms.

No communication whatever had been permitted between the prisoners. Robino, with his gang, thirsting for the blood of the two defenceless victims of the robber's displeasure, were on the *qui vive* for the approaching execution, in which they were permitted to take a part—it having been ordered by the pretended "duke" that the two prisoners should be shot, at meridian, by a file of twenty Italian soldiers. The route back to the spot where they were imprisoned, was a tortuous one, and Florento was not

sure of his way. From this cause, considerable delay occurred, and it was almost noon before the French detachment came in sight of the place they sought.

A few minutes previous to their coming, Karl and his companion strongly pinioned, had been brought out from their cells, and were placed face to face for the first time since they had parted so suddenly on the previous night. Ronge was surprised to find Karl a prisoner also, but he soon learned that the fate of both, alike, had been determined on by their ferocious enemies.

Without entertaining the slightest suspicion that the French soldiery were within thirty leagues of the place where he then was, Robino was watching the proceedings that were passing prior to the contemplated sacrifice which he had been instrumental in thus bringing so nearly to a consummation, and his fiendish delight was most extravagantly evinced, in his miserable taunts and abuse of the doomed Frenchman, whose race he so supremely hated. While he was thus occupied, and the final arrangements were being made to dispose of the two prisoners, a cry of terror and astonishment ran through the motley crowd of lookers-on, as a company of mounted French soldiers suddenly bore in sight on the hill-top near by, and then came dashing down towards the spot, under conduct of the young Italian, Florento, whom Robino instantly recognized.

The bandit's guard of twenty men were instantly summoned to a stand for defence, by their leader, and the attendants of the nominal "duke," numbering as many more, were also ordered to fall into line. Down came the horse-men, however, with determined strides.

"Quick!" shouted Florento, madly rushing to the scene, "quick! if you value the life of your sergeant! See, he is pinioned yonder, and they are about to destroy him!"

"Forward, men!" yelled the intrepid lieutenant colonel; and, driving the rowels into the flanks of their horses, they quickly found themselves upon the plain, where the execution was arranged to have taken place within fifteen minutes.

"Frenchmen! they are Frenchmen!" screamed Robino, enraged at this turn in his prospects, and seeing by whom this attempted rescue had been planned. "Down with them! Forward, men, and show yourselves true and valiant followers of Robino, the bravo!" And thus speaking, he dashed upon the colonel, sword in hand, disabling his bridle arm with his first blow, and then madly rushing upon him and his followers, backed by his desperado and never-yielding companions in sin.

After a short quickly succeeded the onslaught, and the soldiers who were on foot, in the rear of the mounted men, hastened quickly forward, as they suddenly breasted the sound of discharged muskets and pistols.

Florento sprang to the side of Karl, and cut away the cords that bound his hands and arms. As soon as the sergeant was free, in the midst of the confusion that had occurred (and while the Italian "officials" were each man striving to take care of himself), Karl severed the bonds that bound the limbs of his late companion in misery; and the two prisoners sprang forward into the melee, with a hearty good will. The chances of this skirmish were unequal, because the Frenchmen were badly mounted, and their animals were totally unused to this sort of knock-down scene; while the bandits and their friends were all well armed and resolute men, who fought for their lives—every one of them—as they very well knew, on this occasion.

In his very choicest Italian, the renowned and redoubtable Robino cheered on his men, and violently cursed the French in general, and his present opponents in particular; but, above all, was his ire aroused at the apparent perfidy of young Florento, who was his countryman, and who had evidently joined issues with his French enemies. But this youth, though sufficiently brave and daring, and quite as deeply interested in the fate of Karl as any one could well be (as we shall ascertain in the sequel to our story), was more cunning than valiant, and he kept out of the reach of Robino's stalwart arm, fully aware of the peril he would encounter if the bandit could but reach him.

In the midst of the skirmish, the three hundred French soldiers mounted the hill, beheld the scene beyond them, and poured down upon the belligerents with resistless energy. Recognizing their companions, and selecting their opponents with care, after the first fire of the reserve, not a single enemy could be found,—the few who were not killed or mortally wounded having precipitately fled, upon the advance of the French soldiers in their rear.

Florento was entirely unharmed. Felix Monge, the artist, was cut up a little, and Karl showed a slight flesh wound or two, only. Five or six of the Frenchmen were badly hurt in the fight, and two were shot dead. Of the bandit band, eleven were killed outright, and seven or eight mortally wounded. Twenty-five prisoners were seized, and the day was won by the French, who overpowered the others in numbers and skill.

Quarters were provided for the wounded Frenchmen, and among the slain Robino was

found, terribly mutilated, the desperate villain having fought like a lion, to the last moment of his existence. The whole region of country rejoiced that they had thus opportunely been rid of this dreaded monster's presence, and the lieutenant colonel, after providing for his wounded, who were unable to join him, and according them a strong guard, for the time being, ordered the return march, and on the following evening re-entered the camp of the French, with his rescued companion in arms, his prisoners, Florento, and the artist.

Karl immediately presented himself at the tent of his colonel, to thank him for his promptness and kindness in his late dilemma, whereby his life had been saved.

"I am glad to see you safely returned," said his commander. "But you are quite as much indebted to your young Italian friend's exertions and alacrity for your escape, as to the efforts of our men. But for his timely notice of your captivity, our aid would have come to you too late; it seems, for I learn that you were just about to be shot, when the soldiery came in sight of you."

"Yes, colonel, I appreciate his services, too."

"Where is he?" inquired the commander, "and what is his name? He is an Italian and may otherwise serve us here, if he is so friendly."

"Yes, I had thought of that. He is a native, and knows the language; and the country well, I believe."

"Find him, and let me speak with him," said the commander. And Karl retired, after explaining his late adventure and its attending circumstances to the colonel's entire satisfaction.

But the Italian was gone! In vain they searched for him; and though the sentinels declared that no one had passed the outposts, the friend who had served Karl so faithfully and so well could nowhere be found. He had left,—unrewarded for his services, too,—and Karl was greatly disappointed that, as yet, he had not learned his name, even. The colonel had not recognized him at all, and none in the camp, save himself, was aware that the man who had thus aided the captive was none other than Florento Deciani, one of their own rear soldiers, in disguise.

The report that the messenger could not be found, was not satisfactory to the colonel, and a thorough search was subsequently instituted, but without farther present result. Karl had been wounded, though not seriously, and he began to think of home, of his loved Neophine, of the perils he must encounter in active service, and he would have retired from the army, if it were

possible. He had never before seen much hard usage, having been in the service at home, only, and from time to time; thus far, on duty in the provinces of his native land. While the colonel awaited some new development in the history of the late trouble (which he felt certain would sooner or later show itself), young Florento one day presented himself at his private quarters, and requested the favor of seeing the commander of the regiment—if he would permit it—*alone*.

Totally ignorant of what the youthful soldier had to communicate, but desirous, always, to gratify the wishes of those who served under him, the colonel assented to the proposal—the humble soldier was introduced to him, and they were left in private, together.

"You recollect me, colonel," said Florento, gaily, but respectfully, "do you not?"

"Yes, yes," responded the commander, glancing at the handsome youth. "You joined the regiment just as we were leaving home, I think;—you are Florento, eh?"

"The same, colonel;—only I am not Florento."

"You are, and you are not! How's this?"

"Well, I am duly enrolled in your regiment. I am a soldier for the nonce, but I have concluded to retire from the service. I have snuffed powder once, and that is enough for my nerves."

"How, and when?" asked the colonel.

"At the late skirmish;—I was a volunteer."

"I was not aware that you joined that expedition," continued the commanding officer.

"You saw the Italian messenger," said the youth, "he who first brought you information of Karl's arrest?"

"Yes."

"That was your humble servant," said the youth, pleasantly.

"Possible! What—disguised?"

"O, yes—for that occasion."

"And so you come here to confess yourself to me privately, to save trouble when you supposed I would have ferreted your secret out—eh?"

The bold young fellow laughed outright at this supposition of the colonel, and said:

"O, no—no! I am not so silly as that, I assure you, colonel. I have kept a more important secret than that, by far, from you,—and I do not come here on that account. Yet I have a secret which I wish to disclose to you, if you will treat it, Colonel Demais," continued the youth, seriously, "with the respect it will deserve at your hands."

The officer looked sharply at his visitor a moment, and said:

"Proceed, Florento—proceed."

"I have to inform you, colonel," continued the youth, in a lower tone, "that I am not what I have appeared to you to be from the moment that we first chanced to meet; but I will explain the cause of the deception, which has been so successful. I am a woman, colonel."

"What!" shouted the colonel, jumping from his seat.

"The affianced of Sergeant Poffer."

"What!" continued the commander.

"He would go to the wars, and I resolved to follow him. I enrolled with you. I have seen some hardship, but have never been suspected, and I have now done with military life. Karl has been wounded,—I come to ask for his discharge from the army. Will you grant this, and suffer us to return together to our home, where my father will provide for us in the future, I am sure, and where we may hereafter be happy?"

"A woman! Florento! The messenger who travelled so far to save the sergeant!" exclaimed the colonel, amazed, and exceedingly gratified with the romance of this affair. "In my regiment, too, and nobody knew aught of this? Does Karl send you hither?"

"No, colonel,—I assure you he knows no more of this affair than any other person in the camp, and, although I have constantly had the opportunity to keep my eye on him, he has never surmised that I have constantly been so near him."

"And you wish to obtain his unconditional discharge, you say?"

"Yes, colonel—if you will grant it."

"Be it so; then. I will see to it, at once."

"I have a surprise in store for him, too, if you will permit it."

"Yes—yes—anything you ask."

"I have earned my pay and rations, eh—colonel?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Furnish me with what is due me, and permit me to purchase female attire in the town hard by. Then send for Karl, give him his due and his discharge, and introduce me to him, in my proper habiliments, as the author of his release from the service."

"Capital!" said the colonel; "and I will add a purse of my own to your little store of gold, for your bravery and devotion."

The disguised Neophine disappeared, and four hours later she returned, with her female dresses, to the camp.

The sergeant was summoned to the colonel's tent,—Neophine was near by,—the commanding officer presented Karl with his discharge from further duty, and suddenly turning about, hand-

ed in the beautiful Italian girl, whom he presented formally to the released young officer, amidst his bewilderment and surprise.

Matters were quickly explained, however. Neophine declared to Karl that she could not see him leave her at home, and her love for him had tempted her to join his regiment and follow his fortune, as she had, in disguise. She had been instrumental in saving his life, she had obtained his honorable discharge, and now she desired him to go home, satisfied, as she was, with what they had seen of army life. To this he assented, and the lovers quietly departed, in company with the artist, for the north.

Ronge reached Marseilles in safety,—the lovers were soon after happily wedded,—Karl became a successful vine-dresser, subsequently, and his charming Neophine proved a dutiful and valuable wife to him in after years. Her own account of the part she took in the affair in which Karl came so near being disposed of, was very satisfactory to him; but she never took from him the credit that his own safety, and the escape of his friend Ronge, was the result, mainly, of the SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

SLEEVES AND SAUCE.

The most stupid and ugly fashions always last the longest. How many years the long dresses have swept the streets! For the last twelve months the bonnets have been flying off the head, and so, probably, they will continue for twelve more. However, the bonnets are simply ridiculous. As to long dresses, there is something to be said for them. They are convenient to aged ladies. They enable them to enjoy, without attracting remark, the comfort of list slippers and laced stockings and rollers for their poor old ankles. They render it possible for young ladies to wear balchers and high-lows, thereby avoiding damp feet, and to save washing, by making one pair of stockings last a week. So they will doubtless continue to be worn whilst the laws of fashion are dictated by a splay-footed beauty, or a lady troubled with bunions. But this kind of apology cannot be made for hanging sleeves. They are not only absurd, but inconvenient. They are always getting in the way, and the sauce, and the butter-boat. Your wife cannot help you to a potato across the table but she upsets her glass, and breaks it with her dangling sleeve. It may be said that your wife has no business to help potatoes—that there ought to be footmen in attendance for that purpose. Certainly; or else, she should not wear the sleeves. But ladies must, of course, follow the height of fashion, whether suitable to their circumstances or not. Could not the leaders of fashion, then, in pity to the less opulent classes, devise and sanction a kind of sleeves adapted to life in a cottage—whether near a wood or elsewhere—to be called cottage sleeves, and to be worn by the genteel cottager-classes without prejudice to their gentility.—*Punch*.

THE FROST ANGEL.

BY CALIE GREENE DUNN.

Something bright
Like silver light,
Purely and serenely white,
O'er my garden just went by;
And I ponder and I wonder
As I gazed with straining eye,
Where it passed mysteriously—
Can it be an angel, sent
On some great, divine intent,
From its native sky?

Now again, as white as snow,
Glowing like a thing celestial,
Where the garden flowers glow,
With a beauty half terrestrial
Passes that strange, mystic form,
With an outstretched, waving arm;
As it scatters far and wide,
Drops of white on every side;
As it stillly passes by,
On an air of mystery.

Through the moonbeam's glow, I see
Knees are their sweet borders drooping;
And like a nun at vesper hour,
The garden lily low is stooping.
And all the flowers most lowly bending,
Tell me that their days are ending;
And by a ray of fallen light,
I see upon them drops of white,
Beautiful and bright.

When next the morning light returning,
O'er eastern hills shall come a-burning,
Those flowers shall not again arise,
To greet the flushing of the skies,
For well I know that they are dying;
Beauty from their lips is flying:
And never more may they import
Their incense, pure and sweet;
For Death has thrown his sure-aimed dart
Into the rose and lily's heart,
And sprinkled round their feet,
His chill complete.

Now well I know, that form so white,
That crossed my flower-beds to-night,
Was the Frost Angel, who nips the flowers,
When ripe or in their bloom;
And spreads o'er vine-surrounded bowers,
The white veil of the tomb.

DR. YOUNG.

Whipple, the lecturer, says that Dr. Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, was in society a brisk, lively man; that his main theme in writing was the nothingness of worldly things, but that his favorite pursuit was rank and riches. From this and other illustrations which he cites, he concludes, that a man of letters is often a man of two natures—one a book nature, and the other a human nature: for Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table made of solid gold, with two millions of pounds let out at usury.—*Transcript*.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

BY FREDERICK J. KYLES.

There are spirits hovering round us,
Sent on messages of love;
Downward borne on silent plumes,
From the realms of light above.
There are spirits, kindred spirits,
And we bask in their smiles;
They were childhood's smiling playmates,
Friends they were of early years.

And we loved them, but they faded
From our sight, like flowers away;
Leaving sorrow in the circles
Of the happy and the gay.
Far away in realms immortal,
They are of the angel van;
Doves, with olive-palms of mercy,
For the troubled soul of man.

As they seem at times to whisper
When we think not they are near;
"We are happy, love each other,
For each other hope and fear."
And when earth grows dark around us,
Dark with night we know not of,
May we hearken for those spirits,
With their messages of love.

MARKED AND NUMBERED:

—OR,—

A CURE FOR THE OYSTER CHOLERA.

BY JINGO, JR.

HAVE you ever traversed the valley of the Merrimac, gentle reader? If not, you have missed a pleasant path in your travels, and let me advise you next summer to explore the banks of the giant motive power of New England—a stream worthy of praise, although formidably dammed from Lawrence, upwards.

Many a pleasant retreat will you find nestled among precipitous hills, overshadowed by majestic trees, and commanding fine views of the blue river near by, with the dim white mountains far in the background. But not a village, in my opinion, will begin to compare with Hamilton corner—mind, I said corner. Some fancy Hamiltonville, where the factories are—others, Hamilton depot, on the railroad—others, West Hamilton, where the new Nothingarian vestry is to be raised—others, Hamiltonia, where the young ladies' seminary is—and some even boast about Hamilton training-field, where Joe Jacques keeps post-office. Every one to their liking, as the old lady classically remarked, and I like Hamilton corner. Should you write me, friend reader, direct to the corner, or your epistle will go the

rounds like a Wandering Jew in the butcher's cart. But we at the corner always get our letters by the milk wagon, and have them put into an old cigar box in Colonel Israel Clark's store. The colonel is also landlord of the old stage-tavern, (besides being justice of the peace and school committee,) and greatly did the hearts of those of us who heard there rejoice when, returning from his fall visit to Boston, he brought a goodly bag of oysters!

"What?" said Squire Croctor, "oysters! Are not the bivalves promotive of cholera?"

"If you think so," tartly replied Col. Israel Clark, "don't eat none." Remember, gentle reader, there was no other hotel in any or all of the Hamiltons, so our landlord was not over obsequious.

"I have no desire to contract the pestilential epidemic," pompously responded Squire Croctor, "especially as it first deprives the patient of all powers of utterance." And then, with an air of offended majesty, he stalked to his seven by nine office, to regret his insinuation. He really had a love for the innocuous shell-fish.

What a crowd there was in the tavern barn the next night, and how quick Col. Israel Clark's corn was husked out! The like had never been known before, neither had oysters ever figured on a husking supper table. Valiant men, who had often visited Boston, conjectured how they (the oysters) would be served up, and one verdant youth wondered if they caught oysters with a hook. By way of punishment, he was made to bring two pails of new cider, which was soon quaffed.

The corn was in the cribs, the seed ears triced up, the nubbins in the hog-pen, and then all went in to supper. What piles of pies, what pans of doughnuts, what a glorious cheese, and then the oysters! Stewed in rich milk, they floated about, like happy islands on the sea of delight. But they soon disappeared, and when the women-folks and children came in afterwards, the sea of delight was dry, neither was an oyster islet visible.

Just as the huskers were starting to go home, up drove the agent of the Archimedean Remedy—the grand lever upon which all crises moved. He had been belated, but had retained his appetite, although he looked rather glum when he learned that there had been oysters.

"Never mind," said he, "I sha'n't find my tongue turning black, and have to take a bottle of the Archimedean—price fifty cents, with a liberal discount to the trade."

Now it happened that he had to room with Philip Brown, who keeps the candy store, and

about midnight such a row as Phil kicked up. He kept a kicking it up too, and soon his room was crowded.

"He's got the cholera—sure case," said the agent of the Archimedean remedy, "and I'm afraid he didn't wake me quick enough. When he did, I went to my wagon for a bottle of the remedy, and he's taken it. Just look at him. I call him 'case one,' and if he recovers, must have a certificate."

"Oh! boo! hoo! hoo!" blubbered Phil, as he lay rolling like a stuffed pig; "I'm a gone-er! Look at my tongue."

"There," exclaimed the agent. "It's as black as my hat. So much for oysters. Will any other gentleman try the remedy in time?"

Somehow, nearly every one of us just then had some twinges, and poor Phil roared the louder, large drops of perspiration streaming down his woeful face.

"Now's your time, gents. Here, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Brown!" said half a dozen in a breath.

"Mr. Brown is number one. Who'll be number two?"

Every one stepped forward, but we were waved back.

"Stop! I'll begin on the right. Here, Mr. Vial, you're number two. I must have a certificate from you when cured. Here's your medicine, the real panacea, cures everything, and only fifty cents, with a liberal discount to the trade."

It was not without exertion that I swallowed my spoonful of the nostrum, nor had I given back the spoon, when the delighted agent called:

"Next man! you're number three. Here is your balm of health, and remember—only fifty cents a bottle, with a liberal discount to the trade."

Feeling really quite indisposed, I retired to my own room, where my curiosity soon led me to inspect myself in the glass. To my horror I found my tongue swollen, and jet black. I was really a victim, and bewailed the hour when I tasted the infected bivalves. Returning to Phil Brown's room, I found half of the household assembled, and apparently in great distress. There was one exception, the agent, who rushed about from number one to the other numerals, but seemed to think his chances of certificates grew beautifully less.

"Where was Doctor Hartshorn?"

Alas, our messengers could not find him.—They did not know at the house whether he had been called to Hamiltonville, or to Hamilton training-field, or to Hamiltonia. Perhaps too he was gone to West Huckleberry, or to Sparta

Depot. Who could tell? But oh! how we suffered!

Day arrived at last, and soon after came the doctor. He looked wondrous wise, felt our pulses, from number one to number sixteen, but could not seem to make up an opinion. Meanwhile we awaited our fates with resignation, excepting Phil. Brown, who continued to cry.

"Really, gentlemen!"

How we hung on his words, as the fabled bees hang on the lips of the Athenian orator.

"Really, gentlemen, I see no signs of cholera."

"No signs of cholera!" shouted the indignant agent. "Look at their tongues, sir! Put out your tongues, gentlemen! Regular oyster cholera—but it has been mastered by the Archimedean Remedy—price fifty cents—with a liberal discount to the trade."

"Archimedean fiddlesticks," said the doctor, as he began to examine Phil's tongue, and then gazed around at our protruded organs of speech—all in sombre black. "But what can this be?"

"The regular oyster cholera," said the agent. "But there's Bill Hayne's wagon, as sure as I live. Why, how d'ye do, Bill?" he continued, as a slab-sided Yankee entered the room.

"Heow! That's a good one, arter I rid all night to catch yeou!"

"To catch me?"

"Sartin. Yeou hadn't more'n gone when the old man found he'd filled your bottles out of a kettle of—"

"Of what?" exclaimed the agent, sidling towards the door.

"Of what?" we all echoed, looking more uncomfortable than ever, while bewilderment was depicted upon the doctor's countenance.

"Why, indelible ink! that's what I trade in, and real good 'tis."

We looked at each other, then at the frightened agent, and then at the doctor. He, worthy soul, burst out into a hearty laugh, in which we finally joined.

"Really," said he at length, "new cider and oysters may have slightly disagreed with you, gentlemen, but your complaint is not as distinctly marked as the complainants are."

"Marked," exclaimed Phil. Brown, jumping from his bed, and fairly pushing the agent down stairs. "We're not only marked, but numbered."

Soon afterwards the gay equipage of the Archimedean Remedy vender left the village, followed by half of the boys, anxiously inquiring if his marks and numbers would wash out, and when he marked a lot, if he made a liberal discount.

But oysters, at Hamilton corner, are not regarded as unhealthy.

TO A STAR.

BY WILLIAM W. GRANDY.

Twinkling little orb of night,
In thy brilliant beauty bright,
Who can form a just decree
Of thy vast immensity?

Who can trace thy path at eve,
Through the distant vault of heaven?
Who thy beauty can compare,
Who compute the distance there?

Sparkle on, ye brilliant gem,
In your Maker's diadem;
Spread his wondrous power abroad,
Speak the majesty of God!

ATALISSA.

A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY G. PUTNAM UPTON.

In the year 1674, in which our story opens, there was for the first time for many years, universal peace between the white settlers and the various New England tribes. In 1671, Philip had concluded a peace with the governor of Plymouth; but from the date of this treaty until the breaking out of the Indian war in 1675, Philip was developing and maturing that mighty plan of a combination of all the New England tribes only equalled by the league of the Iroquois.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in the middle of September. The sunbeams, streaming through the intersecting boughs of the forest trees, shed their golden light upon a scene of surpassing beauty and wild sublimity. In the depths of the woods, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, a small party of Narragansetts had pitched their camp. The younger warriors of the tribe had departed upon their customary annual hunting expedition, and had entrusted the camp to the care of the old men, whose extreme age prevented them from joining the party. At the base of a huge overhanging rock, which cast its shadows far into the mysterious depths of the forest, they had erected their wigwams. The old men were lying upon the soft leaf-strewn turf, watching the innocent gambols of their children. Here and there, shaggy Indian dogs lay basking in the sun, ever and anon springing up with deep bay, as a hare chanced to pass near them, or a squirrel, merrily chattering overhead, leaped from branch to branch. Before the wigwam doors sat the Indian maidens, busily engaged in braiding mats and nets. From one of the wigwams, much more highly ornamented than the rest, stepped a maiden, bearing a rude

wooden bucket. As she blithely tripped over the ground, scarcely brushing the leaves aside with her elastic step, the old men watched her retreating footsteps with admiration, and the dark eyes of the maidens glistened with jealousy. Merrily Atalissa wended her way to a spring at some distance off, without a thought of fear or danger; now chasing a squirrel, now plucking a wild flower, and placing it like a gem in the midnight of her hair.

She was a maiden of about seventeen summers, with the mien and dignity of a queen, and a form of faultless symmetry. Her complexion was of a pure olive, and her hair, which fell in heavy, undulating masses around her graceful neck, was dark as the plumage of the raven. From early childhood she had been destined to become the bride of Wah-ne-ka, on the conditions of her father that he should procure a certain amount of furs, and that he should be able to show the scalp of a white man hanging from his girdle. He was now absent upon the expedition to fulfil the former portion of these conditions.

While Atalissa was bending forward, arranging and placing the flowers in her hair, which she had collected, the crystal water of the spring mirroring her beautiful face, she was startled by the crashing of some dry sticks near by, and the next instant a deer bounded by her from out the thick brush, the blood dripping from his dappled shoulder, and tossing his antlers in agony.

Hastily seizing her bucket, she hastened to return, ignorant who might be the pursuer. She had proceeded but a few rods, when she was met by a man dressed in the costume of a hunter. He was walking leisurely along, with his rifle slung across his arm, confident of the success of his shot. He was about six feet in height, and of a powerful massive frame. His dark moustache and haughty air proclaimed him at once to be a foreigner.

He belonged to a band of French traders, who had effected their purchases of furs, and were now on their journey back to Quebec. They had encamped about a mile from the Indian village, and Du Fras, for such was the hunter's name, had proceeded out from the camp in quest of game. At the first view of the hunter, Atalissa turned to flee; but the hunter was soon at her side, and laying his powerful hand upon her arm, he said:

"Whither away so fast, pretty maiden? I would not harm thee. Wilt thou not give me a draught from thy pail to quench my thirst, for yonder deer hath sadly fatigued me?"

With true Indian courtesy, Atalissa allowed

him to slake his thirst, and then again attempted to return, but the hunter again prevented her.

"Hold, maiden! Why hastest thou? Dost think I would harm thee? My rifle is unloaded, and I am no monster to devour thee. I would do thee nought but kindness. Return with me to the camp. Thou wast not born to bloom here, a solitary rose in the wilderness. Mon Dieu! thy beauty would grace even the proud court of France, and outshine all its peerless dames. Come with me, and I will protect thee. In sunny France shall be thy home. Its skies are blue and cloudless; its vine-clad hills teem with the grape, and its maidens are as beautiful as the morning. Among them shalt thou shine like the moon among the stars. Everything that thou canst desire shall surround thee. Dost accept my offer, beautiful one?"

"Atalissa is content to remain where she is," replied she. "Here my fathers were born. In these woods they chased the wild deer and built their wigwams, and here rest their ashes. Here from early childhood have I sported, and here will Atalissa die. White man, Atalissa is the bride of Wah-ne-ka. I have spoken. I would go!"

"But, Atalissa—"

"Away! what Atalissa says she cannot recall."

"Now, by our Lady, thou shalt go, proud beauty!" replied Du Prus, as his eyes glowed with anger at being thus repulsed by an Indian girl, whom he had deemed it an easy task to overcome.

Seizing her in his rude grasp, he was on the point of bearing her away, when a soft step was heard in the bushes, and the next instant a hand of iron was on his throat, and he was hurled headlong into the bushes. Rising hastily and seizing his rifle, he beheld before him an Indian warrior. Trembling with fear, he gazed upon that giant form before him. He was dressed in a richly ornamented buffalo robe. At his belt and from his leggings dangled the scalp-locks of slaughtered foes; his moccasins were of richly embroidered buck-skin, adorned with beads; his long black hair fell adown his back from beneath his head-dress of war-eagle plumes. From his belt were suspended his glittering tomahawk and scalping-knife.

"Dog of a pale face!" said he, in tones like the rumbling thunder, "were Philip not at peace with thee and thy accursed race, thy scalp should hang at my belt. Fight with warriors, not with women! Go to thy pale face companions, who in yonder camp are anxiously waiting thy return, and tell them thou hast seen Philip, and

that he has spared thy life. But venture not in my path again. It were death to thee! Go!"

Maddened with anger and mortification, Du Prus slunk away through the bushes, and hastened back to the camp. The traders were preparing their evening meal, for the sun was already casting its last lingering beams upon their tents. While some were busied in cooking the food, others were listlessly lounging upon the ground, smoking their pipes, and listening to the stories of one who seemed much older than the rest, and whose tales occasioned continued bursts of laughter. The angry glances and enraged spirit of Du Prus but ill accorded with this merry scene before him.

"What, ho! sir knight of the bear face," said the story-teller, "what ailoth thy visage? It is as long as a Puritan's. And where is thy game? Has some stray panther sent thy wits a wool-gathering, or hast thou heard a squirrel rustle a bush, and imagined a legion of Indian devils behind it? If we do not procure better hunters in future, we shall all starve. Should Mademoiselle La Brudiere cast her beautiful eye upon thee in this plight, thy chances would be small."

"Jest not with me, Mainon!" cried Du Prus, in angry tones. "I am not in the mood. I have seen that this afternoon which would shake even thy vaunted courage, and blanch thy brag-gart cheeks. A form upon which no man has yet looked without quailing; and hark ye, Mainon, if thou dost ever breathe the word La Brudiere again, thou doest it at the peril of thy life. You know me, and you know I never break my word to friend or foe. Mark well my words, Mainon!"

Thus saying, Du Prus entered his tent and prepared for the evening meal. No further allusion was made to the incident of the afternoon, for they all knew full well it was tampering with the lion to jest with Du Prus, while in his present mood. On the following day they struck their tents, and took up their march for Quebec.

In the meantime, Philip silently conducted the Indian girl back to the village. Upon their arrival they found everything in confusion. Alarmed at the long absence of Atalissa, the old warriors were preparing themselves to go out in search for her. But now their fears were changed into joy. Philip narrated to the father of Atalissa her danger and deliverance, and again relapsed into his thoughtful and taciturn mood. After a moment's pause, the old man spoke as follows:

"Philip! proud sachem of the Wampanoags, this is but the drop of rain to the storm which is blackening in the heavens, and soon will burst

upon us in a wild deluge of wrath. Many moons ago, I slept by the waters of the Great Lake, and fasted and called upon the Great Spirit. The panther and the wolf prowled around me, but I feared them not; the rain drenched me, I heeded it not. One night, amid the flash of lightning and the crash of the thunder, the Mahto came to me. He took the seal from mine eyes; he gave me the medicine bag. In the hunt, it hath shown me the buffalo; in the fight, it hath brought me the victory. Last night, in dreams, the spirit came to me again. 'Mahtopa,' said he, 'the days of thy tribe are numbered; the barks of the pale faces cross the great sea, and they outnumber the leaves of the forest; thy wigwams must burn, and thy children must die; and ere many moons the last of thy brethren must sing his death-song to the waves of the great sea in the far west!'

During these remarks, Philip sat like a marble statue. Not a muscle of his face moved; not a word escaped his lips, but the close observer might have seen in his dark piercing eyes, and firmly compressed lips, the daring determination and fixed resolve of despair. Slowly rising and taking a bow which lay near by, he fixed a shaft upon the sinew, and sent it whizzing through the air. At the same moment, a hawk was seen curvetting through the air, and finally fell at the feet of Philip, tearing and beating the earth with his wings and claws. Philip approached him, and placed the end of his bow near him. With all the fierceness of madness, and the energy of death, the hawk grappled the bow, and drove his claws into the wood. Philip, calmly pointing to the dying bird, and then to himself, vanished slowly into the depths of the dark forest.

A year has rapidly rolled away. During this time, Philip had been striving with all the prowess of his mighty mind to concentrate all the New England tribes into a single body, and to strike a last blow for Indian liberty. But his plans had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the whites. With dismay, and almost with despair, he beheld his fondly cherished scheme melting away like the snow-flake in the wave. The die was cast. Upon the 20th of June, 1675, Philip led forth his forces with the determination either to rid his country of the white intruders, or to perish by the graves of his sires. There had been no war for a long time with the English, and therefore numerous young warriors of the various tribes entered into his cause with the greatest ardor. Among them came the youthful Wah-ne-ka, burning with the desire to revenge the insult offered to Atalissa. He yearned to

perform such exploits as had been recounted to him by his sire. The time had now arrived, and his soul expanded in proportion to the vastness of his undertaking. Already he might have claimed the hand of Atalissa upon the conditions offered by her father, but he had sworn a solemn oath upon the grave of his sire that he would never take Atalissa as his bride until the scalp of Du Prus hung at his girdle, and he had every reason to suspect that Du Prus would join the English forces in order to obtain Atalissa.

Philip had encamped his forces near Mount Hope, and had left the women and children in a secluded spot near the Narragansett Bay, almost inaccessible to a stranger. Among them were Atalissa and her father. On the morning of the next day, the news was brought by an Indian runner that the English were fast approaching with a large force. Immediately everything was in confusion. The clenched tomahawks and fire-flashing eyes, showed that a spirit of vengeance was awakened which nought but blood could appease.

Philip immediately collected all his scattered warriors, and placed them secretly and skillfully in ambush, so that the spot a moment ago bustling with all the activity of life, seemed like a region of the dead. Carelessly the whites drew on, little dreaming that they were fast approaching in their careless haste, the edge of the precipice. Among them was Du Prus, who had joined the English forces with the hopes of meeting Atalissa.

Their first approach to the place of ambush was greeted by a shower of arrows, but not a human form was seen. All was as silent as the grave. The front ranks of the whites reeled and wavered for a moment, but again advanced. Again a cloud of arrows hurtled through the air, and from each tree and log, as if instinct with life, sprang an Indian. Then burst the wild war-whoop upon the air, causing the awful depths of the forest to resound, and was answered back by the shouts of defiance from the whites. A sheet of fire flashed from the musketry of the English, but it seemed to produce no effect upon the Indians. Fresh numbers supplied the place of the dead. Foremost among the combatants, rushed Wah-ne-ka, searching with his eagle eye for Du Prus. He seemed to bear a charmed life; his tomahawk was unstained with blood, and his scalping-knife yet slumbered in his belt. Unscathed he rushed here and there, seeking his enemy, but all in vain.

During the heat of the combat, Du Prus had stolen away unperceived, and under the guidance of a friendly Indian, whom he had bribed to aid

him, he proceeded to the spot where Atalissa was concealed. Cautiously creeping upon his bended knees through the secret passage, he arrived at a large overhanging rock, which overlooked the hidden retreat. After a lapse of a few moments, he espied Atalissa approaching the very spot where he lay concealed. As she was passing by, he sprang with the rapidity of lightning from his hiding-place, seized her in his powerful arms, and placing his hand over her mouth, hurriedly bore her away through the forest to the river shore.

In vain she struggled to free herself from the rude grasp of Du Prus. Seeing that escape for the present was hopeless, she resigned herself to her fate, hoping that Wah-ne-ka would soon discover her abduction, and hasten in pursuit of her. Unperceived by Du Prus, she threw down several shreds of cloth, which might serve as a guide to Wah-ne-ka. Now and then she broke off a twig, and now brushed aside the leaves with her feet, all of which signs she knew his quick eye would discover.

In this manner they proceeded until they reached the shore. Hastily springing into a canoe, near at hand, the Indian paddled them across with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Ha! my proud beauty," cried Du Prus, in exultant joy, "methinks I will tame thy obstinate soul now. Once I offered myself to thee; offered to take thee to France, and to surround thee with all which thou couldst desire and wealth could procure. You rejected me, scorned my offers, and preferred the low-born Wah-ne-ka to the wealthy and titled Du Prus. But now I'll bring thee to it. My love has flown, and hatred has supplied its place, and I'll make thee feel its effects. Thou mayst as well bid farewell to thy native hills, and thy red skinned lover, for by the holy rood, thou shalt never see them more!"

During these words, Atalissa sat calm and immovable, without deigning a reply. Her gaze wandered over the calm expanse of water, which the setting sun was tinging with gold, and she seemed engaged in deep meditation.

In the meantime, Wah-ne-ka had sought in every part of the field for Du Prus, but in vain. Many a foe he passed whom he might easily have sacrificed upon the altar of his vengeance; but he had vowed that no blood should stain his tomahawk save that of Du Prus.

Immediately the thought struck him, that he might have forced his way unseen to the hiding-place of Atalissa. The thought was parent to the action. With the speed of lightning he tra-

versed the forest, suspicion adding wings to his haste. But his search was fruitless. Carefully he examined the ground, and after a few moments' investigation, he discovered the trail. With the agility and fleetness of the hound, he pursued these marks, which the common observer would have passed without notice. The broken twigs and shreds of cloth, the leaves brushed aside, did not escape his quick eye. One hope filled his breast—to overtake Du Prus before he reached the river shore. With undiminished vigor he pressed on in the track of the fugitives until he stood upon the water's edge. The footsteps upon the moist sand immediately convinced him they had crossed the river. With rapid steps he advanced up the bank to a spot where a canoe was concealed in the bushes. It was the work of a moment to draw it out, and launch it; the next moment Wah-ne-ka was flying across the waves of the Narragansett in his birchen bark. Lastly he plied his paddle, his little canoe almost leaping from the waves at every stroke. His tightly compressed lips seemed to restrain for the time the spirit of vengeance which was raging in that lone Indian's breast. The distant screams and shouts of the contending forces fell all unheeded upon his ear. His eye beheld alone the altar of vengeance, and his hand longed to immolate its destined victim. In a few moments, the keel of his canoe grated the sands of the opposite shore. Hurriedly he traversed the beach until he again discovered the trail of the fugitives. With unwearied foot he followed it, straining every nerve to overtake them before night should set in, for the setting sun was already lighting up the forest with its farewell beams. The trail every moment became more and more manifest, and new manifestations disclosed themselves continually, which led him to believe they were not far distant. Taking therefore a circuitous route through the woods, and arriving at a spot which he knew they would be compelled to pass, he concealed himself behind a huge fallen oak, and awaited their arrival. Of a sudden he applied his ear to the ground, and again arose. Satisfied that they were approaching, he carefully examined the flint of his rifle, and loosened the tomahawk from his belt.

Carelessly Du Prus drew on, and with haste, hoping to reach a spot before dark at some distance off, where horses were awaiting. Scarcely had they passed the fallen oak, when the report of Wah-ne-ka's rifle rang through the air, and the Indian guide, with a scream of agony, leaped high in the air and fell to the earth a corpse. At the report of the rifle, Atalissa sprang from the

arms of Du Prus, and in a second, with a wild scream of vengeance, Wah-ne-ka was upon him. His tomahawk glistened an instant in the air, and the next was buried crashing into the skull of the infamous Du Prus.

With a cry of delight, Atalissa was about to spring into the arms of Wah-ne-ka, but he motioned her away, at the same time pointing to the lifeless form of the hunter. Slowly he drew his scalping-knife from his dark, thick locks, and the fatal steel circled the head of the dead Frenchman. The scalp of Du Prus hung at the girdle of Wah-ne-ka. His vow was fulfilled—his vengeance was appeased—Atalissa was returned to him as pure as the waters of the spring at which Du Prus had first surprised her.

Slowly the Indian maid and warrior traversed their way back through the forest. Silently they crossed the Narragansett, the moon showering with silver its rippling waves, illumining the immovable countenance of Wah-ne-ka, and the lovely features of Atalissa. When they reached the opposite shore, Wah-ne-ka listened with his ear to the ground, but all was silent save the distant howl of the ravening wolf. The strife was over; boldly he plunged through the woods, until he had reached the hiding-place of the Indians. They were seated around a huge fire, which cast a dull and lurid glare upon the objects around them. They had been victorious, as the scalps hanging here and there upon the wigwams denoted. Their entrance was greeted with a deafening shout, and before the echoes had died away she was in the arms of her father, Mahtopa. Taking the scalp of Du Prus from the belt of Wah-ne-ka, he hung it upon the wigwam of Atalissa, and then taking their hands in his own, he placed them together, and Atalissa was the bride of Wah-ne-ka.

SCOTCH PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Bannister used to tell a story of his having been introduced, with Mrs. Bannister, to an elderly lady of exceeding "high notions," not improbably, from circumstances, the prototype of Colman's Lady Lucretia M'Tab, for she was "plaguy proud and plaguy poor;" and a drop of noble blood in the veins of her visitors served to wash out every other stain they might have in their characters or escutcheons. After the presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day, who was present, "Who are the Bannisters?—are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairs." "O," said Lady Lucretia, "a very ancient family of Ayr-shire, dates back to 1460; I am delighted to see your friends."—*English Journal*.

To be valorous, is not always to be venturesome.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A very interesting historical discovery has just been made in the Museum of Arms, in the Palace of Hohenzollern, the property of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The marshal of the court, M. de Mayenfisch, remarked in the museum what appeared to be a door covered with plaster. He had the plaster removed, and found a wooden door; and behind that door was one of iron, fastened with four enormous locks. M. de Mayenfisch had the locks opened, an operation of great difficulty. The door being then flung open, a subterranean passage was discovered. This passage, between three and four hundred yards in length, was blocked up at the end with rubbish. The rubbish was removed, and a large chamber was exposed. On the walls, at certain intervals, were crucifixes, and figures of the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, all in wood, clumsily executed; also iron caps with spikes in the interior, heavy chains, pin-cers, and other instruments of torture. In the centre of the room were a huge stone table and ten seats surrounding it. On the table were a hammer; a plate with (in bas relief at the bottom), figures of the Virgin and of St. John the Baptist; five wooden balls, quite black with age; and an iron seal of the famous Vehmich tribunals. This seal, with the other things, makes it clear that the cavern was employed for the sittings of one of those secret courts of justice whose mysterious and terrible proceedings created profound terror in the middle ages, but served to keep in check the brutality of the oppressors of the people. Singular to relate, no other actual remains of any Vehmich tribunal have yet been discovered in Germany, though *many* have spent many weary years in making all manner of researches respecting them.—*London Globe*.

A FAIR RETORT.

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a laboring bricklayer was called as a witness. When he came to be sworn, his lordship said to him:

"Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."

"How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship, angrily.

"Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working-dress, and I'm come in mine."

CLEVER CHILDREN.

The anxiety to make clever children defeats itself; it spoils thousands who might be clever men. Not a few, and those the most promising—children, for example, like Hartley Coleridge—require to be positively kept back, not urged onward. In his pitiable case, it was not the predominance of fancy in his childhood, that was unhealthy, but the unboyish consciousness of self. Games at play with other boys would have been far better for him, than to sit listening with greedy ears to the philosophers of the lakes.—*North British Review*.

A MORNING REVERIE.

'Twas morning in a southern clime,
The sun had risen bright,
And chased away with eager step
The gloomy shades of night.
The sombre pall was now dissolved—
No shades still yet remained—
The golden rays of July's sun
Th' advent of day proclaimed.

A passing breeze now gently waves
Unto the scene of morn,
Where flowers bud and blossom gay
The landscape to adorn.
The lily's head is joyfully
Raised from its nightly couch,
Its fresh and blooming vigor now
Sweet-smelling odors vouch.

A fleecy cloud now rises from
The joyous western sky,
And pacing on with rapid strides
It mounts, then sinks to die.
Thus are our human hopes consumed,
Our early joys thus flow—
We rise, we mount, we grasp the prize,
And then we sink below.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE strange story I am about to relate owes nothing to imagination; it is told in a German work (*Interessante Anekdoten*) as a matter of actual history, and I have scarcely altered the language, without seeking to change a feature of the narrative.

In the spring of 1788, the Baron Conrad von Arnheim, a lieutenant in Czekler's hussars, marched from Miclos-Var, in Transylvania, at the head of a body of old troops and recruits, to join his regiment encamped in the environs of Orsova, and forming a part of the corps then operating against the Turks. They halted to rest and refresh the men and horses at a small village, not far from the lines of the army. After eating the best supper that money could procure, the baron lighted his meerschauin and strolled forth for an evening walk. Perceiving an unusual crowd about one of the bivouac fires, he drew near to see what was going on. The object of attraction was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed and black-haired Bohemian woman, dressed rather richly in a sort of half Oriental costume, who held the hand of a scarred and gray-haired veteran. She was telling his fortune.

"Son of the Danube," said she, "your days are numbered. Fire and steel have spared you thus far—but the bullet is cast that will cost you

the number of your mess. Ere three moons have waxed and waned, the horse and his rider will have parted company."

The old soldier turned away from the proph-
etess with a blank look.

"There wont be many of our troop left, lieutenant," said an old hussar, touching his cap to the baron, "if the woman speaks true. She has predicted the same fate to half a dozen of us."

"Who is she?" asked the baron.

"A *pivandiere*," replied the hussar. "Faith! she sells good wine and brandy they say—and gives credit sometimes, on good security. She never loses, I fancy—and then she turns a penny by telling fortunes."

"Who comes next for his fortune?" asked the Bohemian, glancing her brilliant, snake-like eyes round the assembly. "Who craves knowledge of the wise Zela?"

"That do I, mistress," said the baron, gaily, advancing and ungloving his hand. "I have no faith in your forebodings, though my fire-eaters seem so daunted by them."

The fortune-teller curiously scanned the lines on the baron's palm.

"The twentieth of August!" said she.

"The twentieth of August!" repeated the baron; "that's wonderfully explicit. What am I to make of that? I ask you for my fortune, and you reply—"

"The twentieth of August!" repeated the fortune-teller, dismissing him with a wave of her hand. "I tell no more fortunes to-night. But forget not the date—you will have occasion to remember it."

And with these words she turned into a tent where her merchandize was stored, and drew the canvass over the opening. The deep voice of the sorceress, her striking face, figure, and manner, the oracular laconism and mystery of her reply, contributed to fix her words on the count's memory, and mingling with his prayers that night, "the twentieth of August" seemed whispered by a busy demon.

In due time the count reached the army, whose fatigue and dangers he shared. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their leaders had set the price of a ducat on each head brought into camp, and spahis and janissaries neglected no opportunity of earning it. This arrangement was fatal to the Austrian outposts. There was scarcely a night that the Turks did not come in superior numbers to seek for heads, and their expeditions were conducted with such secrecy and promptitude that they rarely failed, and often, at daybreak, a portion of the camp was guarded only by decapitated

trunks. The Prince of Cobourg conceived the idea of sending every night strong pickets of cavalry outside the chain of videttes, to protect them. These pickets consisted of from one to two hundred men; but the Turkish generals, irritated at seeing their men disturbed in the wholesale and retail business they had engaged in, sent detachments yet more numerous against the infidel pickets, which yielded them a yet handsomer *per capita* return. The picket service, therefore, became of such a nature, that when a man was detailed for it, it was really worth his while to settle his little accounts, before setting his foot in the stirrup.

Matters were in this state in the month of August. A few skirmishes had not changed the position of the army. Eight days before the twentieth, our friend the baron was favored by a visit from the fortune-teller. He had frequently seen her, by the way, and purchased provisions of her, and though her manner was strangely haughty and repellant at first, still he had managed to overcome her reserve, and was on quite familiar terms with her.

"What now, Zela?" was his salutation.

"I come on a begging errand," said the vivandiere. "You are rich and I am poor."

"Nonsense," said the baron. "My sword is my only fortune. My purse is as light as my heart."

"Both are heavier than mine," replied the fortune-teller. "You can give me a trifle in your will."

"In my will! I have no thoughts of making it."

"You should do so," said the Bohemian, gravely. "The twentieth of August is near at hand."

"Ah! and what is to happen on the twentieth of August?"

"You are destined to fall on that day,—the stars have declared it."

"I shall cheat the stars, then," said the baron. "And I sha'n't make my will. You talk of your poverty, too. Don't I know you're making two hundred per cent., and turning your money every week, my good woman? Don't talk of your poverty to me. You say I shall be slain on the twentieth of August,—I maintain the contrary. Now an opinion is worth nothing if it isn't worth backing, and I'll bet you two of my best horses and fifty ducats against a hamper of Tokay wine, that I shall survive the twentieth of August."

"Agreed," said the Bohemian.

"We'll have it in writing," exclaimed the count; and he called in the auditor of the regiment, who happened to be passing. The bet

was recorded, amidst the laughter of the two Austrians, while the Bohemian looked on gravely, and then withdrew, with a stately reverence.

The twentieth of August came. There was no appearance of an engagement. It was the turn of the baron's regiment to furnish a picket for the night; but two of his comrades were on duty before him, and the baron was to pass the night in his tent. Evening came—the horses were saddled, the hussars mounted, and ready to march, when the regimental surgeon appeared on the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked the baron.

"Your friend, Max, who was detailed for the command, has been taken dangerously sick."

"Indeed! then Lieutenant Arnold takes command."

"He has just been apprised of it."

Lieutenant Arnold hastily dressed himself, buckled on his sabre, and prepared to mount. But no sooner was he in the saddle, than his horse, though ordinarily perfectly gentle and steady, began to rear and plunge violently. Every effort to calm and conquer him was fruitless, and he wound up his mad acts by flinging his rider and breaking his leg.

"It is your turn now, baron," said the surgeon.

"There is a fatality in this," thought the baron, as he armed himself. "That cursed fortune-teller!" And, though brave as steel, it must be confessed that he mounted his horse and put himself at the head of his men in a frame of mind far different from his ordinary mood.

The night was chill and starless. The baron commanded eighty men, who were joined by a hundred and twenty from another regiment, which brought the complement up to two hundred, all told. The detachment took post a thousand paces in advance of the line of the right wing, and rested on a marsh filled with very tall reeds. There were no sentinels in front, but not a man left his saddle. The carbineers sat with their pieces unslung at full cock, and the hussars with drawn sabres, to guard against surprise. All was quiet till about a quarter of two o'clock, and the baron was beginning to think that the night would pass over without an attack, when a sudden shout of "Allah! il Allah!" burst on the silence, and in one minute all the horses in the front rank were hurled to the ground, either by pistol shots, fired at point blank, or the shock of seven or eight hundred Turkish horse, as

"Bending to battle
O'er each high saddle-bow,
With the sword of Allah
They swept down the foe."

On their side, at least an equal number fell, either from the impetuosity of their own charge, or the deadly fire of the Austrian carbines. But they knew the ground; and the Austrians were enveloped and cut to pieces. Sabre-strokes flew thick and fast—fire-arms were discharged at random—it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The baron received no fewer than eight sabre-strokes in the melee, both from the Turks and from his own men; his horse, severely wounded, fell with him, rolled over on his right leg and nailed him to the spot. The flashes of the Turkish pistols lit up at intervals the scene of strife and butchery.

The baron raised his eyes, and saw his brave hussars defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, drunk with opium, made a horrible massacre. In a few minutes not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized on the few horses that had escaped unhurt, first plundered the dead and wounded, and afterwards began to cut off their heads and stow them away in sacks they had brought expressly for the purpose. The baron's situation was by no means an enviable one. In Czekler's corps they almost all knew the Turkish language. The baron heard the ruffians encourage each other to make an end before succor arrived, and not to leave a ducat behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. He knew by this that they were perfectly well informed as to the strength of the picket.

While balls were whistling overhead, the baron's horse received a shot which caused him to make a convulsive movement, and enabled his rider to extricate his leg. He then conceived the idea of throwing himself, if possible, into the marsh, and thus escaping the fate of his command. He had seen several of his men who attempted this manoeuvre taken, but the fire had slackened greatly now, and the darkness inspired him with hope. He had only twenty paces to traverse, but there was the danger of sinking. Still he sprang over men and horses, overturning more than one Turk. Arms were extended to seize him, and sabre-strokes dealt at him, but his good star, and his youthful activity enabled him to gain the marsh. At first he sank only up to his knees—he toiled on a little farther, and then stopped, exhausted by fatigue. He heard one Turk exclaim, "An infidel has escaped! Let us seek for him." Other voices answered: "It is impossible to do so in the marsh." After this a dead silence ensued. The blood he had lost caused the baron to fall into a state of insensibility which lasted several hours. When he came to himself, the sun was high up in the heavens.

He had sunk up to his hips in the marsh. His hair stood erect upon his head, when he recalled the fearful images of the past night, and the "twentieth of August" was first among his thoughts. He counted his wounds,—they were eight in number, but not one of them was dangerous. They were sabre-strokes on breast, back and arms. As the nights were very fresh in that region, he had worn his furred pelisse, and its thickness, as well as its silk lining, had deadened the blows. Still he was in a very weak condition. He listened attentively. The Turks had long since departed. From time to time the moans of wounded horses were wafted to him from the field of battle,—as for his men, the Turks had taken care of them.

The baron began to think of extricating himself from the place in which he was, but he was so much exhausted by the loss of blood, that it was a whole hour before he stood upon firm ground. Though war had deadened his sensibility, still, alone as he was, it was not without a sensation of fear that he emerged from the reeds, and looked cautiously about him. He advanced slowly, his eyes resting on the field of death; but who could depict his fright, when he found himself suddenly seized by the arm. He turned and beheld a gigantic Arnaout, six feet high, who had returned, doubtless, in the hope of finding something valuable to reward his trouble. Never was hope more cruelly deceived, yet the baron addressed his captor in the Turkish language.

"Take my watch, my money, my uniform,—but spare my life!"

"All that belongs to me, and your head, too!" replied the savage giant.

And with that he unfastened the chin-strap of the baron's hussar cap, and then proceeded to untie his cravat. The baron was sinking with weakness, and had no weapon. At the slightest movement of resistance, his enemy would have sheathed his broad cutlass in his bosom. Yet he clung to the Arnaout by the waist, and continued to implore him, while he was baring his throat.

"Take pity on me. My family is rich. Make me your prisoner—you will earn a large ransom."

"I should have to wait too long for my money," replied the ruffian. "Only hold still for me to cut." And he removed the baron's shirt-pin.

Still the baron clung to him, and he did not seek to free himself from the clasp, doubtless because he relied upon his strength and his arms, and perhaps because he experienced a

slight emotion of pity, though not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat.

As he was removing the pin, Conrad felt something hard in his belt,—it was an iron hammer. He kept repeating "Keep quiet!" and these were doubtless the last words the baron would have heard, if the dread of a death so horrible had not inspired him to seize upon the hammer. The Arnaut paid no attention to it. He was already holding the baron's head in one hand, and his cutlass in the other, when his intended victim suddenly jerked himself free, and, without losing an instant, dealt a blow with all his force in the forehead of his antagonist. The hammer was heavy, and the aim sure. The Arnaut reeled—the baron repeated the blow—he went down, and as he fell his cutlass escaped his grasp. It is unnecessary to add that the baron seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. Free!—saved!—the soldier ran to the Austrian outposts, whose arms were glittering in the morning sun, that had never seemed so bright and glorious to him before, and succeeded in reaching the camp. The soldiers fled, as from a ghost. The same day he was attacked by a raging fever, and carried to the hospital.

At the end of six weeks he was cured of his fever and his wounds, and returned to the army. On his arrival the Bohemian gipsy brought him the basket of Tokay she had lost, and congratulated him on his miraculous escape from death. The baron learned from his comrades that, during his absence, she had predicted a great many occurrences, all of which had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and this had brought her a great many consultations and numerous bequests. The whole affair was strange and inexplicable, and shook the skepticism of the most incredulous.

In the meanwhile, there came to them from the enemy's lines, two Servian Christians, who had been employed in the baggage train of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment with which they had been threatened. As soon as they saw the Bohemian prophetess, they recognized her, and declared that she often came to the Turkish camp in the night, to render an account of the movements of their enemies. This surprised the Austrians very much, for they had often availed themselves of this woman's services, and had admired the dexterity with which she had executed the most perilous commissions. But the deserters persisted in their statement, and added that they had been present on several occasions, when this woman was describing the Austrian positions to the Turks, unfolding their projects, and urging them

to make the attacks which took place. A Turkish cipher served her as a passport. This convincing proof was found upon her, and she was sentenced to die as a spy.

Before her execution, the baron questioned her about the fortune she had predicted to him. She confessed that, by means of playing the spy to both parties, she had often learned what was undertaken on both sides; that those who secretly consulted her about their horoscopes had confided to her many things, and that she also trusted a good deal to guess work. As to what concerned the baron particularly, she had selected him as a striking example, to strengthen her authority, fixing the fatal period a long while before hand. At the approach of the time, she had excited the enemy to make an attack on the post of his regiment on the twentieth of August. Her relations with the officers enabled her to discover that there were two on the list before the baron. To one of them she sold drugged wine, that caused his sickness, and getting near the other to sell him something, just as he had mounded, she contrived to thrust a piece of burning tinder into the horse's nostrils, which rendered him furious and unmanageable. This was the whole secret of her foreknowledge. Her punishment was the halter. She went to the gallows with a bold, impetuous, and defiant air, leaving not a relative behind her to moan the death of the gipsy spy.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF SMOKE.

A writer in the London Times argues in favor of the sanitary effects of smoke. He says that smoke, being nothing more than minute flakes of carbon or charcoal, the carbon in such a state is like so many atoms of sponge, ready to absorb any of the life-destroying gases with which it may come in contact. In all the busy haunts of men the surrounding air is, to a certain extent, rendered pernicious by their excretions, from which invisible gaseous matter arises, such as phosphuretted and sulphuretted hydrogen, oxygen and ammoniacal compounds, well-known by their intolerable odor. Now, the blacks of smoke (that is, the carbon), absorb and retain these matters to a wonderful extent. Every hundred-weight of smoke probably absorbs twenty hundred-weight of the poisonous gases emanating from the sewers and from the various works where animal substances are under manipulation.

Trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

O, it seems to me but yesternight
 When the stars were brightly gleaming,
 And the pale moon's soft and silvery light
 Was so mildly, gently beaming;
 And pure hearts deemed that an angel's smile
 But glowed in the dome above them,
 To tell by its winning glance, the while,
 How dear was its joy to love them.

And nature lovingly lay at rest,
 With the soft light o'er it glowing,
 While the night-dew sought its quiet breast,
 A fresher life bestowing;
 That a being bright, more radiant far
 Than the pearly dew of even,
 Or silvery moon and gleaming star,
 To my eager heart was given.

And joy and hope came clustering there,
 Like softest music stealing,
 Within the charmed and voiceless air,
 A holler bliss revealing.
 Yet joy, that came as the flowers in spring,
 To-day its rich buds unfolding,
 The morrow gave but a withered thing
 For the stricken heart's beholding.

But the sweetest joy it gave to me,
 And the hope that cheers my sorrow,
 Though beaming to-day so bright and free,
 And vanished on the morrow—
 Will memory, in my lone soul,
 With that holy love-light cherish;
 For never, till seasons cease to roll,
 Can the lost one's image perish.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"THE children are very late this afternoon," exclaimed Mrs. Ashby, as she suddenly arose from her work and looked anxiously from the window.

"Only ten minutes past the usual time, Lucy," replied her sister, to whom the remark was addressed.

"But they are not in sight, Mary, and I can see for a long distance in the direction of the school house. I hope no accident has befallen them."

"No danger of that, Lucy. It is a direct road, and Willie is a brave lad, and well able to protect both himself and his sister."

"Still there are a thousand things which might happen to them. Willie is very thoughtless. I cannot help feeling anxious at their delay."

Mrs. Ashby resumed her sewing; but it was with a troubled countenance, and in a few moments she again threw it aside and returned to her station at the window.

"Twenty minutes past the time," she presently exclaimed. "This will never answer. I must go to meet them, Mary."

"You are not well enough, Lucy. Think how ill you were yesterday, and you are still feeble. If you are really anxious concerning the children, I will go myself, although I doubt not they will be here directly."

"You do not know a mother's heart, Mary. I must go at once. They may have been run over by some passing vehicle."

This idea, although an exceedingly improbable one, seemed like reality the moment it entered Mrs. Ashby's imagination; and hastily throwing on her hat and shawl, she walked with rapid steps towards the school house. Contrary to her expectation, she did not meet the children on the way; but as she came in sight of the little seminary of learning, a noisy group issued from it, among whom she soon recognized her two darlings. They came bounding toward her with joyful shouts of welcome.

"And why were you kept in so late?" asked the relieved mother, as soon as her voice could be heard.

"Mother, I forgot to tell you," replied Willie, "that school begins an hour later in the afternoon than it did, and so we cannot come home so early as we used to. But it will give us more time to eat our dinners, and I shall like that better."

A rapid walk of half a mile in Mrs. Ashby's present state of health, was quite too much for her. It was with great difficulty that she retraced her steps, and upon reaching home she was quite unable to sit up for the rest of the evening.

Sister Mary looked concerned, and wished she could have persuaded her to have remained at home; and her husband was evidently disappointed that she was not able to meet him at the tea-table, and said, with some vexation of spirit, that he "wished Lucy would give up borrowing trouble. It would come fast enough without looking for it." But Lucy would not give it up. It was a part of her very nature. Blessed with a comfortable home, a kind husband, intelligent and well-disposed children, and being herself of an affectionate and amiable disposition, there seemed nothing wanting to ensure her happiness.

But the constant inclination to borrow trouble was a dark cloud upon her clear sky. Perhaps Mrs. Ashby had not read the fable of the pendulum, or if she had, she must have passed over the moral with little attention, as we ourselves have too often done in by-gone days.

She had surely never learned that one moment must not be burdened with the trials of the next. The spirit would often faint from anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, which may be comprised in a single day. But this is unjustly laying the weight of many thousand moments upon one. "One moment comes laden with its own little burdens, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if one could be borne, so can another and another.

But as we have said above, Mrs. Ashby lived not in the present, but in the future. Trifles light as air,—imperceptible to human vision,—magnified themselves in the distance, and awakened dread and consternation. Her sister, who had resided with her since her marriage, was of a far more hopeful and joyous temperament, and her cheerfulness frequently diffused sunshine throughout the little family, when but for her, all would have been wrapped in clouds.

Let us forget the restraints of ceremony, and invite ourselves to pass a social day with Mrs. Ashby, introducing ourselves even into her sleeping room at an early hour one bright September morning. The blind had been left partially open the evening previous, and the light of the morning sun streamed somewhat too brightly into the pleasant apartment.

Awaking suddenly from her morning dreams, Mrs. Ashby uttered an exclamation of dismay, and shaking her still sleeping husband, endeavored to arouse him by representations of the lateness of the hour.

"No later than usual, I think, Lucy," was his quiet reply, as he proceeded to rise in a very leisurely manner.

"No later! Why, William, do you not see the sun? We must be half an hour behind the time, and you know you have important business to attend to this morning, and must leave early."

"Very true; but I think we are in time. Look at the watch."

"The watch has run down. I will go to the clock when I have finished dressing. But do hurry, William, for I assure you I am right."

Mrs. Ashby's toilet was but half completed when she became alarmed lest the girl should have overslept herself, and that no breakfast would await them.

"No fear of that," replied her husband. "Ann is always up bright and early. Breakfast will be on the table the moment we are ready for it."

"I hope so; but it is wonderfully still down stairs. And sister Mary, can she be sleeping still? She generally comes to assist me with the children, but they are not awake yet."

"All of which proves that I am right in supposing it to be no later than usual," remarked Mr. Ashby, smilingly.

"We shall see. You had better lose no time," was the reply.

Before Mrs. Ashby was quite dressed, one of the younger children awoke and claimed her attention, and she could not run down to look at the clock as she had intended. For the next half hour she was constantly employed, and constantly in a state of nervous agitation lest they were too late. At the end of that time her sister tapped at the door, and obeyed the summons to "come in."

"The children dressed already!" exclaimed she. You are smart this morning, Lucy. Only half-past six yet."

"Only half-past six! And I have hurried my life out for nothing. William wanted to have breakfast at seven, precisely, and I was so afraid we should be late. I declare I am all in a tremble."

"Lie down then for a few minutes, and I will take the babies down stairs."

"O, no, I must see if Willie and Clara are ready. I neglected to attend to their morning lessons yesterday afternoon, and I fear they will not be prepared for school."

"I saw the children studying while you were engaged with your company," replied her sister, as she left the room with the little ones.

"It does not do much good for them to study unless they have some one to direct them," thought Mrs. Ashby, as she passed hastily to Willie's room. "I do hope they will not lose their places in the class."

Willie's bed was vacant, and pleasant voices were heard in the garden. The mother peeped from the open window, and was re-assured as she saw him seated by his sister's side in the little arbor with his book in his hand.

"They are good children," she said to herself. The thought was a comforting one; but new anxieties were awakened by a glance into the kitchen. Ann was just slicing the ham.

"Ham not boiled yet! Why, Ann, did I not tell you that Mr. Ashby wanted his breakfast earlier than usual?"

"Yes, ma'am. You bade me have it ready at seven o'clock. It wants a quarter yet."

"You will be late, Ann."

"Not a minute, ma'am. Trust me for that."

Precisely as the clock struck appeared the nicely boiled ham and the dish of smoking bologna, and the family gathered around the table. Nothing had gone wrong. All was as it should be. And yet poor Mrs. Ashby was actually un-

fitted for the duties of the day by the nervous anxiety which she had indulged, lest they should not be punctual to the appointed hour. A cloud was upon the brow which should have worn the serene cheerfulness of a happy wife and mother, and ere the meal was ended, it had spread itself more or less over the little circle, and a gloom, for which it would have been difficult to account, was felt by all. Breakfast over, lessons well recited, and children sent to school, Mrs. Ashby with a mind much relieved, took her accustomed seat in the nursery; and while busy with her needle, superintended the sports of the two little ones who remained at home.

Her sister joined her after performing some domestic duties which devolved upon her.

For a while all was cheerfulness and contentment; but anxiety was soon awakened by the flushed countenance of the youngest child, as she came to her mother's side, and said, appealingly, "Put away work, mama, and take little Manny. Sick, mama, sick."

"My darling child," exclaimed the alarmed mother, as she hastily took the little one in her arms. "What can be the matter with her, Mary? See how feverish she looks."

"Her face is flushed, but her skin is cool," replied her sister. "I do not believe she is much sick. She has been running and jumping too long while we were busy talking, and now she needs rest."

"But I am afraid of scarlet fever, Mary. There have been two cases in the neighborhood lately. It is a dreadful disease," and Mrs. Ashby shuddered as she spoke, as if she already beheld her child a victim to it.

"Do not think of it, Lucy. There is not the slightest symptom of that complaint. Your agitation distresses the child. Be calm, and she will soon fall asleep."

Mrs. Ashby made an effort to follow her sister's advice, and the little pet was soon sleeping quietly in her cradle. The red spot had faded from her cheek, but even this could not allay the fears which had been awakened.

Every few moments the mother would bend anxiously over her, feel of her pulse, listen to her breathing, and endeavor to detect any symptoms of approaching disease.

In vain her sister endeavored to re-assure her. It was not till the little slumberer awoke, apparently in perfect health, that the sunshine of the spirit was restored, and then, alas, it was too quickly obscured by clouds.

Mr. Ashby was late at dinner. This was in itself a most alarming and unusual occurrence, for he was the most punctual of men; but when to

this was added the fact that he gave no reason for his detention, and appeared thoughtful and abstracted during the whole meal, it was no wonder that a thousand fears were awakened in the mind of his poor wife. Previous to his arrival, she had pictured to herself pressing difficulties in his business, sudden illness, and other unlucky occurrences, which served to torment her excited imagination. In answer to her anxious inquiries, he had assured her that he was quite well,—that nothing unpleasant had happened, and so forth and so forth; but after he had again left the house, the remembrance of his thoughtful and somewhat peculiar manner was sufficient to keep alive her apprehensions, especially when she recalled a whispered request at parting, that she would put the children to bed in good season, as he wished to have a little quiet talk with her in the evening.

It was very evident that something unusual had taken place, and in order to fortify her mind for the worst, Mrs. Ashby gave full scope to her imagination, and prepared herself to meet with the most unheard of misfortunes. They had never been wealthy, but her husband's business had ensured every comfort, and of late it had seemed to be increasing; but now she doubted not that poverty in its sternest form awaited them.

From the contemplation of a vivid picture of want and misery, she was aroused by the entrance of her sister with her hat and shawl on, evidently prepared for a walk.

"Not ready yet, Lucy! Did you not tell me to be prepared to go with you at four o'clock?"

"To go where, Mary?"

"Why to order your new hat, to be sure. Did we not talk it all over this morning? But what is the matter, Lucy? You have been weeping. Are you ill?"

"Not seriously," was the evasive reply, for Mrs. Ashby shrunk a little from the clearer light of her sister's mind. "But I have changed my plans about the hat, Mary. The one I wore last spring will answer very well for this fall."

"Why Lucy! Did you not tell me that William disliked it very much, and had particularly requested you to purchase another?"

"Circumstances have changed since then, and I doubt not he will be quite contented to see me wear the old hat. There are many who would be thankful to have one as good."

"Undoubtedly, and you told me this morning that you intended bestowing it upon poor Mrs. Walton, who I am sure would bless you for your kindness."

"I must be just before I am generous, Mary."

You will know all in time. Let us say no more about it," and with an effort at calmness which ended in a flood of tears, Mrs. Ashby turned to leave the room.

But the arms of her sister were twined around her, and her affectionate sympathy soon drew from her the cause of her grief. It mattered not to the kind hearted Mary that her sister's fears were imaginary, and her tears uncalled for. It was enough for her to know that Lucy was in trouble, and she endeavored to soothe her as tenderly as if she had been a petted child.

Past experience had taught her that it was useless to reason with her or endeavor to convince her that there was no cause for apprehension. Opposition only served to render her more positive, and her sister therefore wisely sought, as soon as composure was restored, to direct her thoughts into another channel.

"I think I will call on that poor woman whose case was brought up before our benevolent society, this afternoon. Will you go with me, Lucy? Do, it will make you feel better. There is nothing like forgetting our own griefs in ministering to those of others."

"If you really think I ought to go, Mary, I will make the effort, but I should prefer remaining at home."

"You had much better go. We will be home before the older children return from school, and Ann is at leisure to mind the little ones. Come, get your hat and shawl."

The fresh air, a pleasant walk, and the cheerfulness of her sister, had in a degree dissipated the melancholy fancies in which Lucy had indulged, ere they reached the humble abode to which their steps were directed, and her mind being less engrossed with her own sorrows, she was better prepared to sympathize with the scene before her. Their knock at the door was answered by a bright-eyed little girl of six or seven years, who invited them to walk in, for "mother was busy and could not come to the door."

Upon entering, they found the mother bending over a cot upon which lay a man hardly past the prime of life. He appeared to be in great bodily pain, and his wife was endeavoring to do what she could for his relief. Two children younger than the little girl who had admitted them, were playing around the floor.

"Your husband has met with a sad accident," remarked Mrs. Ashby, as she approached the bed.

"He has indeed, ma'am," replied the woman, looking up and curtsying to her visitors; "but we have reason to be thankful that his life is

spared. He is in great pain this afternoon, but the doctor said we must expect this."

"How did he meet with this misfortune?" asked Mary, advancing to her sister's side, and looking compassionately at the face of the poor sufferer.

"He is a bank-digger, ma'am, and while busy at his work three days since, the earth caved in, and a large mass of stones and rubbish fell upon him. One leg is broken, and his whole body is dreadfully cut and bruised. But, thank God, the doctor says he will do well. He is strong and healthy and can bear a great deal."

"Did you depend entirely upon his daily labor for support, my good woman; or have you something laid by which will help you now that he is ill?"

"Not a cent, ma'am. John is a sober, industrious man, and as kind a husband and father as ever lived in the world. But we have seen hard times, and have had a good deal of sickness, which has hindered our laying by anything for a cloudy day. But God will provide. And is it not a great blessing that there are yet many weeks before the cold weather? He will be on his feet again before then. And as soon as he is a little better, so that I can leave him with the children, I can find a bit of work for myself, which will keep the food in our mouths."

"I am glad that you can look on the bright side," said Mrs. Ashby, thoughtfully. "But it may be many weeks before your husband gets about again, and even then he may be a cripple."

"No fear of that, I trust, ma'am. I always try to look up when misfortunes come upon us. It is the only way to get along; and besides, it seems like distrusting Providence to be too anxious and fretful like. We must do the best we can to help ourselves, and then be content with what comes."

"Your case has been brought before the benevolent society, and something will no doubt be done for your relief."

"A great deal has been done already, ma'am. The doctor has offered his services free of charge, and several kind ladies have sent provisions of different kinds, which will last us two weeks, and by that time things may look brighter, and I may get out to work."

"We will hope so, at least," said Mary, coming to her sister's relief, for Mrs. Ashby was almost overpowered by the determined hopefulness of the woman, which formed a strong contrast to her own anxious temperament.

Placing a dollar in her hand, and promising to see her again soon, the sisters left the cottage. At the door they stopped to speak to the chil-

dren, who were playing happily with some little blocks which they had collected from a new building near to them.

"You must be good children, now your father is so ill," said Mrs. Ashby, patting the curly head of the youngest. "Are you not very sorry he is hurt?"

"We are very sorry and very glad," replied the eldest girl, looking up with a smile. "Mother, says we must be very glad that he was not killed, and we are very sorry that he is sick, and we will try to be good."

"That is right," was the reply as the ladies passed on.

"A good lesson for me, I suppose you think, Mary," said Mrs. Ashby with a half smile, after they had walked some distance in silence.

"A good lesson for us all, Lucy, if you mean the cheerful faith of that poor woman. Such a spirit is of more value than earthly riches."

"It is, indeed. Would that I possessed it. But it is impossible. It is a part of my very nature to be anxious and apprehensive of approaching ill."

"And yet it is possible to overcome this weakness, my dear sister. For the sake of your husband and children will you not try? How many sad hours you pass from the indulgence of vain fears which are never realized. To-day, for instance, you have been miserable."

"And perhaps with some cause, Mary. You must not think all my fears imaginary until William returns to call them so."

"I am willing to wait his coming, provided you will promise that if that apprehension proves groundless, you will never again make yourself unhappy by endeavoring to peep into the future, which is very wisely a closed book to us poor mortals."

"I will make no rash promises, Mary; but I will confess to you that new thoughts and feelings have been awakened this afternoon which will not soon be forgotten. I am well aware that my happiness and that of my family is often impaired by this defect in my character; but I feel no strength to struggle against it."

"We must look to the source of all strength, dear sister. We are nothing but weakness in ourselves. But see, there are the children coming to meet us,—Willie and Clara and babies and all. It is later than I thought."

An early supper was soon prepared that the children might have their usual evening frolic, and get to rest a little before their customary hour.

Mrs. Ashby had not forgotten her new-born resolutions, and yet she could not but express

some anxiety respecting her eldest boy, little Willie.

"Only think, Mary, he is not asleep yet," she exclaimed, as she returned from a fourth visit to his room. "And he is very restless. Do you think he is ill?"

Her sister replied by pointing smilingly to the clock.

"It still wants half an hour of Willie's bed time. No wonder that he is restless and wakeful."

"Very true. I never thought of that," was the unusually cheerful reply; and with a praiseworthy effort Mrs. Ashby actually waited until five minutes after the half hour had expired before she again went to Willie's room. To her great relief he was sleeping quietly.

As she descended the stairs, her husband's step was heard in the hall. She sprang forward to meet him, with all her apprehensions of impending ill rushing vividly to her mind.

He greeted her in his usual quiet affectionate manner.

"Children all asleep," he exclaimed, as he entered the sitting room. "That is well. I will have my frolic with them in the morning. And where is Mary?"

"Gone to her room, I think. I left her here a short time since."

"Well, give me my tea, Lucy, and sit down by my side while I tell you a bit of good news."

"Good news, William! You are trifling with me."

"Assuredly not. Did you ever know me guilty of such a proceeding? Why should I not have good news to tell you?"

"But you looked so grave and thoughtful, and were altogether so unlike yourself, that I feared some misfortune had befallen us."

"And have been borrowing trouble all the afternoon as usual. Forgive me, Lucy, but I really wish you would not do so."

"I will try to do better, William. But tell me the good news."

"You remember my little speculation in those western lands. It has turned out better than I could have imagined, and will bring me in ten or fifteen thousand, clear profit."

"Ten or fifteen thousand? Why William."

"It is true; but this is not the best of it. The old homestead of your father's, which you have sorrowed for so long, is offered for sale at a bargain, and if you still desire it I will purchase it for you to-morrow."

"If I desire it! My dear husband, it would make me perfectly happy. But can this be possible? It seems like a dream."

"No dream at all, Lucy. You may consider the thing as settled, for I have the refusal of the old place till to-morrow. I went round there at dinner time, which caused me to be a little late."

"And I fancied there was some great trouble in your business, and that we were to be reduced to actual want."

"Never mind that now. Only promise me that all these fancies shall be left behind when we remove to our new home. Let this be an era in our lives, and one of the distinguishing events shall be a firm resolution from my dear wife that she will have no troubles but what are real. Afflictions will come and strength to bear them will come also; but it is worse than useless to mar our happiness by imaginary ills."

"It is indeed, William, and I will endeavor to get the better of this folly. But where is sister Mary? She must share in our joy."

"Here is sister Mary," was the reply, as her sister entered at the next moment. "But did you speak of sharing your joy, Lucy? And how happy you look. What has become of the failures?"

"It has vanished with the rest of my train of misfortunes, Mary; and in its place has come such unlooked-for happiness. You cannot guess in a month."

But something in sister Mary's face told that she did not need to guess. A whisper from her brother-in-law, at noon, had told her at least a part of the secret, but he had charged her to keep it until evening.

"And why, William," asked Lucy somewhat reprehensively, "why could you not have saved me those anxious hours?"

"You must forgive me, dear Lucy. The lesson was for your own good. I saw the state of mind in which you were indulging, and I determined to wait until evening, and let you see how far away such uncalled-for fears would lead you. Am I forgiven?"

"I deserved the lesson, and I cannot reproach you, William. And I suppose I must forgive sister Mary, also, although one word from her could have turned my sorrow into joy."

"It shall all be joy now, dear Lucy. The words were several times upon my lips, but I felt that I ought not to interfere with a course which William saw to be right, but did my best to comfort you in other ways."

"And succeeded very well, my sister. The lesson at the cottage was a good one, and well prepared my mind for this. Henceforth I will endeavor never to borrow trouble, but ever to bear in mind that, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

A WHIMSICAL HEN.

Nothing seems so aimless and simple as a hen. She usually goes about in a vague and straggling manner, articulating to herself cacophonous remarks upon various topics. The greatest event in a hen's life is compound, being made up of an egg and a cackle. Then only she shows enthusiasm, when she descends from the nest of duty and proclaims her achievement. If you chase her, she runs cackling; if you pelt her with stones, she screams through the air all abroad till the impulse has run out, and then she subsides quietly into a silly gadding hen. Now and then an eccentric hen may be found, stepping quite beyond the limits of hen-propriety. One such had persisted in laying her daily eggs in the house. She would steal noiselessly in at the open door, walk up stairs and leave a plump egg upon the children's bed. The next day she would honor the sofa. On one occasion she selected my writing-table; scratched my papers about, and left her card, that I might not blame the children or servants for scratching my manuscripts. Her determination was amusing. One Sabbath morning we drove her from the second story window, then again from our front hall. In a few minutes she was heard behind the house, and on looking out the window, she was just disappearing into the bedroom window on the ground floor! Word was given, but before any one could reach the place, she had bolted out of the window with a victorious cackle, and her white warm egg lay upon the lounge. I proposed to open the pantry window, set the egg-dish within her reach, and let her put them up herself, but those in authority would not permit such a deviation from propriety. Such a breed of hens would never be popular with the boys. It would spoil that glorious sport of hunting hen's nests. —H. W. Beecher.

TO CURE A FELON.

A felon generally appears on the end of the fingers and thumbs; it is extremely painful for weeks and sometimes months, and in most cases cripples or disfigures the finger or thumb that falls a victim to it. But it can be easily cured if attended to in time. As soon as the pain is felt, take the thin white skin of an egg, which is found inside of the shell; put it around the end of the finger or thumb affected, keep it there until the pain subsides. As soon as the skin becomes dry it will be very painful, and likely to continue for half an hour or more, but be not alarmed. If it grows painful, bear it; it will be of short duration, compared to what the disease would be. A cure will be certain.

CHEAP LIGHT.

With respect to the electric light, the problem seems to be solved at Paris. We mentioned a short time since that it was in use to illuminate the works of the Napoleon docks, which were carried on by night as well as by day; and the apparatus was so complete, that for four months the light has been steadily burning. Economy is not its least recommendation, for the cost per night has not been more than thirty-eight francs, which, as 800 men are employed, gives four and a half centimes, less than a half-penny per man. —Chambers' Journal for August.

WE MISS THEE.

BY MRS. M. W. QUATIS.

We miss thee sadly, brother dear,
We never can forget thee—never;
Thy name oft calls the pitting tear,
’Twas hard such ties as ours to sever.

And now we're left a broken band,
Our home is lonely without thee;
We may not clasp our William's hand,
His happy smile no more may see.

That loving heart is cold and still,
Our mother mourns her darling gone;
Yet feels it was the Saviour's will,
Who called him hence in life's young morn.

We miss thee. Oh we seem to hear
Thy footfall as in days gone by,
And gentle voice in words of cheer;
We could but mourn that thou didst die!

We miss thee sadly; yet we know
Thy soul still lives, forever blest;
And there where healing waters flow,
We hope to meet when we're at rest.

THE SILENT MATE.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF AN OLD SHIP-MASTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SOME years ago I had command of a ship engaged in the East India trade. My first officer, or mate, was named Luke Marshall. He had shipped with me at Liverpool to run to Calcutta, but on the passage out my mate died, and having found Marshall a most excellent seaman, both theoretically and practically, I gave him the office. He readily accepted it, but I could plainly see that he did it more from a desire to please me, than because he aspired to the post. I was not deceived in his capability, for he soon proved himself the most efficient officer I ever had. He altered the ship's sailing gear, and made more speed by one sixth, certainly, than I had ever done. He was punctual to a minute in his reckoning—could tell to a certainty what time he should make. When we were near our destination, he came to me one evening and told me that if the wind held fair we should see Edmonstone's Island at half-past six on the following morning; and at twenty-eight minutes past six in the morning, the lookout reported land two points on the starboard bow.

Marshall was one of the most civil and gentlemanly men I ever saw, and his manners showed that he had been well educated, both mental-

ly and socially. Yet there was one thing that troubled me not a little—or rather I should say, it puzzled me—though I must confess I did allow myself at times to feel somewhat troubled. My mate was the most silent man, for one who commanded the free use of language, that I ever met with. He scarcely ever spoke, save on matters pertaining to his duty, and then only in as few words as possible. I often tried to draw him into conversation, but without avail. I tried to learn something of his former history, but could not. I knew he was an American, and that was all.

One evening after we had entered the Hoogly, and while our ship lay at Diamond Point, I was sitting in my cabin and Marshall was alone with me. I pushed the wine bottle over to him, and asked him if he would not take a drop. I had never seen him take wine at any time, but he had often refused. He took the bottle and poured some of the wine out into a glass, and then he held the glass up between his eye and the lamp. His face turned pale as death, and his lips were tightly compressed. The glass fell from his hand upon the floor, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Mr. Marshall, are you not well?" I uttered, starting up and laying my hand upon his arm.

"Very well," he returned, laying my hand off, and looking up with a faint smile. "You will excuse me, captain, 'twas an accident."

"That's nothing," said I, alluding to the glass, "take another—here."

"No, no," he quickly uttered, putting the glass away. "I do not drink wine, sir."

"You have signed a tetotal pledge, perhaps," said I, carelessly.

"Signed a tetotal pledge?" he repeated, in a tone so strange that it fairly made me start.

"No sir, I have not."

"Then why not take a glass of wine on such a night as this?"

Marshall looked at me as though he would look me through. There was a strange spark in his eye, and I could see that his cheeks grew pale again. His hand trembled, and he placed it in his lap out of my sight. At length he spoke, and his voice was very low and deep.

"Captain," said he, "in that wine there lurks a demon as deadly as the twin brothers of Night. You may escape him and yet embrace. I will not drink it."

"But you have—"

"Stop!" he whispered, cutting me short, and raising his finger. "Never finish that sentence in my presence, nor allude to the subject again."

And with that he broke off upon another topic,

said began to lay out the business of the morrow. "The lighters will come down from the city early in the morning," he said, "and as I must be up to attend to them, I will retire now."

I fairly ached to question my mate farther on his strange conduct, but his look forbade me. He threw off his outer garments and retired to his state-room, and I was left alone with my wine. I looked at the bottle, and then I looked at the fragments of glass upon the floor—and I wondered what it was that dwelt upon my mate's mind, for well I knew there was something. When I arose to go on deck and set the watch, I hoped that some day Marshall might let me into his secret, for I had become deeply interested in him. I had learned to love him for his gentleness and mildness, and I hoped to know more of him. It may have been a faint hope, but yet I cherished it.

Our business was all transacted at Calcutta, and I had partly made arrangements for a full cargo of hides, when I received an overland despatch from my owners to proceed at once to Hong Kong and take in a cargo which an agent would have ready there. So to Hong Kong we went.

One day after we had taken part of our cargo on board, and were waiting for more, to come from the English factories at Canton, an old man came off to the ship with a letter from the English agent. I read the few lines, and they simply asked that I would take the bearer to England. My mate was not on board, or I should have consulted him; but the old man was very respectable in his appearance, and I at once told him that he should go with me. There were three spare state-rooms, and I immediately gave him one of them. He had his luggage brought up from the boat and placed in his room. He was certainly seventy years of age, and his hair was white as snow. I conversed with him a long while, and I found him one of the most intelligent men with whom I ever met. At about nine o'clock in the evening, he seemed fatigued, and expressed his desire to retire. So I showed him to his state-room, and bade him good night. These state-rooms were small apartments leading out from the cabin, and only large enough for a good sized single bunk and a wash-stand, and with spare room enough to dress and lounge. It was a warm, sultry evening, and I left the old man's door partly open at his request. His name, as given in the letter, and marked upon his trunk, was Joshua Foster.

At ten o'clock my mate came off. I met him on deck, and by the light of the gangway lantern, I could see that he was pale and agitated.

He answered me only in monosyllables, and with a quick, uneven step, he went below. After he had gone down I went about the ship and gave directions for keeping an "anchor-watch," and having posted a sentinel, I turned towards the cabin. On my way I passed along the larboard side of the deck, and as I reached the grated skylight which was built up over the cabin, I stopped. What induced me so to do I cannot tell, but I stopped and looked down, and I saw Marshall sitting at the table pouring wine out into a glass. This surprised me, but the next movement surprised me more. He filled the glass about half full, and then he took a small phial from his pocket, and having removed the stopper, he poured its contents into the wine. I could see his face, and it was pale as death. A fearful suspicion flashed across my mind, and quick as thought I darted down into the cabin. My mate was just raising the glass to his lips. With one movement I sprang forward and dashed the glass from his hands, and as it was shivered in pieces upon the floor, he sprang to his feet. He caught me fiercely by the arm, but when he met my keen, steady eye, he dropped his hand and sank back into his chair.

"What do you mean?" I sternly asked.

Marshall bowed his head and made no reply. I saw the phial upon the table, and I took it up and placed it to my nose, and there came up from it the strong, pungent odor of prussic acid! I sat down and gazed Marshall in the face. I laid my hand gently upon his arm, and drew him down by my side, and with as much kindness of tone as I could command, I said—

"Luke Marshall, I am your friend. I love you as I never loved a man out of my kin before. Now tell me what this means?"

"No, no, captain," he replied. "I wish you wouldn't ask me. I must die. I cannot live longer. If you can find some competent man to take my place, do so, for my services for man are at an end. You have stayed my hand, now, but you cannot again. A pistol, or my razor will do for me."

I moved nearer to my mate and placed my arm about his neck.

"Tell me," I urged, "what this means? Confide in me, and I promise that I will never betray you."

Marshall seemed much moved by my manner, for he trembled, and the tears came to his eyes. At length he said in a subdued tone:

"You have been kind to me, and I have a mind to tell you the story of my life. You will never speak it to another, and never—"

"What?" said I, as he hesitated.

"Never lay your hands upon me again, let me be doing what I may."

"In that I must be governed by my own judgment," I replied. "But tell me your story, and then I can the better judge."

A few moments my mate bowed his head in silence. When he looked up there was a strange shade of melancholy upon his features, and his eyes were moist.

"It will be a short story," he said, "a very short one." And after a moment's thought he resumed: "I was born in the city of New York. My father was a very wealthy merchant, and of course I was reared in the lap of luxury. I never expressed a want that was not complied with, and both my parents did their utmost to please and make me happy. My father was a man of a quick, passionate temper, and I had a temper as fiery as his own."

"You had a fiery temper?" I queried, dubiously. "Why, you are the mildest man I ever saw."

Marshall smiled faintly, and with a shake of the head, he continued:

"I did have a bad temper. But let that pass now. My father indulged freely at the wine cup, and it is no wonder that I followed his example. I first learned to love the wine, and then I came to love the excitement which it produced. I saw no danger, for all my friends were in the same habit. When I was yet a mere lad, my father sent me as supercargo in one of his ships. It was at my own urgent request, and I learned to love the roving, free life of the ocean. But when I reached the age of eighteen, I was sent to college. I remained there one year, and then I was expelled for intemperance."

My mate stopped here and bowed his head upon his hands, and I could see the tears trickling down between his fingers.

"O," he resumed, in a tremulous voice, "what a fool I was. I returned to my home, and my father upbraided me for my conduct. High words arose between us, but my mother came in and quieted the storm. After this, I remained at home for some time. At length I became acquainted with a girl whom I thought virtuous, and well connected, and I made proposals of marriage to her. She, it seems, gave publicity to the fact, and it came to my mother's ears. She made inquiries about the girl, and she ascertained that her character was not good. Had she told me this in her own kind way, I should never have seen the girl again, for all my plans were just and honorable, and I was deceived in the character of the one I thought I

loved. But my mother told my father, and he was to speak with me.

"One evening I came home—it was near midnight—and I had been indulging freely in wine, and my father had been doing the same. He had been out to a club-meeting, and his face was flushed and his step unsteady. That was the first and only time I had ever seen him so much influenced by wine. When I entered the sitting-room he asked me where I had been, and I told him to the theatre. He next asked me whom I carried, and I told him. It was the young lady of whom I have just spoken. He then told me that I must see the girl no more. I resented the command, and thereupon he threatened to turn me out of doors if I disobeyed him. He then cast upon the girl in question the most opprobrious epithets, and I was stung to the quick. I answered him hastily, and he threatened me. I did not stop to consider that he was under the influence of wine, for I was too far in its power myself for that. I accused him of trampling upon me—and he taunted me with bringing shame upon his household. This maddened me, and I spoke very quickly and thoughtlessly. What I said was severe, and upon my father it struck like a shaft of lightning, and he struck me with his cane. As I received that blow, my blood boiled like molten lava. I was blind—crazy. My father lifted his cane again, and I seized a chair that stood near me. I lifted it with both my hands, and with all my maniac might I hurled it upon his head. He sank upon the carpet like a rag. In an instant I was sober. I kneeled down over that prostrate form, but there was no motion—no breath. Presently there came a convulsive movement of the muscles, but it quickly passed away, and then he was motionless as the chair that lay broken by his side. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I lifted him to a sofa, and chafed his temples, but not a sign of life could I discover. I knew that I had killed my father, and I sank down upon my knees at his side, and wept and prayed.

"Soon I was aroused by a step behind me, and on looking up I saw my mother. She asked what was the matter, but I could not answer. She stooped over the motionless body of her husband, and I remember that the word 'dead' broke from her lips, and then she sank fainting upon the couch. I started up and gazed about me. Once more I felt of my father's pulse, but it did not move. His eyes were half open, and they were glassy and dim. With one low cry I started back and seized my hat. I was a murderer! the murderer of my own father! A dim spectre arose before me—a gallows in shape!

and I fled from the house. I made my way to Philadelphia, and from thence to Charleston, and there I took passage for England. I have not seen my native land since. While in Philadelphia I took up a morning paper from New York, and there I read that my father had died of apoplexy. My mother hid my crime!"

Marshall stopped and bowed his head again. He did not shed tears now, but his eyes were set and glaring.

"Ha!" he uttered, starting suddenly. "Have we had a listener?"

"I forgot," was my reply, as I recollected the passenger I had taken, and at the same time cast my eyes towards the door of the state-room where I had placed him. "I have had a passenger come on board."

"You ought to have told me," said Marshall, trembling with fear.

But before I could make any further reply, the door of the state-room was pushed further open, and the white-haired old man came forth. He gazed first upon me, and then upon my mate, and then, with a low, wild murmur, he tottered towards the table. He sank down upon his knees, and laid his head in my mate's lap.

"Luke! Luke! my son—O my son!" he murmured, as he reached up his trembling hands and caught the mate about the neck.

Luke Marshall as I had known him, started to his feet and held the old man off at arm's length.

"What are you?" he gasped; glaring wildly at him.

"I am Joshua Foster—I am your father! O Luke, my boy, my noble, wronged boy, forgive me—O forgive me! I know I abused you—I know I made you mad. But forget it all now. I am your father. I did not die—you did not kill me, but I lived and recovered. I have sought the whole earth over after you. I have been all up and down the world. O, you know me."

A few moments my mate held that old man off and gazed into his face, and then, with a sharp cry, he sank back insensible.

During all that night Luke raved like a madman, but on the next day he came to his senses, and a severe fever set in. He called for his father when he came to, and I saw the old man bend over him and kiss him and weep—and I saw the young man wind his arms about that aged form and cry like a child.

And so my mate's real name was Luke Foster, and I heard the old man tell, while he sat by his son's side, how he had recovered from the effects of the blow he had received. Two whole days after Luke died did he lay insensible; and the

servants reported that he was dead. When he recovered, he told his wife the whole story, and having left his business in competent hands he set out to search for his son. He traced him to Liverpool, and there he lost him. Eight long years had he been on the search—sometimes going home to comfort his wife, and then setting out again upon his mission. His wife still lived, and she waited for the return of her son.

At length my mate recovered, and his father accompanied us to Liverpool. I often saw them weep together, but it was only the memory of the past that called up their tears. I was sorry to lose my mate, but I knew that others had a prior claim upon him, and I gave him up.

Some years afterwards I was in New York, whither I had gone with a cargo of manufactured iron. I easily found the residence of Joshua Foster, and there I found my old mate as happy as man can well be on earth. His father still lived, hale and hearty, and his mother was a pattern of maternal love and generous hospitality. Luke was married, too, and had two children.

My visit was one of the most pleasant and joyous seasons that have ever blessed my long life, and when I came away they hung upon me as though I was the author of all their joy. And perhaps I was, for I could remember the time when I struck aside the shaft of death from my silent mate, and but for that simple movement on my part, this happiness could never have been.

MARTIAL LAW IN CALIFORNIA.

Some of the members of the volunteer corps at Yerba Buena made their appearance one day on parade in a state bordering on intoxication. They were ordered to fall into line. All obeyed the order but one, a Mr. P., well-known to those who lived in 1846. Mr. P. backed against one of the posts in front of the house before which Capt. H. had drawn up his men. "Fall into ranks," cried the captain. "I could not entertain the proposition; can't leave this post, sir." "Fall into ranks, if you don't I will take off your head, sir," rejoined the captain. "Take it, sir, it is at your service," said P. The captain drew his sword, a long dragon one, and counting one, two, three (Mr. P. all the while remaining immovable), whirled it around him, and at the word three cut the huge uniform hat of P. in two, just grazing his head. "There, sir," says the captain, "is a specimen of what I can do; the next cut off goes the head. Will you fall into the ranks now, sir?" "Yes, sir-ee," said P., "I am perfectly satisfied." The hat was cut in two, as if done by a razor, and P. never winked an eye when the captain made the blow.—Pioneer.

When you have no observers, be afraid of yourself. Observe yourself as your greatest enemy; so shall you become your greatest friend.

THE WINDS OF COLD WINTER.

BY MISS SARAH E. BAILEY.

The winds of cold winter how bleak and how chill,
They sweep in their wrath o'er valley and hill;
They moan through the trees and chant a wild lay,
In numbers so mournful o'er Nature's decay.

The leaves of the forest, they scatter like rain,
And chill the last flower that blooms on the plain;
The hearts of the poor they cause them to fall,
As they howl in the storm or shriek in the gale.

O'er Nature they spread her snow-sheet of death,
And freeze all her streams with their merciless breath;
With the palsy of winter they shake her thin form,
And whisper, "prepare for the season of storm."

Ye winds of cold winter, though fiercely ye blow,
Ye are held in the hand of our Mother, we know;
He sends you in love, though piercing and cold,
And tempers your blast to the lambs of his fold.

WILLIE'S AND BENNY'S RAINY HOLIDAYS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"O, O! HURRAH, hurrah!" shouted little Willie Grant, as he scampered out of the school-yard at four o'clock Friday afternoon, "to-morrow's Saturday, and ain't I glad. Nothing but play all day long. Lots of fun I'll have, if— if—" but here his gleeful tone was hushed, and with an anxious eye he gazed upon the western horizon. "O dear," exclaimed he, earnestly, after a few moments of silence, "I'm so 'fraid it'll rain, and if it does I sha'n't have a bit of comfort. Benny," and he called to a school-mate, who was just ahead, "Benny, do you think it'll rain to-morrow? Say no, do."

"That wout keep it from raining, Willie, if it's a mind to."

"Yes it will, too, for you always tell the truth, and you wout say no unless you're pretty sure of a good day. Say, what do you think?"

"I think," and Benny looked quite weather-wise, "that you'll find it best to study again the verse we had yesterday in the geography lesson:

'Evening red and morning gray
Will set the traveller on his way;
But evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head.'

"That's just like you, Benny; you always remember things just when you ought to. I wish I could; but it aint in me, mother says. Then it'll rain to-morrow, wout it? O dear, I'm so sorry. I do hate rainy Saturdays."

"Hate them! Why, Willie, I love dearly to have them, come once in a while. O, I do have such nice times."

"Lots to have it rain on holidays, and have nice times! I don't see how you can. For my part, I'd rather it'd rain all the school days for a week, than to rain one Saturday. You must love to be scolded and whipt better than other boys."

"Scolded and whipt! Why, do you think little boys are scolded and whipt any more on rainy days than on sunny ones?"

"Well, I am at any rate, and that is why I dread them so. The first thing I hear in the morning is mother, scolding as hard as she can. Before I get out of the bedroom she begins. 'There,' she says, 'there, now I've got to have that boy under my feet all day again. I do wish school kept every day. He'll be into everything, I'll warrant, and I'll have to stop a dozen times in the midst of my baking and whip him. I never yet could see any comfort in having boys.'"

"But do you get into everything, Willie?" asked his playmate, earnestly. "I should not think you would, when you know it'll plague your mother, and get you a whipping, too."

"But what can I do, Benny?" replied the other, naively. "I must do something. Mother, herself, says boys can't keep still, and she wout give me anything to do or play with, and so I can't help getting into mischief. Sometimes I think I will be good, and so I'll dress myself very still and go into the kitchen and not mean to make a bit of noise. But I never can do anything to suit her. Once I took down some books from the shelves, and built a little house on the stand; I was just as still as a mouse, and I did n't hurt them the least bit, and I was just having a real good time, when the first thing I knew I felt mother's hand slapping my ears, and heard her screaming, 'put up those books, you child, you, and that pretty quick, too. I am not going to have such a fitter about on Saturday.' Well, I put them up, and thought I would be good. But as soon as my ears stopped aching I began to want to play again; so I took an old newspaper and folded it up so as to make a soldier's cap, and put it on my head and began to march about the room, whistling, very softly, though, 'A soldier's the fun for me,' when, the first thing I knew, mother snatched off my cap and jumped me up into a chair, and told me to sit still there and not crase her with my noise. Well, the chair stood by the window, and so I began to draw pictures in the steam with my fingers, and was just having a real nice time, thinking how, the first time I got some paper and a pencil, I'd try to draw little sisy in the cradle, like that great man did that the schoolmarin told us about, when bang goes another box on my ears, and I

hear mother saying, "There, now, see if you'll keep your hands off my clean windows after this, and sit up and behave yourself like a man." Well, then I got mad, 'cause I couldn't do anything I wanted to, or have anything to play with, and began to thump the chair rounds with my feet, and to bawl as loud as I could, and I kept on so till mother couldn't bear it any longer, when she took me down, gave me what she calls a good whipping, but why, I can't see, for: it don't feel good, and it don't make me good, either, and then I had to eat a crust of bread for my breakfast. O, I do hate rainy days."

"Well, I don't wonder, now," said Benny.

"No, I guess you don't. And so it goes, all day long. If I ask her to read to me, she's too busy; if I want her to tell me a story, she hasn't got no time; if I want to go out and play in the mud, she won't let me because I'll dirty my clothes; if I want to play in the house, I can't because it'll make a noise. I never do have a bit good times, except when she gets real mad and shuts me up garret. I tell you, then I have fun. I was afraid first of the boogers she told me lived up there, and cried myself most sick, but I heard her tell father that night, when she thought I was asleep, that she had found out how to frighten me at last, and then they both laughed to think how scared I was at nothing. I tell you, I aint scared now. But I make a regular bawl every time she puts me up there, and tell her there'll a man with four arms and a black face, or a bear with two heads and ten mouths, come and carry me off, and I keep up a noise till I know she's got fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. But it's kind of lonesome, after all, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and I tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers, then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one, and say: Don't let it rain next Saturday, but please to put it off till Monday, and then I go to sleep, tired almost to death. O, dear, I hope it won't rain to-morrow," and the little hands were pressed nervously to the little heart, and the bright blue eyes of the speaker looked anxiously at the clouds which were gathering in such thick, dark masses.

"Well, I hope it won't, either, for your sake, Willie," said Benny, in a pitying tone; "but I'd just as lief it would as not, for my sake."

"But why, Benny? Aint your mother cress to you, and wish you'd never been born?"

"I guess not. I never heard her say she did, and she never acts as though she wanted to get rid of me. I don't believe she's a bit like your mother, Willie."

"Well, I hope she aint, I'm sure."

"Well, I know she aint. Why the first thing she says to me on rainy Saturdays, after she's kissed me,—she always does that, rain or shine—"

"Does she? Why, my mother don't."

"She always says, 'Benny and mother'll have a nice time to-day, wont they?' And then I hug her and say, I guess we will, and then I go to work. She always has something for me to do before breakfast. Sometimes I clean the beans, or pick over the coffee-seeds; sometimes I bring in the oven wood; sometimes I bring up the apples and wipe them, and put them into the pan already to bake; at any rate I always find something to do, and it's always breakfast-time before I think of being hungry. Then while she's washing up the dishes, I go and clean up the woodhouse, or do some other easy chore, and then when she gets to baking, I always stand up by the table and watch her all the time, and hear her talk, and O, I do learn so much!"

"Why, don't you think, Willie, I didn't know once but what flour was dug up out of the ground in bags, but now I know all about 'how the farmer sows his seed,' and how the sunshine and the rain give it life, and how the little blade comes up first, and then the green stalk, and then the head, and then how it ripens and is cut down and bound into sheaves, and carried into the barn and threshed, and carried to the mill and ground, and sold to the grocer, and then bought by father, and made up by mother into cakes and pies for me. She tells me about everything she uses in baking. I asked where lard came from, and she told me, and then we spent three or four rainy days talking about the pig, where it came from first, how it lives, how many kinds there are, and what is done with every part of it, and it's as good as a story. Then butter made us think of the cow, and that made a good long talk. Then she tells me all about how sugar and molasses are made, and in what countries the sugar-cane grows, and all about the spices and the fruits, and how they make raisins out of grapes, and then all about how folks used to live in old times when the women had to grind the corn, and they didn't have stoves. O, I tell you, I get very wise on Saturdays. I think sometimes I learn more than I do on all the other five days, and it don't seem like learning either."

"And then, always before I get tired, mother gets through baking, and has a nice little warm pie or cake for me to eat. And then, after dinner, I play with my blocks, while she is washing the dishes, and she tells me all about different

kinds of houses, and what they're made of, and which are pretty, and which are convenient, and I tell you, Willie, if ever I get to be a man, I shall know just what kind of a house I'll build.

"And then when she gets all through and sits down, she'll read to me while she rests, or tell me a story, and sometimes take me on her lap and sing to me, just as she used to do when I was her little baby, and if I get sleepy she will fold me closely in her arms till I begin to dream, and then lay me on the lounge and let me have a good nap. And when I wake up, if it don't rain very hard, she'll let me run over to the shop, and help father put up his tools for Sunday, and if it does storm too bad, she'll send me up garret to have a dance and frolic, and then after tea, father'll take me on his knee, and tell me stories, and ask me how much I've learned through the week, and tell me what I must do to grow up a good and true man. And I tell you, Willie, when I cuddle up in my little bed, I am just the happiest little boy in the whole world; and sometimes I feel like you, as though I wanted to say two prayers, only my other one is, please make it rain next Saturday. O, dear, I most hope it'll rain to-morrow."

"And I don't blame you, Benny," said Willie, with a sigh. "How I wish I'd been born your brother; what nice times we'd have. O, I hope it won't rain to-morrow."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Willie, if it does. I'll ask my mother to let me come over to your house, and invite you to spend the day with me. She's always sorry for little boys and girls that have got cross mothers, and loves to make them glad whenever she can. Do you think your mother will let you come?"

"O, yes, indeed she will. She'll be glad to get me out of the way. You come and ask her, do, Benny—that is, if it rains, and I guess it will, don't you? That's an awful black cloud over there, isn't it?"

"Yes, I guess it is, and if the geography verse is true, we'll have a good time to-morrow;" and they said "good-by," and then went off singing

"Evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."

ASTRONOMY'S CONQUESTS IN 1854.

Professor Challis announces, as the conquest of Astronomy during the past year, four new planets, and the same number of new comets; none of the latter have been, as yet, identified with any of their predecessors, which unfortunately is the case with respect to the planets—the number of which, instead of being the mystic seven, bids fair to increase to seventy; equally to the inconvenience of astronomers and the juvenile students of astronomical catechisms.

A COURTEOUS GENTLEMAN.

A tradesman, living in the Rue St. Honore, possesses a young and pretty wife who is passionately fond of the theatre, but being continually occupied in business, he is rarely able to indulge her. A few days ago, she got a ticket for the Porte St. Martin, telling him that it had been given to her, asking him to accompany her. He promised, but when the evening came he was unable to go. The wife, who was *en grande toilette*, was furious at her disappointment, but determined not to be balked, she made her servant accompany her. On leaving the theatre she was followed by two young men, who were very insolent. To escape them she called a cab that was passing, but the coachman made a sign that he had some one in the vehicle. She was turning away, when the cab stopped and an elegantly dressed young man jumped from it. "I see, ladies," he said with a low bow, "that you are annoyed by two insolent fellows. Deign to accept this cab—I will seek for another."

The tradeswoman accepted with thanks, and the gentleman handed her and her servant in with the greatest politeness. She gave her address to the cabman, and the vehicle drove off. Arrived at her own residence, she stopped, and asked what there was to pay.

"21f. 75c!" said the cabman.

"What, 21f.!" cried the tradeswoman in astonishment. "Why you have only come from the Porte St. Denis—and have not been half an hour on the way!"

"Do not talk nonsense," said the cabman, rudely, "I have been driving the gentleman about since morning. But where is he? Disappeared!"

On discovering that his fare really had disappeared, the man thought the women were in connivance with him to cheat him, and he became very insolent. The poor tradeswoman had not money enough to satisfy his demand, and he gave her and her companion into close custody. They had to pass the whole night in the guard-house de la Lingerie, and were not released until the next morning, when the tradesman claimed them, and indemnified the coachman. The tradeswoman vows that she will never go to the play again without her husband.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

Was William Penn the inventor of writing?

Where was the celebrated gunpowder plot situated, and was it a green plot?

Was Sterne, the writer, a very severe man?

Was Pitt the deepest politician of his day?

When a youth is said to be "fond of the weed," does it mean chickweed?

Is buckwheat a particularly smart looking grain?

Does it follow that potatoes are suicides because they shoot out their eyes?

Are the people of Gaul very bitter in their disposition?

Are pavements flags stone-colored?

What is the ordinary size of a garden "box"?

Has wild thyme anything to do with the idle moments of youth?

Does being canonized mean being blown to pieces?—*American Courier*.

MEMORY'S MIRROR.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Sweet friend, Time's dark and rapid stream
Has sund'ered those who once did deem
They could on each rely;
Who thought, while travelling hand-in-hand,
Affection's wealth they could command,
And with it fate defy.

I sit and look through mists of years;
And lo! a childish face appears,
With glistening, golden hair;
I list again to voice most sweet,
Again I see the rustic seat—
We sat together there.

Once more I look in Memory's glass,
I see a girlish figure pass,
The same, but older now;
The hair in darker wavelets lies
Calm now are those soul-freighted eyes,
And pensive that sweet brow.

I spring to meet with greetings fond;
The vision fades—there's nought beyond
But gleams of cold moonlight.
O, ghostly Time!—can nought relume
Affection's glow? Is it my doom
To fade from memory quite?

Though friendship's chain is rusted o'er,
Will hot kind thoughts its sheen restore,
And weld its links anew?
For friend of childhood's, girlhood's day,
I ne'er shall find, where'er I stray,
Another friend like you,

THE FIREMAN.

BY MISS M. C. MONTAIGNE.

IN one of the old-fashioned mansions which stand, or stood, on Broadway, lived Alderman Edgerton. Nothing could have induced Miss May Edgerton to reside six months in the old brick house had it not been inhabited by her grandmother before her, and been built by her great-grandfather. As it was, she had a real affection for the antiquated place, with its curiously-carved door-knocker, its oaken staircase, and broad chimneys with their heavy franklins. She was a sweet, wild, restless little butterfly, with beauty enough to make her the heroine of the most extravagant romance, and good as she was beautiful.

Little May had never known a sorrow, and in fact existence had but one bugbear for her—that was, the fates in the shape of her parents, had decreed that she should not marry, nor engage herself positively, until she had met a cer-

tain young gentleman, upon whom like commands had been imposed by his equally solicitous parents. The name, it must be confessed, impressed May favorably—Walter Cunningham; there was something manly about it, and she spent more time than she would like to acknowledge, in speculations regarding its owner, for to May, notwithstanding what Will Shakspeare has said to the contrary, there was a very great deal in a name. By some chance she had never met him. She had passed most of her life, for what crimes she could not tell, in a sort of prison, cycled a fashionable boarding-school, and the greater part of the vacations had been spent with a rich maiden aunt and an old bachelor uncle in the city of Brotherly Love. A few days previous to her liberation from this "durance vile," Walter Cunningham had set out for Paris, where he was to remain as long as suited his convenience.

May had just returned home, and having learned this little piece of news, which she very properly deemed not at all complimentary to herself, was in as vexable a mood as her amiability ever allowed. Her cousin Hal suddenly entered the room in a rather boisterous manner, with the exclamation:

"Hurrah! May, I am going to be a fireman!"

"So I should suspect," returned May, a little pettishly.

"Suspect?" said Hal, sobering down in a moment.

May laughed.

"Why will you join such a set of rowdies, Hal? I should think it quite beneath me!"

"Rowdies! Those loafers who hang about the companies, attracted by the excitement and the noise, do not belong to the department."

"You know the old adage, Hal,—'People are known by the company they keep,' that is, 'birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Why, May, this is too bad! They are the noblest fellows in the world."

"Noble! I have lived too long in Philadelphia not to know something about firemen. They used to frighten me almost out of my senses. Once we thought they would set fire to the whole city, murder the people and drink their blood! O, such a savage set you never saw!"

Hal laughed outright.

"Shoot the men, strangle the women, and swallow the children alive!" he echoed, mockingly.

"It is no subject for jesting, Mr. Hal Delancey. Philadelphia is not the only place. Take up the papers any morning, and what will you

find under the Williamsburgh head? Accounts of riots, street-battles, and plunderings, in all of which the firemen have had a conspicuous part, and New York is not much better."

"Well, May, you do make out the firemen to be a miserable set, most assuredly. Now, if I had not already committed myself," continued Hal, jestingly, "almost you would persuade me to denounce this gang of rowdies, murderers and robbers; but the Rabicon is passed!"

"I do detest a fireman above all men!" ejaculated May, emphatically, as Hal left the house to go down town and procure his equipment. Little did either of them dream what was to be the scene of his first fire.

May's too sound slumbers were disturbed about twelve o'clock that night by a confused rush of sounds, cries, shrieks, crackling beams and falling timbers. She wrapped her dressing-gown around her, and rushed to the door. Unclasping the bolts, she threw it open, but hastily closed it again, for smoke and flame rushed in, almost suffocating her.

"O, God, save me!" she murmured, huskily, flying to the window, only to gaze upon a scene which sent dismay to her heart. Clouds of flame and smoke enveloped everything. For a moment the bursting mass of fire was stayed by a huge stream of water, and she caught a glimpse of the crowd below.

There were men, boys, engines, ladders, furniture, all heaped together in confusion; but the smoke and flame rolled forth with renewed anger after their momentary check, and all was blank again. She cried for help, but her voice was lost in the universal din. The heat became intense, the flame knocked at her very door to demand admittance; she heard its fiery tongue flap against the panels, a few moments more and its scorching arms would clasp her in their embrace of death. She knelt one moment, her soul was in that prayer; she rushed again with almost hopeless agony to the window. O, joy! and yet how terrible! That moment when the flame relaxed to gain new energy, a fireman had discovered her frail form in the glare of the light. He did not hesitate an instant; his soul was made of such stern stuff as common minds cannot appreciate. He raised the first ladder within his reach against the wall—a miserable thing, already half-burned,—and springing on it, ascended amid the flames.

He had scarcely reached the top of the third story, when he felt it bend beneath him; he heard the shriek above, the cries below, and turning, sprang to the ground unharmed, as his treacherous support fell crumpling in the blaze.

A shout of joy arose at his wonderful escape, and now they poured a constant, steady stream beneath the window at which May's face was discovered by all. A moment, and another ladder, much stouter than the first, was raised. The undismayed fireman ran up its trembling rounds, amid the stifling smoke, the eager flames wrapping themselves around him as he passed; a moment more, and he had reached the terrified May, caught her hand and lifted her to his side. She gazed a second on his speaking face—there was a world of meaning in it; she asked no question—he uttered not a word, but by his eye and hand guided her down that fiery, dizzy path, so full of danger and of death. A fresh burst of flame defied the stream of water; it flashed around them while all below was as silent as the grave, naught heard but the hissing of the blaze and the crackling of the timbers. May would have fallen, shrinking from the embrace of the relentless flame; but the fireman caught her in his arms and leaped to the ground just as the second ladder fell. O, then there were cries of wild delight, and with renewed vigor the dauntless men worked against the fire. May's friends came crowding around her; her father clasped her in his trembling arms, with a whispered "O, May! May! you are safe!—the old house may burn now!" and the mother shed such tears as only thankful mothers weep.

But the noble fireman was gone; in vain Hal endeavored to gain some particulars concerning him, from the members of the company to which he belonged. They told him that not a single black ball had been cast against him, although he was a stranger to them all, save the foreman, for he carried his claim to confidence in his honest face. He always pays his dues, never shrank from duty, was kind and gentlemanly—what more could they desire. The foreman himself was obstinately silent concerning the history of his friend, muttering his name in such an undertone that Hal could not understand it. On the morrow, all New York was echoing with his praises. So brave, so rashly brave a thing had not been done in years, though every week the noble firemen hazarded their lives for the safety of the city.

Hal met May with a pale, a haggard face. He had thought her safe until he saw the stranger fireman on the ladder and learned his errand. He loved his cousin, and had suffered almost the agonies of death. May burst into tears.

"O, Hal, what do I not owe to a fireman!"

Hal then recalled for the first time her words of the previous day.

"Do you despise the firemen now, May?"

"Despise them? God forbid! How devoted!—how self-sacrificing!—how humane!—how noble to risk one's life for an entire stranger! O, Harry, I wish we could learn his name, that we might at least thank him. I shall never forget the first moment when he grasped my hand; it was the first that I had hoped to live. It seemed to me there was something of a divinity in his eyes as I met their gaze, and I did not fear to descend into the very flames. But I know now what it was—the noble, self-forgetting, heaven-trusting soul shining through those eyes, which spoke to mine and bade me fear not, but trust in God."

Hal was silent for a moment; then he said, slowly and sorrowfully:

"Every fireman could not have acted thus. O, May, will you forgive me? I felt that I could not. He impressed me with a kind of awe when after the first ladder had fallen he raised a second, as determined as before. He would have died rather than have given you up!"

It was a long while before the thought of Walter Cunningham crossed the mind of May Edgerton, and then she dwelt upon it but for a moment. A fireman had become an object of intense interest to her. Blue coats, brass buttons and epaulets sank into shameful insignificance beside the negligent costume of a fireman, and let Hal call, "Here, May, comes a glazed cap and a red shirt!" and she was at the window in an instant. One day Hal returned home with a face glowing with excitement.

"I have seen him, uncle! May, I have seen the stranger fireman!"

"Where? where?" was the quick response.

"There was a tremendous fire down town to-day, burning through from street to street.—'s book establishment, which has so long enlightened all the country, now illumined a good part of the city in quite another manner. The paper flew in every direction. All New York was there, and the stranger among the rest. Every one saw him, the firemen recognized him, and he worked like a brave fellow. There was more than one noble deed done to-day, for many a life was in peril." Hal's eyes glistened now, for he had saved a life himself. "The poor girls who stitched the books had to be taken down by ladders from the upper stories; no one can tell how many were rescued by our hero! The flames leaped from story to story, resistless, swallowing up everything; the giant work of years, the productions of great minds, all fading, as man must himself, into ashes, ashes!"

"But, Hal, our fireman—did you not follow him?"

"Indeed I did!—up through Fulton into Broadway; up, up, up, until he hurried down Waverley Street, I after him, and suddenly disappeared among the old gray walls of the university. I went in, walked all through the halls, made a dozen inquiries, but in vain. I reckon he is a will-o'-the-wisp."

Scarce a week had flown by before another terrific fire excited all the city. People began to think that every important building on the island was destined to the flames. The hall where Jenny Lind had sung, where little Jullien with his magic bow had won laurels, and the larger Jullien enchanted the multitude; the hall which had echoed to the voice of Daniel Webster, which was redolent with memories of greatness, goodness and delight, was wrapped in the devouring element. Hal Delancey was quickly on the ground, but the strange fireman already had the pipe of his company. He walked amid the flames with a fearless, yet far from defiant air, reminding Hal only of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. He was everywhere, where work was to be done, gliding over sinking beams, the example for all, giving prompt orders, as promptly obeyed, every fireman rallying around him with hearty good will, all jealousy cast aside, their watchword "Duty."

Towards morning, when the danger to other buildings was past, Harry closely watched the stranger, who seemed to mark him too, and with two members of his company determined to follow him and find out who he was, not only that his cousin and her father might have the poor felicity of thanking him, but because he was himself entranced by the manner of the man, and like May, saw something mysteriously beautiful shining through his eyes. The three—a young lawyer, a Wall Street merchant, and Hal—now tracked the fireman's steps with a "zeal worthy of a better cause." Hal did not think he was showing any very good manners in thus pursuing a person who quite evidently did not wish to be known; still he had once accosted the stranger in a gentlemanly manner, and received no satisfactory reply, so now he had decided, cost what it might, to make what discoveries he was able to, with or without leave.

This time it was down, down Broadway, through Fulton to Peck Slip. The stranger's light, almost boyish form moved swiftly, but evenly onward, while behind him fell the measured tread of Hal and his companions. Arrived at the pier, instead of crossing over by the ferry, the stranger unlocked a small boat, and

springing into it, seized the oars, turning back a half-scornful, half-angry glance at his pursuers. Hal was not to be outwitted thus. He quickly procured a boat, and the three soon overtook the stranger. They rowed silently along, not a word spoken from either boat, the oars falling musically upon the waves, darkness still brooding over the waters. The stranger made no attempt to land, but held on his course up the East River until they approached Hurl Gate.

"I do believe we are following the devil!" exclaimed the lawyer, suddenly, recalling some of his questionable deeds, as he heard the roar of the whirlpools, and saw the foam glistening in the dim light.

"He never came in such a shape as that!" laughed Hal, whose admiration of the stranger momentarily increased as he watched his skilful pilotage.

"Indeed, Delancey, I am not at all ready to make an intimate acquaintance with the 'Pot,' or 'Frying Pan,'" again exclaimed the lawyer fireman.

Still, Hal insisted upon following, in hopes the stranger would tack about.

"You have no fears?" said Hal, to his brother fireman, the merchant.

"Why no," he returned, calculatingly; "that is, if the risk is not too great."

Now the waters became wilder, lashing against the rocks, leaping and foaming; it was a dangerous thing to venture much farther, they must turn back now or not at all; a few strokes more and they must keep on steadily through the gate—one false movement would be their destruction. The stranger's bark gradually distanced them—they saw it enter among the whirling eddies—he missed the sound of their measured strokes, glanced back, lost the balance of his oars, his boat upset, and Hal saw neither, no more. There, on that moonless, starless night, when the darkness was blackest, just before the dawn, the brave fireman had gone down in that whistling, groaning, shrieking, moaning, Tartarean whirlpool! Mute horror stood on every face. Hal's grasp slackened; the lawyer quickly seized the oars, and turned the boat's prow towards the city.

"Do you not think we could save him?" gasped Hal, his face like the face of the dead.

"Save him?" ejaculated the lawyer; "that's worse than mad! Malfert alone can raise his bones along with 'Pot Rock.'"

Hal groaned aloud. Perhaps the stranger had no intention of going up the river, until driven by them. It was a miserable thought, and hung with a leaden weight upon Hal's spirit. He re-

mained at home all the next day, worn out and dejected. May rallied him.

"How I pity you, poor firemen! You get up at all times of the night, work like soldiers on a campaign, and sometimes do not even get a 'thank you' for your pay. You know I told you never to be a fireman!"

"I wish I had followed your advice," answered Hal, with something very like a groan.

May started. She noticed how very pale he was, and bade him lie down on the sofa. She brought a cushion, and sat down by his side.

"Now, Hal, you must tell me what troubles you. Has any one been slandering the firemen? I will not permit that now, since I have so kind a cousin in their ranks," said May, with a wicked little smile.

In vain she racked her brain for something to amuse him; Hal would not be amused. She bade him come to the window and watch the fountain in Union Park, but he strolled back immediately to the luxurious sofa, and buried his face in his hands. At last he could endure his horrid secret no longer; it scorched his brain and withered his very heart.

"May, you have not asked me if I saw the mysterious fireman last night?"

May could not trust her voice to reply.

"He was at the fire."

"Was he?"

"I tell you he *was*," returned Hal, pettishly.

"When I say he *was*, I do not mean that he *was* not. I followed him after the fire."

"Did you?"

"Good heavens, you will drive me mad!" Hal sprang to his feet. "I followed him I say—ay, to the death!"

Then ensued a rapid recital of all that had passed. Hal was excited beyond endurance, every nerve was stretched to its utmost, and the purple veins stood out boldly on his white forehead. He did not wait for May to say a word, but abruptly ended his narrative with:

"Was not this a pretty way to reward him for saving the life of my cousin—my sister? O, God, must the roar of that terrible whirlpool ring in my ears forever?" He gazed a moment on May's countenance of speechless sorrow, and rushed from the room.

For a long time Hal and May scarcely spoke to each other. He felt as though he had wronged her, and was always restless in her society. He could not bear to receive the thousand cousinly attentions which May had always lavished on him, and which she now performed mechanically; he hated to see the slippers by the corner of the grate, and after a few evenings would

not notice them; but above all he could not endure that very, very sad expression in May's eyes—for worlds he would have wished not to be able to translate it. The time for his wedding was fast drawing nigh, and he knew he should be miserable if May did not smile upon his bridal.

Weeks passed, and Delancey did not go to a fire; he paid his fines and remained at home. But he could not sleep while the bells were ringing—somehow they reminded him of that still night at Hurl Gate. By degrees the coldness wore off between May and himself, and she consented to be Emily's, *his* Emily's bridesmaid.

One night, however, the bell had a solemn summons in it, which Hal could not resist. It tolled as though for a funeral, and spoke to his very heart. He threw on his fire-clothes and hastened down town. Delancey soon reached the scene of destruction. The flames were carousing in all their mad mirth, as though they were to be the cause of no sorrow, no pain, no death. Hal's courage was soon excited; he leaped upon the burning rafters, rescuing goods from destruction, telling where a stream was needed; but suddenly he became paralyzed—he heard a voice which had often rung in his ear amid like scenes, a greater genius than his own was at work, he learned that he was innocent, even indirectly, of the stranger's death. Joy thrilled through every vein, he could have faced any peril, however great. Regardless of the angry blaze, he made his way through fire and smoke to the stranger's side. The fireman paused in his labor a moment, grasped Hal's hand, and with a smile, in which mingled a dash of triumph, said:

"You see I am safe."

"Do you forgive my rudeness?" asked Hal.

"Entirely!" was the ready response, and they went to work again.

In a few minutes Hal was separated from his friend—for he felt that he was his friend, and could have worked at his side until his last strength was expended. Retiring from the burning building to gather new vigor for the conflict, a sight glared before his eyes as he gazed backward for a moment, which froze his blood and made him groan with horror. The rear wall of the building, at a moment when no one expected it, with a crash, an eloquent yell of terror, fell. How many brave men were buried beneath the ruins, none could say. Hal saw the stranger falling with the timbers and the mass of brick; he strained his gaze to mark where he should rest, but lost sight of him beneath the piled-up beams and stones.

"A brave heart has perished!" cried Hal, thinking of but one of the many who had fallen sacrifices to their noble heroism. All night long the saddened, horrified firemen worked in subduing the flames and extricating the bruised bodies of the victims. Some still breathed, others were but slightly injured, but many more were drawn forth whose lips were still in death, their brave arms nerveless, and their hearts pulseless forever. O, it was a night of agony, of terror and dismay! The fireman's risk of life is not poetry, nor a romance of zeal, or picture wrought by the imagination. It is an earnest, solemn, terrible thing, as they could witness who stood around those blackened corpses on that midnight of woe.

Hal searched with undiminished care for the noble stranger, until his worn energies required repose. In vain did he gaze upon the recovered bodies to find that of the fireman; it was not there. Towards morning they found his cap; they knew it by the strange device—the anchor and the cross emblazoned on its front, above the number of his company.

"A fitting death for him to die!" said clergymen, as they recalled his unexampled bravery, the majesty of his mien, the benevolence of every action.

The news of the disaster spread through the city with the speed of lightning. Friends hastened to the spot, and O, what joy for some to find the loved one safe!—what worse than agony for others to gaze upon the features of their search all locked in ghastly death! With conflicting emotions, Delancey told May Edgerton of his last meeting with the strange fireman. A gush of thankfulness shot through her heart that he had not perished that dark night in Hurl Gate, that he had met an honorable doom. Hal preserved his cap as an incentive to goodness and greatness, and longed to be worthy to place on his own the mysterious device of the stranger.

The funeral obsequies of the deceased firemen were celebrated by all the pomp esteem could propose, or grief bestow. Mary Edgerton stood by the window as the long ranks of firemen filed round the park, all wearing the badge of mourning, the trumpets wreathed in crape, the banners lowered, the muffled drums beating the sad march to the grave. All the flags of the city were at half-mast, the fire bells tolled mournfully, and when, wearied with their sorrowful duty, their cadences for a while died away in gloomy silence, the bells of Trinity took up the wail in chiming the requiem to the dead. Everywhere reigned breathless silence, broken only by these sounds of woe.

As May gazed on the slow procession, her eye was attracted by the emblem on a fireman's cap—it was the same—an anchor and a cross! That form, it could be no other, the face was turned towards her, it was the stranger fireman! His very step bespoke the man, as with folded arms and solemn tread he followed in the funeral cortege.

That evening Hal Delancey returned home, his countenance beaming with joy, in strange contrast with the gloom of the day. "May, he is safe again!" was his first exclamation. "He is a perfect Neptune, Vulcan, master of fire and flood. Neither the surging eddies of Hurl Gate, nor ghastly flames and crashing beams have been able to overcome him. How he escaped he scarcely knows, and yet he does not bear a scar. So skilful, so agile, so brave, so dominant over all dangers, we easily might fancy him one of the old heathen deities!"

The next day there was to be some public literary exercise at the university, to which the alderman's family had been invited. May remembered Hal's once saying that he saw the fireman disappear somewhere around that venerable building, so an early hour found her seated at her father's side in the solemn-looking chapel, watching the arrival of the spectators, but more particularly the entrance of the students. The exercises commenced, still May had discovered no face resembling the fireman of her dreams. Several essays were pronounced with ease and grace, and the alderman took a fitting occasion to make a complimentary remark to one of the officers of the institution who was seated near him. "Exactly, exactly," echoed the professor, "but wait until young Sherwood speaks!"

Marion Sherwood was called, and there arose from among the heavy folds of the curtain that had almost entirely concealed him, a student who advanced with the dignity of a Jupiter and the grace of an Apollo. *Duty* was his theme. The words flowed in a resistless torrent from his lips. Every thought breathed beauty and sublimity, every gesture was the "poetry of motion." More than once did the entranced May Edgerton catch the dark eyes of the orator fixed with an almost scrutinizing gaze upon her face. The walls rang with applause as he resumed his seat; bouquets were showered at his feet by beauty's hand, the excited students called out "Sherwood, Sherwood!" he had surpassed himself. May scarcely heard a word that followed. She was delighted to find that she had not deceived herself, that in intellectual strength he equalled the promise of his daring.

At the close of the exercises Marion Sherwood would have hastened away, but the chancellor detained him. "Alderman Edgerton desires an introduction to you, sir," deliberately remarked the chancellor. Marion bowed. The alderman, after the first greeting, caught his hand. "I cannot be deceived, sir; you are the gallant youth who so nobly rescued my daughter from a terrible death." Again Marion bowed, hesitatingly, striving to withdraw his hand from the alderman's grasp. "Will you not permit me at least to thank you?" said Mr. Edgerton, in a wounded tone. Young Sherwood had not the slightest intention of offending him, and wished to hasten away only to escape observation. Now, however, with his usual generosity, he forgot his own inclinations, and permitted himself to be overwhelmed with expressions of heartfelt gratitude. He suddenly checked the alderman's torrent of eloquence by requesting an introduction to his daughter, who stood in the shadow of a pillar awaiting her father. May Edgerton's one little sentence of earnest thanks, speaking through every feature, was more grateful to the young student than all her father's words. One mutual glance made them friends in more than name. Now many an evening found Marion Sherwood whiling away a student's idle hours in the luxuriant drawing-room of Mr. Edgerton. May and he together read their favorite poets and the old classic writers, his daring mind stored with philosophy, guiding her wild imagination, her gentle goodness beguiling his bolder thoughts into the paths of virtue. O, it was blissful thus to mingle their day-dreams, encircling themselves in rainbows of hope and stars lit by each other's eyes, all breathing upon them beauty and blessings. May had already wreathed the unknown fireman in all the attributes of virtue and of manliness; happy was she to find them realized in Marion. And he, when sitting in the shadows of the old marble pile, gazing up at the brilliant sky, had pictured a being beautiful and good, whose soul could comprehend the yearnings of his own, and this he found in May. Thus their two souls grew together, until their thoughts, their hopes, their very lives seemed one.

When Marion Sherwood requested of Mr. Edgerton the hand of his daughter, and learned that she was not free, at least until she had met a certain gentleman who was every day expected, his soul recoiled with a sudden sting; he had so leaned upon this staff of happiness, and now it bent like a fragile reed. May laughed in scorn that she should prefer any one to Marion, but he learned that the stranger was talented,

handsome, wealthy, everything that a lady would desire in her favored suitor. If he did not release her, she was not free, and could he be adamant to the captivating charms of guileless, spiritual, beautiful May?

Scarcely had a day passed after Marion—whom May and her father knew only as one of Nature's noblemen—had learned this wretched news which sank into his heart like a poisoned dagger, when the vessel arrived which bore Walter Cunningham, his mother and step-father from France. A few miserable days passed—miserable they were to May and Marion, and the evening was appointed when Cunningham and his parents should call at the alderman's and May's fate, in part, at least, be decided. Marion also was to be there. He arrived early, unknowing even the name of his rival. He concealed himself among the flowers in the conservatory, pacing up and down the fragrant, embowered walks with hasty step and anxious heart. How fondly memory roved back over the jewelled past, glistening with departed joys; how fearfully imagination strove to penetrate the gloomy future; how tremblingly did he await the bursting storm of the blackened present.

The guests had arrived, and Marion was summoned to the drawing-room. With jealous care he had dressed himself in a fireman's costume made of rich materials, which wonderfully became him, that it might remind May what he had dared for her, and what had rendered them so dear unto each other. He stood with folded arms, his eyes fixed upon May Edgerton, scarcely daring to glance at the stranger. Suddenly he lifted his eyes to the pale face of his rival, which was bowed towards the floor.

"Walter!" he cried.

"Marion!" was the startled response.

"Choose, May! choose between us!" exclaimed Marion, with glistening eyes and extended hand.

"With your leave, Mr. Cunningham," she said joyfully, speaking to Walter, but placing her hand in that of Sherwood.

"Man proposes, God disposes." A weight was lifted from Cunningham's heart. While abroad, negligent of his promise to his parents, he had wooed and won a lovely girl to whom he had been privately married a few weeks before setting sail for home, with the promise of a speedy return. So desirous did he find his parents that May Edgerton should be his wife, that he did not dare confess his recreancy, but relied upon the hope that May's affections were already engaged, and thus she would save him in part from the anger of his parents. Why did

not Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood frown and scold at May's poor taste? Why? Because they loved their son Marion quite as well as his half-brother, Walter Cunningham, and were easily reconciled to the change of suitors, especially when they learned Walter had already secured a most estimable wife.

Marion had heard that his brother was engaged conditionally to some "proud, beauty heiress" of New York, and was not at all displeased to have him renounce all claim to his promised bride, when he found to his astonishment that it was his own May Edgerton, whom Cunningham confessed it would have been no difficult thing to love.

"Only to think of May Edgerton marrying a fireman!" exclaimed Hal Delancey, in great glee, at the wedding, which passed off as all weddings should, without a cloud upon heart, face, or sky.

May blushed and whispered to Marion that if ever there was a benevolent, noble, trust-worthy man upon the earth, it was a true-hearted fireman.

If my recital has enlarged one contracted soul, has persuaded one mind to throw aside false prejudices, has taught one child of luxury to look with sympathetic admiration on those who devote themselves so nobly to the public good, has encouraged one bold heart to labor with more exalted zeal in the cause of humanity, this "owre true tale" has not been written in vain.

UNPARALLELED PARSIMONY.

Monsieur Veauville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1785 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of 72 he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who, asking him ten pence for the operation, was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for a barber, who at length agreed to undertake the operation for three pence a time.

"But," said the stingy old fellow, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"

"Three times," answered the barber.

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"

"About eight ounces," was the answer.

"That will be ninepence; too much, too much," said the miser. "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way; take the whole quantity you designed to take at three times at one, and it will save me sixpence."

This being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, which caused his death in a few days, and he left his immense property to the king.—*Yankee Blade*.

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.

THE DYING MOSLEM.

BY WILLIAM MAYER.

The evening sun had shed his golden beams
O'er Alma's plains, and robed in gorgeous hues
The beauteous landscape and swift running streams,
And forest trees now damp with sparkling dews.
The sun, in passing through his daily course,
Had witnessed many a scene of deadly strife;
The Turk, contending with the northern Russ,
And warriors gory with the tide of life.

'Twas in his tent a dying Moslem lay;
A follower of the crescent, brave and true;
While twilight's deepening shades at close of day,
A dark and gloomy pall around him threw.
Stretched on a pallet 'neath the tent's dark folds,
His breath near spent, the life-blood oozing fast,
The Moslem prays; while oft his dying thoughts
Now dwell on sweet remembrance of the past.

"Allah, great father of the Universe,
Into thy hands I now commit my soul;
Mahomet, prophet of the living God,
Unto thy bosom my poor spirit fold."
Thus spake the Moslem hero as he lay
Gazing in fancy on the heavenly throne;
His voice grew faint, his breath came short and quick;
The sun went down, and Arael claimed his own.

The wind sighed mournfully 'mongst the forest trees,
As though in sorrow for the warrior brave;
And Nature sang his requiem on the breeze,
While mourning comrades dug for him a grave.
And now the moon shed forth her silvery light
O'er Alma's battle-field deep-dyed with gore;
The hero's spirit has ta'en its heavenward flight,
The foe his battle-cry shall hear no more.

MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THANKSGIVING day dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage, which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—for as yet Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.

Great were the preparations among the housewives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes, not to mention its long rows of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—wherewith the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But it is not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim-looking brick mansion, situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence, ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two-story house, containing in each story one room on either side of the front door, making, of course, four in all.

If we go in, we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason in the present moistened state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there are six high-backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture, that from romping children, uncereemonious kittens, and unhallowed intruders generally, this room is most sacredly guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where he will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

Courteous reader, Miss Hetty Henderson. Miss Hetty Henderson, let me make you acquainted with this lady (or gentleman), who is desirous of knowing you better.

Miss Hetty Henderson, with whom the reader has just passed through the ceremony of introduction, is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in a sober-looking dress, of irreproachable neatness, but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which likewise she is proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, on the income of which she lived very comfortably.

Somewhat, Miss Hetty had never married, though, such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life—an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known, but possibly the

reader will be furnished with a clue before he finishes this narrative.

Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined, attended Hetty. She grew precise, prim and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relish if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well-swept carpet, but such was never the case.

On this particular day—this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey, and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for, though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquitted her, if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the oven to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think to the clicking of her knitting needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brothers and sisters, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead, and I—I alone am left!"

Miss Hetty sighed, but after a while the recollections of those old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not go at her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear, is dead."

Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect—that at the end of the year's probation, she in-

formed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement asseverations, promises and protestations, she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and, at the close of the interview, he left her, quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection.

That night his clothing was packed up, and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and as was intimated in a slight note pencilled and left on the table in his room, never to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveller at length, pausing at the head of the gravelled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.

Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloth for dinner, a knock sounded through the house.

"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, fluttered, "who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"

Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."

Miss Hetty could feel that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open, and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glance cast by that little girl towards the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature," thought she, "I suppose it is a long time since she has had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her: "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is plenty enough for

half a dozen. How much these poor people would relish it."

By this time the table was arranged.

"Sir," said she, "turning to the traveller, "you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I should be happy to have you."

"Thank you, madam," was the grateful reply.

"We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others beside herself. There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Will you have some of the dressing, little girl—I have to call you that, for I don't know your name," she added, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta, but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveller.

"What!" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with excusable curiosity, "what was the name of this friend. I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added, half apologetically.

"Her name was Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name," ejaculated Miss Hetty.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, composedly.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unwontedly fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" said he, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "Yet you knew me well in bygone days—none better. At one time it was thought you would have joined your destiny to mine—"

"Nick Anderson!" said Miss Hetty, rising in confusion.

"You are right. You rejected me, because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and, ere forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular, but in my then state of mind I cared not whither I went. One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By-and-by a daughter was born. True to my old love, I named her Hetty, and pleased myself

with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property. Then came yearnings for my native soil. I have returned, as you see; not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

While Nicholas was speaking, Miss Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said:

"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But at least I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall come and live with me."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.

And what is that?"

"That you will be my wife!"

A vivid blush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the marriage day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to do. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," says a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother, it was only kitty that did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful, as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE POST-OFFICE.

There is no better place to view human nature in its various phases than to survey the countenances of a crowd of people as they retire from the post-office window. Disappointment, sorrow, pleasure, each has an impress on some countenance; an elderly woman appears—she soon receives the same negative answer that she has heard for the last month. As she slowly retires you can plainly read despair. A merchant hurriedly walks up and receives a letter; the envelope is broken, but he finds no expected remittance; he retires a disappointed man. The young lady in the full flush of youthful hopes, receives an expected letter from her lover; hastily the seal is broke; you can see her face wreathed and illuminated with smiles, as the contents are perused. A daughter of Erin hastens away to find some one to tell her the secrets contained in her letter. Truly, the cheap postage system has a two-fold effect to quickly disseminate information that shall bring happiness to some, and misery to others.—*Exchange paper.*

SONG OF THE REJECTED.

BY C. LES COMTES.

Nay, lady, nay, say why so proud?
 Why scorn a love like mine?
 I know there's many in yon crowd
 Who'd swear their hearts were thine;
 But, like the snow beneath the sun,
 Their fickle love would fade,
 If Fortune's smile should be withdrawn,
 Or clouds thy bright sky shade.

I know that gallant hearts have sued,
 And sought to win by gold;
 I know that fairer forms have wooed,
 And sighed their love untold;
 But ah, no truer heart than this
 Is offered at thy shrine;
 Why wilt thou turn away, and scorn
 A love so pure as mine?

Thou hast not learned how rich a gem
 Far from thee thou hast hurled;
 A heart is worth a diadem,
 In such a heartless world.
 Farewell! perchance some happier love
 May win thee for his bride;
 And thou'lt forget the humble knight,
 Who lingered by thy side.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY H. W. LORING.

In the good old days of France the fair, when no one dared question the divine right of the sovereign, or the purity of the church,—when the rights of the feudal seigneurs were unchallenged, and they could head or hang, mutilate or quarter their vassals at their pleasure,—when freedom was a word as unmeaning as it is now under his sacred majesty, Napoleon the Third, there came to the capital, from Touraine, an artisan, named Anseau, who was as cunning in his trade of goldsmith as Benvenuto Cellini, the half-mad artificer of Florence. He became a burgher of Paris, and a subject of the king, whose high protection he purchased by many presents, both of works of art and good red gold. He inhabited a house built by himself, near the church of St. Leu, in the Rue St. Denis, where his forge was well known to half the amateurs of fine jewelry. He was a man of pure morals and persevering industry; always laboring, always improving, constantly learning new secrets and new receipts, and seeking everywhere for new fashions and devices to attract and gratify his customers. When the night was far advanced, the soldiers of the guard and the revellers return-

ing from their carousals, always saw a lighted lamp at the casement of the goldsmith's workshop, where he was hammering, carving, chiseling and filing,—in a word, laboring at those marvels of ingenuity and toil which made the delight of the ladies and the minions of the court. He was a man who lived in the fear of God, and in a wholesome dread of robbers, nobles, and noise. He was gentle and moderate of speech, courteous to noble, monk and burgher, so that he might be said to have no enemy.

Claude Anseau was strongly built. His arms were rounded and muscular, and his hand had the grip of an iron vice. His broad shoulders reminded the learned of the giant Atlas; his white teeth seemed as if they were formed for masticating iron. His countenance, though placid, was full of resolution, and his glance was so keen that it might have melted gold, though the limpid lustre of his eyes tempered their burning ardor. In a word, though a peaceable man, the goldsmith was not one to be insulted with impunity, and perhaps it was a knowledge of his physical qualities that secured him from attack in those stormy days of ruffianly violence.

Yet sometimes, in spite of his accumulating wealth and tranquil life, the loneliness of the goldsmith made him restless. He was not insensible to beauty, and often, as he wrought a wedding ring for the finger of some fair damsel, he thought with what delight he could forge one for some gentle creature who would love him for himself and not for the riches that called him lord. Then he would sally forth and hie to the river-side, and pass long hours in the dreamy reveries of an artist.

One day as he was strolling, in this tender frame of mind, along the left bank of the Seine, he came to the meadow afterwards called the Pre aux Clercs, which was then in the domain of the Abbey of St. Germain, and not in that of the University. There, finding himself in the open fields, he encountered a poor girl, who addressed him with the simple salutation:—"God save you, my lord!"

The musical intonation of her voice, chiming in with the melodious images that then filled the goldsmith's busy brain, impressed him so pleasantly that he turned, and saw that the damsel was holding a cow by a tether, while it was browsing the rank grass that grew upon the borders of a ditch.

"My child," said he, "how is it that you are pasturing your cow on the Sabbath? Know you not that it is forbidden, and that you are in danger of imprisonment?"

"My lord," replied the girl, casting down her

eyes, "I have nothing to fear, because I belong to the abbey. My lord abbot has given us license to feed our cow here after sunset."

"Then you love your cow better than the safety of your soul," said the goldsmith.

"Of a truth, my lord, the animal furnishes half our subsistence."

"I marvel," said the good goldsmith, "to see you thus poorly clad and barefoot on the Sabbath. Thou art fair to look upon, and thou must needs have suitors from the city."

"Nay, my lord," replied the girl, showing a bracelet that clasped her rounded left arm; "I belong to the abbey." And she cast so sad a look on the good burgess that his heart sank within him.

"How is this?" he resumed,—and he touched the bracelet, whereon were engraven the arms of the Abbey of St. Germain.

"My lord, I am the daughter of a serf. Thus, whoever should unite himself to me in marriage would become a serf himself, were he a burgess of Paris, and would belong, body and goods, to the abbey. For this reason I am shunned by every one. But it is not this that saddens me—it is the dread of being married to a serf by command of my lord abbot, to perpetuate a race of slaves. Were I the fairest in the land, lovers would avoid me like the plague."

"And how old are you, my dear?" asked the goldsmith.

"I know not, my lord," replied the girl; "but my lord abbot has it written down."

This great misery touched the heart of the good man, who for a long time had himself eaten the bread of misfortune. He conformed his pace to that of the girl, and they moved in this way towards the river in perfect silence. The burgess looked on her fair brow, her regal form, her dusky but delicately-formed feet, and the sweet countenance which seemed the true portrait of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris.

"You have a fine cow," said the goldsmith.

"Would you like a little milk?" replied she.

"These early days of May are so warm, and you are so far from the city."

In fact, the sky was cloudless and burned like a forge. This simple offer, made without the hope of a return, the only gift in the power of the poor girl, touched the heart of the goldsmith, and he wished that he could see her on a throne and all Paris at her feet.

"No, my mie," replied he; "I am not thirsty—but I would that I could free you."

"It cannot be; and I shall die the property of the abbey. For a long time we have lived here, from father to son, from mother to daugh-

ter. Like my poor ancestors, I shall pass my days upon this land, for the abbot does not loose his prey."

"What!" cried the goldsmith, "has no gallant been tempted by your bright eyes to buy your liberty, as I bought mine of the king?"

"Truly, it would cost too much. Therefore those I pleased at first: aught went as they came."

"And you never thought of fleeing to another country with a lover, on a fleet courser?"

"O, yes. But, my lord, if I were taken I should lose my life, and my lover, if he were a lord, his land. I am not worth such sacrifice. Then the arms of the abbey are longer than my feet are swift. Besides, I live here, in obedience to Heaven that has placed me here."

"And what does your father, maiden?"

"He is a vine-dresser; in the gardens of the abbey."

"And your mother?"

"She is a laundress."

"And what is your name?"

"I have no name, my lord. My father was baptized Etienne, my dear mother is la Etienne, and I am Tiennette, at your service."

"Tiennette," said the goldsmith, "never has maiden pleased me as thou dost. Hence, as I saw thee at the moment when I was firmly resolved to take a helpmate, I think I see a special providence in our meeting, and if I am not displeasing in thine eyes, I pray thee to accept me a lover."

The girl cast down her eyes. These words were uttered in such a sort, with tone so grave and manner so penetrating, that Tiennette wept.

"No, my lord," replied she, "I should bring you a thousand troubles and an evil fortune. For a poor serf, it is enough that I have heard your generous proffer."

"Ah!" cried Claude, "you know not with whom you have to deal." He crossed himself, clasped his hands, and said:—"I here vow to Saint Eloi, under whose protection is my noble craft, to make two inches of enamelled silver, adorned with the utmost labor I can bestow. One shall be for the statue of my lady the virgin, and the other for my patron saint, if I succeed, to the end that I may give thanks for the emancipation of Tiennette, here present, and for whom I pray their high assistance. Moreover, I vow, by my eternal salvation, to prosecute this enterprise with courage, to expend therein all that I possess, and to abandon it only with my life. Heaven hath heard me, and thou, fair one," he added, turning to the girl.

"Ah, my lord! My cow is running across the field," cried she weeping, at the knees of the

good man. "I will love you all my life—but recall your vow."

"Let us seek the cow," said the goldsmith, raising her, without daring to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

"Yes," said she, "for I shall be beaten."

The goldsmith ran after the cow, which reeked little of their loves. But she was seized by the horns, and held in the grasp of Claude as in an iron vice. For a trifle he would have hurled her into the air.

"Farewell, dearest. If you go into the city, come to my house, near St. Leu. I am called Master Ansean, and am the goldsmith of our seigneur, the king of France, at the sign of St. Eloi. Promise me to be in this field the next Sabbath, and I will not fail to come, though it were raining halberts."

"I will, my lord. And, in the meanwhile, my prayers shall ascend to heaven for your welfare."

There she remained standing, like a saint carved in stone, stirring not, until she could no longer see the burgess, who retired with slow steps, turning every now and then to look upon her. And even when he was long lost to sight, she remained there until nightfall, lost in reverie, and not certain whether what had happened was a dream or bright reality. It was late when she returned home, where she was beaten for her tardiness,—but she did not feel the blows.

The good burgess, on his part, lost his appetite, closed his shop, and wandered about, thinking only of the maiden of St. Germain, seeing her image everywhere. On the morrow, he took his way towards the abbey, in great apprehension, but still determined to speak to my lord abbot. But as he bethought him that it would be most prudent to put himself under the protection of some powerful courtier, he retraced his steps, and sought out the royal chamberlain, whose favor he had gained by various courtesies, and especially by the gift of a rare chain to the lady whom he loved. The chamberlain readily promised his assistance, had his horse saddled and a hackney made ready for the goldsmith, with whom he came presently to the abbey, and demanded to see the abbot, who was then Mon seigneur Hugo de Senecterre, and was ninety-three years old. Being come into the hall, with the goldsmith, who was trembling in expectation of his doom, the chamberlain prayed the Abbot Hugo to grant him a favor in advance, which could be easily done, and would do him pleasure. Whereat, the wily abbot shook his head, and replied that it was expressly forbidden by the canons to plight one's faith in this manner.

"The matter is this, then, my dear father," said the chamberlain. "The goldsmith of the court, here, has conceived a great love for a girl belonging to the abbey, and I charge you, as you would have me grant the favors you may seek hereafter, to liberate this girl."

"Who is she?" asked the abbot of the burgess.

"She is named Tiennette," replied the goldsmith, timidly.

"Oh! ho!" said the good old Hugo, smiling. "Then the bait has brought us a good fish. This is a grave case, and I cannot decide it alone."

"I know, father, what these words are worth," said the chamberlain, frowning.

"Beau sire," replied the abbot, "do you know what the girl is worth?"

The abbot sent for Tiennette, telling his clerk to dress her in her best clothes, and make her as brave as possible.

"Your love is in danger," said the chamberlain to the goldsmith, drawing him one side.

"Abandon this fancy; you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your hand, and the king will help you to acquire an estate and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choice, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you have it in charge and trust to represent here on earth the bounty of Providence, which is always kind to us, and has infinite treasures of mercy for our miseries. Now I will enshrine you, for the rest of my days, each night and morning in my prayers, if you will aid me to obtain this girl in marriage. And I will fashion you a box to enclose the holy Eucharist, so cunningly wrought, and so enriched with gold and precious stones, and figures of winged angels, that another such shall never be in Christendom,—it shall remain unique, shall rejoice your eyes, and so glorify your altar that the people of the city, foreign lords—all, shall hasten to see it, so wondrous shall it be."

"My son," replied the abbot, "you have lost your senses. If you are resolved to have this girl in wedlock, your property and person will eacheat to the chapter of the abbey."

"Yes, my lord, I am devoted to this poor girl, and more touched by her misery and truly Christian heart, than by her personal perfections. But I am," said he, with tears in his eyes, "yet more astonished at your hardness, and I say it, though

"I know my fate is in your hands. Yes, my lord, I know the law. Thus, if my goods must fall into your possession, if I become a serf, if I lose my home and my citizenship, I shall yet keep the skill developed by my culture and my studies, and which lies here," he added, touching his forehead, "in a place where God alone, besides myself, is master. And your whole abbey cannot purchase the creation of my brain. You will have my body and my wife, but nothing can give you my genius, not even tortures, for I am stronger than iron is hard, and more patient than suffering is great."

Having said this, the goldsmith, enraged at the calmness of the abbot, who seemed resolved to secure the good man's doubloons to the abbey, dealt such a blow with his fist on an oaken chair, it flew in pieces as if struck by a sledge-hammer.

"See, my lord, what a serf you will have, and how of an artificer of divine things you will make a draught-horse."

"My son," replied the abbot, calmly, "you have wrongfully broken mine oaken chair and lightly judged my heart. This girl belongs to the abbey, and not to me. I am the faithful administrator of the rights and usages of this glorious monastery. Although I may, indeed, liberate this girl and her heirs, I owe an account to God and to the abbey. Now, since there has been here an altar, serfs and monks, *id est*, from time immemorial, never has there been an instance of a burgess becoming the property of the abbey by marriage with a serf. Hence, need there is of exercising this right, that it may not be lost, effete and obsolete, and fall into desuetude, the which would occasion troubles manifold. And this is of greater advantage for the state and for the abbey than your boxes, however beautiful, they may be, seeing that we have a fund which will enable us to purchase jewels and bravery, and that no money can establish customs and laws. I appeal to my lord, the king's chamberlain, who is witness of the pains infinite our sovereign taketh each day to do battle for the establishment of his ordinances."

"This is to shut my mouth," said the chamberlain.

The goldsmith, who was no great clerk, remained silent and pensive. Herenpon came Tiennette, clad in glorious apparel, wearing a robe of white wool, with her hair tastefully dressed, and, withal, so royally beautiful, that the goldsmith was petrified with ecstasy, and the chamberlain confessed that he had never seen so perfect a creature. Then, thinking that there was too great danger to the goldsmith in this spectacle, he carried him off to the city, and

begged him to think no more of the affair, since the abbey would never yield so beautiful a prize.

In fact, the chapter signified to the poor lover that, if he married this girl, he must resolve to abandon his property and house to the abbey, and to acknowledge himself a serf; and that then, by special grace, the abbey would allow him to remain in his house, on condition of his furnishing an inventory of his goods, of his paying a tribute every year, and coming annually, for a fortnight, to lodge in a burg appertaining to the domain, in order to make act of serfdom. The goldsmith, to whom every one spoke of the obstinacy of the monks, saw plainly that the abbey would adhere inflexibly to this sentence, and was driven to the verge of despair. At one time he thought of setting fire to the four corners of the monastery,—at another, he proposed to inveigle the abbot into some place where he might torment him till he signed the manumission papers of Tiennette,—in fine, he projected a thousand schemes, which all evaporated into air. But, after many lamentations, he thought he would carry off the girl to some secure place, whence nothing could draw him, and made his preparations in consequence, thinking that, once out of the kingdom, his friends or the sovereign could manage the monks and bring them to reason. The good man reckoned without his host, for, on going to the meadow, he missed Tiennette, and learned that she was kept in the abbey so rigorously, that, to gain possession of her, he would have to besiege the monastery. Then master Anseau rent the air with complaints and lamentations, and, throughout Paris, the citizens and housewives spoke of nothing but this adventure, the noise of which was such, that the king, meeting the old abbot at court, asked him why, in this juncture, he did not yield to the great love of his goldsmith, and practise a little Christian charity.

"Because, my lord," replied the priest, "all rights are linked together, like the parts of a suit of armor, and if one fail, the whole falls to pieces. If this girl were taken from us, against our will, and the usage were not observed, soon your subjects would deprive you of your crown, and great seditions would arise in all parts, to the end of abolishing the tithes and taxes which press so heavily upon the people."

The king was silenced. Every one was anxious to learn the end of this adventure. So great was the curiosity, that several lords wagered that the goldsmith would abandon his suit, while the ladies took the opposite side. The goldsmith having complained with tears to the queen that the monks had deprived him of the sight of

his beloved, she thought it detestable and oppressive. Whereupon, pursuant to her command, the goldsmith was allowed to go daily to the parlor of the abbey, where he saw Tiennette; but always in the company of an aged monk, and attired in true magnificence, like a lady. It was with great difficulty that he persuaded her to accept the sacrifice he was compelled to make of his liberty, but she finally consented.

When the city was made acquainted with the submission of the goldsmith, who, for the love of his lady, abandoned his fortune and his liberty, every one was anxious to see him. The ladies of the court encumbered themselves with jewels they did not need, to make a pretext for talking with him. But if some of them approached Tiennette in beauty, none possessed her heart. At last, at the approach of the hour of servitude and love, Anseau melted all his gold into a royal crown, which he inlaid with all his pearls and diamonds; then coming secretly to the queen, he gave it into her hands, saying:

"My lady, I know not in whose hands to trust my faith and fortune but yours. To-morrow everything found in my house will become the property of those accursed monks, who have no pity on me. Deign, then, to take care of this. It is a poor return for the pleasure I enjoyed by your means, of seeing her I love, since no treasure is worth one of her glances. I know not what will become of me—but if, one day, my children become free, I have a faith in your generosity as a woman and a queen."

"Well said, good man," replied the queen. "The abbey may one day have need of my assistance, and then I will remember this."

There was an immense crowd in the abbey church at the espousals of Tiennette, to whom the queen presented a wedding dress, and whom the king authorized to wear earrings and jewels. When the handsome couple came from the abbey to the lodgings of Anseau, who had become a serf, near St. Leu, there were torches at the windows to see them pass, and in the street two lines of people, as at a royal progress. The poor husband had wrought a silver bracelet, which he wore upon his left arm, in token of his belonging to the abbey of St. Germain. Then, notwithstanding his servitude, they cried, "Noel, Noel!" as to a new king. And the good man saluted courteously, happy as a lover, and pleased with the homage each one paid to the grace and modesty of Tiennette. Then the good goldsmith found green branches, and a crown of bluettes on his doorposts, and the principal persons of the quarter were all there, who, to do him honor, saluted him with music, and cried

out, "You will always be a noble man, in spite of the abbey!"

Tiennette was delighted with her handsome lodgings, and the crowd of customers who came and went, delighted with her charms. The honey-moon passed, there came one day, in great pomp, old abbot Hugo, their lord and master, who entered the house, which belonged no more to the goldsmith, but to the chapter, and, being there, said to the newly married pair:

"My children, you are free, and quit of all claims on the part of the abbey. And I must tell you that, from the first, I was greatly moved with the love which linked you to each other. Thus, the rights of the abbey having been recognized, I determined to complete your joy, after having proved your loyalty. And this man-mission shall cost you nothing."

Having said this, he touched them lightly on the cheeks, and they knelt at his feet and wept for joy. The goldsmith apprized the people who had collected in the street of the bounty and blessing of the good abbot Hugo. Then, in great honor, Anseau held the bridle of his mare, as far as the gate of Busay. On the way, having taken a sack of money with him, he threw the pieces to the poor and suffering, crying:

"Largesse! largesse to God! God save and guard the abbey! Long live the good Lord Hugo!"

The abbot, of course, was severely reproached by his chapter, who had opened their jaws to devour the rich booty. Thus, a year afterwards, the good man Hugo falling sick, his prior told him that it was a punishment of Heaven, because he had neglected their sacred interests.

"If I judge this man aright," replied the abbot, "he will remember what he owes us."

In fact, this day happening to be the anniversary of the marriage, a monk came to announce that the goldsmith begged his benefactor to receive him. When he appeared in the hall where the abbot was, he displayed two marvellous caskets, which, from that time, no workman has surpassed in any place of the Christian world, and which were called "the vow of perseverance in love." These two treasures are, as every one knows, placed on the high altar of the church, and are judged to be of inestimable workmanship, since the goldsmith had expended all he had on them.

Nevertheless, this gift, instead of emptying his treasury, filled it to overflowing, because it so increased his fame and profits that he was able to purchase broad lands and letters of nobility, and founded the house of Anseau, which has since been in high honor in Touraine.

FAITH'S SYMPATHIES.

BY Wm. B. LAWRENCE.

The sympathies of Faith

Harmoniously flow
 Around the inward, secret pulse,
 Of human hearts below.
 Extraneous songs arise!
 Seraphic, sweet and free;
 And float through ether infinite,
 Eternity's vast sea.

Ecstatic joy pervades—

Elysian in its power—
 That soul whose faithful sympathies
 O'errule the fleeting hour.
 Whose sombre pinions float
 Athwart the cloud and shade,
 Till brighter, purer, fairer yet,
 Their outward guise is made.

Faith's spirit over earth's

Material prison walls,
 Holds sway with warmer, deeper love,
 Than round the skeptic falls.
 The cloud-land opens to view,
 Inpearled in rosy light,
 Dispelling e'en the darkest shades
 Of immaterial night.

THE LADY IN THE OMNIBUS.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

ACT first, scene first of this little drama—a street in a pleasant suburban town; time—a dark, stormy evening; the hour—between nine and ten; *dramatis personæ*—a merry party of about a dozen persons, consisting of both ladies and gentlemen, who have just left the house of a friend, and are crossing the village square. A drizzling rain is falling, but judging by the merry voices and shouts of laughter, it does not dampen the spirits of the party.

By the aid of lanterns carried by some of the party, they have just succeeded in crossing the muddy street, when the roll of an omnibus is heard in the distance.

"There, Mr. Tremor," says one of the party, "you can ride to the city, it will save you a long muddy walk."

"Is that omnibus going directly to the city?" inquired the person indicated, the only one of the party whose home did not lie within a stone's throw.

"Yes, directly in," is the reply; "and very fortunate for you, as you will not accept any of our invitations to pass the night."

"I should be very happy to do so, but business forbids."

The omnibus is still at some little distance, but its lights are plainly seen.

"We will stop the coach for you," says one, going into the middle of the street, swinging his lantern over his head, then setting it down on the ground, as if a railroad train were expected instead of a peaceful suburban omnibus. Another, a tall, stout man, stands out in the middle of the street, holding his lantern over his head at arm's length, while the rest of the party stand on the sidewalk, almost convulsed with laughter at the merry jokes passing from one to the other, and all this parade to stop the coach for one passenger.

The omnibus comes nearer and nearer; the driver, by the aid of the lanterns, sees a number of dark figures on the sidewalk, and is already counting them up at ten cents a head. He comes nearer; he stops.

"How many will your omnibus carry?" says one.

"As many as can get in," was the safe and true reply.

One of the gentlemen with a lantern then escorts the only person who is to patronize the coach that night, and leading him very carefully to the steps, calls out to the driver:

"Driver," says he, "this is an exceedingly lonesome man. I hope you will be very careful of him, and leave him safe at his door."

He thrust his friend in, the driver closed the door, looked at the merry party still standing on the sidewalk, betraying not the most distant intention of crowding his vehicle that night, and half amused and half provoked, drives on. The party, with merry joke and laugh, pass on to their homes, and Mr. Tremor rolls on to the city in the coach into which he had been so curiously ushered, his only companion a female, closely wrapped in a blanket shawl. Here we will leave them while we introduce our readers to Mr. Tremor.

He was a young man of talent and genius; a good thinker, a good talker, and an agreeable companion, for on no subject, literature, science or politics, was he ever known to be at fault. Among the associates with whom he had just parted, and with whom it was his pleasure to meet once a week during the winter months, he was beloved and respected.

There was one thing which he gloried in, but for which his associates never ceased to give him their unfeigned and deepest pity, though he always assured them it was wholly uncalled for. He was a bachelor. He made it his boast that he could go when he pleased, and where he pleased. If he stayed out late at night, there was no one to reproach him when he came home. If he chose to sit up at night to read or

write, no little responsibility annoyed him with its midnight cries. If he chose to travel, he had but to take his valise in his hand, go to the depot, and away at half an hour's notice. He had no trouble with trunks, rivalling a suburban villa in size, and surrounded by a body guard of bandboxes. No one had claims upon his purse for silk dresses, loves of bonnets, frocks for little Fanny, or caps for Charlie; he was never called upon for a new carpet for the parlor, because the old one was getting decidedly shabby, and Mrs. P. had a nice new Brussels, and he could afford it as well as Mr. P. And more than all, he never was asked when he went away of a morning, to step into the provision store, and send home a joint of meat, a bunch of turnips, a cabbage, or a string of onions; he never was annoyed by being told that the flour was all out, and there was not a potato in the house. O no, he had none of these troubles, he was fully sensible of his blessings; he knew he was a happy man.

True, his associates pretended to pity him, but he could see through it all—it was sheer envy. They told him of the pleasure of having some one to share their joys and sorrows; they would not give a cent to travel without their better halves; if they saw a fine landscape, they wished for some one to enjoy it with them; and the annoyances of travel, if shared by a wife, were lightened of half their terror; as to the trunks and bandboxes, such things must be expected, the dear creatures could not be expected to go without their finery, and, indeed, they did not wish them to do it; they liked to see them look pretty and genteel, and were willing to pay the penalty.

But he insisted that a male companion was just as good, if you wanted one to share in the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and they were a vast deal less trouble, for they would take care of themselves. Of course, he had the best of the argument. But sometimes when he left the pleasant homes of his friends, where they seemed so happy in each other's love and affection, for his long walk or ride to the city, and then went to his lonely room at his boarding-house, it may be his heart suggested the contrast; but if so, it was never known, or he was well satisfied; he was a highly-favored man.

But yet his state of single blessedness did by no means free him from care; pretending to be so free to come and go, no house to look after, no family to call upon him, no children to worry him, to disturb his nights and fret his days; yet his time was more taken up than that of any

married man of his acquaintance. So beset was he with business, he never could get to bed at proper hours; he had little time for recreation, for business hurried him from day to day, from week to week. His friends had long evenings at home, nothing to do but lounge on the sofa, read to their wives, or play with the children; but he was always busy; his bachelorship secured him not from care and the pressure of business.

Yet it must be owned that his friend had erred when he had spoken of him as a lonesome man; he was never lonesome, a mind well cultivated and fond of books need never be lonely, and Mr. Tremor, though a bachelor, was not what might be called a lonesome man. But we have left him a long time in the omnibus with his female companion.

The lady, somewhat alarmed by the noise which had preceded his entrance, had withdrawn herself to the farthest part of the coach. Mr. Tremor thought he would speak to her, and let her know that he was not so very formidable a person, though his advent into the coach had been accompanied with so much noise. So, after seating himself, he looked towards the corner where she was seated, and said in his blandest tones:

"It is a very stormy evening, madam."

This of course was no news, but it served to break the ice. She replied in the affirmative, and then there was silence. He noticed in the few words she had spoken that her voice was soft and musical; he thought he would like to hear it again. He thought a moment.

"I was not aware," said he, "that a coach left for the city at this hour."

"It has run at this hour every evening," she replied, "for about a month."

"And will continue to do so through the winter?"

"I presume so," she replied.

"It will be a great accommodation to me," said Mr. Tremor.

There was another pause. There was a light in the coach; the lady had withdrawn her veil, which on his entrance was thrown over her face. Mr. Tremor had now a good view of her features. It was a pretty, interesting face; but then he had seen prettier; he was not at all struck by it. She wore a thick blanket shawl closely wrapped around her person, a straw bonnet with a blue ribbon upon it; nothing peculiar in her dress, certainly. True, there was a grace in her figure in the very position in which she sat in the coach, which he could not help noticing; but then he had seen figures as graceful

before. Her voice, he must own, was soft and musical, but then he had heard a hundred others as much so; but yet he liked to hear it notwithstanding. She seemed rather unwilling to be drawn into conversation, which was however but natural, as he was a stranger.

Their ride was at an end; the coach drew up before the office door; Mr. Tremor alighted, and very politely assisted his companion to do the same. The street was very muddy; she was in a manner obliged to take the hand he offered for her assistance, and he could not help noticing that hers was small and beautifully shaped. He was, it must be owned, very observing for a bachelor; but where was the young lady going at this hour? thought Mr. Tremor. While he was thus thinking, a boy of about thirteen, who had evidently been waiting for the coach, walked off with the lady in question, and he was left alone in the street.

A week passed, during which Mr. Tremor, spite of himself, often thought of the lady in the omnibus. A week, and the evening that he was to meet with his friends again arrived. He thought he would take the coach out, though being a man of business habits, he generally preferred the cars; but the coach would carry him nearer the place of destination, and if the thought did cross his mind that perhaps she might be in it, of course it had nothing to do with his decision. But she was not there. He passed a pleasant evening with his friends, and at the same hour as the week previous, he stood in the square waiting for the coach.

But this night the coach was nearly full, and he was obliged to take a seat near the door. He looked around; there in the same corner, in the same position, in the same shawl and bonnet, precisely as she sat and looked the week before, sat the lady he wished—though he had not owned it—to see.

How provoking he could not speak to her. A rough, coarse-looking man was sitting beside her, her veil was drawn over her face, and she had not even looked up since he entered the coach. There was little said by the passengers during their ride, and in due time they stopped before the office door.

Mr. Tremor jumped out, but stationed himself at the foot of the steps; he knew she would get out last. They passed out, young men, old men, and some very pretty maidens; but he had no interest in them. At last he saw her figure; the veil was thrown back, the light fell full upon her face, and it was, in truth, a pretty face to look upon. He held out his hand to assist her in alighting, and at that instant she caught his

eye. He bowed very politely, and said "Good evening."

But the street was not muddy to-night. She sprang quickly down the steps, without touching the offered hand, and before he could think, she was gone. He looked down the street, and saw her retreating figure with the boy, who had been in waiting, and who Mr. Tremor wished anywhere but where he was.

Mr. Tremor wouldn't own it, but he was a little chagrined. She might, at least, have said good evening, it would have been no more than common politeness, for she could not help knowing him, for the light fell as full upon his face as upon hers.

Another week; and it must be owned that all thought that week Mr. Tremor took a strange fancy to gaze in the face of every young lady he met in the street wearing a blanket shawl and bonnet trimmed with blue, and as blanket shawls were much worn this season, and as blue was the prevailing color, he had often to look around as he walked the streets of the city, but ever unsuccessful; the face he was in search of was not there.

Another week, and again he stood in the square waiting for the coach. He was obliged to wait some time, for more than usually fearful of being late, he had hurried away, and was in consequence too early. It came at last. He opened the door, and there she sat in the same corner, in the same position, and as good luck would have it, all alone. Mr. Tremor was persevering; he was not to be balked this night; he walked the full length of the coach, and taking a seat directly opposite the lady, said:

"Good evening."

She returned the salutation, for how could she help it.

"It is a very cold evening," said he, rubbing his hands.

"It is intensely cold," she replied, drawing her shawl still closer around her.

A book lay in the lady's lap. In moving to adjust her shawl it fell. Mr. Tremor picked it up; he opened it and looked at the title page, for the coach lamp was between them. It was not a novel. Mr. Tremor was glad, for he detested novel reading young ladies. No, it was a scientific work, and one that he had read himself with much delight.

"Excuse me," said he, "for taking so much liberty, and allow me to express a little surprise at finding such a work in the hands of a young lady."

She smiled an arch, roguish sort of smile, but said nothing.

"It is a work," said he, "I very much admire. There are others by the same author; allow me to ask if you have read them?"

"Yes, she had.

"How were you pleased with them?"

"Very much, sir."

"Young ladies are apt to take but little interest in works of this kind."

The lady smiled again, and Mr. Tremor could but admire the sweet blue eyes as they rested for a moment on his face.

The book suggested other topics of conversation. Mr. Tremor asked if she had attended the lectures delivered the previous winter on scientific subjects by a distinguished lecturer. Yes, she had attended, and received a great deal of pleasure and instruction therefrom. So they talked upon the lectures for a while, and Mr. Tremor found the lady quite companionable, for, though not saying a great deal, she was a good listener, and when she did speak, her remarks showed an intelligent mind, and a full understanding of the subject of conversation. Mr. Tremor was delighted, and was very sorry when the coach stopped at the office. He ardently hoped that the boy of thirteen would not be there. Alas for human hopes! The omnibus door opened, and a very genteel, fine looking young man stood ready to wait upon the young lady out.

Mr. Tremor had nothing to do but to walk home alone as usual, and his mind was not as calm as was its wont. But why should he be disturbed? The lady, of course, was nothing to him, and why should he be vexed that a young man had waited upon her home? But vexed he was; the equanimity of his mind was certainly disturbed by the circumstance; the boy of thirteen was bad enough, but the young man was infinitely worse.

Some few weeks passed. No matter what day Mr. Tremor went out of town, still on his return at the usual time, there sat the lady in the same place and the same position in the coach. Sometimes there were others in the coach, and sometimes they were alone, but always at the end of their route stood the boy or the young man to wait upon her home. They met so often that she began to greet him like an acquaintance, and to converse with him without restraint. She would even smile upon him when he entered the coach, and bid him good evening when she turned to go away with her companion.

But he had not been able to find out anything particular about her, though to be sure he had not made many inquiries—for why should he? There was a little mystery about her. Why

should she be in the coach every evening at this particular time? He should rather like to know her name.

One night it happened—and it was not an unusual occurrence—that Mr. Tremor and the lady were the only occupants of the coach. It was a stormy night, the snow was falling quite fast, and the wind was very high, altogether a very uncomfortable evening, though they did not think so, for they were engaged in a very agreeable conversation. On their arrival at the office, Mr. Tremor waited upon the lady out, and looking round found no one was in waiting for her. A thrill of delight passed through his frame; the lady, too, looked around for her usual companion, and she seemed anything but delighted. Mr. Tremor spoke:

"Your companion seems not to be in waiting for you, will you oblige me by accepting me as an escort to your home?"

"I think it is hardly necessary to trouble you. Doubtless, my brother will soon be here. I will wait a few minutes."

"Her brother," thought Mr. Tremor. "Ah, but which is her brother, the boy or the young man?"

They waited a short time, but no one came.

"I think," said he, with seeming concern for her, "you risk your health by standing in the storm. Your brother, I think, will not come. Allow me the pleasure of going with you to your home."

"I am very sorry to trouble you—and in such a violent storm."

"Indeed, it is no trouble, but a great pleasure, and the storm is nothing to me."

And in truth it was not. It was pleasanter to him than the brightest moonlight, and he blessed each flake of snow that fell, for he was persuaded that the storm was the cause of the brother's absence.

O, Mr. Tremor, why do you not pause and consider what you are bringing upon yourself, leaving your own comfort and ease to go home in a driving snow storm with a young lady, whose name even you do not know!

The distance was not great, just down two or three streets, and then she stopped before the door of a brick house, with nothing marked or peculiar about it. The lady paused at the door a moment before she rang the bell. Should she ask him to walk in or not? Common politeness seemed to say yes, but she hesitated. Her hand was on the bell.

"Will you not walk in, sir, for a few moments?" she asked.

It was his turn to hesitate.

"No," said he, "I think not."

Yet his tone seemed to say he would like to do so very much. She did not press the matter, but she thanked him for his kindness, and said she was very sorry to have troubled him so much.

"Do not speak of it as a trouble. It has been to me a great pleasure."

Take care, Mr. Tremor, don't let your feelings carry you away. The door opens, the lady says good night, which he returns; the door closes, and he stands there alone. There's a bright light in the parlor, there's a sound of voices. It looks pleasant in doors, but very gloomy out of doors. He almost wishes he had accepted her invitation; he marks the house well so that he may know it another time—the third from the corner.

Mr. Tremor returned to his boarding place. His room seemed very gloomy; he sat down to read, but he could not fix his attention; he took up his pen, but it would not do; his well-balanced mind was a little shaken from its accustomed equanimity, and at last, not knowing what else to do, he went to bed. In his sleep he dreamed he was wading through snow-drifts, and walking through long interminable streets in search of the house where he had stopped that night. At last he found it; but a very genteel-looking young man stood sentinel at the door, and the boy of thirteen was sitting on the door step, and looked up with a very impertinent air, and asked him what he wanted, and if he had lost anything. Then a sweet musical voice sounded in his ear, and asked him if he would not walk in.

A tap at the door; the servant enters.

"Breakfast is ready, sir; the bell has rung twice, and mistress sent me up to see it, may be you wasn't sick."

"Sick? No!"

He started from his bed; the sun was streaming into his room, he had indeed slept very late. The storm had ceased, the morning was beautiful. Mr. Tremor ate his breakfast in great haste, and hurried—to his place of business? No, he directed his steps in quite a different direction, even to the house where he had stopped the previous night. The third from the corner, there it stood, different in no respect from the houses about it. He walked by, and as he did so, he looked up, just as any one would look, to the name on the door. It was "Smith." He walked along to the foot of the street, then turned and walked back again.

Just as he passed this time, the door opened, and the lady herself walked out. She blushed

slightly as she recognized him, but frankly held out her hand, and said:

"Good morning."

Mr. Tremor inquired after her health; hoped she took no cold from her exposure to the storm.

"None at all," said she. "I am so used to all weathers I do not mind a little snow. My brother was sick last night, and unable to come for me. My older brother, trusting to his coming for me, not knowing of his illness, explains my being left alone."

Mr. Tremor breathes freely; the young man also a brother—the thought, spite of himself, was a relief.

She walked on with a quick step towards the office; he, though he knew business called him, went with her. The omnibus was just ready to start.

"I almost feared I should be late," said she, as she opened the coach door.

Mr. Tremor had half a mind to follow her; but he did not.

"Good morning," said he, "and a pleasant ride."

"Thank you," said she, in a sweet voice, and with a happy smile.

The coach started. She bowed to him as he stood watching her departure; then he turned and walked down the street like a man in a dream. "Smith"—that was all; not very definite, truly. It might be John, James, Joseph, or David; but yet what matters it to him?

Be careful, Mr. Tremor, these women are bewitching things. Are you aware that the sweet voice and pretty face of Miss Smith may be the ruin of your nice, snug, easy bachelor life?

"I pity you from my soul, I do," said Mr. Tremor's friend one night, as he started away from his door. "Such a long, lonesome ride as you will have in that slow, plodding omnibus."

"Your pity is quite misplaced," said he, cheerfully, "I find it anything but lonesome."

"I think you must enjoy your evenings with us, or you would not take so much trouble to join us all through the winter. Do you know we feel ourselves highly complimented?"

A smile passed over the face of Mr. Tremor as he politely rejoined:

"I indeed feel myself amply repaid for all the trouble I take."

And so one would have thought, to have seen him a few minutes after, sitting by the side of Miss Smith. Judging from appearances, their acquaintance had progressed very rapidly since the night of the snow storm. She welcomed him with a smile and a warm pressure of the hand—if we are not mistaken, the little hand

was retained long after he had taken the seat she seemed to have reserved for him by her side.

At the office, no boy or man stood ready to escort Miss Smith home. On the contrary, Mr. Tremor quite as a matter-of-course took her arm within his, and walked with her to the third house from the corner, where again, as quite a matter-of-course, he went in. At what time he came out again is not exactly known.

Somehow, by means of Yankee shrewdness, or some other way, Mr. Tremor had ascertained that Miss Smith was teacher in a school some little distance from the city, which explained her daily journeys to and fro in the coach. Her evenings were devoted to the study of music and the languages, which accounted for her return so late. He had ascertained, also, that her brother and herself were the sole support of a widowed mother and two children, the boy of thirteen and a girl of ten; and this was all—a common story enough, certainly.

But Mr. Tremor's time had come. He had seen handsomer ladies than Miss Smith, and escaped with a whole heart; he had passed by richer ones, and had not given them a passing thought. But the fates had decreed that his bachelorship should end, and now he was truly over head and ears in love with Miss Smith.

O, Mr. Tremor, what will your friends say? And you have been so proud of your freedom—so happy in your state of single-blessedness! Adieu to your quiet evenings; adieu to a hundred of your little bachelor comforts. You must lay them all down at the feet of Miss Smith. As Mrs. Tremor, she will expect to know your whereabouts; she will expect to be counsellor in all your affairs. If not, perhaps, her pretty lips will pout, and her blue eyes flash a little, and her sweet voice be raised a note or two higher.

As Mrs. Tremor, she will expect to hold with one hand, at least, the strings of your purse; she will expect to go with you on little excursions to the seashore, or the country; perhaps she will set her heart upon a trip to Niagara, or to the White Mountains. As Mrs. Tremor, she may not like the monosyllable "no," in answer to any of her wishes. As Miss Smith, I presume she never hears it. In fine, Mrs. Tremor may not be in all things just like Miss Smith.

And can it be that you have brought it voluntarily upon yourself? Do you stand upon the verge of this fearful gulf with your eyes open, and make no effort to escape?

Mr. Tremor has changed his mind; he thinks he is a lonesome man; his evenings, when not with Miss Smith, are long and gloomy. Business does very well for his mind, but a dry nour-

ishment for his heart, and that part of his organization has of late began to grow troublesome. It used to sleep so quietly in its place, that sometimes, as is the case when any part of the system does not make itself known occasionally by aches and twinges, he almost forget he possessed such an article.

He begins to think that a female companion after all may be preferable to one of his own sex, for they are not conceited and egotistical. He begins, too, to take an interest in houses, begins to inquire the price of furniture, studies the patterns of carpets, and finds to his own surprise that he has quite a taste for household matters. It is in truth a gone case with Mr. Tremor; he is engaged, and is to be married to Miss Smith.

The last act of the drama approaches; the scene nearly the same as in the opening, namely—the square of a suburban town, the hour earlier, just at twilight, dramatic persons, nearly the same, lanterns and umbrellas dispensed with, for the evening is fair. There is a rustling of silks, a flashing of jewels, a gleaming of white kids and light vests in the deepening twilight; the party seem dressed for a wedding or some place of amusement; they seem merry, too, as at the opening of the drama; but the merriment is subdued, for there are people coming and going on the street. The roll of an omnibus is heard in the distance. It approaches—empty.

"How many will your coach carry?" says one.

"As many as can get in," is the reply.

So they all get in, seven ladies and five gentlemen; ten cents a head, then says the driver to himself, for he has learned not to count his passengers till they are all inside; and the coach moves on.

"It is very singular," says one, "that he should see his lady that very night for the first time in this coach."

"His time had come," says another.

"He will be lonesome no more," another said.

"I fancy he is in somewhat of a tremor about this time," says the first speaker.

"Well, I rejoice in his good fortune," says another. "It would be a pity for such a fine fellow to live and die a bachelor."

"You've got caught in the trap yourself, and like to see others in the same predicament," says a single lady of the party.

"We will have no disparaging remarks against matrimony to-night," is the reply, "for reason and revelation say it is not good for man to live alone."

The most violent passions have their intermissions; vanity alone gives us no respite.

I SHALL MEET THEE AGAIN.

BY JULIUS C. CONVERSE.

I shall meet thee again! O, could I but see
Through the veil of mortality shrouding my sight,
My mind, all untrammelled, would wander with thee,
O'er the realm of the pure, in a world of delight.
No more to reflect on the dead, buried past,—
No more to lament for the lost, far away—
But to live and revel in glories that cast
A halo divine round the altar of day.

I shall meet thee again! Though sad was the hour
When thy form, in its youth, was consigned to the tomb;

There's a thought, to my heart of mysterious power
To afford a bright ray in the midst of its gloom;
For I know that the grave, with the mold and the worm,
Can never enchain the free spirit to earth;
It shall grow and enrich the pure, life-giving germ,
Beyond the bright stars in the home of its birth.

I shall meet thee again! when the veil that now darkens
My spirit's glad vision, hath vanished away;
For a voice unto which it instinctively hearkens,
Calls up through the portals of holier day.
I shall meet thee again! O, the joy of that meeting,
In a world where the raptures of hope never die;
Where the soul never mourns over joys that are fleeting,
I shall meet thee again, in thy home in the sky!

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

BY UNCLE TORY.

It is just twenty years since Ezekiel Grit left the granite hills of his native State, where from his tenderest years he had been employed in sowing and mowing and plowing "side hills" so steep that they had to employ a special breed of oxen, with the off-legs half a foot shorter than the near ones, and came down to New York with the determination to "make his ternal fortune." He now has a town house among the upper ten, with a marble boy in front, spouting Croton, where he gives balls that rival Mrs. Potiphar's, and has a country-seat at Newport that cost him eighty thousand dollars. 'It was he who last season drove a four-in-hand of blood bays, and it was his liveries, blue and silver, with aiguilets that made such a sensation in Broadway week before last. Last winter he went to Paris, where he gave such tearing balls, and had such splendid turnouts, that Louis Napoleon intimated that if he couldn't live in a quieter style he had better return to his native land. He now talks of building a steam yacht, to eclipse the North Star, to be named after himself, and to waft his fame from the shores of the Baltic to the waters of Japan.

The foundation of his fortune was laid in a little ready-made clothing shop. Fearing not

the competition of the Israelites, he established himself in Chatham Street, the very focus of the Hebrew camp. There he would stand at his shop door, soliciting, or rather commanding, custom; his sharp nose and ferret eyes contrasting with the hooked beaks and jet-black orbs of his rivals. It was very difficult to pass his door. Stories were rife of pedestrians bodily seized upon by this commercial vulture, carried into the interior of his eyrie by force of arms, and compelled to change their raiment from head to foot at his bidding. It was even reported that an elderly Quaker, soberly attired in a drab broad-brim, with a cinnamon-colored surtout reaching to his heels, and indigo corduroys of ample width, was waylaid and abducted by this human spider, and turned into the street again so metamorphosed that his own mother would never have known him, inasmuch as the poor Friend had been forced to accept a second-hand Leary hat, a sprigged waistcoat, a claret coat with gilt buttons, spring-bottomed black doekins, varnished pumps, and any amount of copper cable chain suspended round his neck. The next day, a body thus attired was found floating in the East River. It is by no means certain that it was the mortal remains of the Quaker, since the dress was that of a class and not of an individual; but if it were that of the Quaker, may we not suppose that he committed suicide from remorse at having so violated the rigid proprieties of his order? and if so, does not more than one half of the "deep damnation of his taking off" rest on the man—may we not say the fiend?—who tempted him to err? But what cared Zekiel Grit? His business was to "look out for number one," and he did it most effectually.

One day a cadaverous-looking young man tottered into Zekiel's shop, panting for breath, and motioned for a seat. An arm-chair was brought him, and he instantly sank into it, his hollow eye and sunken cheek, together with the peculiar pallor of his countenance, betokening approaching dissolution.

"Garments, sir? Coat, sir? Anything you like. Sha'n't go out of my shop without being suited—in color, cut, fit and price,—what'll you have?" said Zekiel, bustling up.

The stranger made no reply; he merely waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Wants a coat—a black one? Bring a black coat, Jim. Number thirty-five will fit him—superfine. Here you are, sir."

The clerk brought the garment, and Zekiel held it up for the stranger's inspection. Alas! he scarcely looked at it.

"Stand him up, Jim!" cried the trader, anxiously. "You take hold of that side—I'll help him on this. 'Off with his coat! Now for the new one. Easy, Jim! There, sir! Fits you like a book. Sit him down, Jim.'"

Attired in his new garment, the stranger sank back into the chair to rise no more. He had died in a fit. A card in the unfortunate man's pocket disclosed his name and address. His friends came for the remains, and in due time Mr. Zekiel Grit received from the administrator, on presentation of his bill, thirty dollars for "one superfine fashionably-made black dress coat." The heir wore it at the funeral!

The occurrence was noted as follows in all the papers—Zekiel paying for the paragraph:

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—We regret to learn that our worthy townsman, Mr. Garret Browser, died suddenly yesterday while trying on a new coat, at the shop of Mr. Zekiel Grit, No. —, Chatham Street, who has on hand a large and fashionable assortment of ready-made clothing of the best qualities at reasonable prices; also broadcloths, German, French, English and American; vestings, cassimeres, doeskins; also, every article customary in the gentlemen's furnishing line. Clothes made to order at the shortest notice. Terms, cash. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Who shall say, after reading the above, that Zekiel did not possess a peculiar faculty for "looking out for number one."

HYDROPATHY.

A good story is told of a lady who was entertaining a party of friends in a new house, into which she had just moved, and of which she was quite proud. She had taken them through the various apartments, from kitchen to garret, and expatiated in glowing terms upon the peculiar advantages of each. At last they reached the bath-room.

"Here," she said, "you see we have a bathing tub; here are two faucets, one for hot and the other for cold water. Here is the shower-bath; you have only to step in so, and the water comes down when you pull the string, in this manner," said she, suiting the action to the word; and sure enough, it did come down in a perfect torrent, drenching her to the skin.

It is impossible to imagine a more complete picture of bewilderment than she presented, at the consequence of her absent mindedness. In spite of the sympathy her friends expressed, it was a very hard matter for them to preserve sober faces. The lady was obliged to undergo an entire change of clothing, and lament the ruin of a new silk dress, to say nothing of suffering from a cold for a fortnight afterwards. We believe she hasn't repeated the experiment.—*Home Gazette.*

We can never die too early for others, when we live only for ourselves.

HE BUT CAME HOME TO DIE.

BY S. W. HASKELLTIGER.

They laid him in the grave to-day—
I saw them lay him there;
I would that I were by his side,
This grief I cannot bear.
For years he has a wanderer been
On a far distant shore;
And now, though he has just returned,
He dwells on earth no more!
How aches my heart—how burns my brain—
My hopes all withered lie;
For brother who hath just returned,
He but came home to die!

He wrote us from that distant shore
That he would soon come home,
To view again the pleasant scenes
Where once he used to roam.
O, joyful news! it filled my heart
With deepest, sweetest joy;
And never once I thought that death
Would mix with it alloy.
And ere he came, how very slow
The sluggish days moved by;
Ah, little thought I then, that he
Was coming home to die!

He came at last! what bliss was mine
To elasp again his hand;
And welcome him with tears of joy,
To his dear native land!
To see the love-light in his eye—
When now I see his look.
And hath he passed fore'er away?
The thought I cannot brook!
Alas, we scarce had welcomed him,
Before we saw him lie
All cold, and still, and pale in death—
He but came home to die!

He but came home to lay his bones
Beneath his native sod!
To take him hence, though just returned,—
Such was thy will, O God!
We hoped to have him stay awhile,
To make our hearts rejoice;
That we might drink again his smiles,
And hear his pleasant voice!
But I will murmur not, my God,
For thou'rt more wise than I;
But O, my heart is crushed, for brother
Only came home to die!

THE MUMMY WHEAT.

This grain, which is the same that Joseph garnered up in the days of the Pharoahs, is said to be superior to any other known. At this late day, it has been given back from the hands of an Egyptian mummy that has been dead more than three thousand years. Nine grains were taken from a sarcophagus at Cairo, and being sown, germinated like new wheat, yielding enormously. One root produced two hundred grains, so that one seed produced two thousand. This is the wheat for Kansas or California.—*Western paper.*

REMEMBER THE NEEDY.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

Rudely now the storm-king rusheth
 From his frozen, wintry lair;
 And with wanton malice husheth
 Nature's music everywhere.
 And the merry voices, humming,
 Borne along the summer gale,
 Blend the breeze that marks his coming
 With a sad and mournful wail.

Summer's smiles—that crowned with gladness,
 Filled with joy the poor man's cot,
 Beam no more, while gloom and sadness
 Mark with sighs his darkened lot,
 Gentle reader, hast thou power
 Now to soothe the stricken one?
 Heed thee well, lest thy rich dower
 God shall claim for deeds undone.

Angel hearts will then be near thee,
 Nestling closer to thine own,
 And a voice within will cheer thee,
 With a heaven-inspiring tone.
 Bounty cast on life's broad river,
 Humble though the deed may be,
 Is a jewel, blessed giver,
 Added to the crown for thee.

THE STUDENT OF GOTTINGEN.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

In the suburbs of Gottingen there stands, to this day, a small stone dwelling house, built in the fashion in which all German houses were constructed three quarters of a century ago, and exhibiting a wonderful degree of preservation from the assaults of time. Behind it there still remain the vestiges of a garden, and the ruins of a summer-house,—both declaring that gardening, on an extensive scale, was once conducted by the inmates of the dwelling. The fence before the house—which is of wood, supported on stone posts—presents at the present time a most dilapidated appearance. The bars between the posts have sunk in many places, driving the palings into the earth, and bending or breaking them, while in others the posts themselves have broken off, or been prostrated by tempests. But the house itself appears to have defied the action of the elements. Not a particle of stone has peeled or broken off, to deface the fair symmetry of its angles, and the stone gables still frown above the narrow windows, as perfect as when fresh from the hands of the mason.

A half century ago, dear reader, this house was occupied and this garden cultivated by Marc Switzer, a talented, industrious and capable man, once gardener to a German prince of immense

domains, then a retired old man, living upon the fruits of his early industry. Old Marc's wife had been long dead, at the period when our story opens, and Marc himself was nearly used up, notwithstanding the sobriety and activity of his youth. But he had two solaces to his declining years, a lovely daughter, Amelie, the very image of his departed wife, and a manly son, Carl, who inherited, with his father's honesty and industry, a large share of his mother's mental attributes.

As soon as Marc's years and infirmities prevented him from attending to the garden which he had carefully planted and assiduously nurtured, in the rear of his comfortable dwelling, he yielded (not, however, without many a sigh) its management into the hands of a hired man, named Kreutz, and gave to his son Carl a little spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone responsible. Carl continued his gardening avocations almost uninterruptedly, until he was of the proper age to attend the gymnasium, when he abandoned his agricultural pursuits, and devoted himself to study.

During the whole of his course at the gymnasium, from the first day on which he recited to a master, to the time, long afterwards, when he was prepared to enter the university, he acquitted himself to the admiration of his masters, and the delight of his aged father. Old Marc used to say that he should die happy, if he could see his son pass the courses at the university as honorably as he had done those at the gymnasium, for then he would be the first man in Germany.

Our story begins just after the establishment of Carl at the University of Gottingen, and we introduce the reader into one of the numerous lecture-rooms of that venerable institution.

Upon a bench, in the middle of the spacious room, sits Carl Switzer, attentively listening to the abstruse sentences which drop from the lips of the lecturer. Tall and muscular, and of a noble, generous, manly cast of features, he would attract attention anywhere, as one of Nature's master-pieces. A mass of bushy hair, as black as night, surrounded, or rather encircled his head, and a moustache of the same raven hue, exquisitely curled, ornamented his lip. His dress is simple and unpretending, not mean, however, and cut in the style which would have declared him anywhere in Germany, a student of Gottingen.

Reclining rather listlessly upon the bench by his side, is a young man, in every respect his opposite, as far as external appearance is concerned. His figure is slight and delicate, his

moustache nearly auburn, and his dress rich and tasteful. Like nearly all the young men by whom he is surrounded, he exhibits unequivocal symptoms of being egregiously ennuyé. Yawning furiously, he suddenly exclaims, in a loud whisper, to his companion :

"Carl, I believe Clarencon to be the most wearisome beast in the whole of this colossal menagerie."

"Hist ! I shall lose the train !"

"Egad, if I could find it I would fire it, and explode the whole institution, if possible !" and, making a pillow of Carl's pile of manuscript, he stretched his limbs upon the bench for a siesta.

The young man's opinion of Clarencon appeared to be endorsed by nearly all of the assembled students. At least nearly all had adopted his horizontal posture. A few, however, among whom were young Switzer, hung with their faculties all absorbed upon the theories which fell from the lips of the subtle metaphysician.

At last he closed. Those who had been taking notes folded their manuscripts, those who had been taking naps unfolded their legs and arms, and all prepared to depart.

"He is done," said Carl, rousing his comrade.

"Thank God !" quite fervently responded the sleeper, shaking himself.

Just as the young men were ready to go, a billet, projected from an unseen quarter of the room, fell at their feet. Carl stooped to pick it up, and as his eye fell upon the address, he started, and glancing suspiciously around the lecture-room, passed it over to his companion.

The note was directed, "Count Orville de Kozinstadt, *calling himself a student of Gottingen.*" Tearing it open in wonder, the youth read, "Beware of Kreutz." That was all.

"This is incomprehensible !" he exclaimed.

"From what quarter did it come ?"

"I am at a loss to conceive !" replied Carl.

"It surely has no reference to Amelie ! I would sacrifice half of my estates, however, to have her beyond the limits of this licentious town, with its reckless students."

"I believe that warning comes from no friend," said Carl, in the deep and measured tones of his eminently fine and manly voice ; "first, because the writer reveals his knowledge of your rank, evidently to excite your alarm, and secondly, because it is anonymous."

"At least I shall keep watch over Kreutz."

"Doubtless," replied his friend.

They were now in the streets of Gottingen, and in half an hour presented themselves at the door of the stone cottage which we have described as the property of Marc Switzer. Amelie

welcomed them with a joyful smile. She always smiled whenever Carl returned from his lectures with his noble friend. If she had known that he was noble, perhaps the welcome might not have been so cordial. She only knew that he *called himself Orville, and a student of Gottingen.*

We will not stop to describe Amelie. Be content to know, dear reader, that she was as beautiful as a bright May morning, and as noble as she was beautiful.

"Kreutz provided for me a rare entertainment this morning," observed Carl's sister, as they sat conversing in the little parlor which looked out upon the front garden, bounded by the fence with the stone pillars and white wooden railings. "He introduced to me a young friend of his, who understands not only the technicalities of his craft, but can appreciate, also, the poetry of gardening."

"Ah !" ejaculated both youths, in a breath. It was doubtless an unusual thing for a stranger to intrude upon the quiet retirement of old Marc's household.

"It was delightful," continued Amelie, "to hear such truly beautiful and noble sentiments from one who wore so plain a garb. Kreutz wished to show him the improvements he had been planning, and desired me to accompany himself and his young friend through the garden. Each bud and blossom seemed to inspire the young gardener with some new poetical emotion, to which he gave utterance in the choicest speech."

"A prodigy of a gardener !" said Orville. "His name ?"

"Yes, sister, his name ?" asked Carl, suddenly turning from the window, through which he had been intently gazing.

"Kreutz called him Orland."

"Had he dark hair and eyes ?"

"Yes."

"His figure slight and tall ?"

"Yes, Carl."

"Had he small hands, unlike a gardener, and were his features small and feminine ?" continued Carl, with the pertinacity of a lawyer extracting testimony from a witness.

"Yes, brother. You have seen him ?"

"Yes, he just passed, in a coach and four."

"Impossible !" exclaimed Amelie, going to the window. "How could you have noticed all his peculiarities of person ?"

"I have seen him before. Besides, the horses walked, and he spoke from the carriage window to Kreutz, in the garden."

"Ha !" exclaimed Orville, "that was a friendly warning,—'Beware of Kreutz !' "

"Orville," said Carl, in a whisper, "saddle a horse, and allow not that coach to escape you."

"It shall not," said his friend, kissing Amelie's hand and hurriedly taking leave.

"Amelie," said young Switzer, taking his sister's hand, "your young gardener's visit bodes us no good. I could be more explicit, but I do not desire to alarm your fears. I must be absent this evening. My duties to my club would render it dishonorable for me to desert it to-night. Do not allow Kreutz upon any pretext to absent himself. Do not answer any summons at the door. Endeavor to interest our poor old father with the details of Kreutz's gardening, and make the old man happy, as you well know how to do."

"Why was Orville so much disturbed, and why did he depart so suddenly?" asked his sister, after she had promised to heed his advice.

"Because of his solicitude and affection for you, I suppose," replied Carl, wickedly; "there, I can tell you no more!" and leaving the half vexed girl, he quitted the house and proceeded to the club-room, which was in a distant part of the town.

It was a small room in which Carl's club met, not more than twenty feet square, filled with benches and tables, promiscuously distributed and studiously disarranged. On one side was a desk of oak wood, innocent of paint, and stained with beer, which served as the throne of the presiding functionary. Below this, on either side, were a few benches, which some genius with *order* preternaturally developed had placed in regular rows. Before them were tables, stained, like the above mentioned desk, with much beer, and exhibiting the results of the club's extraordinary proclivities to pounding.

When young Switzer arrived, the room was already full, and the president was explaining some point of difficulty which had arisen at their last assembling, and which had been referred to his decision.

When this matter was adjusted, pipes and beer were placed upon the tables, and a song was sung, while they imbibed, with the true German spirit, from the brimming mugs. As soon as the song was finished, the pipes were lighted, and the members of the club quietly puffed nebulous masses of smoke to the ceiling, as they sat waiting for the disputants in the approaching controversy to open the debate.

Presently a man from the remotest corner of the room arose with an immense meerschaum in his hand, and commenced to speak.

His figure was slight and tall, his eyes and hair as black as a raven's wings, and his features

delicate and feminine. He began in a tone of voice so low as at first to be hardly audible, but as he proceeded his accents became louder, and he displayed a voice of unsurpassed mellowness and richness.

As he arose, Carl Switzer arrested the mug of beer which he was raising to his lips, and looked earnestly at the speaker, as if to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him. No, he saw before him Amelie's poetical gardener, and the delicate looking proprietor of the coach.

One of Carl's companions, observing his emotion and attributing it to a wrong cause, said:

"Never fear him, Carl; his creed is as untenable as his acts are hypocritical."

"Not that," replied the student. "I am not afraid. Would that I could fathom the mysteries of his actions as easily as I can expose the sophistries of his arguments."

Just then, Carl saw Orville enter the door, and assume a position where he could view the speaker, without being particularly conspicuous, and he felt more at ease.

The *soi-disant* gardener, as he warmed with his subject, gradually assumed a style of eloquence so fervid, and so apparently heartfelt, that he carried with him the sympathies of his auditors, notwithstanding every word he uttered was at war with their convictions. His sentiments were mainly in conflict with that spirit of liberty, which is inherent in every German breast, and which needs but the addition of a spark to rouse the fire of enthusiasm, which is unquenchable and irresistible. But notwithstanding the unpopularity of his theories, such was his eloquence of tone and of action, that he bore with him, on the full tide of his matchless oratory, the hearts of each one of his listeners, and when he finally took his seat, he was greeted with an outburst of enthusiastic applause which shook the ceiling, and made the club-room ring again.

Scarcely was he seated, when Carl arose. In his deep and manly voice, he began to recapitulate the arguments of his opponent. Clearly and concisely he laid them down, divesting them of all the meretricious ornament of rhetoric, which had clouded their meaning and concealed their sophistry. As soon as he had stated them distinctly, and exhibited them in their proper light, he began to answer them. He made no attempt, by means of vehement appeals and fervid declamation, to enlist the feelings of his audience, before he had convinced their understandings; but he subjected each argument to the rules of fair induction, and demolished each position by exposing its logical fallacy. He had nearly completed this logical exposition of his

adversary's quibbles, and was about to make an appeal to their hearts in favor of the principle of liberty which his speech had so grossly outraged, when, to his dismay, he perceived that his antagonist had left the room. At the same moment he observed that Orville's place was vacant. Not wishing to close abruptly, however, he was about to proceed, when a pistol shot from the street re-echoed through the room. Dashing his pipe on the table before him, he rushed to the door and into the street. Directly before the building was presented a scene which the street lamps rendered clearly discernible.

A coach, with four horses attached, was forcibly stopped by Orville, who firmly grasped the leaders by the bridle. His hat was laying at his feet, and his hair fell in dishevelled masses about his face. The footmen were shivering with terror, and the man in the dicky appeared to be the only one who preserved presence of mind. At the open window of the carriage appeared the form of a man in a slouched hat, with a pistol in his hand. As Carl appeared at the door, the pistol was discharged at Orville, but without effect.

Rushing up to the carriage window, the young student seized the rascal by the throat, and drew him, by main strength, through it. Then, holding his face to the light, he discovered Amelie's gardener,—the delicate proprietor of the coach and four,—his adversary of the club-room! and, inspired by a feeling of intense disgust, he hurled him to the earth, and indignantly placed his heavy foot upon his bosom.

Scarcely had he completed this manifestation of his contempt, when a voice of agony from the coach exclaimed:

"Carl,—Orville,—save me, save me,—for the love of Heaven!"

"I am here to rescue you," said Carl, and opening the carriage door, he bore his fainting sister from the vehicle. As he did so, he was met by the villain whom he had prostrated to the earth.

"Hope not thus to conquer me in single combat, as you have done in debate," he shouted; "I am Orland de Lavois, the invincible in love, argument, and war!"

"Defend yourself, arrogant pretender," said Carl, drawing, and releasing his sister into the hands of the students, who began to press round.

At that moment a shot, from the man in the dicky, struck the miserable Lavois in the breast and he fell, staggering backwards, in the act of drawing his weapon.

All the crowd gazed in astonishment in the direction in which the deadly messenger had

come, and perceived Orville dragging Kreutz from the box.

As soon as they had reached the ground, Carl strode up to his father's gardener, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed:

"Caitiff,—explain instantly your share in this villainous transaction."

"I will," said Kreutz, humbly.

The students formed a circle,—Carl and his sister, Orville and Kreutz, in the centre. The street lamps shone brilliantly, lighting up the dark figures. It was a singular and picturesque spectacle.

"The other day," began Kreutz, "as I was working in my master's garden, this man," pointing to the corpse before him, "entered in the guise of a gardener, insinuated himself by his soft-spoken hypocrisy into my confidence, learned my affection for my master's daughter, and determined to make use of it for his own base purposes. Under the pretence of favoring my suit, he arranged with me a plan for carrying off Amelie, as if she were to be *mine*, instead of *his*. He agreed to furnish a coach, if I would hazard driving it. I readily assented. I was to call for the coach this evening, at the stand, and in order that I might procure the proper one, as he professed—that is, *his own*,—he drove past my master's house this afternoon, for the purpose of showing it to me. I was to procure the coach and drive down to my master's house, where he was to have everything ready for abducting Amelie. I did so. Amelie was placed in the coach, and I took the street which conducts to the Berlin road—Berlin was our place of destination. When I had reached this point, somebody seized the leaders. Instantly a pistol was fired through the window, and I saw the hat of the man at the horses' heads fall to the ground. You know the rest. Meinherr Orville had just explained to me Lavois's duplicity, and how he had warned him against me, when by an uncontrollable impulse, I seized my pistol and shot the traitor dead. I am at your mercy!"

It is needless to say that after this honest explanation of his position, Kreutz was pardoned.

The next day Orville de RozinStadt avowed his attachment to Amelie, and laid at her feet his rank and his estates. Carl became a distinguished ornament to his country, as a scholar and philosopher. Kreutz survived his disappointment and continued long to cultivate the gardens of his worthy master. Old Marc is long since dead; while he lived his gardens were an ornament to Gottingen. Had he survived to see the present ruinous condition of his once beautiful grounds, it would have broken his heart.

ATHANATA.

BY J. CHAPTON ALLEN.

The rill of Zoe musically flowing
Through Zoe's valley ever gushingly,
Smiled on the guardian palms beside it growing,
Rearing their crests in majesty on high,
And the sweet odors from the thousand flowers
That starlike glittered from the emerald plain,
Coyed with the breezes, which with soothing strain
Came murmuring past the branch embosomed bowers.

While far away, arose Hædæan mountains,
Raising aloft their thunder-blasted heads,
There bloomed no tree—and flowed no sparkling foun-
tains
Mid the scorched rocks and sun-parched river-beds.
Beyond, mid horrid vales, with sluggish motion
Rolled the black waters of the stream of death,
Numbing the senses with its icy breath,
As it passed onward to the eternal ocean.

By Zoe's rill I met my love at morning;
Sweetly she smiled, then darted swift away:
All eager prayers and fond implorings scorned,
She fled, nor would she for a moment stay.
I sought her mid the forests that environ
With verdant wall fair Zoe's emerald vale,
I sought her mid the tempests that assail
The dark Tartarean mountain tops of iron.

There, gazing, gazing through the awful storm,
Which when I reached the summit, burst around,
Beyond the stream of death, I saw her form,
I heard her voice—it came with solemn sound:
"Mortal, thy loved Athanata may never
By thee in Zoe's blissful vale be wooed—
To thine Athanata—the only road
Lies o'er the waves of death's onrolling river."

POISON VS. LOVE.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CELESTE CHASSERON was a brilliant brunette, with black, sparkling eyes, cherry cheeks, pearly teeth, and a cloud of dark curls. She was petite but round in figure, and indisputably "a little beauty." This charming creature (alas that Fortune is so inconsistent) might be seen daily in the establishment of M. Montemart, hair-dresser, Rue de —, Paris. Yes! The occupation of this perfect Venus was to wield the curling-iron.

Now it so happened there lived in the same city, a wild young student, by name Cecil Kerne, of a very good but not noble family, and who, having nothing else to do, was forever peeping and prying round in search of adventures, meeting, by the way, with plenty of them. One evening having an engagement out, our young student entered the first hair-dresser's shop, and announcing that he was just then in a great hurry,

requested to be served as quickly as possible.

"Here, Celeste," said the master; "you are the most expeditious—attend to this gentleman."

Celeste came forward, and saying, "This way, if you please, sir," opened the door of an ante-room. Cecil seated himself and resigned his head to the hands of the fair Delilah. In the coolest manner possible, he begged her not to hurry at all, as he wished great pains taken, and then looked steadily in the mirror at the lovely reflection. The "great hurry" rapidly subsided, and never was gentleman so hard to suit in the whole of Celeste's former experience. But at last Cecil was forced to acknowledge himself suited, and reluctantly fled from Paradise, casting many a wistful look behind. Throughout the whole evening he kept up a running series of blunders, and in reply to a lady he was flirting with most assiduously, and who asked his opinion of a declared rival's beauty, he absently replied with enthusiasm—"Yes, the most lovely, bewitching creature in existence!"

It was wonderful after this the vast amount of champooing Cecil suddenly discovered his hair required—then it was such a remedy for the headache—and about this time Kerne became a perfect martyr to that complaint,—and more wonderful than all, it did no good if the cure was applied by any other than, Celeste—no one was so gentle in their touch as she, etc., etc. Then the time he spent in looking at various articles exhibited by Celeste, and the money he spent in paying for those articles—yes, Cecil was desperately in love, and as his charmer was very hard-hearted and cruel, he began to ruminate upon revolvers and prussic acid.

To his dismay, on mentioning these last named items to the incorrigible fair one, he was mockingly derided, miserably laughed at, and sent home in despair. But although the young lady affected to hold herself so high, she was by no means displeased with the state of affairs. Cecil Kerne was not a lover to be scorned, as the young tease very well knew, and in her heart she fully returned his affections, as after a sufficient length of time she intended to own; but after he left her, she began to be uneasy for fear he *should* execute some of those dark, terrible threats, heroic twenty is so profuse in uttering.

Celeste had feared that Cecil's intentions were not honorable, but resolved to prove him—therefore when he next mentioned the subject, asked if he had obtained the consent of his family to this step. Cecil confessed that had never entered his head, but at the same time declared any opposition would be fruitless expenditure of time and breath, his mind being made up on the sub-

ject—yet as nearly a year must elapse before he would be of age, they might as well wait until then—they were both young, and so Celeste formally engaged herself to Cecil Kerne. But as his intended bride, her present occupation was not in keeping with her prospects. Cecil had a dashing cousin, a widow, and who consented to receive Celeste under her protection, and being somewhat romantic, was greatly in favor of the secret engagement, and gave the young people pretty much their own way, never discouraging the brilliant schemes they laid for the future.

Matters progressed swimmingly. Cecil almost entirely absented himself from the gay circles he had frequented—and being very witty and handsome, was much missed. There was no one who supplied his place in getting up picnics, tableaux, and the hundred and one gay nothings, which in proportion to their nonsense require a ready wit to carry them on successfully. Now it was evident Cecil Kerne could not be spared, and sundry young ladies clubbed together and resolved to win back the luminary. But from ignorance of the cause of Cecil's sudden change they were destined to defeat. At last rumor whispered of his engagement to a beautiful young girl, a friend of Madame Montin's, Cecil's cousin, and report said, of unequal birth.

Indignation was roused that one of the *canaille* should bear off the pet of the day, and a council was held. Aurelie D'Argenteur, a beauty and an heiress, declared she would make him her humble servant, and laid a wager on it. The next time that she encountered Cecil, therefore, she bestowed the most flattering attention upon him; this was such a rare and wonderful circumstance, that it set Kerne thinking; nor did the mischief stop here. He went into society oftener, and Celeste began to reproach him for frequent absences; the consciousness of deserving them irritated Cecil; and yet he was drawn on by the skilful Aurelie, and at last became her shadow.

Celeste renewed her reproaches and Cecil grew angry. Anger put new thoughts into his mind. Aurelie was a great match, of an ancient family of nobility, a beauty, and an heiress; she certainly showed him marked favor, and why should he not aspire to her hand? If he was successful, what a triumph! How all his acquaintances would envy him—yes, he would make the trial. When from her manner he was quite sure he had but to speak the word and Aurelie was his, Cecil began to think what he should say to Celeste. Fortune, however, smoothed his path.

Finding reproaches of no avail, Celeste resorted to threats, and in a moment of anger threatened to break the engagement. Cecil replied, nothing would suit him better.

Celeste was thunderstruck, but at last had recourse to woman's never failing argument—a hearty cry. When convinced that was of no avail, she quietly wiped her eyes, packed up her possessions, and went back to the shop to work, as composedly as if not a day had passed since she left. Cecil immediately sought Aurelie and formally proposed. That young lady threw herself back in a violent fit of laughter; when Cecil begged to know the cause of this untimely mirth, she replied:

"Is it possible you were such a fool as to suppose I would entertain a thought of you? really it is too good to keep—it will be the best joke of the season!"

"But the encouragement you gave me," stammered Cecil, in his turn amazed.

"I should like to know what you call encouragement?"

"Did you not allow me to attend you on every occasion—parties, concerts, theatres, and even church?" indignantly queried Cecil.

"O, the amazing simplicity of this youth! And pray did I not allow my footman the same privilege?—and now I think of it, his place is vacant, you would suit me admirably—what do you say?"

"That I have been grossly insulted, and if you were not a lady it should not end here: as it is, you have my sincere contempt—I have the happiness to wish you good morning;" and in another second had left the house.

Cecil, after his first storm of indignation was over, applied himself with the utmost attention to his studies. In consequence of this, he was gradually dropt by his fashionable butterfly acquaintances, who ceased to think of one their inferior in rank, after he ceased to be useful. But little Cecil cared—he had an humbler, but more sincere circle of friends, and enjoyed himself sufficiently. Sometimes at the balls which he in company with several other young men got up, he would think of Celeste, and the pride he should have taken in exhibiting her to his friends, but he frequented the establishment of M. Montemart no more, for Celeste was not there, and no one knew whither she had gone.

Four years passed away, and Kerne was struggling hard to arrive to some notice in his profession as a physician, when one day as he was wending his way along the streets, a magnificent equipage rolled by. With a sudden halt it stopped, and as he stood admiring it, to his

amazement he became aware that a lovely lady inside was beckoning him toward her. In a state of bewilderment he crossed over, when who should it be but Celeste! As young, as beautiful as ever, and more refined, looking like a princess in her elegant dress and surroundings. The little creature was as delighted to see him, and as fond of him as ever. She shook hands most cordially, and explained matters by saying:

"I am now married to the Marquis de B——. I have everything I could wish and am very happy—but come and see your old friend some day—I shall always be at home to my former acquaintances," and handing him her card, she bowed and rolled on.

Cecil stood still in astonishment. "Who would have thought the little creature would make out so well? A *marquise*! Well! well! Fortune's a funny thing—but I'll go and see her at any rate—a poor fellow like myself must neglect no opportunity to raise himself. And she used to dress my hair! In my palmiest days I never aspired to the acquaintance even of the fag end of nobility, and she catch a marquis! Truly things turn out strangely."

True to his word he soon paid his friend a visit. He was shown through a tunnel of footmen into a magnificent and luxurious apartment, where *madame la marquise* was seated in the most charming of *negliges*. Cecil almost started back. Could this brilliant, aristocratic woman be indeed the little Celeste he had cast off? But she rose and welcomed him with delight, and then chattered away most charmingly awhile. At last she exclaimed:

"But I promised to explain my wonderful good fortune to you. Well, as you know, I went back to M. Montemart's, but I did not stay there long. I became acquainted with a nice, good person, an elderly lady, who was about to set up a furnishing store, and wanted me as a saleswoman. So we joined our wits together, and became very successful. One time there came a middle aged gentleman to the shop, and he bought a great many things—but I suppose they did not last him long, for he came very soon again, and after that, every once or twice a week there was something he had forgotten to get the last time. At last he told me that although he was a nobleman and very rich, there was one thing that he could not buy. He had a house, he said, and servants, equipages and estates, but he had no wife to crown the whole, but if I pleased, he thought he need no longer remain single. Well, I *did* please, and—so you see me here!"

Cecil expressed himself delighted with good fortune, and then told his own position. Celeste begged him to visit her often, and promised to introduce him to her husband. Cecil left her more desperately and hopelessly in love than ever.

Kerne went often to see her, and the Marquis de B—— interested himself for his wife's friend, who began to rise rapidly. In about two years after the renewal of their acquaintance, Celeste became a widow. Cecil was as despairing as ever—such crowds of suitors as besieged the marquise. Was it likely a young, handsome woman of twenty-two, who had her choice of the highest titles, would think of a young physician just starting in the world?

But he gained courage from the fact that she refused them all as fast as they offered, and believing she truly loved him, though fearing she was satisfied to keep him a friend, and retain her liberty, he prepared for a grand strike. Providing himself with a small package of powdered sugar, on the wrapper of which was written "*ARSENIC*" in very legible characters, Kerne set out to offer himself to the marquise.

He found her alone, and lost no time in making known his errand. As he expected, Celeste answered:

"Why, my friend, are you not content with my esteem!—you cannot love me, for when I was younger and more blooming, you cast me off—no, no, remain contented as you are."

In conformity with his plan, Cecil struck an attitude, and producing the paper, exclaimed:

"Cruel Celeste! behold your work! Consent to my entreaties or I swear to swallow this poison on the spot!"

"No! no!" cried Celeste in alarm; "stop an instant, rash man—will you condemn me to everlasting misery?"

"Do you consent to marry me?"

"No, Cecil, but I will be your most devoted friend."

"Farewell then, and forever!" cried Cecil most pathetically, and in the twinkling of an eye before she could interfere, Cecil had swallowed the entire contents of the paper.

"O, stay—stay, Cecil!" shrieked Celeste, in an agony of tears; "I promise to marry you—instantly—any time you choose!"

"It is too late!" feebly moaned Cecil, staggering to a sofa; "I shall soon be gone—I already feel the faintness of death—oh!"

"No! no! You shall not die!" distractedly cried Celeste, flinging her arms about his neck; "I will call assistance—it is not too late."

"Stop!" said Cecil, staying the hand she had

reached toward the bell-rope, "I will not suffer any assistance until you swear to be my wife."

"O Cecil! I will do anything, everything in the world for you! how can you doubt it?"

"You promise then?"

"Yes—yes! a thousand times yes! But release me, every moment is precious."

"Calm yourself!" coolly replied Cecil, rising, and adjusting his cravat before the mirror, to the infinite amazement of Celeste; "there is no necessity for a physician—it was all a ruse—powdered sugar—nothing else, on my word. Ah! ah! Don't be angry, my dear! All is fair in war and love!"

Celeste was forced to confess herself outwitted, but for the life of her she could not be angry, so she did what every sensible woman in her place would have done—kept her temper, her promise, and a most devoted lover for life.

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are these:—The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160; mean depth 988 feet; elevation 627 feet; area 32,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 587 feet; area 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 6000 square miles. The total length of all five is 1585 miles, covering an area altogether of upwards of 90,000 square miles.—*International Journal*.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The religious belief of the fourteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor, were Episcopalians; Jefferson, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Fillmore, were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Presbyterians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; and President Pierce is a Trinitarian Congregationalist.—*Boston Transcript*.

There are, in certain heads, a kind of established errors, against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these persons than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense.

THE WIND.

BY J. H. REEVES.

I'm unconfined by mortal's bounds
But fly with ease my spacious rounds;
O'er land and sea,
With jocund glee,
I take my flight
By day or night;
O'er brooks and streams
I breathe a sigh,
Where soft moonbeams
So gently lie.
And then away on airy wing,
Through rosy bowers, I laugh and sing.

O'er smiling fields—through cloudless sky,
Oft times in pleasant mood I fly;
And with a song,
I waft along
The laden bark
Like a meteor's spark;
But awful scenes
Are my delight,
Where lightning gleams
With fearful light—
When hills and valleys, bending, shake
And sturdy mountains, trembling, quake!

With maniac joy 'tis then I rise,
And hurl the forests through the skies;
And plough the ground
With doleful sound—
With terror sting
Each living thing;
And by their manes
The mountains seize,
And o'er the plains
Whirl down the trees,
And laugh to see the strong man quake,
O'er desolations that I make!

Then for the ocean swift I go,
With wildly mad, resistless flow;
Rolling the waves
For mortal's graves;
And read each sail
With hoarse and wild
And fling the masts
Over the sea
With the fearful blasts,
This, this is glee!
And when engulfed, the sailor dies,
I sing his requiem through the skies.

MAN BORN TO LABOR.

Man was born to labor, and is so organised that he cannot be happy or healthy without some steady occupation. And if labor and occupation are necessary to the healthy state, how much more necessary must they be to a mind diseased! Half the crimes committed against society originated in men's not knowing how to employ their faculties in some useful pursuit. Solitary confinement cannot remedy the evil, and leaves the convict, after he has served his time, as helpless as before.—*Auburn Gazette*.

CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Land of gold!—New England greets thee,
O'er the mountain and the main;
With a sister's smile she meets thee,
Youngest of our household train;—

She, mild rocks and storms was cradled,—
Mid the shout of angry foes;
Thou, in sudden, dreamlike splendor,
Pallas-born, to vigor rose.

Many a form her bosom nurtured,
Dwells beneath thy sunny sky,—
And these warm memorials brighten
All the links of sympathy.

Children of one common country!
Firm in union let us stand,
With combined endeavor earning
Glory for our native land.

Clims of gold and climes of iron,
Clims that reap the bearded wheat,
Clims that rear the snowy cotton,
Pour their treasures at her feet,—

While with kindling exultation,
She, who marks their filial part,
Like the mother of the Gracchi,
Hoards her jewels in her heart.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Who is that charming looking girl that is dancing with Lieutenant Mowbray?" inquired Hal of his friend Caswell, who was at that moment intently eyeing her through an eye-glass as she glided so gracefully down the merry cotillon, while her partner seemed perfectly on tiptoe with delight as he bore the fair creature upon his arm to the upper drawing room.

"At any rate," replied Caswell, "the lieutenant is completely 'smashed,' as we should say in vulgar phraseology. Did you see how intently he looked into her eyes, and how obsequiously he bowed an assent to her proposals? There's no chance for us, Hal; the beautiful Juliette is undoubtedly lost now—the heiress will soon be pledged to that fellow."

"Pray tell me, Caswell, who is Juliette Morris? I've heard there's a history attached to her which reads rather romantically. Do tell me if you know anything of it?"

"I merely know that she is the adopted daughter of General Morris. Report says that some years ago, the general had a graceful and accomplished daughter, who was smitten by a severe malady and died very suddenly; that the general

and his lady grew frantic under their bereavement, refusing all consolation and shutting themselves out from all society. But that the following year they were induced to take a journey in their own carriage, to try the effect of new scenery upon their disquieted hearts; that a little playful schoolgirl was frolicking in front of the hotel where they stopped, who bore a striking resemblance to their daughter; that she too had auburn ringlets, a sunny face and a merry heart, just like their own Juliette; that they summoned the little blushing girl to their apartment and prevailed on her to take a seat in their carriage to show them the spot where she lived; that it proved to be the humble residence of a hard-working farmer, whose wife was busily plying the little wheel, spinning flax to make her Julia a homespun dress; that there were but two children, Jared and Julia, the brother being some years the senior of his sister.

"How the strange proposition was made to adopt this only and dearly loved daughter by General Morris, what promises were pledged, and what inducements held forth that it lay in their power to transform the rustic Julia into a dainty little toy, to clothe her in silk and educate her in a palace, and eventually to marry her to a nobleman and bequeath heaps of dollars to her as a dowry; how the old farmer could have his mortgages paid off, and his little red house repainted and newly shingled. I say, how far such intimations went to reconcile the couple to part with their daughter, we may infer from the result rather than any positive statement transmitted to us; for after considering General Morris's proposal for the space of three months, they acceded to it, and Julia assumed the sobriquet of Juliette, laid aside her rustic garb and went to reside in the palace.

"The child was at first delighted with the change; but by-and-by the inmates of the little red house used to appear to her in dreams, and these re-awakened sentiments of filial affection were always greatly increased by the reception of occasional letters from brother Jared, describing the new aspect of the cottage, and the probability that before they should meet she would have a new sister-in-law to love; for Jared thought of attempting to make good his sister's loss.

"But Juliette did not always promptly reply to these letters. Mrs. Morris had a shade of jealousy about her mothership, and endeavored by every possible stratagem to divert her darling from dwelling upon the picture of her childhood's home. Still, some outbursts of natural affection would manifest themselves, and when a letter

came saying 'that her father had died and Jared was married, and her mother yearned to see her own daughter,' Juliette grew wild with anguish, and would weep in defiance of being thought *illy* by her foster parents.

But Juliette had a tasteful little room which she called her own—she often sat there and meditated. She felt she was under great obligations to her rich parents, but then she felt there was a vacuum, a sentiment, a sort of undefinable want which another object might fill. She was at this very time mentally asking herself, "what does the lieutenant think of me?" for budding womanhood at sixteen cannot stand the glances of adoration without returning similar ones where a mutual interest is enkindled. Again she sat abstracted, and thought followed thought so rapidly, Juliette was not at all impressed with the flight of time. "If he does not think of me more than others," was her mental cogitation, "why did he look so imploringly in my face and press my hand so affectionately when he took leave of me, and whisper, 'to-morrow I shall see you again, my dear.' And then if his love is awakened, what claim have I to it? A false position is mine. How ill-suited is a poor farmer's daughter to connect herself with the elegant, fascinating and high-born Lieutenant Mowbray. And what if when engaged my poor old mother should appear in her homespun garb and call me her child; or my rustic brother should bring a rough looking, uncouth maiden with him who should call me *sister*; how would my mortified feelings be over-tasked, and his sensibilities shocked?"

And as she was thus ruminating, a summons came for Juliette to answer to the inquiry of a stranger who desired to see her. It was *her mother*; and she called her child, and caressed her, and pressed her tenderly to her heart, and wept just as lady mothers would weep in drawing rooms; and Juliette started back from her embrace, for the bell rang and Lieutenant Mowbray had called, and as he passed the stranger in the hall he saw the features bore a strong resemblance to Juliette's, and suddenly there flashed into his mind that he had seen the mother of the lovely girl, and then he remembered a strange mystery hung about her history; but he saw his lovely idol turn repulsively away, and a feeling of shame suffused her cheeks, lest he should catch the fact and turn from her forever; and to shut out her mother was not so dreadful to her as to lose an interview with her lover!

Lieutenant Mowbray did not then offer himself to Juliette, as she had hoped. He felt that, much as he adored the fair face, he wanted a

sincere heart. His fears were awakened lest vanity and foolish fashion had gained a lodgement in Juliette's breast. His interview was tender and affectionate; but it was not all the fair girl craved to meet her love. That was an enigma to her. Surely she knew he did not recognize the scene in the hall, nor apy the features of her mother. But were you quite sure of this, Juliette? If so, what means that letter which reads thus, directed to "Miss Juliette Morris," with the lieutenant's stamp upon its seal.

"My dear friend, yesterday I should have written my *beloved friend*; but the emotions which then swayed my purposes are changed to-day. Yet, Juliette, I must confess to you I have loved you as I never did any other human being, and there have been moments when I longed to make the declaration to you; but my desire to evade nothing and conceal nothing, deterred me. I have no boast of ancestry; my parents are poor, humble and obscure, but hearts as worthy beat beneath humble roofs as those who inhabit gilded palaces. I have longed to tell you that in my childhood the pattering rain at midnight gave a sweet lullaby to my slumbers in a lowly attic; that my boyhood was spent in toiling to support my parents, and that my manhood still acknowledges a claim they make upon me, which I am proud to own while they call me their son. But, Juliette, I am convinced you would be mortified to be their daughter; you could not honor nor respect their gray hairs; I could not take you to the lowly paternal mansion to receive their blessing, and so you cannot be my wife, which I had fondly hoped would have been your appellation. Nobody should love another who despises the parent who bore them and kindly watched over their opening years. It is with deep pain I wrote the above; but, Juliette, I wish you to understand I am no rude coquette who would trifle with your affections, but an honest lover, who feels himself obliged to offer an explanation for the attentions I have rendered you. It only remains for me to bid you farewell, hoping you may reflect upon the true parental obligation, and one day become attached to a man to whom your mother's presence may not be a mortification; for we are all equal in the sight of Heaven, if pure in heart, let our outward condition be what it may. Still your friend,
G. MOWBRAY."

Years passed on and there were sad traces of suffering upon the features of Juliette; society had lost its charm; there was a languid utterance, an invalid step, a morbid melancholy, which no efforts of General or Mrs. Morris could dia-

pel. Feeling constantly disappointed in their hopes, it was natural their affections should wane, for the true maternal instinct is seldom found in a foster parent.

At length Juliette proposed to return to the little red house of her childhood. She longed to unburden her sorrows and yield herself up to the luxury of disappointed love. And she had no fears of a welcome reception, she had no dread of coarse manners, or of laying aside the drawing room etiquette so far as it was superficial and hollow. She had pondered so long upon Lieutenant Mowbray's letter, that she had become regenerated by its contents, and Juliette Morris was no more seen in the fashionable world, or admired as the daughter and heiress of General Morris. Her foster parents felt they never had but one true daughter; and Juliette felt she had only true parents who dwelt in her childhood's home.

And where was Lieutenant Mowbray? Among the choicest of his papers there was one note which he esteemed as sacred. It was the penitent confession of folly which Juliette had sent to him in reply to his letter. There was something so touchingly beautiful in its appeal, so entirely frank in its disclosure, so condemnatory of her own conduct and so noble in her surrender, that many a time had the lieutenant repented himself of his haste and resolved to throw himself upon her love. That he lived on indifferent to her history or uninterested in her fate, we may not fairly infer; for Juliette's return to her rural home created quite a sensation in the fashionable circles where she had moved.

Most people, however, commiserated with her foster parents, called her conduct ungrateful and unnatural, and trusted people would learn a lesson thereby, never to transplant a weed hoping to make of it a blooming flower. But for poor Juliette little sympathy was manifested; she, who had struggled so long with suppressing her natural instincts; who had been educated to believe that rank and fashion take the precedence of worth and obscurity; that gay, showy flowers command more admiration than the spring violet or the little heath blossom that is sheltered in the lowly valley; and who, having acted her part as thus directed, and resisted her nobler instincts, and thus returned heart-broken like the delicate flower nipped by the untimely frost; for this poor, crushed, bleeding heart, the world of fashion had no pity, and what wonder is it, if Juliette quitted it in disgust?

Lieutenant Mowbray had a love for the simplest rural pleasures. He delighted to roam in forests, to watch the last rays of the setting sun, to climb mountains, and with his gun and faith-

ful dog to kill the game and dress it in the rude cabin. It was on one of these expeditions two or three years after he had abandoned Juliette, that he found himself on the back side of a comfortable farm house just as twilight came on. He called at the door to ascertain if he could be lodged there for the night. The busy hum of the little wheel was swiftly performing its evolutions, yet a voice was heard above its monotonous hum, saying, "Yea, mother, I learned a great deal there, for I was taught to discipline my affections."

The words fell upon Lieutenant Mowbray's ears; the sentiment entered his heart. It was the voice of Juliette; he had found her mountain home; again he recognized the stranger woman whom he met in the palace; but Julia was not ashamed of her *now*. There was a shriek and Julia looked into his face and swooned in his arms. The mother looked on in amazement, but when the silence was broken, and the two hearts that had loved each other during the whole period of separation again met, shall we tell how deeply Julia blushed, and how, when the causes of those blushes were understood, her spirit resumed a blitheness which it had not felt for years, and her soul a peace from which it had long been estranged.

No duty was now irksome, no task difficult, no condition mean, where true worth resided, and from that little red cottage there went up a voice of praise and thanksgiving.

There was a consummation of the holy bands of wedlock. Lieutenant Mowbray conveyed his bride to the rustic home of his parents, where the proceeds of his toiling manhood had given them every rational comfort. "And now," said he to Julia, "bestow upon thy mother the same enjoyments with which I have furnished my parents;" but as they returned back to give the bounty and receive the blessing, the worn spirit of the affectionate mother had dropped its hold upon the frail tenure of life, and all that affection could now do was to raise two marble shafts in yonder grassy mound, whereon were two simple inscriptions commemorating the humility and purity of spirit which was now transferred to the society of saints and angels above.

Jared was left with his devoted wife to occupy the same paternal roof and till its broad acres; and Lieutenant Mowbray bore away a treasure which he more highly prizes every day he possesses her, and General and Mrs. Morris have since asked the privilege to call the beautiful bride their own daughter; so she will undoubtedly become the *rich heiress* after all her varied discipline.

BITE THE BITER:

—OR,—

TWO VICTIMS OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

THEY chanced to be riding up Broadway and Bleeker street, late one afternoon—two of them—a “lady” and a “gentleman.” The true lady is the same in New York that she is everywhere; and the true gentleman is none other in Gotham, than what he is elsewhere. But, as there are genuine and counterfeit bank notes, or true and bogus bullion—so do the terms we have quoted too often apply to things which are more deeply indebted to the milliner and the tailor—fuss and feathers—than to nature or good qualities, for the appellations that are accorded to them by the public.

The coach was full! Though it rained in torrents—still that omnibus was full. And the poor crabs that joggled along with it moved on as though they really anticipated the trivial modicum of oats and straw which their considerate owner deigned to vouchsafe them, once in twenty-four hours.

The “gentleman” was one of the light-fingered fraternity, who are so common in York, and the “lady” who sat next to him, was fashionably and showily dressed. He remarked to her (at a venture) that it was “rather stormy”—and she said, “yes sir, very.” This was their introduction, and the ice being broken, they proceeded to get better acquainted as they rode slowly along.

The lady soon discovered the profession to which her suddenly acquired acquaintance unquestionably belonged, and she suspected, at the same moment, that he had resolved upon making himself more intimately acquainted with the contents of the natty little reticule she sported at her side, than she desired! Her purse and one or two trifling packages of small value were inside of the bag, but the purse was empty and the parcels were of small account; so she turned her attention entirely to retaliating—for this was a game that two could play at; and this “lady” chanced to be *au fait* in shop-lifting and like accomplishments, to a degree that had astonished faster men than the “gentleman” who had now intended her for his victim.

While the well dressed scamp was busying himself with his own operations, the woman slid a small pair of keen scissors through his watch-guard—as the coach suddenly turned the corner

—and dexterously secured his lever! Native unsuspecting of this matter, and intent upon his own purposes—for the coach had already nearly terminated its route—the fellow thrust his hand glibly into the reticule, while the woman’s face was turned aside purposely to give him the opportunity she knew he was seeking. The result was what he anticipated.

“Mercy!” exclaimed the fashionably dressed lady; “what was that?”

“What, madame?” responded the other.

“I beg your pardon,” she added, seeming to apologize, “but I declare I thought some one’s hand was in my reticule.”

“I guess not,” said the knave, who had secured the pretty purse. “I guess not. I should have noticed it, I’m sure, if such an outrage was committed here. Besides, you know, this is the ‘Safety Line.’ I presume it means safety from such accidents as these might be.”

“No, I was wrong,” continued the woman, examining her bag, as if very carefully. “No, it’s all right. The contents are all there,” she added, though she saw at a glance that her empty purse was gone. It was carefully stowed away in the gentleman’s outside pocket!

The lady pulled the strap, bade the rogue good day, and jumped out of the coach, turned into an alley-way until the omnibus had passed up, out of sight, and then retraced her steps a block or two, hailed a cab, and rode home.

The “gentleman” stopped when the stage did. Then he sprang into a ‘bus bound down town, for the business of his little trip had been accomplished, and returned to his lodgings, quietly, to examine his shrewdly obtained booty.

The purse was entirely empty, with the exception of its containing two or three shop-bills, placed there by its original owner to give it a pletheric appearance, and the thief saw that he had had his labor for his pains. “Better luck next time,” he muttered, hurfing the purse, that cost but five shillings, into the grate. “Now for the opera! I can do a better trade there;” and placing his hand upon his vest, to consult his watch, he found nothing there but about two-thirds of its delicate chain. The guard had been severed neatly, but his lever was *now est!*

The sharper wondered! Who could have thus imposed upon him? And when did it happen? He was very sure he had his watch in his vest pocket when he got into that coach. It could not be that lady, that very modest, pretty, innocent woman, could have been guilty of this downright robbery of his person, and that too in a public coach, in broad daylight. O, no! And yet he was certain that he had not been near

enough to any other person in the omnibus, save her.

"I didn't make much by that little affair, to be sure," continued the light-fingered scoundrel at last. "She's got my watch as sure as I'm a gentleman!" And he might have added, much surer! "Well, much good may it do her." And he sallied forth into the street to look after another victim.

The woman had a prize. Next day she concluded it wouldn't do to keep the watch in her possession, nor did she want it, either. So she doffed her finery and fashionable "furbeloes," donned a hood and old shawl, and repaired to a Chatham Street Jew, for the purpose of disposing of her cunningly earned lever.

"You may give me whatever you choose to for the watch," she said; "I cannot afford to keep it any longer. What is it worth?"

"Vell," said the Jew, "I duszhunt vant to purhas no zuch vatches."

"Why not? What's the matter?"

"It'sh brash, ma'am."

"Brass!" exclaimed the disappointed woman.

"Yish—brash, all over. Aint worth over twelve shill'ns. Ve don't want 'em at no prishe, ma'am."

"But the works—the inside, Mr. Veli, they're worth something, surely."

"No, ma'am. The cashe is galvanized, and the votch don't go, you shae."

And no it didn't!

It was thus about an "even thing." The lady went home as she came, for no pawnbroker in town, and she tried a dozen, would give a dollar for the pinch-beck turnip. She was a little angry (as a lady might naturally be supposed to be under such aggravating circumstances), but she chuckled, nevertheless, as she reflected that the rowdy didn't make much more than considerable out of his robbery of her reticule, any how!

It is hard learning old dogs new tricks, and quite as difficult a thing to learn such people as these, much. But the gentleman was satisfied that a "well filled purse" didn't mean much, when the filling was composed of worn-out shop bills! While the lady was now more firmly established than ever in her long settled opinion, that though—

"Much is true, that's bought and sold—
Yet, all that glitters, is not gold!"

A man who does not possess a particular talent, satisfies himself by despising it; he removes this obstacle which stands between him and merit, and by this means he finds himself on a level with him whose labors he is afraid of.

A SNAKE STORY.

"During the Florida war," said the speaker, "I was with the American army. One day I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead, lying on the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length, and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see, I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never should have believed it, if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I took it to be, was a miry place which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on the top of—what do you suppose?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An anaconda," said another.

"No."

"What could it have been," said a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.—*Southern paper.*

BIRDS SPEAKING ENGLISH.

A traveller in South America, speaking of the birds of his native land, says it is pleasant to notice that into whatever strange countries they may have wandered during the winter, and whatever strange tongues they may have heard, they nevertheless come back speaking English. Hark! "Phoebe! Phoebe!" plain enough. And by-and-by the bobolink, saying, "Bob o' Lincoln," and the quail, saying, "Bob White." We have heard of one who always thought the robin said, "Skillet! skillet! three legs to a skillet! two legs to a skillet!" A certain facetious doctor says the robins cry out to him as he passes along the road, "Kill 'em! cure 'em! physic! physic!" —*English paper.*

POOR PUSSY.

After the battle of Alma, as Lieutenant Deriman, accompanied by some of the members of Lord Raglan's staff, was walking over the field, he came to a Russian officer badly wounded, on the ground. He asked Lieutenant Deriman to give him some water, which was done; he then put his hand into the breast of his uniform, and brought forth a small cat, quite a kitten, and presented it to the lieutenant, who intends to take care of it as a trophy of the battle of Alma. Is it the national knout that makes the Russians fond of the cat?

COMMERCE OF RUSSIA.

England, with 28,000,000 inhabitants, exports products to the value of \$450,000,000; France, with her 36,000,000 inhabitants, \$250,000,000; while Russia in Europe, with 67,000,000 inhabitants, exports but \$50,000,000. The exportation of Russia consists almost entirely of raw material. Of the vessels which frequent Russian ports, only one-sixth part belongs to Russian subjects, and the commerce of the principal seaports is in the hands of foreigners.

SONG.

BY W. H. CONANT.

There's music in the sea,
That dashes on the shore
When the crested wave returns
To lave the beach once more.
But the harp's silver sound
From the mansions above,
O the music of heaven
Is the music I love.

There's music in the clouds
So airy, light and free;
They seem to glide along
To hidden mystery.
But the harp's silver sound, etc.

There's music in the storm
That sweeps along the vale,
When the winds their revels hold
In the fierce and wintry gale.
But the harp's silver sound
From the mansions above,
O the music of heaven,
Is the music I love.

LA TARANTULA.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

ST. GERONIMO'S DAY.

It was scarce past the meridian of a warm summer's day, when from the inn of old Gaspar Varni, underneath the heights of Sorrento, might have been heard the sound of viols, and the deep notes of the bassoon ringing clear from amidst the clash of merry voices. Music and careless mirth, the never failing concomitants of an Italian holiday, were here in full ascendancy; for the birthday of the portly host happening to fall on the anniversary of St. Geronimo, the yearly festival which served to celebrate the two in one, was a matter of no small interest to the villagers. The dining-room was filled almost to suffocation, and it were a matter admitting of doubt, whether the chagrined few who chanced by lateness of arrival, or other causes, to be excluded from seats at table, were not to be envied rather than pitied in the endurance of their deprivation.

Such a doubt, perhaps, was entertained by an individual dressed in a peasant's frock and a slouched hat, who, pausing in the open doorway, regarded the mixed assembly with a half smile, not wanting a certain superciliousness which in other circumstances would have provoked instant observation. Now, however, the full swing

of common enjoyment rendered every one blind to what the looker-on took no trouble to conceal. Nor did he at all lower his disdainful regard, when a veteran clad in a sort of military undress, arose from the opposite side of the tables, and waving a wine-cup in his hand, drew on himself the general attention.

"Comrades," he said, "I give to you, Napoleon! my noble master, who, six years ago, delivered me with his own hand the shoulder-knot of a sergeant of the guard. Napoleon!—the soldier's true friend, and the greatest man on earth. Green be his memory forever!"

The words were scarce out of his mouth, when a youth, some twenty years of age, sprang up and hastily replied:

"What right hast thou, Jean Maret, thus to celebrate in our midst, the praises of our tyrant? Dost thou deem our spirits dead to all generous emotion? A curse on the usurper who burned our country with fire, and poured out the blood of its children like water! May just Heaven pour down indignation on his head!"

This speech produced an instant commotion. Angry words were bandied back and forth, and bright steel already flashed in the light, when the sturdy voice of old Gaspar surmounted the din:

"What means this tumult?" he cried. "Shall a few wine-warmed words thus set you all agog, my merry men? Come, you forget yourselves in giving way to such causeless rage. And thou, Gulielmo, leave thy saucy quips. How darest thou thus spoil good cheer?"

The youth, with a grieved countenance, turned to go.

"'Tis not," he said, "that I fear for threats, especially from Master Jean. Yet since thou commandest, I needs must yield."

So saying, he passed out of the door, while the tumult having ceased, a whisper went round the room:

"Gaspar has a fine daughter; 'tis she who commands through him."

The mirth, for a moment rudely stayed, again proceeded. Goblets clinked and wine flowed merrily, till the host, striking his hand on the table, again addressed the company:

"Good people and neighbors all," he said, "I pledge you here my future son-in-law. Drink deep then; the wine is good, I trust, and at all events the toast merits our good will."

The wine was forthwith lifted to lip, and at the word, the generous liquid, blushing with deeper hue than even did the landlord's jolly nose, was drained to the uttermost drop, and the cups, turned bottom up, were replaced on the board. As the ring of the metal ceased,

Master Jean, grizzle-haired and scarred with the marks of war, rose up and grimly smiled around.

"Mates," he said, "I am not apt at making fine speeches, though I can feel as many thanks as another. I'll give you then, our jolly host and his sweet daughter. Than he, no better rules the roast between here and the salt sea. And what maiden can compare with her in loveliness?"

This speech was received with the most decided applause by the rest of the company, who seemed eager to evince their approbation of all things at present said and done, by steadfast application to the festivities of the occasion.

Meantime, far removed from their boisterous cheer, sat within her little chamber the maiden, weeping at thought of the dreaded marriage-day, towards which the hours were rapidly hastening.

"O, Gulielmo!" such were the thoughts which she murmured, "shall I be able to support life forever removed from thee? Alas! the fate which so ruthlessly severs our mutual loves!"

Meanwhile, Gulielmo roamed the hills, his heart swelling with sadness. What use in longer adherence to home and the lowly shepherd's lot? No, he would no longer tamely submit to poverty and the contempt which it entailed on its victim. The moment was now arrived when he must bid adieu to Rosa, loved in vain, and to Sorrento, spot hitherto so loved and lovely. Thus musing, he began to trace on the sandy soil a rude outline, which certainly bore a striking resemblance to Rosa's pretty features.

"Well done, Master Gulielmo!" suddenly exclaimed a strange voice.

The startled youth looked up, and in so doing cast his eye on a face which seemed not altogether unknown to his remembrance. The stranger possessed a visage bold and finely formed, a piercing eye, and a strongly-marked mouth set beneath a classic nose; while his tawny color told a life exposed to daily wind, and sun, and rain.

"Art thou a student of the art which is our country's pride?" continued the latter, "or does love inspire the skill which thou hast here displayed?"

"I am no student," Gulielmo replied; "and yet I daily try, in my unknowing way, to counterfeit the forms which I see."

"It were pity then," rejoined the other, "that such as thou should idly waste those talents which when duly trained would surely bring their owner fame and wealth. Suppose for instance that some great lord, or other noble patron of the arts, should send thee a couple of years to Rome;—but I forget. Perchance the

maid whom thou hast pictured here, might interpose her pretty face to spoil so fair a plan?"

"Alas!" said Gulielmo, quickly, "she is not for me. And though I see that you are jesting, I tell you truly that I would go where any chance might lead me, so that I might never see her or Sorrento again."

"I do not jest," answered the stranger. "Indeed, I know your story already. I was present just now at the inn, when you and Jean Maret fell at variance. And, friend Gulielmo, I know of a certain lord who I am confident will do you the office which your talents require. He is a Russian prince, of generous hand, although of a somewhat rough exterior. Take courage; perchance affairs may have a better turn. And if the Russian, as no doubt he will, shall take thee under his wing, mayhap old Gaspar's purpose may yield some grace to thy ill-prospered love. Hie home then, and wait a little for the flood of fortune. I've faith that thy ill-luck will shortly change to good."

The stranger turned away. Gulielmo, in mute surprise, watched his steps a while, and then hastened along the winding path which led him back to his own cottage door.

CHAPTER II.

PAS SEUL BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon hung high in silver light above the village and the quiet fields which lay beyond, when a gallant train came in order down the unfrequented street. Appareled gaily, each cavalier wore *roquelaure* and belt, and in their midst they bore a prisoner—the veteran Jean. Reaching at length the grassy market-place, they halted and formed a ring, in the midst of which they placed their captive. Some of the number drew from underneath their short cloaks instruments of music, while others cleared their throats as if about to sing. Presently there stepped apart a masked form, who thus gave command in a rude sort of rhyme:

"Holla, my merry mountaineers,
Prepare a festive lay;
Our gallant friend will measure trip
While we a song essay."

Each other masker thereupon drew a rapier, and turned its point to centre.

"Unbind the captive, give him room;
Now, friend, pray mind your play.
Strike up, my lads, and heed your time,
And merrily troll away."

At the word, the others commenced in deep, hoarse voices:

"An old graybeard a wooing came,
Ha! ha! ha!
Wish plenty of brass, but little brain,
Tira la la!

Merrily round we go,
Merrily.
All in a circle O,
Cheerily!

Right joyful was the gaffer gray,
La la la!
And who so blithe as he I pray?
Tira la la!

Merrily round we go.

Alas! the change of time and tide,
Ah! ha! ha!
That gaffer's joy to grief should glide,
Tira la la!

Merrily round we go."

"Trip on, friend Jean," the leader said; "thou laggest wretchedly. Let me spirit thee with this good steel rod; 'twill move thee most famously."

Jean Maret, in spite of himself, discovered great agility on this occasion. He could hardly have moved with more readiness in the rustic cotillon among the village lads and lasses. Nevertheless, not a few oaths escaped him, doubly provoked as he was by the composure of his tormentors, and the laughter of the surrounding spectators. But swifter still flew the brisk burden, "Tira la la."

"Good people all," the chief now said, "we have piped this man to play, and now that we the pipes have tuned, 'tis fair his purse should pay."

"Villain!" replied the veteran, testily, "ye shall not have a doit!"

"Good luck, our friend's not satisfied," returned the mask. "And yet we've done our best. Well then, Jean Maret, we will offer you a change. Doubtless you have seen the dance which is inspired by the bite of our famous black spider. Let us see if our good steel may not be able to supply the place of the spider. Come then, my lads, strike up 'La Tarantula.'"

Again Jean was forced to display his powers of agility, as flew the music and the accompanying voices, onward and still on, with ever-increasing rapidity. At length his obstinacy was overcome, as much by the absurdity of the affair as its personal inconvenience.

"Cease, cease," he cried; "have done with this, and the money you demand shall be forthcoming. A pack of fiends were better companions, I trow, than your blackamoor troop. Let me on, then, and I will lead you to my cash-box, and after you have there satisfied yourselves, I

pray you to go your ways like honest thieves, as you are."

"Take heed what you say, Jean," replied the chief masker. "We are honest, that is true enough, and we only want a fair payment for our services. Our band never performs for a less price than a thousand crowns, nor will we ask more than this of a worthy soldier like yourself. So lead the way, my friend, we follow close on your steps."

With jingling steel and shrilly pipe, the troop retraced its course, till on arriving at the lodging-place of Jean Maret, the latter paid down the needful scot, indulging himself while counting out the coin in various hearty oburgations which seemed to add no little to the amusement of his hearers. Meanwhile, from mouth to mouth, among the villagers, who gathered round the scene, passed the whispered murmur:

"Sartello, the bandit chief, and his followers!"

The person thus indicated turned to the shrinking crowd, and lifting the mask from his face, he addressed them thus:

"Good friends, our play is finished. The players through me, desire to make you their most respectful bow, thanking you for your good company. We rejoice to see that you are pleased with our endeavors for your amusement, and will hope that when next we chance to meet, we may therein be as fortunate as now."

At the word, each of the troop made a low obeisance, and with their leader, quickly retreated from the village. By slow degrees, the streets were cleared, though here and there a few lingered along to talk over the occurrences of the night. It was not till near the dawn of morn that the village again became quiet, when in the early dew, a carriage drove swiftly up to the inn, the door of which the coachman, having leaped from his seat, banged with might and main. At length old Gaspar thrust his night-capped head from an upper window.

"What means this cursed din?" he angrily exclaimed.

"Come down—come down!" the coachman replied, in a gruff voice. "Here is Prince Reklövstt waiting at your door."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the landlord, withdrawing his head in a fluster. "It can be no common prince, this, with such a jaw-breaking name. Here Francesco, Rosa, wife, all of you! hurry, haste down stairs as quickly as you can!"

The household were quickly astir, the doors were unbarred, and Gaspar presented himself before the prince, who had just descended from the carriage. The Russian lord—for any one

would have known him as such by his appearance—possessed a long beard, thick eyebrows, and eyes, whose look was chiefly a chilly and impenetrable stare.

"He must be monstrous rich," thought Gaspar; "he has such a bearish way with him."

The coachman, who seemed also to serve as interpreter, now addressed the host in tolerable Italian, easy enough to be understood, though interspersed now and then with some queer sounding words.

"The prince wishes to breakfast. Quick then! bring a turkey, a quart of brandy, a cup of fat, a good cheese pie, and a reindeer's tongue."

The landlord was filled with astonishment and respect.

"O, servant of a mighty lord!" he said, "our larder is to-day somewhat scant, for crowds of guests have scoured our house of all its choicest fare. But we will give you the very best we have, if you will deign to accept it."

The coachman seemed disturbed, but consulted the prince, who answered him with a frown and a growl of foreign words.

"Mine host!" rejoined the interpreter, "the prince doth condescend to accept. But be sure, whatever else fails, that the brandy is good."

The coachman and his master now engaged themselves in a harsh-sounding conversation, wherein one would have judged that the vowels were far less plentiful than the consonants. Near half an hour thus passed, when—wondrous speed!—a half cooked fowl was placed on the table, together with olives, grapes, and sour brown bread. The Russian lord upon seeing this rare repast spread before him, gave vent to what sounded very like a Slavonic invective, but nevertheless plunged his knife into the midst of the fowl, and carved and growled, and growled and eat, apparently bent on the most murderous havoc. Meantime, his servant turned to Gaspar.

"The prince hath heard one of your village youths, by name, Gulielmo Massani, commended much for his high talent and great pictorial skill."

"Ah!" murmured Gaspar, to himself, "heard one ever such elegant discourse?"

"The prince last evening met upon the road an old acquaintance, who told him much concerning this lad; recounted his whole history, and told how he drew wonderful resemblances of birds, and beasts, and men."

"'Tis true," replied Gaspar. "Strange that I should never have thought of it before."

"So, therefore, the prince offers to patronize the gifted youth, and send him a couple of years

or more to Rome, where he will be able to make himself a perfect artist, and get fortune at such a rate that he can soon roll in gold."

"San Dominic!" said the host; "surely Gulielmo's luck has turned. They say that Jean, last night, was robbed of more than half his store. and so, I do not know—but Rosa—"

"You're right," interrupted the other speaker. "Two hundred crowns are yours, provided Rosa waits two years against Gulielmo's safe return."

"Ahem!" exclaimed the somewhat surprised landlord. "How comes it that you know of this? And yet the girl grieves sorely. I will take you at your word."

The courier nodded and spake to his master, who, with a pompous air, told in his open hand the glittering gold, which was soon transferred to Gaspar's eager grasp.

"And now where is this same Gulielmo?" inquired the courier. "Bring him hither as quickly as possible. I doubt not, when he hears of his advancement, that he will leap for joy."

The youth presently arrived. The courier informed him of the matter in hand, while the prince nodded his head most graciously, and smiled so grim a smile that all the servants looked on dismayed.

"Haste," said the courier to Gulielmo, "pack up your knapsack as quickly as may be, and bid Rosa adieu, for it is time that we were on the road for Rome. There thou shalt undertake the painter's art, and work for fame and bread. And, if all works prosperously, you shall soon be able to wed the fairest maid of all the land."

An hour passed; the carriage drew up before the inn door, the host delivered his most obsequious bow, fair Rosa bade farewell to her lover, the prince and Gulielmo entered the stately vehicle, and, with a loud crack of the coachman's whip, the travellers set out for Rome.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDENT'S RETURN.

THE two years had elapsed, when on a bright June afternoon, a weary pilgrim halted within a grove which overlooked the village of Sorrento. He gazed around for a moment, as if in expectation of some one, and then sat down upon a mossy stone.

"It was here," said he, "that he bade me wait on my return. And yet—"

"He is with you," said Sartello, leaving the scraggy laurel behind which he had concealed himself. "What cheer bringst thou from Rome, my gallant lad? Certes, thy look is loflier and manlier now, whatever fortune thou hast had."

"Kind friend," replied the youth, "I may say that I have had both good and ill fortune; though mostly good, if thou dost agree with my opinion. I bring, through intercession of the pope, a pardon from our king. And thou and thine, if henceforth ye are pleased to remain at peace, will be accepted by the law which now holds your lives forfeit."

Sartello grasped with a vice-like pressure the hand which the youth held out.

"I am well repaid, Gulielmo, for what little I have done in thy behalf, since thou hast thus brought me my heart's desire. No more will we roam the land, outlaws from honest men. We will till and toil, and freely live, scathless and void of care. But of thyself, what speed? say quickly."

The youth frankly smiled.

"My pocket is rather low," he said, "although my hopes are not. I have gained some honor, whatever its worth may be. And now, how fares the gentle maid whom I so long to see?"

"Ah," replied Sartello, shaking his head sadly, "these women are indeed a puzzle. I fear much that Rosa's mind has changed since your departure. Absence, as the poets say, is love's worst bane. But let her go, Gulielmo; fairer charms than hers will soon ease your pain."

Gulielmo stood for a moment as colorless as marble.

"Is this the reward," he said, at length, "of all my weary toil?"

"Pray comfort yourself," replied his friend. "I may as well tell you the worst at once. They say that her wedding-dress is prepared. Jean Maret's gold and the importunities of old Gaspar, have been too much, fancy, for her fickle resolution."

A single tear fell from Gulielmo, notwithstanding the proud compressure of his lips.

"Let it be so," said he. "I will make no words about it. Neither will I shun her sight. I will face it out, and shame them who think to flout me thus."

"Bravo, my lad," exclaimed Sartello. "I find that you are of the true stuff. So come along; the hour is already near, when she is to change her name. I feared at first to tell you the tale, but am glad to learn that my fears were needless."

Gulielmo's burning cheek might have shown the pain which raged within his breast; but, nevertheless, he accompanied Sartello with a firm and confident step till they reached the inn where the guests had already begun to assemble. In the porch, by the side of Jean Maret, sat

Rosa, with a few flowers in her hair, her countenance as sweet to view as the first blush of a May morn. But when she met the fiery glance which Gulielmo cast upon her, she seemed abashed, and half turned toward her companion, with a silent appeal of the eyes. The priest now arrived, and all was made ready, Gulielmo looking on with a heated brain, and a feverish sickness gnawing at his heart. He was only able to see a single lovely face, in which a sudden sadness seemed to dim its former smiling grace.

"Why wait we?" bluffly exclaimed Jean Maret. "The priest awaits, the bride is ready. Gulielmo Massani, come forward; Rosa has chosen you as bridesman."

"Scoundrel!" replied Gulielmo, "dare no jests with me, else your life may fail you before your wedding is over."

"My wedding may be near at hand," returned Jean; "but I fear much that Rosa will hardly be my bride. Go, fair maid, and lead this stubborn youth hither. If all else fail, I think that thou wilt be able to hold him captive."

Rosa sprang from the porch to meet Gulielmo. Flinging her lily arms about his neck, her head reclining on his breast:

"Thou art mine," she said; "whether poor or rich, it is the same to me. Pardon this deceit; it was not my will to give thee needless pain."

"How is this?" Gulielmo was with difficulty able to say. "Your bridal—"

"Come, your place!" interrupted Jean. "There, take her hand. How dull you are! It seems to me that after all I should make the readiest groom of the two."

"Not so!" exclaimed Gulielmo. "But I must not allow you to be deceived, however little my tale may profit me."

"Hold then a moment," Sartello cried. "Your hand, friend Jean; I think you bear no ill-will. Or if you do, the settlement we'll postpone, till this present affair shall be concluded. Here, then, in this bag which I deliver you, you will find a thousand crowns, a forced loan to aid Gulielmo's studious years; and with the sum, five hundred crowns by way of interest. I enacted the Russian on a certain occasion,—a counterfeit lord,—and yet not altogether so, as you will own when you have heard my story. Four years ago, I held the title of Prince of Cornaro, where I, in the midst of a beautiful country, upheld the privileges of a lord. But one luckless day I joined a secret band, which sought to change the rule by which Italy was awayed. We failed, and I was forced to fly my native towers, to roam the mountain depths as the chief of lawless men. My wide estates were

confiscated to the service of the crown. But this noble youth has now obtained for me a full pardon from the king for all past misdeeds. The sovereign also freely restores me to my former rank and possessions."

He ceased, and every voice was raised in applause.

"Hail, Prince of Cornaro!" was the general exclamation.

"Prince," cried Jean Maret, "I give you thanks for the thousand crowns. The odd five hundred I will give towards Rosa's dowry."

"Nay," rejoined the prince; "the half thou mayst; it is all that thou canst be permitted, for I desire to find some room to add to Rosa's store."

"Ha!" said old Gaspar, with a laugh. "Although not rich, her suitor is yet certain he brings her riches."

"Good sir," replied Gulielmo, "I can show you but little coin, it is true; yet you may perceive some gain will be mine if you but choose to read this obligation."

Thereupon he delivered a slip of parchment into the hand of the host, who turning it once or twice round in the vain attempt to decipher its intention, passed it to the prince, saying:

"I pray your excellency to read it. My eyes are somewhat weak, and indeed my scholarship is not so good as it once was."

"Know all (read the prince, after naming the date), that I will pay to order of Gulielmo Masani, or his lawful heirs, four thousand crowns, with interest, as soon hereafter as demand may be made.

BENVOLIO."

"The Cardinal Benvoglio," said the prince. "Indeed, the lad hath prospered well. But come, the wedding lags. First, let us tie this youthful pair, and after that we'll join the revel on the green, where Jean and I will teach you all how to dance 'LA TARANTULA.'"

GOVERNMENT CHARACTERISTICS.

Governments have a moral character as patent and as paraded as the device on their banner folds. The elder Rome was an unscrupulous robber. The elder Greece was an exquisite voluptuary. Russia to-day is a sturdy and selfish churl. France is an ambitious and unprincipled man of fashion. Spain is a wasted, and wrinkled, and scorned courtesan, in the decay and decrepitude of her dissolute army. England is a half breed between the Pharisee and the prize-fighter. And America is a well trained yet most passionate youth, of whom it is altogether a problem whether the manhood be a fine Christian gentleman or an unprincipled ruffian.—*Rev. Charles Wadsworth.*

DO WHAT GOOD YOU CAN.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

I would not pass from earth away,
And leave no trace behind;
I wish to feel that I have been
Of service to mankind:
For what is life, without a heart
To sympathize with those
Whom stern misfortune hath assailed,
And crushed with bitter woes?

I envy not the proudest king
That sits upon a throne,
Who hath not charity to make
His subjects' wants his own;
Nor would I for a moment yield
That treasure of the soul,
Which ever teacheth peace and love,
To gain the earth's control.

How grateful should the rich appear,
With wealth at their command;
That they can stretch toward the poor
A firm and helping hand;
And if it chance to be our lot
To grace a lowly sphere,
Yet noble acts we may perform,
Though trifling they appear.

A kindly word—a gentle smile—
A sympathizing tear,
May raise the sinking, fainting heart,
And banish clouds of fear;
Ah, we should so attempt to live,
While here on earth we stay,
That fearless we may be when Death
Shall summon us away!

FRESH AIR.

Horace Mann has well said: "People who shudder at a flesh wound and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them, month after month, to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only five times over; and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."

Let us pay to God by worship and piety the rent of the dwelling he gives us in this world, and the price of the benefits he allows us to enjoy. For a little faith he grants us the earth we cultivate, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the ocean we navigate, fire, the powerful material of our labors, in a word, the entire world, whence he permits us to send happy colonies to heaven.
—*St. Clement.*

SPIRIT-RAPPING POETRY.

BY D. M. F. WALKER.

Why don't he come? O, I am sick!
 Say, is his spirit here?
 Hark! don't you hear that little stick
 "A rapping" on the "cheer!"

Why don't he come, my Willie dear?
 Pooh, now grieve up your lip!
 Just look, one foot at least is here,
 Do see the table tip!

Why don't he come? I'd like to know!
 Be still and hold your tongue;
 Do look! just see that lightstand go!
 'Tis almost on the run!

Why don't he come, and come to-night?
 O, what a stupid fool!
 Just see that pen and paper write,
 They must have been to school!

Why don't he come? I fain would sing,
 Hold on, you silly loon;
 Why, don't you hear that fiddle-string,
 "A-playing off" a tune!

Why don't he come?—mischievous lout!
 I'll drive him out of town!
 Just see, he's pulled my needles out,
 And let my stitches down!

THE FORGED CHECK,

—AND—

THE STOLEN JEWELS.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

I was passing home from my duties as book-keeper in the counting-house of an importing firm, in New York city, one evening, several years ago, when my steps were suddenly arrested by feeling the pressure of a hand upon my shoulder, as I hurried along. It was in the busy season of the year, and I had been detained out later than was customary; and as the passage through which I was hastening homeward, was none of the pleasantest—though it afforded a shorter cut to my lodgings than through the more thickly travelled streets above—I was startled, and turning instantly about, I beheld the face of a young man whom I did not recognize at the moment, but whom I subsequently found to be a person with whom I had in previous years been acquainted, somewhat.

"I've been looking for you," he said, "and I want your assistance. I am in trouble."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Don't you remember Ned Willetts, Barclay?" he said, in a low tone.

I looked at him again, and answered:

"Yes, to be sure I do. But what in the world are you doing here in the dark, alone, Ned, at this time of night? And where have you been, too, these five years back?"

"I'll tell you all about it, Barclay, if you'll give me the opportunity."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Nowhere. I've been in town since noon only, and must leave very shortly again. I am in trouble, and need aid and advice. Shall I go home with you?"

"Yes, yes—come along," I replied. And he took my arm as we hastened on together to my rooms. He said little more then, and not until I had become seated with him, in my little parlor, where we were alone, entirely, did he unbosom to me the details of the dilemma he was in.

I remembered Ned Willetts as a fine boy, when we were schoolmates together, and I recollected him as he grew up to manhood, as a noble-hearted, enterprising young man, of thorough probity, honesty and business tact. He went his way, however, at seventeen or eighteen years old, and I went mine; we had not met, I repeat, for some four or five years. He was still a splendid-looking fellow, now about three and twenty years old, and to all appearances, as far as I could judge, had improved in his person and manners alike since I lost sight of him, five years previously.

As soon as the gas was let on in my room, I noticed at once that Ned was excited, and his face and eyes showed that he had been without rest for an unusual time, apparently.

"Where do you hail from, Ned?" I asked, at length; "and what have you been about? You are in the fog, you say. What has happened?"

"To begin at the beginning, Barclay—though I must be brief, for you will soon see that I am pressed for time—I come from Baltimore, where I have been engaged in book-keeping, and was cashier in a large jewelry establishment for three years and more. There was a young lady—"

"Hullo!" I exclaimed; "a woman at the bottom of it all, eh?"

"Don't stop to interrupt me; you shall see in a few words, as fast as I can come towards it, how it all happened," responded Willetts. And I therefore permitted him to proceed, without farther serious checks or queries.

"There was a beautiful girl came into the store some months ago, to make some trifling purchases, and I chanced at the moment to be in the front of the establishment, while one of the clerks waited upon her. I had never been

struck with any woman's appearance before in my life, and I should scarcely have noticed her, but for her peculiarly sweet tone of voice which, once heard, you nor I could ever forget, Barclay."

"Very likely."

"Well, she went out, and I saw nothing more of her for a week; when she again called at the store. I saw her thus, and twice—thrice, I think afterwards—before I spoke with her. The young clerk had learned her name, and took the liberty one day (at my suggestion) to introduce me to her. I was greatly pleased with her fine features and musical voice, and I became better acquainted with the lady after a time."

"I see; a love affair," said I.

"Well, wait. I called on her at her father's residence, and at length, after a year's acquaintance, I proposed to marry Cornelia Dufonte—that's her name—and she accepted my offer, with her father's approval. She had no mother, and they boarded at a very convenient and respectable house, near my place of business. I exchanged my lodgings, took a room at Mrs. Redlon's, where they dwelt, and soon became intimate with Mr. Dufonte, of course, who, at the proper time, and when I was ready, was to become my future father-in-law."

"Yes."

"I never knew, and never asked what was Dufonte's occupation. I did not know but he had an income that supported the expenses of himself and daughter. I didn't know but he was in some quiet profession or business that afforded him the means; and I am certain Cornelia never knew anything whatever about this, except what her father volunteered to tell her, which was very little. However, I cared as little as I knew about it. My own position was a good one, and I knew that when I got ready to marry his daughter, I should be ready to support her. I never thought anything about Dufonte's business, until, the day before yesterday, I was called upon to witness a scene that has nearly destroyed my life, I assure you, so sudden and awful in its consequences has it turned out!"

"What is it, pray?"

"Well, I went home from the store as usual on Tuesday evening (it is now Friday night), and found Cornelia in the deepest distress; and you can judge of my consternation, when she informed me that a forgery had just been discovered, in which I was implicated, and certain jewels were missing which I was supposed to be in possession of!"

"Where had you been?" I inquired.

"I had been absent, twenty miles out of town, during the day, and did not calculate, when I left, to return until the following morning. I finished the business that called me off, however, at night, and immediately took the cars for home again. Search had been made for me in the meantime, and those who met with Cornelia were injudicious enough to hint their suspicions to her, in regard to me, without once looking into my details. The forgery was committed upon the name of my employers, and the jewels were missing from our store, you perceive."

"Well, what followed? How were you implicated?"

"A portion of the jewels have been found."

"Where?"

"In my room, where I boarded."

"Are you the sole occupant of the apartment?"

"Yes; and when I went away, I locked it, and had the key in my pocket!"

"And this forgery? How is this?"

"Curious; like the rest. The check is precisely *ours*, and there are two missing from the back of the check-book."

"Who has charge of this book?"

"No soul but myself. I alone have access to it, except when it is looked at by my employers, in my presence, as I hold myself accountable for the accuracy of the cash account. I therefore never trust it out of the safe, save when in temporary use."

"The jewels were found in your locked-up room, in your absence, you say?"

"Yes."

"And you had the key of it?"

"Yes."

"And when you returned home, and learned what was transpiring, you run away; and here you are, eh?"

"Yes. No, no! not exactly that, though I now see that this is a bad feature of the business. I ought not to have left home a moment. I see; it is unfortunate; but really this mistake never occurred to me until this moment. I wish I were safely back again," continued Ned, very thoughtfully. "But then I could do nothing there. You see, Barclay, I'll tell you what I thought," continued poor Willetts, hurriedly; and then he suddenly stopped, and looking me straight in the eye, said:

"Of course, Barclay, you don't for a moment harbor the thought that I am guilty of all this mischief?"

"Well, Ned, if I judge you by your antecedents, and my knowledge of your excellent moral character when I knew you years ago, I

say no, emphatically. But to be candid with you, if you are to be judged by the circumstances of this case by itself, I should say without any hesitation, that, as you have thus far represented yourself, it looks as though you were in a dreadfully tight place," I replied.

"So I am, Barclay; so I am. But, as I was about to say, I thought of you instantly. I knew you were in the same sort of position here that I occupied in Baltimore, and I knew we had been friends, and you could and would advise with me. So I hurried on, without any one being made aware of my purpose or route, to confer with you, and see what could be done. For myself, I have no fears whatever, I assure you. But, Barclay, between us, I think *I know who is the real forger and robber!*"

"Possible!" I exclaimed, astonished; "where is he?"

"In Baltimore."

"What the deuce are you doing here, then? Why did you not denounce him, and save your own credit?"

"No, no, Barclay; wait till you hear all. I am engaged to be married to Cornelia Dufonte, and in a few weeks we intended to have been wedded. You are my friend, the friend of my early years; and you will be discreet, when I tell you I am satisfied that *her father* is the man who has committed these two outrages!"

"What!"

"—sh! Don't breathe too loud. I feel certain of it; and I will tell you how and why I suspect him."

"Go on, then."

"When I have been hard pressed with labor, in the busy season of the year, I have sometimes taken my file of cancelled bank-checks home, at evening, for examination at my leisure, when the monthly bank account was made up. The old man has frequently assisted me in this work, and thus had the opportunity to ascertain the character and form of our checks. Two months since I missed one of the cancelled blanks; but as it had been paid at bank, and was of no use, I did not suspect what might have become of it. It was printed in blue ink, and the firm's cypher only was engraved upon the corner. I now see how easily it may have been copied and counterfeited and the signature attached, by a skilful hand. No one but he had the opportunity to do this. Then, as to the robbery, Dufonte had often called to see me, of course, at the store, where he would tarry sometimes an hour at a time. He has chosen his opportunity, I have no doubt, and parloined the jewels. But what renders the whole transaction the more infamous

is the fact (as I believe it to be), that when this affair has been discovered, he has unquestionably found access to my room in my absence, by means of a false key, and deposited a part of the gems where suspicion must inevitably light on me, to save himself!"

"Well, Ned, your story is a plausible one. God grant you a safe deliverance from your dilemma! But can it be possible that the man who knew you to be engaged in marriage to his daughter, could be so villainous as this?"

"He is a coward you see, Barclay. How he has obtained the means hitherto to keep up his apparent respectability, as I have already said, I do not know; but I am now convinced that he is, *sub rosa*, a dishonest man. This fact (if I am correct) cannot, ought not to injure Cornelia in my esteem, for she is as guileless as she is affectionate and beautiful. I will vouch for her."

"What then do you wish to do, Ned?"

"I would avoid an explosion and its consequences, and save him and her if possible," said Ned, anxiously. "For I am sure if my suspicions prove to be correct, Cornelia would die of shame and terror at her father's error and the disgrace that must follow."

"How can I aid you then?" I inquired.

"Well, the forged check is for six hundred dollars, and the lost gems are said to be valued, at a venture, at about five hundred more. I have saved something over six hundred dollars out of my salary for the past two years, with which I intended to get married. This happiness I will forego for the present, and I can thus make good the amount of the check. Now if you will loan me five hundred dollars, I will pay for the lost jewels, arrange the whole thing with my employers (who are reasonable men), and to whom I will frankly explain all my suspicions, and thus save him and her, and myself. Will you assist me? I will pay you within the next eight months, on my honor, Barclay."

I could not withstand this appeal, though I had not seen my former friend for nearly five years, and I had no means of knowing that his whole story was not a *ruse* to swindle me out of five hundred dollars neatly! Such things had been done. I lived in New York city, where similar operations were every week as plentiful almost as blackberries in August. But the most important bar to my wish to gratify my friend, was an almost insurmountable one. I had not one hundred dollars at that moment in the world, to say nothing of five times that amount! And I said:

"Ned, I appreciate your uncomfortable fix, but I swear to you, I haven't got this money."

"Can't you get it, Barclay?"

"Well, when?"

"To-night. I must fly hence or return by to-morrow's boat. I can't, must not, *won't* go back to Baltimore unless I can see my way out of this peril before I turn my steps thither! No, never! never!"

"I don't know about this, though, Ned," I continued, on reflection. "Come, take a glass of Madeira with me, and let us see how far you ought to go to save this scoundrel."

"No; thank you, Barclay. I haven't tasted a drop of wine for seven years. Excuse me; but for Heaven's sake, strain a point and procure me this money. I arrived here this afternoon, and watched for you three long hours, for my only hope is with you. I saw you leave the store, for I would not venture in under the circumstances, lest something might occur to involve me in the future in this affair, and I did not want you to suffer from having been seen in my company."

This honorable and considerate act I could not but value, though it might never have caused me trouble under any circumstances, and I replied, quickly:

"Ned, at what hour to-morrow morning do you desire to leave town?"

"At nine o'clock, by the Camden and Amboy line."

"The money shall be ready," I said. "Give me your note on demand for five hundred dollars with interest, and I will raise the cash for you."

He quickly drew up the note, tarried with me over night, and I crossed over to Jersey City with him next morning at half-past eight, after placing in his hands the money he wanted. Poor Ned! he seemed happy enough when I finally shook his honest hand at parting, with the prospect before him of being able soon to extricate himself and Dufonte from present jeopardy.

At Baltimore, very little had yet been said about the trouble. Ned Willetts had been away two days, and the suspicions against him had been increased from his continued absence. Dufonte was sullen and quiet (as usual), for he was always an uncommunicative man, and nobody thought of him as being privy to this double-dealing; but Willetts returned at last in safety.

His first interview, after reaching home, was with Cornelia, whom he satisfied clearly of his entire innocence of the suspicions that existed against him, though it was passing strange to her mind how the jewels could be found within his room, while it was locked up and he had the key, unless he carried them there in some way.

As to the forged check, she knew nothing of it. But leaving her, he repaired to his employers at once, where he proposed to lay the whole case open to them, and beg them to accept remuneration for the pecuniary loss, and hush the matter up, under the peculiar circumstances. But he arrived too late!

The forged check had that day been traced out, and Dufonte was directly implicated, greatly to the relief of Ned's employers, who confided in his integrity to the very last moment, notwithstanding the circumstances were so decidedly against him. He laid his plans open to his employers at once, explained to them the delicate position he suddenly found himself placed in, and offered them the money to cover all their loss; but they would not accept it, nor would they think of taking a sum from Willetts at any rate, knowing as they did how ill he could afford to submit to this sacrifice.

Besides this, it was out of their power to enter into any such arrangement without subjecting themselves to the charge of aiding in compounding a felony, since the officers of the law had taken the subject in hand, and were then searching for Dufonte, who had been quietly warned by Willetts that trouble was brewing for him, and unless he could make a bold stand, he had much better be out of the way.

Dufonte was an Englishman, as the event proved, and had married in this country. He was a man without principle, cunning, shrewd and speculative, and he had contrived thus far, by hook or crook, to keep his head above water and educate his only child, Cornelia, whom he never informed regarding his business or prospects; he was tempted in an unguarded moment to procure the check from Ned's file, and afterwards counterfeited it; and when the opportunity offered him to seize the little box of jewels at Willetts' store, he added that wrong to his first serious error. He did not expect to be trapped, but finding himself cornered, he entered the book-keeper's rooms by means of a skeleton key, and left the larger portion of the gems in Willetts' bureau (where they were afterwards found), in the belief that he could manage the ugly affair best, at last, and could better afford to assume the peril that awaited him! We have already seen how Ned, in his generosity of heart, made returns for this contemplated injury. Had it been in his power, he would have saved Dufonte at heavy cost to himself; but this was impossible now.

Returning home again, he sought Cornelia, and found her busily engaged in packing up a trunk of clothing. He instantly urged her to

take the earliest means to communicate with her father, if possible, and beseech him to fly without delay. He then explained everything to his affianced, and showed her that this course alone could serve to avoid future disgrace. He placed in her hands three hundred dollars, and bade her pay it over to Dufonte, lest he should lack ready means with which to escape, and he reassured Cornelia that she should be duly cared for, meantime, and that he would marry her very shortly, thus placing her beyond the reach of present care or harm. Cornelia found her father secretly (as they had agreed upon), within the next two hours, when she paid him the money and parted with him amid the deepest grief. But there was no other way. The officers were after him, the laws had been grossly violated, and he knew it! He fled to England forthwith, and saved himself and his child the pain and disgrace that must surely have attended his arrest and conviction of his two crimes.

Two months after this, a carriage halted at the door of my lodgings in New York, and there stepped out from it a young gentleman whom I instantly recognized as my friend Ned, again, who was accompanied by a sweet-looking girl, attired as a fashionable bride. I saw the sequel instantly. He handed her into our house, and presented her to me as his wife. It was Cornelia Dufonte. They had been married three days previously, in Baltimore, and were now on a wedding tour towards Niagara. She was a magnificent woman, truly, and I was not surprised that Ned should have been thus attracted to her. He called me aside, paid me five hundred dollars, and two months interest, took up his note, and left me a few minutes after, for one of the North River boats; he was then bound to Albany.

The robbery and forgery were finally suffered to be forgotten. Ned informed his employers that there was no doubt the guilty man had left the country, and the pursuit was at his request given up. So frankly and candidly had Ned managed the whole affair from the outset, that no injury ever occurred to him personally. His employers abated no jot of their previous unlimited confidence in his honesty, and would never listen a moment to his offer to indemnify them for their loss. They sympathized with him, however, like men and Christians, as they were; and as the amount was trifling in reality to them, and they were thoroughly satisfied that my friend could not have prevented the occurrences under ordinary circumstances, they finally charged the deficits to "profit and loss" account, and referred to the unfortunate affair no farther.

Old Dufonte has never been seen in this country since. Mr. and Mrs. Willets are now living in a small town in Pennsylvania, contented, happy, and well-to-do in a pecuniary way. And surrounded by a pretty family of children, they have long since forgotten the temporary trouble that succeeded "The Forged Check, and The Stolen Jewels."

WONDERFUL PENS.

Dr. Warner, some years ago, happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, London, when a member of the House of Commons purchased a hundred quills for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed—"O, the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a hundred quills! Why, it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, doctor," observed the stationer, for your works are very voluminous." "I declare," replied the doctor, "I wrote my *Ecclesiastical History*, two volumes in folio, and my *Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer*, a large folio, both the first and second copies, with one single pen. It was an old one when I began, and it is not worn out now that I have finished." This relation was spread abroad, and the merit of this pen was esteemed so highly that a celebrated countess begged the doctor to make her a present of it. He did so, and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen written upon it, and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the *Bride of Abydos* in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

John Elliott translated the entire Bible into the Indian language, and wrote the whole of it with one pen.—*New York Sun*.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic, re-appear in the shape of swords and guns. The clippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithery or cast-off woolen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterward in the form of dyes of the brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredients of the ink with which we write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the port wine drinker, in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the morning in the form of seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets, and the washing of coal gas, re-appear, carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor *blanc mange* for her friends.—*Scientific American*.

There is this good in commendation, that it helps to confirm men in the practice of virtue. No obligation can be of more force, than to render to eminent virtue its due merit.

SONG.

Ah, canst thou think that time has stole
 The light affection round me flung?
 No, years have fled, but round my soul
 It still has fondly, wildly clung.
 My fortune, fame and friends have flown—
 The minions of a sunny hour;
 But still my love has stronger thought,
 Like ivy round some mouldering tower.

There is a change that all must feel,
 A change the world will ever make;
 The visions that so fondly steal
 Around the heart in youth, must break.
 But do not say that Time has wrought
 A change within a heart like mine—
 Love starts at the unhallowed thought,
 And threatens to desert thy shrine.

My love is not the trembling light
 That falls upon some careless stream,
 To sleep awhile in beauty bright,
 And then withdraw its silvery beam;
 Then do not think, now fate has set
 The seal of misery on my lot,
 That I can all the past forget,
 For thou canst never be forgot.

THE LAME MAN'S MESSAGE:

—OR,—

NEPHEW AND NIECE.

BY AMOS WINSLOW, JR.

It was winter in the great city. In one of the common streets was a well-filled store, and the owner stood behind his desk, reckoning up, perhaps, and comparing his "profit and loss," while a number of clerks were busy in waiting upon customers. This owner was a young man, not more than five or eight-and-twenty, and he seemed to have an eye to business, though whether his gaze was regulated by any well governed principle remains to be seen. He was a spare-built, fashionable looking man, with a pale face, a low brow, and a profusion of artificially curled ringlets hanging about his temples. He had very dark eyes, but a close observer could have seen that they were of a greenish hue, and that their light was all outward and fluctuating. His lips were thicker than looked well, and his mouth was larger than he wished it was. He was very fashionably dressed, and a vast display of jewelry bedecked his person.

Such was James Merton. His father and mother had both died, and he had been left with only some one or two thousand dollars with which to commence life. He came to the city and obtained a clerkship. He was shrewd and unscrupulous, and he made some money, and at length he managed to marry an heiress. With

her money he had set up a store, and was now, to use the language of his own coining, "doing a smashing business." It was a "smashing" business.

James Merton stood there behind his desk and watched his salesmen.

"Mr. Peters," he called, in a low, business-like tone.

The person whom he addressed was a young salesman that was at that moment trading with a well-dressed old lady.

"Does that woman want some of that velvet?" Merton asked, as Peters came close to the desk.

"Yes, sir," very deferentially returned the salesman.

"She is a stranger?"

"Yes sir."

"We may never see her again. Probably some one from the country. Get off a piece of that number five if you can. Remember, it is the nicest of Genoa fabric. Eight dollars if you can. Be careful, now."

Peters went back and sold the lady three yards of the velvet, "number five," for seven dollars and fifty cents a yard. It was a superb looking piece of goods, and apparently figured with the most sumptuous materials. James Merton's "profit" column received an addition from that sale of twelve dollars. That was the character of the business part of the man.

It was drawing towards the close of the day, and the young merchant took out his bank book and ran it over, and then he looked at the list of "notes payable." He found that on the following day he must pay a note of twelve hundred dollars. He reckoned up all his available funds, and he made out four hundred and some odd dollars. There was a cloud came over his brow, and that cloud grew deeper as his eye rested upon the record of other notes, the maturity of which was not far off. "I wish a hundred old women would come in and buy velvet," he muttered to himself, but that couldn't be expected, so he put on his great coat and started out. In half an hour he returned, and having shaken the snow from his coat, he hung it up, and then sat down by the stove. He had been to some dozen of his friends, but not one of them could promise to assist him. The truth was, they didn't like the "smashing" character of himself or his business.

Mr. Merton had sat thus some fifteen minutes, when he was aroused by hearing some one inquire for him. He looked up and saw an old man hobbling towards him on a crutch. It was a very old man—eighty at least—and very lame.

The snow stood in great masses upon his garments, and he seemed cold and fatigued.

"Is this Mr. James Merton?" he asked.

"Yes," surlily replied the merchant.

"You don't seem to recollect me," resumed the old man.

Merton looked up and a ray of interest shot across his face.

"This isn't old Varney Bolster," he said.

"Yes it be," returned the old man.

"And where are you from?"

"From Ohio."

"And how is my uncle?"

"Dead."

"Dead!" uttered Merton, starting up. "Did you say dead?"

"Yes. He died a month ago."

"Fortunate, by Jove."

"What!" cried the old man, in blank surprise.

"Ah, you misunderstood me," quickly spoke Merton, but yet with much perturbation. "I meant that it was fortunate I had the news."

Varney Bolster looked keenly into the young man's face, and a close observer could have seen that there was a dubious expression upon his time-worn features.

"Are you acquainted with my uncle Moses's affairs?" at length asked the merchant, in low, anxious tones.

"Yes."

"Has he made a will?"

"Yes."

"Ha! And do you know its contents—its purport?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

The young man breathed heavily as he asked the question, for he knew that his Uncle Moses had nearly a million of dollars to dispose of.

"His will—and he made but one—gives nearly everything to you."

"To me!" cried the youthful speculator, clapping his hands with sudden emotion. "I thought so. I knew the old fellow would do the handsome thing. By Jove, but I'm safe, now. Let the brokers and note-shavers whistle now. The old man lived a long while—but better late than never. And so he is dead at last. I hope he was buried decently."

"Your uncle was buried decently, sir, for he had friends about him that cared for him," reiterated the old man, looking with contempt upon the unfeeling nephew.

"O, and so should I have cared for him, if I had been there," said Merton; "but since I wasn't, what's the use of making long faces at

it. The old man couldn't possibly have asked to live any longer. But what's to be done now? Must I go on to Columbus? I think he did not move from there?"

"There's where he died. But you need not go on unless you see fit, for his executors, or some one empowered by them, will be here in the course of a week to see you."

"So, so. Well, old Varney, I'm truly thankful to you for your information. I have a little brandy in my counting-room. Wont you take a drop?"

"No sir."

"But it's cold, and 'twill do you good."

"A good bed would suit me better."

"Haven't you engaged your room at the hotel, yet?"

"No."

"Then it's time you were about it. You'll find any quantity of 'em about our city."

"Then you have not gone to housekeeping, yet?"

"Certainly."

"And could I not find a shelter beneath your own roof?"

"Why, bless me, old Varney, the very sight of such a lame old codger would throw my wife into hysterics. She is a most sensitive person."

"But not very sensible," distinctly pronounced the old man.

"Be careful, sir," said Merton, showing a mark of anger. "Remember of whom you are speaking."

"You forget, James, when you were a boy, and I used to dandle you upon my lame knee. You didn't shun me then—and even at that time my hair was gray."

"Never mind that. I am busy, now. Much obliged for your information. If you are in need, you may—"

But the old man did not wait to hear any more, and so the merchant did not finish his sentence. The outer door closed upon the retiring form of the lame messenger, and then James Merton once more put on his coat. He moved quickly now, for his spirits were up.

In half an hour more he had told the news of his uncle's death to many of his business neighbors, and he had the promise of more than money enough to meet his to-morrow's payment.

In a very fashionably furnished house, and in one of the drawing-rooms of said house, sat two females. One of them was the wife of James Merton. She was a tallish woman, and a few years older than her husband. A single look at

her would assure any one that she had been reared in idleness. She sat now upon the piano stool, but she was not playing. She was leaning languidly upon the instrument, and her long hair was hanging in curls about her face and neck. She was, perhaps, pretty, but there was nothing intellectual or winning in her countenance. Her face was a pale, cold blank, with nothing written upon it save indolence and indulgence.

The other female was not more than twenty years of age, and if she was not so beautiful as some, she was at least interesting in the extreme. Her's was a face that improved upon acquaintance. One did not see all its beauties at the first glance. Her true loveliness was not to be seen until you knew her heart and her soul, and when the holy purity of those were known, then her face looked beautiful indeed. Her hair did not curl, nor were there any pearls or precious stones in it. No pearls flashed upon her person, and the only ornament she wore was a plain gold ring upon one of her fingers. It was the dying gift of her mother, and, save a good name and a virtue of spotless purity, it was all she inherited. Her name was Adelia Williams, and she was a cousin to James Merton. She was the only child of Moses Merton's only sister, and James was the child of Moses Merton's brother. For nearly a year Adelia had lived with her cousin, but she occupied the place really of a menial. To be sure she sat with her cousin's wife, but she was very useful to her ladyship.

"Adelia," said Nancie Merton—that was the lady's name—"move these books away and shut up the piano. I shall play no more. And then you may put some more coals upon the grate."

Adelia did the work thus laid down, and then resumed her sewing. But she was soon called to trim the lamp, and then to fix the fire again, and then Mrs. Merton wished her to fix the pillow upon the lounge so that she could "repose."

At about seven o'clock James Merton came in. There was a well satisfied look upon his face, and he smiled very blandly as he greeted his wife.

"I think you must have made an excellent day's business," said his wife, after she had arisen to a sitting posture. "I haven't seen you look so good-natured for a long while."

"I have done a good business," said Mr. Merton, emphatically. "I have a note of twelve hundred dollars to pay to-morrow, and I have raised the money."

"Borrowed it, I suppose," said his wife.

"Exactly."

"I see nothing very gratulatory in that. You'll have it to pay."

"So I shall," uttered James, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction; "but I have the means. The flood-gates of wealth are thrown open, and the tide is setting upon me. Guess how?"

"How can I guess?"

"True—how can you. But I'll tell you. My uncle Moses is dead!"

"Dead! Uncle Moses dead?" uttered Adelia, with quick pain.

"Yes,—and what is there wonderful in that? He was old enough to die—fourscore years is long enough for any man to live."

"He was very rich, I think," said Mrs. Merton, hopefully.

"Yes, worth a million, at least."

"And how has he disposed of it?"

"Left it all to me—all, all, to me."

"Are you sure, Mr. M?"

"Yes. Old Varney Bolster has come on, and he told me all about it."

"Poor old Varney," murmured Adelia, looking up. "How I should like to see him. Has he come home with you, James?"

"Come home with me?" returned the merchant, elevating his eyebrows. "Of course not. He looked a little too shabby to bring here."

"I'm glad you didn't bring him, I'm sure," remarked Nancie.

"And he is very lame, too," said Adelia, in a meaning tone.

"Is he? How thankful I am he didn't come, to be sure. The sight of a deformed man throws me into convulsions."

"Yes," resumed Adelia, with a sidelong glance at her cousin, "poor old Varney is very lame, or, he used to be, and the doctors said he always would be, for his knee was fractured."

"Mercy, Adelia, don't speak of such frightful things," uttered the sensitive wife, with an excellent shudder.

"Yet," persisted Adelia, "it is worth while to know how he became lame. (Once a mad, frightened horse was rushing towards a precipice, and there was a boy upon that horse's back. Varney Bolster rushed before that plunging horse and stopped him, and saved the life of the boy, but in doing so, he broke his—"

"Stop, stop, I command you," cried Mrs. Merton.

"I was only going to add that if Varney had not stopped that horse, you would never have had James Merton for a husband!"

The young merchant looked daggers at his fair cousin, and so did the merchant's wife; but

the word was spoken, and James Merton remembered how that poor old man had once saved his life. But Adelia was silent, now, and the storm soon passed over.

"You are sure your uncle has left you his property?" said Nancie, at the end of a silence which had lasted for some minutes.

"O, yes. He has always spoken of me as his heir, and this old lame man has seen the will; and he moreover assures me that some one will be on from Columbus shortly, to fix up matters. We will have that new house, now, wife, and our circle of acquaintance shall be somewhat altered."

"It must be," returned the lady. "But," she continued, with energy, "Miss Williams must either leave us now, or else pay more attention to your wishes."

"Ah, what now?" inquired Mr. Merton, gazing first upon his cousin, and then upon his wife.

"I told her I should speak with you on the subject. That country fellow has been here again."

"What, Walter Seaton?"

"Yes, I think that is his name."

"Is this so, Adelia?"

"It is," replied the maiden.

"And what do you mean by such conduct? I have told you that you should not see the fellow here at my house."

"He came, and surely I was not going to drive him away. He is an upright, honorable young man, and his society is pleasing to me. He was a schoolmate of yours, and—"

"Enough, say no more," interrupted Mr. Merton. "I suppose you would have the fellow for a husband, if he should pluck up the courage to ask you."

"He has asked me, sir."

"What! Has he had the audacity?"

"He has—and I told him—"

"What?"

"That I loved him, and that I would be his wife just as soon as he could feel able to go to house-keeping."

"Well, that is fine, truly," uttered Merton, with a blank look. "You will make a splendid wife for a common day-laborer."

"Mr. Seaton is a carpenter, sir, and his occupation is not only honorable, but it is lucrative."

"Very," said Merton, sarcastically. "But," he added, in an altered tone, "there are some stern realities to this business. I have been asked more than once already, if I made a practice of associating with *that carpenter*—for it was

known by some means that he was a townsman of mine, and once a schoolmate. He has been seen coming here, and he has been known to remain a whole evening. Now I have just one word more to say. If Walter Seaton comes here again, and you admit him to the house during our absence, you will leave my roof never to return. I am determined to have some control over my own premises. You know that you can make an eligible match, if you choose. There is my clerk, Peters—he has hinted to me that he would marry you; and he will be a wealthy man, for he has shrewdness and business tact; and now that I am wealthy, of course I should be willing to assist you some if you complied with my wishes."

"I am well acquainted with the character of Mr. Peters," returned Adelia, "and I know him to be a shallow-pinded, superficial, unsteady, dishonest person. Even in your own store he has practised duplicity and straight-out deception."

"You had better beware," uttered the young merchant, with a flush of anger upon his face. "Keep a little more guard over that tongue of yours."

"O, my cousin, I know what I say. A lady of my acquaintance went into your store only day before yesterday after some rich velvet for a bonnet pattern. She told me of this herself. Peters waited upon her, and he showed her a piece of stuff which he told her was double-napped, royal-dressed Genoa velvet, and that the weight of pure silk in a yard of it was worth more than most fine velvets. He asked her eight dollars a yard for it. Now that lady happened to have a brother who was engaged in the same business, and he has brought some of that same kind of stuff home as a curiosity. It was not worth more than three or four dollars at the outside. You should look to your clerks with more—"

"Silence! I am aware of Mr. Peters's character, and what you now say is false. I want to hear no more. You have heard what I have said, and you may govern yourself accordingly. Remember, you either drop the acquaintance of Seaton altogether, or else you leave my house. You can do as you please."

James Merton was considerably perplexed when he began to speak, but he worked it off, and by the time he concluded he had worked himself into a state of majestic dignity. But Adelia was not so much moved as he had expected.

"I can go," she calmly said, "for I have not been idle here, and shall not probably have to

work any harder, let me go where I will. I believe I have paid my way since I have been beneath your roof, so you have not much claim upon either my gratitude or my obedience. But let this pass now. It is not a fit time for such work when we have but just received the intelligence of the death of our noble-hearted old uncle."

James Merton had his mouth made up to reply to this, but he did not. The truth was he felt very angry with his fair cousin, but the news he had received of his uncle's demise counterbalanced it, and in a few moments more he told Adelia that she might leave the room; and after she was gone he and his wife spent a long while in planning for their future course. Nancie was very pleasant, now, for the golden sun that had just arisen upon her warmed her heart with an effervescent beat of gladness. Not one word was spoken, nor one thought entertained of the goodness of him that had departed, nor did they speak of the death-stroke other than as a stroke of luck for them.

It was on the day following the events just recorded—or rather on the evening of that day, that a young man sat by a table in a plain but well-kept and quiet boarding-house. He was somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age, and upon his countenance were revealed those unmistakable characteristics that denote the studious, intellectual man. He was a person of fair proportions, and as the rays of the lamp fell upon his features, and dwelt among the clustering curls of nut brown hair that swept back from his high brow, they revealed a face of more than ordinary manly beauty. Such was Walter Seaton. He had left his native village, after having learned his trade, and come to the great city to work. He came not to hunt up work, but to fulfil an engagement. He had, in days gone by, been a schoolmate of Adelia Williams, and even when they were but children they had talked of love, for Walter learned his trade of Adelia's father. It is no wonder, then, that they should meet now, and that they should renew the pledges of their childhood.

On the present evening Walter had one of the small sitting rooms to himself, for the rest of the male boarders had gone out to places of amusement. He sat there and pored over his book, and while he was reading, one of the servants came in and announced that a young lady wished to speak with him.

He quickly started to the door, and there he found Adelia Williams. He waited upon her

into the sitting-room, and as soon as they were alone, the young man inquired with some signs of surprise, what had called her out on such a cold night.

"I shall speak plainly," she said, with some perturbation, "for I know that I may look for counsel to you."

And thereupon she related a part of the scene that had occurred at her cousin's. Walter moved nearer to her side when she had finished, and taking her hand, he said:

"Dear Adelia, I am almost glad your cousin has spoken, for now our proper course of action is made plain to us. I have between twelve and thirteen hundred dollars in the bank, and we can as well commence our united work of life now as at any time. I am sure of the best of wages, and my employers spoke no longer ago than last week of letting me have one of their houses. They learned by some means that I had some thoughts of marriage. There is a pretty little tenement out on the new avenues, which I can have for one hundred fifty dollars a year, and I know it would suit you. It is in a quiet location, and among the most pleasant people. What say you? Come, we may as well fulfil our destiny now as at any time."

Adelia hung down her head, but it was not with confusion. She only meditated upon the proposal to which she had listened. At length she said, and she looked very happy as she spoke:

"You know best what we had better do. All is, if we are married now, I will do all I can to economize and make your burden light. I will be governed entirely by your decision."

"Then," uttered Walter, with a glow of happiness upon his features, "we will go at once to keeping house as partners for life. So shall it be, dearest, and God grant that we may be long spared to each other."

The happy youth had just placed his arms about the maiden's neck, when the door-bell rang again, and shortly afterwards the door of the sitting-room was opened, and an old, lame man entered. He stopped near the table and hesitated.

"Is this Walter Seaton?" he asked, leaning heavily upon his crutch.

"It is, sir," returned the young man, quickly rising and placing a chair near the fire.

"I thought I should find you alone," continued the lame man, as he sat down in the proffered chair. "But perhaps you don't know me."

"It is good old Varney Bolster!" cried Adelia, with unfeigned joy.

The old man exclaimed.

"What!" he started, lifting both hands.

"Is this my little Delia—my little Delia Williams?"

"Yes, Varney," returned the fair girl, hastening to the old man's side and throwing her arms about his neck. "Yes, it is your little Delia. Don't you remember me?"

"I do now, you blessed child," answered the old man, while the tears started to his eyes, as he felt the warm kiss of the innocent, warm-hearted girl upon his cheek. "But how did you know me so quickly?"

"O I knew you were in the city. My cousin told me so?"

"Your cousin?"

"Yes, James Merton."

"Ah," uttered Varney, while a cloud swept over his wrinkled face. "Then you have seen James?"

"Yes, I live with him."

"And did he tell you that your uncle was dead?"

"Yes," murmured Adelia, sadly, as she sat back in her chair. "He told me. O, I had hoped I might see uncle Moses once more, for he was such a good kind uncle to us all. But he is happy now—for such as he cannot be else than happy in the spirit-home. Did he speak of us before he died?"

"I heard him speak of all his friends. But did James tell you of your uncle Moses's will?"

"Yes."

"I am almost sorry you should have been forgotten in that will."

"O do not speak of that," said the maiden, earnestly. "Uncle Moses has done much for us. Only think how kind he was to my mother. For over a year he supported her wholly. He has done much for us, and I should be ungrateful indeed could I now cherish a single regret on account of his will. I can only regret that he did not live longer to enjoy the property he has left behind him. But he was well cared for? He died happy, did he not?"

"Your uncle died very calmly," returned the old man, regarding the lovely girl with beaming, moistened eyes. "But tell me why you are with your cousin?"

Adelia related to him how she had gone to live with James after he was married—how she had gone to help his wife, and how she had lived there ever since. She spoke more freely to her present listener than she would have done to even her own uncle, were he living, for old Varney Bolster was always regarded as a kind of confidant by all his acquaintances. Bolster was no relative of the Mertons, but he had lived with Moses from a boy. Moses Merton's father

had taken him from the poor-house when only about ten years old, and he had been a faithful domestic in the family ever since. Adelia used to love him when she was only a child, because he was so kind and good to her, and though it had now been over ten years since she had seen him previous to the present occasion, yet she felt perfectly at home with him. To be sure the old man had altered some, but not to Adelia, for she knew him by his kind smile and his unfortunate knee, more than by any well-remembered lineaments of his face.

By degrees the old man drew out the maiden's whole life-story, and also discovered why she had come out on her present visit, and he smiled an almost roguish smile when he found out that she had planned soon to become a wife.

"Never mind," said he, as Adelia blushed. "I have known the stock from which Walter descended, and I believe it is good; but I know something of him, for this evening, when I went to his employers to hunt him up, they took the trouble to praise him prodigiously—O, you needn't hang down your head so, Walter, for surely 'tis no evil to have good men speak well of you."

Some more conversation was held on by-gone times—Adelia wept calmly in memory of her good uncle—and the old man told how they had lived in their western home. And at length the maiden said that she must return. Of course Walter was to accompany her as far as her cousin's house.

"And I'll go too," said the old man. "It will be dull to be here alone, and this cool air without does me good."

"But your lameness," suggested Adelia.

"Pooh, that's nothing. My old crutch is faithful."

And so they started—and on the way Adelia whispered to Walter, and told him that when they were married, old Varney should come and live with them—and Walter said yes, very heartily. And the old man asked what they were talking about, and Walter, when he found that he must let it out, confessed what Adelia had proposed to him. And then the old man said he would come, for he should have no other home.

In due time they reached the house of the young merchant, and Adelia asked them if they would not walk in and rest. Walter immediately said "no," but the old man, said "yes."

"I will go in," he added, "for I wish to see James Merton. Which is the room in which they usually sit?"

"This is the one," said Adelia, pointing to

the front windows, through the damask curtains of which the light was shining.

"Then let us go in, and I want you to follow me— Don't refuse, Walter, for I want you to witness what James Merton may say. There is one small bit of business left in my hands. You shall not suffer. Come," he said, as they somewhat hesitated.

The old man ascended the steps as he spoke, and tried to open the door, but the night latch was down, and he rang the bell. A servant came, and he pushed his way into the hall. The attendant would have resisted, but she saw Adelia and she went back to the kitchen.

"This is the door?" said the lame man, pointing to the one on the right.

"Yes," returned the maiden, trembling violently, for she feared that some exciting scene was coming.

The old man pushed open the door and entered. James Merton and his wife were upon the lounge, still engaged in planning for the laying out of their immense fortune. The merchant started to his feet, and his wife uttered a scream of terror at the appearance of the old lame man.

"What!" gasped James, and his face flushed, and his hands clenched. "How is this? You here, sir? What! And you, too, vagabond?" he continued, as he saw Walter. "Get out of my house instantly! Do you suppose I keep an open lazaretto?"

"Do not be in a passion; young man," calmly said Varney, as he seated himself after having led Adelia to a chair. "I have one matter to speak about, that I kept back before."

James Merton looked with flashing eyes upon Adelia, who had now removed her bonnet, and then he looked upon her lover. Then he turned his gaze upon the old man, and in an almost hissing tone, he said:

"This is a strange piece of business, sir. Do you suppose that just because you brought me the news of my uncle's death, you are entitled to come thus unbidden to my house? It is fortunate for you, sir, that I and my wife were alone, for had we had visitors, my servants should have put you both out of doors— Be not alarmed, Nannie," he continued, turning to his wife. "You shall not be harmed. The unmanly dogs shall soon be sent off."

At this kind assurance, the sensitive lady somewhat recovered, and then her husband turned once more to the lame man.

"Now what is your business?" he asked, in no very polite mood.

"Why," returned the old messenger, "I have

come to converse with you concerning your uncle and his will."

"And what about his will? Was it not all in my favor?"

"Yes."

"And was it not duly signed and witnessed?"

"Yes."

"Then what more is there?"

"Why, sir, there is a proper respect due to the memory of one that was as kind and good as was he?"

"What business is that of yours?" exclaimed James, in angry tones. "I'll thank you to meddle with things that concern you."

"But that concerns me, for your uncle was my best friend, and I—"

"Shut up your blab, old bald-head, or else I'll clear you out from my house! Do you suppose want you to come here and preach to me! By the powers of darkness, your presence is bad enough, without further insolence. And now if you have nothing further to communicate of interest to me, you can depart. And as to you," the young merchant continued, turning to Walter, "you may consider yourself fortunate that I now give you an opportunity to get off with a whole skin!"

Walter Seaton started half up from his chair, and then sank back again. His hands worked nervously, and his face was very pale; but he did not speak. He had too much sense to trust his indignation with words.

The old man gazed steadily upon Merton, and his lip quivered.

"Come—are you going?" the young trader cried, starting up.

"O James!" uttered the old man, arising from his chair, "how sadly are my hopes in you blasted. I knew you were reckless when young, but I thought not that you could be so utterly heartless, now!"

He had arisen without his crutch, and he stood proudly erect! His keen eye flashed, and his broad chest was expanded full and bold. All present started as if a thunderbolt had fallen and burst at their feet. They knew now that Moses Merton stood before them! James sank quivering into his seat, and Adelia sprang to her feet.

"Uncle, uncle!" she cried, in rapturous tones, "O, it is my good uncle Moses—I know it is. Not dead—not dead—but come back to see us once more."

"Yes, you blessed child," cried the old man, catching her to his bosom. "Yes, my own, sweet Delia, 'tis your uncle Moses."

James Merton gazed with a vacant stare upon

the old man for some moments, and at length he found his tongue.

"You must derive a vast deal of pleasure from such deception," he faintly gasped, holding on upon the arms of his chair, as though for support.

"How have I deceived you, James?" returned Moses Merton, calmly.

"You have lied to me."

"You speak plainly, but not truly. I have not spoken one false word."

"Did you not tell me my uncle was dead?"

"Yes."

"And was not that false?"

"No. Your uncle Robert died in my house a month ago. He was my youngest brother."

"But you told me my uncle Moses was dead."

"I did not."

"You did! And you said he made his will in my favor."

"If you will take the trouble, James, to remember how we spoke on the evening when I found you in your store, you will see the matter differently. I came in and told you that your uncle was dead. You recollect, perhaps, how you received the intelligence. I told you the truth. You asked me, after a while, if I was acquainted with the affairs of your uncle Moses, and I told you yes. I told you that he had made a will, and that it was in your favor. In this I told you the truth, for your uncle Moses has made a will, and to you that will makes over nearly the whole of his vast property. And now wherein have I spoken falsely? Every word I have told you is literally true."

"But you deceived me," gasped the trembling culprit. "You deceived me."

"How did I deceive you? Ah, my guilty nephew, I will tell you, but before I do so I must tell you one other thing. Some time ago, after I wrote to you that I was very ill, and might never reach the home of my youth again, I received a letter stating that my niece, Adelia Williams, was dead. Then it was that I made my will, and left everything to you. But afterwards I not only learned that my beloved niece was living, but that it was you who wrote the letter announcing her death! What say you to that?"

"False, false!" gasped James.

"Ah, but I know that you did write the letter. When I heard that there was an Adelia Williams living with you, which I learned from a merchant that was out our way, I feared the truth. I got the letter, and I knew that the hand was a disguised one, and I detected your

chirography in a moment. Do not deny it, James, for it will not avail you. Do not add falsehood to your already accumulated sins."

The young merchant did not speak. His wife had fainted, and Adelia had gone to her assistance, but the husband did not move towards her. He was utterly confounded and stricken.

"Now," resumed the old man, "I will tell you how far I have deceived you. Six months ago poor old Varney Bolster died, and one month ago my brother Robert died. I was left then without a friend to care for me of my own, and I resolved to come back here. I had learned of your treachery in the writing of that letter, but I had some faint hopes that there might be some mistake—that you might have thought her dead, or something of that kind. I knew that you were quite young when you saw me last, and I believed that old Varney's crutch and his lame leg with it, would be disguise enough. I meant to do as I did, and I did it that I might learn your true character more surely. I had a vast heap of wealth to dispose of, and I meant to know the real traits of the one who should inherit it. I have found one who is not only worthy of it all, but who will know how to use every blessing that Heaven may send upon her. Come, Adelia, my task is finished. Come, for you may be assured you will not be wanted here—Farewell, James. Perhaps, sometime, if you truly repent, and are in need, and will come humbly to me, I may help you."

And as the old man thus spoke, he picked up his crutch and placed it under his arm. He needed it to assist him in his walk no more. Adelia took his hand and followed him out from the room, Walter Seaton leading the way. James Merton did not look up—he dared not. He was crushed—hurled from his high hopes of worldly glitter and show, down to the lowest depths of woe and shame.

We have but a word more to tell. James Merton struggled on, and was too proud in his shame to ever ask his uncle for assistance; and perhaps this very thing kept him from becoming bankrupt. But his after life was embittered by the memory of the prize he had lost, and the deep soul-crime he had done.

Uncle Moses bought a splendid home, and thither went Adelia and Walter as its keepers, and with them the old man lived. He lived long enough to know that his niece and her husband were well qualified to take care of his wealth, and to dispense its flowing blessings upon all about them, and to them he left it, and the love in which they are now held by all, shows plainly that they are making good use of their wealth.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE FASHIONS.

Who would be out of the fashion—yet who can give a reason for most of the fashions he or she adopts? The grand desideratum with the framers of our “lendings” seems generally to be, to render them as unfit as possible for the purposes they should fulfil. One will hardly dispute that the real object of a bonnet is to cover the head—but no lady will deny that it is the height of *mauvais ton* just now to wear a bonnet on the head. They are now graceful decorations to the back of the neck, admirably contributed, in rainy weather, to collect the “pelt-ing of the pitiless storm.” With such an article of dress at one extremity and a pair of kid slippers at the other, a lady is certainly well prepared to face the rigors of our northern climate.

But it must be confessed that gentlemen are equally well prepared to meet the eccentric rudeness of the winter. The male Talma stops some inches short of the extremity of the coat-flap, probably to show the quality of that garment and the tenuity of the legs that support the person of the exquisite. And in order to show the logical harmony of the fashion, we have saratows with the waists gradually creeping to the shoulders, and skirts emulating the “street-sweepers” worn by the ladies. The rage for pictorial embellishment has invaded pantaloony. Some exquisites wear pictured umbrellas upon either leg: others rejoice in a display of foliage, with pumpkin vines twining round their nether limbs, and decorating their waistband.

We saw one gentleman the other day with his legs full of window-sashes—another perambulated quite a vintage. It may be, there are other more magnificent combinations of nature and art, but to our taste, a young man about town, with his shirt bosom and collar covered with alternate trotting-horses and figurantes, an almost tail-less sack with enormous hanging sleeves, a horticultural pair of pantaloons, and boots of the newest fashion, is one of the most striking spectacles which modern civilization can present.

How enviously must those little gentlemen in shabby red uniforms who reside upon the summit of hand-organs, eye him as he passes! But above all, what fell execution must that gorgeous figure do on the hearts of the piles of flounces and pretty bare heads that sail along Washington Street, in all the glory of fashion! Can there be those who forswear the worship of the divinity, and rail against her edicts?

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

The great Mormon temple which the mormons are building at the city of Salt Lake, is described as being a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,850 square feet. The plot on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their iron works in Iron county, Utah Territory. The temple building will have a length of one hundred and eighty-three and a half feet east and west, including towers, of which there are three at the east end, and three at the west, and the width will be ninety-nine feet. The northern and southern walls are eight feet thick. The towers spoken of above are cylindrical, surmounted by octagon turrets and pinnacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Beside these, there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the west end will be placed in alto relievo the great Dipper or the Ursa Major. As regards the interior arrangements, there will be in the basement a baptismal font, fifty-seven feet long by thirty five wide, and on the first floor, a large hall one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty wide, while on the third floor will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from eleven to twenty-two feet wide.

IMPROVING.—A gentleman writing from California concerning the habits of the people of that thrifty State, which got its growth before most States cut their first teeth, says: “Old boots and shoes, and old clothes, are mended now, and not thrown into the streets less than half worn, as formerly.”

MINISTERIAL.—The amount paid in salaries to the Boston clergy, of all denominations, is estimated at the annual sum of \$240,000. The Methodists pay the smallest salaries, the Unitarians the largest.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day; never do that by proxy, which you can do yourself.

FLOWERS AND PERFUMERY.

Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce, may be formed, when it is stated that one of the largest perfumers of Grasse, in France, employs annually 10,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000 lbs. of cassie flowers, 54,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 20,000 lbs. of tuberoses, 16,000 lbs. of lilac flowers, besides rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are sweetest. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico and Peru, the south of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position, the growers, within comparatively short distances, have at command that change of climate most applicable to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade.

On the sea coast his cassie grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season; while nearer the Alps, his violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situation where the orange tree and mignonette bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and peppermint; the essential oils extracted from these plants grown at Mitcham, in Surrey, realize eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

PROPERTIES OF GLASS.—Glass, in ductility, ranks next to gold. Its flexibility, also, is so great, that when hot, it can be drawn out like elastic thread, miles in length in a moment, and to a minuteness equal to that of the silkworm. It is so elastic that it can be blown to a gauze-like thinness, so as easily to float upon the air, and a globe of it, hermetically sealed, if dropped upon a polished anvil, will recoil two-thirds the distance of its fall, and remain entire until the second or third rebound.

A HINT.—Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

OFTEN WANTED, RARELY FOUND.—Next to a policeman, there is nothing so absent as presence of mind.

INTERESTING RELIC.

The bullet by which General Joseph Warren was killed at Bunker Hill in 1775, is still preserved. It is an ounce ball, and was exhibited by Alexander H. Everett, on the delivery of an oration at Charlestown, June 17, 1836, in which he exclaimed: "This is the one, fellow-citizens, which I now hold in my hand! The cartridge-paper, which partly covered it, is stained, as you see, with the hero's blood." This ball is now deposited in the Library of the United States Historic-Genealogical Society, with the original affidavit of Rev. William Montague, formerly pastor of Christ Church, Boston, who made oath that he obtained the ball in London, of Arthur Savage, once an officer of the customs of the port of Boston, who gave Mr. Montague this account of the ball: "On the morning the 18th of June, 1775, after the battle of Bunker or Breed's Hill, I, with a number of other royalists and British officers, among whom was General Burgoyne, went over from Boston to Charlestown to view the battle-field. Among the fallen we found the body of Dr. Joseph Warren, with whom I had been personally acquainted. When he fell, he fell across a rail. This ball I took from his body, and as I shall never visit Boston again, I will give it to you to take to America, where it will be valuable as a relic of your revolution."

LONDON THEATRES.

There are twenty-five saloons and theatres for dramatic representations open in London, from October to August generally, which employ together at least 3000 persons on their premises, without including the number engaged at their own houses or work rooms, in the various arts of decoration and costume which the stage requires. The audiences nightly resorting to these twenty-five theatres, amount to about five thousand on the average, without reckoning the extraordinary resort to them at the seasons of Christmas and Easter, and during the first run of a successful novelty.

A MODERN CÆSAR.—The late Richard Ben-
yan de Beauvoir, of Englefield House, Berks, England, has left, it is said, in real and personal property, upwards of thirty-seven millions of dollars.

BENEFACTION.—Audubon's Birds of America, a complete set, has been presented to the City Library by a gentleman of this city.

CHEMICAL TEST.—The chemist must be a funny man, for he has a retort for everything.

YOUNG AMERICA.

If we personify and typify Young America, shall we depict a gentleman of eighteen or nineteen, with pantaloons of many colors, a bob-tailed coat with hanging sleeves, a black hat with the brim turned up with white beaver, French kids, and French boots, a fuzz like the down of a Callow duck upon his upper lip, beneath which floods of mephitic smoke are belched from the tube of a cigar? Shall we paint him pale and haggard, from late hours and hot punch, gazing with blood-shot but insolent eyes upon the passer-by? Shall we exhibit him upon the Neck or the Avenue, braced back in a Jenny Lind trotting-wagon, with a tight rein on a "flyer," making play? Shall we show him quizzing his grandfather, or mimicking the "paternal" behind his back? No, thank Heaven! this, though the type of a class far too numerous in our cities, is not Young America.

Young America is cast in a lighter mould than Old America, but is as glorious as the youthful Apollo, full of beauty, hope and fire. Striding after a plough upon the upland, with elastic step and cheerful countenance—shouldering the rifle on the western prairies—reining the steam horse on the iron roads, unravelling the web of science at the midnight hour, steering the wind-winged ship across the ocean, dashing the rainbow tints upon the canvass, carving life out of a pulseless marble, striking at intervals the trembling lyre, thundering in the forum, pleading at the bar, kneeling at the shrine, there we behold Young America in his various occupations.

It is an age of intense vitality—Young America embarks in boundless enterprise. It is an age of speed—Young America spins it with the fastest. The conservative—we plead guilty to the charge of intending to write old foggy—shakes his head at this bustle, and speed, and generous life. He has not yet got used to railroads; he don't see how an individual can make fifty thousand dollars per annum honestly; clipper ships of two thousand tons, that go from Liverpool to Boston in fourteen days, can't be safe. He can't possibly realize California. To him it is a fabled land, like the realm of the Grand Moxo, that figures so largely in Sir Walter Raleigh's time; then the boys, men and women of to-day are not what they used to be; the world is coming to an end, etc. Tell him that the average duration of life is longer than it used to be, that diseases formerly fatal are now within the control of men of science, and if we are a slighter race, we are suited to the times, and built to "run with the machine," the old gentleman shakes his head incredulously. Peace to the old

fogy! It will be so with ourselves. The glory, the greatness, the activity, the enterprise, the beauty that surround us in our prime will ever be to us the acme of human attainment. We cannot forever be swept along by the tide. The time will come when she will step ashore upon the bank, and let the younger voyagers pass on, contenting ourselves with criticising their manner of carrying sail, and framing old fogysm into moral maxims.

THE CHOLERA.

It is estimated that since the year 1817 the cholera has swept off fifty millions of the world's inhabitants. It has done its direful work everywhere: on the borders of the White Sea, on the slopes of the Himalahs, and on the sands of Arabia. In 1819 it passed in silence and safety by a city which stood upon the plain, where its ravages were expected, but clambered up a rugged rock to invade the citadel of Jara-gurh, in India, which is built upon an isolated rock, at a height of one thousand feet above the plain. It did not pause for the military cordons of the czar. It burst through the troop of sixty thousand men by which Prussia thought to resist its progress; nor did it heed the triple cordons of Austria, but descended into the streets of Vienna, and destroyed more of the nobility and people belonging to the upper classes of society than it had at any other place.

VANILLA CREAM AND TOUGH GOOSE.—G. G. Foster, who is sketching "Philadelphia by Gaslight," in the Sunday-Mercury of that city, thus describes a young couple he saw in Parkinson's saloon: "Yonder in the corner is a young man with his sweetheart—there is no mistaking the relationship—every gesture and every whispered tone reveals it. They are eating the delicious vanilla cream of love—the tough goose and pickles of every-day life will come by-and-by."

QUICKSILVER.—The production of quicksilver in California is getting to be a large business. Great quantities are shipped to South America and China.

BRITISH FINANCES.—The total income of the British Government during the year ending the 5th of January, 1862, was £58,962,512. The expenditures amounted to £55,769,252.

JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the synagogue rolls, there are more than 120,000 Jews in the United States.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

That fine chant of liberty, the Marseilles Hymn, has been suppressed in France, and the man who dares to utter its spirit-stirring notes, is thrown into prison, before he has time to finish a stave. The air substituted and patronized by Louis Napoleon, is *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by his mother, Hortense, Queen of Holland, and well known by Sir Walter Scott's version of the accompanying words, commencing:

"It was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine."

This air the band of the French regiment of Guides, now giving concerts in England, for the benefit of the wives and widows of British soldiers, lately played at Sydenham Palace. The audience were delighted, but they clamored very naturally for the Marseilles Hymn. Thereupon the French Illustrated Journal comments as follows:

"A correspondent writes that the crowd of spectators called for the Marseilles Hymn. We fancy that our friend, who does not understand English very well, thought he heard this *dreadful chant* called for. The visitors of Sydenham Palace could not have committed this impropriety; they must have known that the band of the Guides has no more to study the Marseilles than 'Long live Henry the Fifth!' Each period has its music."

The time was when no band that could and did not play the Marseilles Hymn, would have been suffered to march at the head of a French regiment. But now for the sublime notes of the war-hymn, they must dole the humdrum strain of Queen Hortense's air that just suits a barrel organ. Heinrich Heine said he came to France to drink champagne and hear the Marseilles sung. *Tempora mutantur*—the vintage has failed and the Marseilles is pronounced shocking!"

POOR FELLOW.—The editor of a country newspaper thus takes leave of his readers: "The sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no time to be pathetic. Major Nab'em says we are wanted, and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can."

SINGULAR INSURANCE.—Six majestic elm trees, in front of a dwelling in Marlborough-Massachusetts, have been insured by their owners, in the sum of five hundred dollars, against loss by lightning or fire.

A REVENUE CUTTER.—A householder who runs away without paying his taxes.

EFFECT OF FEAR.

Boachet, a French author of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living and the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. He relates that upon one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would have upon a subject in perfect health, and in order to this experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath, and spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood was flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, they found him dead.

CUPID OUT WEST.

The young god of love, in his old age, seems to be getting reckless as to the direction in which he flings his fatal shafts. In Somerset, Ohio, a short time since, two girls were so captivated with the war-whoop and dances of a band of Indians who were exhibiting in that town, that they eloped with two of them, and proceeded as far as the town of Putnam, when they were overtaken by their angry mother, a widow lady, who called on the police to rescue her daughters from their newly chosen husbands. Finding all her efforts of no avail, she at length yielded to the solicitations of a third dusky warrior, and joining her fortunes to his for better or worse, accompanied her daughters on their western tour!

PRESENTIMENT.—The present emperor of the French, when in this country, remarked, it is said, to a gentleman at West Point, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, "My sphere of action, at no very distant date, will be at the head of the French nation. I am very sorry for it; but who can control his destiny? Fate decides these matters, and we have nothing to do but to obey her dictates!"

FINANCIAL.—The total expenditures of the city of Boston, for the present financial year, are estimated at \$4,056,741. The largest item is for schools and school-houses, viz., \$437,200.

HOGS VERSUS SHEEP.—The number of hogs in the United States is said to exceed that of sheep by nearly ten millions.

Foreign Miscellany.

In the principal streets of Paris the greater number of the shops are now closed on Sunday.

The name of the new Lord Mayor of London, who has just been inaugurated into that venerable office, is Morn.

The Free Masons in England have just completed an asylum for the accommodation of aged members of their fraternity or their widows.

The London Times correspondent in the Crimea is understood to be a Mr. Russell, an Irishman, and his salary is £1500 a year.

A new bridge is proposed to be thrown across the Thames, in London, at a cost of between £200,000 and £220,000.

The production of wine, in the wine districts of Europe, in former years, has been as high as 2,159,000,000 of gallons.

The South-Eastern Railway Company, England, have expended, in the last nine years, fifty-three thousand three hundred and one pounds, yearly, in parliamentary and law expenses.

The English government appear to be meditating an attack upon Cronstadt as early in the spring as possible. Their preparations are formidable, and should nothing occur to stop the war, we may expect warm work in the Baltic.

The English government has lately contracted with a London manufacturer for 35,000,000 cartridges and 52,000 bombshells. It will take a year to complete the contract, though five hundred hands are employed.

The consumption of wine of all descriptions in Great Britain and Ireland is rapidly diminishing. In the year 1800, it averaged one gallon to every two inhabitants; and in 1853, it was one gallon to every four inhabitants.

In 1847, a certain Count Leopold Ferri, died at Padua, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women, in various languages. This library amounted to more than 32,000 volumes.

The emperor of France has ordered a conscription of 160,000 men, and the British army is recruiting at the rate of 1000 a week. The armies of all the nations of Germany, great and small, are on a war footing, and ready for service at an hour's warning.

The official statement of the condition of the Bank of England, made up to the 10th October, gives the amount of coin and bullion in both departments at £13,579,796, which, as compared with the returns of the previous week, shows an increase of £154,769.

The English papers are commending the efforts of a young English lady, who is organizing a corps of nurses to attend to the wants of the wounded in the Crimea. They pay her benevolence some very high compliments, and speak of her acts as deserving almost of an apotheosis.

The church edifice in which the pilgrims worshipped when at Leyden, Holland, from 1609 to 1620, is still standing, the old stone-paved floor, the oaken pews and pulpit, and the sounding-board, remaining as when Robinson and his followers were there.

At the Russian restaurants, the favorite dish is an oily cake, made of fish, with a small pot of green oil to wash it down.

Iron ore, of good quality, and in great abundance, is found in the colony of Liberia, in Africa.

A German writer observes, there is such a scarcity of thieves in England, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

A young lady in Paris lately made her fortieth ascent in a balloon, and landing in the country the rustics maltreated her as a witch.

It is estimated that 32,000 persons have left the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland within the past six and a half years, and joined the Protestant Church.

A sheaf of wheat was recently suspended from the altar of the church in the little village of Epingham, England, on the occasion of the recent Thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest.

A magnificent free library edifice, containing about 200,000 volumes, has been built of good stone, in the Italian style, and is now open near the Pantheon, Paris.

M^{me} Tagliioni is the owner of no fewer than four princely palaces in Venice, besides a beautiful villa on Lake Como, where she lives a few months of the year in grand style. She has danced to some purpose.

The most fashionable street garment worn by gentlemen in Paris, is a cloak with sleeves, closed in front by two rows of buttons. The sleeves are very wide, and the garment of middling length.

William Walker, of London, has bequeathed £1000 to the poor of his native city, Perth, the income to be expended in blankets, coals, and oatmeal in the month of November in each year, forever.

A patent for making boots and shoes by machinery has been taken out in England, and a company formed for the erection of extensive works, capable of turning out 17,000 pairs of boots and shoes per day. If this be so, alas for Lynn!

A Parisian letter writer states that Madame George Sands is about to change her name, and to assume that of Jean Palsin, her intention being to establish a weekly agricultural, literary and artistic journal, under the above fanciful pseudonym.

The cabmen of Glasgow, about 550 in number, under the influence of city missionaries, it is stated, rested on Sunday, Nov. 19th, and announced their purpose to do so in future. The measure caused much indignation among a portion of the people, and much satisfaction, we presume, to another portion.

Twenty-six years ago, a miner fell into the shaft of the Penandrea mine, in Cornwall, England, and all the exertions to recover the body were unavailing. Shortly after the shaft was closed up and the miners stopped working. In April last the shaft was re-opened by another company, and a few weeks since the remains of the missing miner were discovered. An inquest was held and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Record of the Times.

There were 190,000,000 pounds of tobacco produced in the United States in 1853.

There were 2,000,000 gallons of wine produced in the United States in 1853.

In Indiana, firemen are exempt from taxation on \$500 worth of property.

The eye of the butterfly consists of 17,000 lenses, each as perfect as the human eye.

In the United States there is one church for every 646 of the population.

The Grand Lodge of the Masons in California has passed a resolution refusing masonic honors to any brother who dies in a duel.

The total coinage of the United States Mint in Philadelphia, from January 1st to September 30th, amounted to \$43,079,121.

The annual report from the U. S. Land Office, says that the large immigration for the past year, has enlarged the land sales to the sum of \$6,000,000.

In Houston, Texas, there are seven hundred children between the ages of six and sixteen, of which number only eighty-three were attending school on the 1st of November.

The richest man in Providence is Thomas P. Ives. He is put down at \$1,825,700, and is taxed \$10,223 26. He is said to be worth about three millions.

A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from the earthquake; he thought even the earthquake would respect our flag.

Billiards were invented by Henricque Devigne, a French artist, in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1571, and at once came to be a most fashionable and captivating game.

The expenses of the Corporation of the city of Melbourne are said to be wholly paid from licenses to public houses, and the fines of drunkards, granted and imposed by the police court.

Five ocean steamers have been lost during the past year, the melancholy list being as follows:—The City of Glasgow, the Franklin, the Humboldt, the City of Philadelphia, and the Arctic.

Nebraska covers an area of 341,425 square miles—equal to over 219,000,000 of acres of land. Kansas has an area of 126,283 square miles, which is equal to over 80,000,000 acres of land.

The present number of invalids in the new military asylum, near Washington, is about forty-five; and when all the intended buildings are completed, the establishment will accommodate about two hundred. Colonel Payne, of the United States army, has been elected governor of this institution.

A ferry-boat is about to be constructed by Mr. B. R. Buckelew, of San Francisco, which is to be propelled by rotary engines, supplied with condensed air, at a high pressure. The condensed air for propulsion is to be stored up in large reservoirs at each end of the ferry and, is to be supplied to the engines, like steam.

The king of the Hawaiian islands has a cloak that cost a million dollars.

Mankind may be divided into those who work and those who live on them.

Lola Montez intends passing the winter in the Sandwich Islands.

The Mormons have been ordered to leave San Francisco by the 1st of May next.

Vatel, the cook, committed suicide because he had miscalculated the supply for a dinner.

There is a talk of tunnelling the Ohio River—cost, \$1,200,000.

They are substituting acorn-water for wine in France—a nice drink!

Miss Logan, the actress, has entered a claim to 320 acres of land in Missouri.

A gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., has got a gig that belonged to W. Shakspeare.

A new post-office is about to be erected in New York, at an angle of the Park.

Very few goods were imported from the continent during the past autumn.

Bituminous coal costs in England \$2 00 per ton, freightage about \$2 00 a ton to this country.

Judgment is the throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctuary.

England contains 53,000 square miles and New York 56,000.

Anthracite coal is to be exported from the United States to Great Britain.

The new Mormon temple at Salt Lake will be 160 feet by 99.

Rev. George Fletcher, an Englishman, 108 years old, still preaches.

The city government of New York occupies 250 rooms for its accommodation.

The Crimea is about the size of Massachusetts. Population, 300,000.

The population of the Turkish empire is but little greater than that of the United States.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher likens the enterprise of our business men to a lightning express, with a ten foot driving wheel, rushing to destruction.

Hon. Edward Everett has received and accepted an invitation to deliver an oration before the town authorities of Dorchester, his native place, on the 4th of July next.

The Mormons are about to establish their churches and colonies in all the principal cities of the Union. All their peculiar customs, of course, will go with them.

Coal is becoming exceedingly scarce, both in Cincinnati and Louisville. At the latter point the price has been advanced to twenty-five cents per bushel.

The amount of copper shipped from the Lake Superior mines during the five and a half months ending October 14, was 2,007,636 tons, of which upwards of three-fourths came from the Minnesota mine.

The editor of a Western paper thus introduces some verses: "The poem published this week, was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in the grave many years merely for his own amusement."

Gems of Thought.

The forgetting of a wrong is a mild revenge.

The best things, when corrupted, become the worst.

A vindictive temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.

It is better to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

Other vices choose to be in the dark, but pride loves always to be seen in the light.

Passion has its foundation in nature; virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

Ambition to rule is more vehement than malice to revenge.

We fancy we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer.

The foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man.

To do evil for evil, is human corruption; to do good for good, is evil retribution; but to do good for evil, is Christian perfection.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

Though an action be ever so glorious in itself, it ought not to pass for great, if it be not the effect of wisdom and good design.

The true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the best way to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

The gifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body; but the perfections of the body cannot hide the imperfections of the mind.

The apprehension of evil is many times worse than the evil itself; and the ill a man fears he shall suffer, he suffers in the very fear of them.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and so are ambitious men in the power of the blasts of fortune. Great marks are soonest hit.

It is as disagreeable for a prodigal to keep an account of his expenses, as it is for a sinner to examine his conscience; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

Think before you speak, and consider before you promise. Take time to deliberate and advise; but lose no time in executing your resolutions.

The worst passions frequently border upon the best or better; the dark upon the bright; as the most frightful precipices often overlook the most beautiful scenery.

It is of the utmost moment not to make mistakes in the use of strong measures; and firmness is then only a virtue when it accompanies the most perfect wisdom.

Good breeding is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.

He who serveth none but himself, is a slave to a fool.

He that hinders not a mischief when it is in his power, is guilty of it.

The desire of knowing secrets is naturally accompanied with another desire of telling them.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

Honor, like the shadow, follows those who flee from it, but flies from those who pursue.

We are not to too nicely scrutinize motives, as long as action is irreproachable.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks!

He who will take no advice, but be always his own counsellor, shall be sure to have a fool for his client.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

Laws should be so framed, that the public would find it more to their interest to keep them than to disobey them.

Implicit faith proves imbecility; yet improbable relations should be skeptically received, not positively denied.

Men can hardly be more mistaken than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes contrary to their own sense of duty.

Death has consigned many a man to fame, whom longer life would have consigned to infamy.

There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault, than to commend a virtue.

A warm heart requires a cool head, courage without conduct is like fancy without judgment; all sail, and no ballast.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he previously suffered himself to be deceived by her favors.

As fortitude suffers not the mind to be defected with evil, so temperance suffers it not to be drawn from honesty by allurements.

Precipitation ruins the best laid designs; whereas patience ripens the most difficult, and renders the execution of them easy.

Avarice and ambition are the two elements that enter into the composition of all crimes. Ambition is boundless, and avarice insatiable.

In ill fortunes and extremes, a great mind will never want matter to work upon. There is no condition but what fits well upon a wise man.

It is said that covetousness must be a miserable vice, to weary a man in procuring riches, and not suffer him to enjoy them when they are gotten.

Experience acts upon some individuals like heat upon certain bodies in nature, rendering some fluid, and others solid. So does the experience of life soften or harden the human heart.

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

Merry Making.

The man who run up a column of figures, tumbled down and was hurt very badly.

A lieutenant's widow writes to complain that her heart is *left tenantless*!

A breeder of Shanghais says that one of these fowls when eating corn, takes one *peck* at a time.

Mrs. Partington wishes to know if Ole Bull plays on one of his own horns!

Before you commit suicide take a cold bath. What people term despair is generally dirt.

As a proof of the hardness of the times, there is a man in Ohio who kills only half a pig at a time.

What's in a name?—"Tunis Love Snook" has been appointed by Lord Elgin, Notary Public in Upper Canada.

"Buck, what is the name of your lead horse?" "He name Xerxes, sar." "And what do you call the one behind him?" "Arter Xerxes, sar."

The celebrated "Doesticks," describing a New York boarding-house, says you can always tell when they get a new hired girl, by the color of the hairs in the biscuit.

Never set yourself up for a musician, just because you have got drums in your ears; nor believe yourself a school-teacher, merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

A young lady in Albany was lately married to Mr. Wm. Tongue. Isn't she tongue-tied? We hope she may be happy, and hold her tongue many a long year.

The Worcester Palladium observes, with regard to the inflated prices of real estate, that it is rumored that some of the speculators in real estate in that city have it in contemplation to *sell land by the pound*.

A barber in Vermont is reported to have three razors of extraordinary power. The first is so sharp that it goes alone; the second has to be held back, and the third cuts about a quarter of an inch before the edge! Sharp shavers, those.

"Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?" "Sure, an' I can, sir. Before the baste was your property, she was backed agin an Irish horse that bate her hollow, and she nivr got straight since."

A country squire introduced his baboon, in clerical habits, to say grace. A clergyman, who was present, immediately left the table, and asked ten thousand pardons for not remembering that his lordship's *nearest relation* was in orders.

A man says, the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which the broom is handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames after the peace, attracted great numbers to see the stripes. A British soldier bailed, in a contemptuous tone, "from whence came ye, brother Jonathan?" The boatswain rted, "straight from *Bunker's Hill*."

If a man builds a corn-crib, does that give him a right to crib corn?

The epicure who finished his dinner with the "desert" of Sahara, found it rather dry eating.

Simon seated beside his sweetheart, fishing—"Sally, I wish I was a fish and you was bait. Lordee, how I'd bite!"

The Boston Bee says: "A man can get along without advertising; so can a wagon without greasing, but it goes right hard."

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak!" said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Ladies of a certain age may perhaps envy the Emperor of China one of his luxuries—his birthday is celebrated but once in ten years.

A sawyer, after sawing with a very dull saw, exclaimed, "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw, as that saw saws."

Why should a pedlar of old clothes be the most moral of men? Because he is continually parting with his bad "habits."

"My dinner don't agree with me," said a man to his wife, after an extraordinary hearty meal. "I don't blame it, my dear; I saw you *jam* it so hard."

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no one who could not keep her a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite air is "*Wait for the Wagon*."

Sulphur is so scarce in Russia that it is said the Czar is ready to contract with another celebrated prince, whose dominions abound in that commodity.

The unfortunate youth who was drowned a few days ago in a "flood of tender recollections," was slowly recovering, but yesterday he fell from the sublime to the ridiculous, and was fatally injured.

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

Fallacy of an old axiom—to say, "as different as chalk is from cheese." When we consider that cheese is made from milk, and milk is made from chalk, there is not such a great difference after all.

The famous saying of Will Shakespeare, that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," is exemplified in the employment of some thousand pretty girls at Milford, in making gentlemen's gaiter boots.

Analysis of a Fop.—He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking-stick, and the rest kid-gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose.

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears;" but the printer—careless fellow—left out the which, so the advertisement went forth, commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1855.

No. 3.

LOUISE AND BERTRAND: OR, LOVE AND RELIGION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Low and sweet was the music of the Loire as it wound its silvery way through the sunny vales of France, kissing the banks of the many vine-clad hills that shadowed its waves, and picturing them in such vivid colors that it were hard to tell which were the fairest, the leaves and fruit which rustled in the golden air, or their reflections saying to and fro to the lullaby of mermaid's song. Many lovely spots did that river glide softly by as it chanted so low and sweet, and many an ear was bent to hear its familiar tones, and many a heart, as they stole through the balmy air in tuneful echoes, was proud of its native stream. But no lovelier spot did it touch with its crystal waters, than the spacious and fragrant gardens of the old Count Altieux. No ears were bent oftener to listen to its murmuring music than those of his young and lovely daughter Louise, and no knight of all fair France was prouder of its rolling waters than was she of her native, her beauteous Loire.

She had a favorite seat under an arching tree, close to the river's bank, and hither she came, whether merry or sad, twice a day; when the sun was first flinging its golden rays over the mountain tops, when the birds were warbling their native hymns, and the flowers lifting up their dewy eyes, and when the purple and crimson floods of sunset light were haloing with glory the western sky, when the vesper notes floated from the old gray chapel, and buds and blossoms folded their fragrant leaves and drooped in their beautiful sleep. If merry, she fancied the stream

laughed with her, while its rolling tides would seem to blend in the sweetest of chorus notes with her ringing laugh and happy song. If sad, it seemed to her like a stream of tears, and its voice would come to her then with a dirge-like wail, and mournful, but solemn, as come the voices of the departed to the sad heart at the twilight hour. But whether it sang or wept with her, dear, very dear, was it to the young heart of Louise, for with it were linked her earliest, her dearest memories. How many hours of childish joy had she and the little brother who slept under that tiny green mound in the churchyard, enjoyed together upon its flowery banks! How many pleasant walks and talks had she known there with her father and mother, after the voice of little Philip was hushed! And in later times how often had her maiden heart throbbed with almost delirious ecstasy on the brink of those flashing waves, as her ear drank in the music of a lover's voice and her cheeks became rosier under the soft touch of his rich lips! Ah yes! Within a year that river had become a still more hallowed spot in her memory, for beside it, her betrothal vows had been whispered,—beside it, the golden ring had been slipped upon her finger,—beside it, the first kiss of love had been received and given!

Low and sweet was the music of the beautiful Loire as Louise bent her fleet footsteps to its brink one sunny eve in June,—low, it seemed to her as was the star of hope in her heart's horizon, and sweet as the memories that clustered

about that favorite seat, on which she sank so quickly. Very pale was her fair brow, while the dark lines under the golden lashes, which drooped so pitifully over her swollen eyes, seemed to speak of an agony too deep for words. Her pallid lips quivered with sobs, her heart beat convulsively, and her small white hands were now wrung in the mute language of grief, and then were folded as in passive despair on her throbbing bosom.

For a long while she sat there in deep silence. But at length, lifting her head and dashing the heavy drops from her eyelids, she gazed sadly around her, and then in a voice of touching pathos, exclaimed: "My last evening here! O, can it be? Must I leave my sunny France, my singing river, my laughing flowers, my shadowing trees, my birdling pets, my beautiful home, my brother's grave—all, all! O, my Heavenly Father, be near me now, for I am weak indeed." And then she bent her knees and communed in silence with the God of the Huguenots, praying for strength in their hour of need so close at hand, and for resolution to go through all that would await them in their perilous flight from their native land to that wilderness over the ocean, where only then could they hope for that freedom of soul which they prized so dearly.

She was very calm when she arose and seemed transformed by her earnest prayer from a shrinking maiden to a fearless martyr, ready and willing to brave tempest and wave, to give up life's holiest memories and its dearest hopes. "I would it were over," murmured she,—“this parting scene, for it will rack me as never did priest his victim, and yet I feel that I have that within my soul that will carry me through. But Bertrand, beloved of my heart, how can I crush your hopes so sadly and so suddenly—”

"Bertrand is here," whispered a manly voice in her ear. "Didst call him, love? Methought I heard my name softly spoken as I leaped the thicket. But how is this, Louise? In tears and so sad too. What means it, love?" And he drew the maiden's head close to his heart and showered her damp, white face with kisses.

"You have not heard, then?" said she, when at length she found her lips.

"Heard! What, Louise? Speak quickly, love. You scare me with your pale, sad looks."

Then the maiden lifted her head and gazed earnestly into her lover's face, seeming the while to struggle hard for the mastery of her emotions. At length she spoke: "Methinks a Catholic so devout as is your father, Bertrand, would ere now have called upon you to rejoice in your king's mandate."

"What mandate, Louise? What edict can Louis the Fourteenth, our blessed monarch, have spoken, that can have caused such terror in a maiden's heart? I cannot even guess. I have been closeted in closest study with Father Anselm all day long, and know nothing of what you intimate. What is it?"

"You do not know, then, that the king has unjustly revoked the edict of Nantes—that death or banishment is the cruel sentence denounced upon the heads of all those Protestants in France who do not renounce their faith."

Passionately did the young man clasp her to his breast, as he gathered in the terrific import of her words, and until the moon rose high in the heavens did he hold her there, striving with the wildest entreaties of love to induce her to tarry in her native clime, to become his bride at once, and as the wife of a noble and wealthy Catholic, while in her heart she might be true to her religion, enjoy the freedom and beauty of life in the lovely home of her youth.

But in vain did he expostulate and plead. Hushing the yearnings of her heart as it craved to lie forever in the bosom of its love, to have forever its home amid the haunted scenes about her, the maiden firmly, but sadly too, made known to her lover her determination to be true to her convictions then and ever, to leave her sunny France, her youthful lover, all the hopes and memories which till that day she had so fondly cherished, and go forth with her beloved ones, over the sea, to the western wilds.

"With the morrow's sunset I shall see the white sails of the exile's vessel—with the next sunrise I shall bid my native coast a long, yes, an eternal, and O, how sad—farewell. It only remains, Bertrand, that we nerve ourselves to part. This ring," and she slipped the golden circlet from her quivering finger; "this ring which once I hoped to have worn when my pulse was still, I must now give back; and may she who wears it after me, never know the anguish that is crushing now my dearest hopes."

"Hear me, hear me, my own Louise!" and Bertrand sank on his knees before her. "Religion may forbid that we should ever wed, but it cannot forbid our holy love, our love that has grown up with our young lives, that has sanctified the past and made heavenly the future! No, Louise;" and he drew the ring again upon her finger. "No other bride shall wear it, and not until another has sought and won your hand, shall it be taken thence."

And then they parted,

Parted in silence, parted in tears,
In the banks of their native river."

Sad, almost ready to break, seemed to Louise her heart, as she slowly retraced her path to the castled home which had nurtured her ancestors for so many a generation back. Yet that privilege, so inestimable to those who mourn, of weeping till her sobs became a lullaby to slumber, was then denied her, and forcing herself to wear an aspect of cheerfulness, she spent the remainder of the night in assisting her parents to complete their hasty preparations for an immediate flight. Much and valuable property had to be sacrificed, but bravely was it done, for the compensation was life, and liberty to worship as the heart thought best, and could they only have been certain of a cottage home in that western world, freed from the perils of the wilderness, they would have parted with less regret than they did from old and cherished objects.

The sun was just touching the old turrets with its first golden beam, as the exiled ones stepped into the light craft that was to carry them for the last time over the waters of the Loire. Fain would they have lingered awhile on its hallowed banks, and taken a long last look of the spot so dear, but the words of the fatal edict seemed ringing in their ears, now like the funeral notes of a beautiful hope, and again with the ominous shriek of the carrion bird, impatient to see the last drop of life blood ooze from the veins of his prey; and clinging wildly to each other, father, mother and daughter secreted themselves in the tiny cabin and gave orders to the waiting crew to set their sails.

As Louise had told her lover, with the sunset their tearful gaze rested on the vessel that was to bear them over the deep. They were urged to embark at once, though it would not weigh anchor till sunrise, but their hearts plead too powerfully to be resisted, for one more night on the soil of their loved native land, and crouched together under a rude tent, framed hastily from canvass lent them by their crew, who were old retainers of the count, for the last time they performed religious services in France. The boatmen, though each devoutly pressed a rosary to his lips each time he knelt, were so impressed with the solemnity of the scene, that great tears rolled down their sunburnt faces and their rough hearts were filled with tenderness. Seating himself close to the opening of the tent, into which streamed the crimson light of the departing day, the count read passage after passage from the holy volume, and that earnest, impassioned tone haunted the ears of his rude listeners for years. Then the trio joined their voices in one of those grand old hymns, which have been pealing ever since through the aisles of the sanctuary, like

music-tones from a heavenly harp. And then, on their bent knees, they offered up their last evening prayer in the land of their birth, and it was a prayer worthy their Protestant hearts, for not only did they commit themselves to the hand of the Omnipotent, but beseech him to pour his blessing not only on their brother and sister refugees, but on their most cruel oppressors. "All, all, Father," cried the trembling voice of the count; "all would we number in our prayer; and now do with us as thou seest fit."

It was a tearful time on the quay the next morning, as friends and neighbors parted so sadly and so suddenly, for religion does not always set at defiance the outpourings of the heart, and many a Catholic and Protestant of that wide realm were bound together by ties it was hard indeed to sever; and of all that gathered there to see that vessel of exiled ones set sail, not one, though proud of his allegiance to his king, but rejoiced that they had been enabled to flee his vengeance, and not one was there but gave his blessing to the parting friend.

Louise had crossed the plank at an early hour and sought a place where, unnoticed by the throng, she could gaze till distance forbade it longer, on the beautiful shores. She heard the last orders given, with a burst of tears so violent as to blind her eyesight, and almost fainting, was sinking on her knees, when she felt herself all at once clasped to a heart whose throbbings were like household words, and heard herself called by the most endearing names. "Once more, once more; I must caress thee once more; my heart would not be satisfied; there, there, a long, but not a last farewell, Louise!" were the broken sentences which a voice of familiar sweetness passionately breathed into her ears, and then feeling, rather than seeing, that something was hung about her neck and cast into her lap, she heard her name whispered once more, pressed once again a lover's lips, and then drooped into unconsciousness, from which she did not revive till even the last dim outline of her native land was lost.

Many hours after she had recovered, as she lay tossing in her narrow berth, she chanced as she once pressed convulsively her heart, to feel her fingers rest on something strange to her touch. She drew it forth from the folds of her disordered robe and with ecstasy made the discovery that it was a golden locket, with the pictured face of Bertrand on the one side, and a braid from his dark locks on the other, and the chain which held it she recognized at once as one which for years he had worn about his neck. It was a parting gift to be highly prized, and

like a talisman of hope it came to her weary heart. And while yet lost in communion with it, her mother approached with a fresh and fragrant cluster of blossoms, which she had found she said by her side when they raised her up. Their odor gave new life to Louise, and when on the morrow, as unwittingly she broke the silken cord that bound them, and found coiled around each slender stem a brief but fervent word of hope and faith from the hand that had gathered them for her, from spots that were as *Moccas* in her memory, her heart grew strong, and there beamed upon her inward sight a vision as beautiful as those which had come to her so often in her favorite seat beside the *Loire*.

Well for them all was it too, that Louise had those hopes and that faith to cheer her, and keep well and strong her heart, for much need had she of health and trust on that long and tedious voyage. Her mother sickened in a few days after they set sail, and did not raise her languid head till she had rested many a day on the shores of their new, wild home. Her father, too, while watching by an humble friend who begged permission to accompany them, willing to go even as a servant rather than lose "the right to worship God," contracted a disease that threatened speedy death. And between the two, so dearly loved, so highly prized, the slender girl for many a day and night divided her anxious watches, relieved at length, but not until almost in sight of land, by the recovery of the one.

It was early in autumn that the exiles landed, but instead of the gorgeous views that usually greet the eye at that season, they beheld only naked woods and bare fields, through the first of which the winds went rattling and clashing, and over the latter ran with a low, sobbing sound, that seemed the dirge of the beautiful. Many and tedious trials did they endure through that long, cold and tedious winter that intervened between their arrival and the blooming of flowers and the song of birds; and thoughts of their sunny France, with its genial skies and mellow air, would oftentimes rush over them so vividly that they would weep away long hours with a homesick memory. And for the first two years of their residence in their New England home, though when spring, summer and the golden autumn-time opened their rich and varied charms to them, they came to feel that the beautiful was not all left over the sea, they yet endured hardships and perils of the most grievous kind. Twice had the humble cabin which they had reared over their heads burned to the ground, and but that they always kept buried those treasures which they could not secrete

about them, they would have had poverty of the sternest kind added to their troubles.

In the spring of the third year they were induced to remove from their first settlement to one more numerous in population and older in years, and turned their steps towards the southern part of the fertile valley of the Connecticut. As that glorious old river burst upon their sight one sunny morn in June, an exclamation of delight broke from each lip, and they resolved one and all that it should be the *Loire* of their hearts. A tract of land bordering upon its banks was immediately purchased, and each set to work to make the home which they had decided should be there erected, as nearly like the castled one they had left behind as possible.

The architecture of the building that soon arose, resembled closely one wing of their former spacious mansion, and that one too in which they usually dwelt, and though, instead of the massive stones of which that was built, this was only of timber, yet by painting it the same gray hue of that and teaching the wild vines to clamber over its walls, and leaving the old forest trees which for years had stood upon the place, to grow about it in their own wild grandeur, they had the satisfaction of giving an ancient look to their home in almost the first year of its erection. The garden, too, was a miniature one of the spacious grounds that had surrounded their castle, and frequently would the invalid mother, as she walked through its pleasant alleys, come upon some little nook, some arbor or some flower bed, so like to those she had left behind, that the present would seem a dream, and for a while she would fancy herself back again over the waves. These were all the plannings of Louise, and after a couple of years had elapsed in their pleasant valley home, she would have been perfectly content to stay there, so like had they made it to their olden one, but for the anxious thought of Bertrand. She had made herself a seat on the banks of the river under one of those grand old elms, that for a century had cast its shadows there, and hither she would withdraw and dream to the music of the waves that glided by, and as it sang a low, sweet hymn, or went rushing on in stormy and discordant peals, so beamed or glimmered her maiden hopes.

In vain did many of the gifted and the good about her seek to win the young French girl's love. She ever turned from them with so sad a face that in their hearts they sorrowed more for her than for themselves, and were grieved that they should have innocently touched a sore and crimson wound. And when her parents besought her often to give her hand away, that when they

came to die they might not have to fear for her, left lonely in a foreign land, she would only answer: "While I am true to what I feel is right, that God, who bore us over the sea, and has guarded us here, will be my friend. I shall never be alone."

And thus five years passed on, and the love which Louise had cherished towards Bertrand when she felt for the last time the pressure of his lips, was warm as ever, though never had she heard whether he was still alive, or had long since been buried. One evening, and it was the anniversary of that one which had seen her for the last time lave her brow with the silvery waters of the Loire, Louise sought her favorite seat beside the gleaming waves of the Connecticut. It was a beautiful season of the year, the freshness and glory of early summer time being all about her. And it was a beautiful hour, the sun just sinking out of sight and leaving the whole western sky flooded with gold and crimson light, the shifting shadows of the hale old trees and of the purple hills mirrored in the murmuring waters, the soft zephyrs singing through the tall grass of the luxuriant meadows, which rose and fell like the green breasted ripples of some fairy sea, the whole air fragrant with the breath of flowers, and musical with vesper hymns of birds and waves, and the glory and gladness of creation visible everywhere, from the sweet-scented turf to the arching sky.

As Louise traversed that alley of the garden that led to her musing spot, her whole soul was filled with ecstasy as she drank in the beauty of the scene, and her spirits rose with the excitement, and like a gay young French girl, when her heart is free from care, she went dancing along with a step as light as a bird's, and with a carol on her lips almost as sweet as that which gushed from the little yellow-throated warblers that flitted above her head. And when she nestled on the moss-fringed seat under the drooping boughs of the old elm tree, instead of the sad thoughts which she had meant to commune with, she was conscious of an exhilaration of spirits, which forbade all but beautiful memories. As she sat and watched the brilliant glow fade from the horizon, sweet dreams stole over her. She saw the vine-clad hills of her old ancestral home; the silvery waters of her native river, the tiny waves of the little rills that flowed through their wide fields, the gushing of their crystal fountains, the old gray chapel from whose turret the matin and vesper bells were wont to peal so solemnly, and the lofty and moss-clad walls of the antique castle, in the shelter of which for eighteen years she had known so glad a life. She heard, too,

the voices of the blithe young lads and maidens as they flitted over the Loire in their tiny crafts, and the shouts and laughs of merry childhood as it capered on the green before the lodge. The beautiful of the past came back, as it sometimes, but O, how rarely, will, without one shadow on its shining front, and Louise sat there, so rapt in the delicious dream, that unconsciously she listened for her lover's step and the low, tremulous snatch of song with which he was wont to herald his leap through the thicket.

Suddenly, while the maiden sat there, so lost to all about her that one might have fancied her a vestal communing with her God, there stole upon her ear a single strain of music, seeming to her almost like the breath of the wind-harp, and yet floating as it were on the foam of a crested wave. Eagerly, almost wildly, she listened for another, then bowed her head and fancied it was but the vibration of thought upon her soul. But ere long a second and a third strain thrills the soft evening air, and she feels it is no illusion of her dream, and at the same moment recognizes it as one which Bertrand, when for sportive pastime he personated the returned troubadour, always sung under her lattice. But whence came it now? Buoyed it up from the crystal water, or did a spirit bear it on its wings?

Rushing closer to the river's brink, she called out: "Bertrand, Bertrand, Louise is thine, thine only. Bear back the message, favoring breeze." But as the last word trembled on her now pale lips, a light shallop darted from behind a little fairy isle, and the single oarsman, as though life was at stake, rowed towards the shore. "It is he; it is Bertrand!" cried Louise; and sank upon the mossy seat, white as the lily that was fastened in her hair.

Yes, it was Bertrand—Bertrand come to seek his cherished one, after five long, lonely years of absence. It were in vain to picture the rapture of the hour. Such meetings, like angels' visits to the earth, have a sacredness about them that forbids description.

A few words will tell the story. When he turned from the pale face of Louise upon the deck of the exiles' vessel, it was with the determination to follow her as soon as his coming of age would place sufficient property in his hands to render them comfortable in the western world. But ere that time arrived he was commanded by his father to wed the daughter of a friend and neighbor, one whose estates joined theirs, and the union of which would make him lord of a princely heritage. But with his whole heart he scorned the offer of the proud lady's hand, and declared that while Louise was living, lands, nor

gold, nor titles, should betray his troth. The old lords, who had projected the marriage, were wroth indeed, but they had so far outlived their manliness that they thought his words only the enthusiastic ones of youth, and believed a little wholesome discipline would bring him to his senses. This discipline consisted in confining him for months in one of the turrets of his father's castle and forbidding any to have access to him. And when this failed, they obtained a decree from their king that he should marry and at once.

Until then, Louis had not had a more allegiant subject in his realm than the young Bertrand, despite the consciousness that troubled him often, that his majesty was unwise and unjust in his treatment of the Huguenots. But the tie that bound him to the throne was severed then. Kings had no right to dictate to the heart, he told his father, and they should not to his. And gathering together what he could of his own property, he resolved to depart at once for a home beyond the sea. But the emissaries of royalty were all about him, and ere half the distance between his father's castle and the blue Atlantic was traversed, he was arrested and thrown into a gloomy dungeon, from which the old lord's gold rescued him, only on his majesty's condition that he himself should be his jailor. And for three years, until the stern father was stretched upon his dying bed, was the son immured in a room so lofty, that none but an eagle could have scaled the distance between the grated window and the turf. But the kindly hands of death unsealed the fountain of love in the old man's heart, and the love which he had borne the mother of his boy, when in her girlish beauty she became his bride, and the sorrow he had felt when after one little year of bliss he saw her pale and still, with a cypress wreath upon her brow, came over him fresh as a violet's breath, when the snow has thawed. He commanded, in tones so authoritative that the priest dared not dissent, that he take the key he gave him and bring his son before him, and leave them alone till he was called again.

But when that summons came the old lord was motionless in death. His son, after receiving some earnest discourse from his lips and a warm, heartfelt blessing, had closed the love-lit eyes and disappeared. In vain they sought for him, and many a wild story of his flight was told and gained credence among the peasantry. But with old affection fresh and strong, the dying man had pointed out a secret way of egress and a lonely spot where the son might safely rest till pursuit was entirely over. A few stolen visits

were made afterward by him to the castle for the purpose of removing some valued relics, and then in the guise of a travelling merchant, he sought the sea-shore, and soon had the joy of seeing the white waves roll between him and the land of tyranny.

When, on the following Sabbath morn, Louise on the arm of Bertrand entered the little village sanctuary, the secret of her maiden life was guessed by all. And when at the evening service they heard the bans of marriage between Bertrand, once owner of all the princely titles of La Foix, but now an American citizen, with only the unblemished name which his young mother with her dying life had given him, and Louise, once countess of as fair a realm as was in France, but now with only her own musical christian name for title, every heart in the assembly blessed the bans, and looked upon the pair, youthful in years, but old in trials, with feelings akin to reverence, and the story of their trust and faith was told at many a fireside, and holier seemed the hearthstone after each narration. And austere as were his neighbors in religious views, none ever censured Bertrand for wearing next his heart the golden cross which his father's dying lips had touched, or for hanging in the chamber the Madonna, before which his sainted mother had said her prayers, or for weaving in the winter-time a cross of evergreens, and in the summer one of flowers, above the grave of the first fair born that nestled on his knees. They felt that at heart his faith was as pure as theirs, and they could not but reverence the forgiving spirit that led him to cherish with such sacred tenderness all that was holy and beautiful in that ministry which had crushed his heart for so many a year.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one: such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. In such cases, man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world, as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence. I say this whilst I consider how often a single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how individual men have, by their expressions, imprinted a stamp upon the age.—*Gosho*.

In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link of the great chain, as the highest.

A VISION OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. A. T. KIDDERGE.

There's a vision of beauty, all holy and bright,
That fits round my dreams like an angel of light;
"Tis a vision of childhood," all pure are its joys,
No thought for the future its brightness destroys.

Old playmates are with me, the loved and the dear!
And glad, happy voices fall low on my ear;
My full, bounding heart seems bursting with joy,
The memories of childhood no change can destroy.

A fair, dimpled hand to my forehead seems pressed,
My pillow seems softer, yea, sweeter my rest;
Come oft to my dreams, sweet soother of care,
Bright vision of childhood, all lovely and fair.

THE HAIR RING.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

THE spacious and elegant parlor was filled with a gay company. The massive chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling, each stretched forth eight golden arms, holding a lily, from which the light streamed as perfume from a flower made visible, and as bright as sweet. The numerous company passed to and fro through the length of the room, while the mirrors at both ends, reaching from floor to ceiling, reduplicated the sight to an endless range, adding greatly to the animation of the scene when the dancers were lively, or groups promenaded as they kept on talking.

Our friend Christo, otherwise called Christopher Adams, was one of the gayest of the gay, abundant in his attentions to every lady acquaintance, and abounding in happy witticisms and pleasant compliments as he mingled in group after group in the sociable company. Of course Myra was with him, or he would not have been so free and hearty. Where she was not, he was absent-minded; but where she was, all things were beautiful, and the hours flew rosy-crowned and singing. On this evening he was more than usually happy and mirthful; and it may be the reason for this was to be found in the uncommon gaiety of Myra, whom he had never seen so unembarrassed and merry before. Her peculiar intimacy with the lady of the house, and her peculiar friendship for that lady's daughter, might be a sufficient explanation of this, but it was not the real interpretation of her ease and mirth. A happy feeling arising from the successful prosecution of a darling project, was the real cause of her peculiar happiness, defending her from being moved by any of the circumstances which otherwise might have made

her bashful or timid. She was living in the joy of a secret victory, and no one could make her susceptible to any defeat.

It was now Myra's turn to be seated at the piano for the entertainment of the company. Many fine performers had preceded her, but with an undaunted spirit, and without making any apologies, she sat down to the instrument. As she ran her fingers over the keys, she betrayed no nervousness, no trembling, but struck them in a manner that not only spoke of perfect self-possession, but also with an energy which she usually showed only when playing at home to her dearest friends. As she played, silence pervaded the room. One group after another of conversationists paused, and all were charmed at Myra's superior execution as she performed some of the most difficult of the fashionable pieces of music.

Hardly aware of his actions, Christo had drawn himself to her side. He had always before been sure to support her by his presence at her side when she played in company, but this evening, the uncommon freedom from timidity, so apparent in her manner, had induced him to be less careful of looking after her, and she was at the piano before he was aware of her purpose. Her extra performance had now drawn him to her side, whither he had quietly edged himself, and there he stood drinking in not only the music, but the animation of her beaming and beautiful face. A wonderfully well-executed passage, where the fingering was exceedingly difficult, made him cast his eyes down to her hands, which were flying over the keys as though possessed by some spirit, music-mad; but how he was startled to see on one of her fingers a gold ring, between the borders of which braided hair was inserted! He looked at it. He stared at it as though some wild phenomenon had startled him. He was deaf to the music, blind to the company about him, and indeed everything seemed to be reduced to empty space, into which a hair ring dropped, and was suspended there by some invisible power. All that Macbeth's "air-drawn dagger" was to him, this little ring was to Christo; and when Myra had finished, she had to touch Christo to wake him to the politeness of leading her from the piano, which act he did perform, but rather as a blind man feeling his way, than as Christopher Adams usually performed his part. Myra took his abstraction as a compliment to her music, and therefore his conduct did not occasion any remark from her.

But Christo's happiness was gone. He was puzzled, confounded, afflicted. He thought over

every possible memory by which he could call up any friend who had left Myra's home, or from whom she might have received such a gift, but no probable solution of his difficulty came at his bidding. Her father and mother were alive; she had never lost a brother or sister; that fair auburn tress bore no resemblance to the gray hair of either her grandmother or grandfather, from whom she had been parted some years ago; and had she received such a gift from her old school mates at the seminary, he would have heard of it, and he would have had the story of its presentation. And now for thee, poor victim of jealousy, go soaring amid all unpleasant realms to get a solution of a mystery! Why not ask her at once where she got it? Why hesitate a moment? Alas! Christo couldn't tell. Something held him back, and he who could have asked any question that came into his mind last evening, was now tongue-tied and dumb. And now came up the fact of Myra's uncommon freedom from embarrassment that evening—how was that to be explained? *Who* led her to the piano? *What* gave the uncommon freedom to her playing, the Pythonic furor to her style of execution? Questions multiplied, but no answers came.

Myra, however, was not long unacquainted with Christo's embarrassment, for she caught his eye too many times fastened upon the alarming though very innocent hair ring on her finger, and she now enjoyed what she saw was a puzzle to him. She took pains to make that finger more prominent to his sight. When she left Christo, she saw he followed her with shy glances, and she coquetted a bit, as was not her wont, to see what he would do. It was the first time that the least thing of the kind had ever occurred, and Myra *did* enjoy it. It seemed to her, at first, that she was a little malicious, but she did feel a little inclined to indulge her notion, "for why don't he ask me at once about the ring?" said she, to herself; and thus she justified herself in keeping him on the rack. And then, too, it made her merry to discover that Christo *could* be jealous! It was really romantic to have him so, and she could almost venture on a polka with some one else than him, but she did not go so far as that. But on one thing she was determined, and that was, he should speak first about the ring.

A new accession to the company made the parlor rather thronged, and Christo and Myra went into the library where some fine paintings were hung on the walls, richly adorning the room. Among them was a splendid representation of the Doge of Venice marrying

the Adriatic, at the time when he is about to drop the ring into the sea. Christo and Myra admired the picture; and Christo laughingly exclaimed:

"That's rather a poor *dodge* for a marriage—he *drops* the ring, but will not embrace his bride, fearing a cold bath if he did."

"Yes, but *some* folks *dodge* the ring," slyly answered Myra, who really was getting a little uneasy at Christo's silence about her ring, and fearing also that her jest might be a serious joke.

"That may be while they are '*lookers on* in Venice,'" replied Christo. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "that the Doge had his *hair* braided on the ring he threw into the sea?"

"No!" answered Myra, with a hearty laugh. "Why did you ask that question?"

"Because, I didn't know," he replied, "but that it had come to you by some magic, or some bold diving—I see you have a new ring on your hand."

"O, yes," she exclaimed, as though she had not thought of it since they had met after placing it on her finger. "What do you think of my new ring?"

"It looks well enough, but—" and Christo hesitated.

"But what?" asked Myra, with a most serious expression of countenance.

"O, nothing, nothing!" he replied, and attempted to take her attention away from the subject by referring to another painting—a beautiful landscape, giving the skies of Italy with rare and wondrous skill.

But this would not do; if he was careless respecting the ring, *she* must be anxious; and she felt a little irritated to find he was inclined to avoid asking any explanation of its presence on her hand. She lifted up the hand which had the ring upon it directly in front of his point of view, so that he could not see the picture, but must see the ring.

"Come, Christo, tell me what you think of my new ring," said Myra.

"Why, it's very pretty, and doubtless valuable for the sake of the giver," he replied.

"How do you know but that I got it myself?" said Myra.

"That may be, but your black hair wont turn to that color by being put into a ring," said Christo. "It isn't your own hair, is it?" he asked.

"O, no," she answered.

"Nor mother's?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Nor sister's? cousin Anna's? Ella's?" And

so he went on, calling upon names of relatives and intimate friends, while Myra shook her head at each one.

She saw again his jealousy arising, and she enjoyed it, and replied when he stopped:

"Try again, Christo; you've mentioned only *lady* names."

That was true, for how could he dare to mention any belonging to his own sex; but he now took courage, and said:

"Why, it's not from a gentleman, is it?"

"Why not?" she answered. "Haven't I the privilege to receive such a present from a gentleman?"

"Of course, Miss Myra," he replied.

"Well done, Chris, you've *miss*-ed it now! haven't you?" said Myra.

"Pardon me, Myra," answered Christo, with some emotion. "That was foolish in me. Don't remember it—will you?"

"O, no," laughingly replied Myra; "but if I do remember it, I will only think it a *miss*, and that will be the only *pun*-ishment."

"But is it a gentleman's hair?" asked Christo, as he took the end of her fingers in his hand, and looked steadily on the ring.

"Yes, 'pon honor," replied Myra, with an assumed gravity. "You know you said you would not let me have a lock of your hair for any such purpose, and I told you I was set on having such a ring—you remember, don't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't think you were so serious as I find you were," he answered.

"Why, Chris', rings are serious subjects, you know," she replied.

"Yes, I know it *now*," answered Christo; "but I can't imagine why any gentleman's gift would have been acceptable, if you really wanted a lock of *my* hair for that purpose."

"There, Chris', you're jealous now," said Myra, with one of those searching and merry looks of hers that remind one of the harvest moon, that looks solemn, and yet seems merry, because of the mirth below.

Christo was puzzled, and frankly replied:

"Dear Myra, I am not jealous, but I own I am uneasy, and have been so the greater part of the evening. Tell me where you got that ring? Will you?"

"Yes, with the greatest pleasure imaginable," replied Myra. "You gave it to me."

"Never! But what do you mean, Myra?" he asked.

"I mean it's that first ring you gave me made over to my liking," Myra answered. "I tell you the truth, and you needn't look so incredulous."

"I am not incredulous," he answered, "I am only wondering; but you won't pretend that I gave you that hair?"

"O, no,—but it's yours, nevertheless, my Chris'!" said Myra, with a most happy tone of triumph.

"Did you steal it from my head when I was stupified to less earthly things by your music?" asked Christo.

"No, I never touched your head to get it," replied Myra. "I don't carry scissors with me when I sing. And then I knew you would be on your guard, for you declared I should not have a single hair. You were really despotic, and I was almost determined to be *barberic* myself. But I've got all I wanted, and isn't it beautiful?" she asked, as she held the ring finger up before his eyes.

"Well, Myra, I must say, I suppose, it's very beautiful," answered Christo. "The braid is exquisite, and it's indeed an ornament, seeing what finger it's upon," he added. "But I cannot conceive any way in which you could have got that hair. Where did you get it?"

"Who said I got it?" asked Myra, in her turn for questioning. "I never got it—no scissors that I know of were applied for the purpose, and no barber's shop ever had in its keeping what is here in this ring. You merrily defied me to get what I wanted for a ring, and I told you woman's wit would prove better than man's cunning, and it has," and so saying, up went the ring again in triumph on a hand beautiful as the mirth in its owner's countenance.

"Come, Myra, do tell me the secret—I'm dying to know," said Christo.

"No, Christo, that won't do—men don't die so easily from curiosity as you would have me to believe," merrily replied Myra.

"But now do be frank and tell me the whole," urgently asked Christo.

"Well, I will gratify you, that you may know there are more ways than one for us ladies to get what we want," replied Myra. "One day I was at your mother's, and very privately asked your sister Nell to do a little favor for me—to go into your room every day after you left for the counting-room, and comb out for me, from your hair brush, every silken thread she could find, and save for me till I should get enough for my purpose. Last week that was accomplished, and no one can tell my pleasure when the ring came home this afternoon. Never was a rosy crown placed on the head of a May Queen with more delight than I slipped that ring on its appointed finger, and the bliss of my triumph has made me the happiest of hearts in this company to-

night. Now what do you think of woman's wit against man's cunning?"

"O, I give up, Myra," replied Christo, "and I like the ring of your story as well as I love your music, and I hope—"

What he would have said was cut off by the signal for supper. They joined the procession to the dining hall, where they mingled in the sociality of the hour with spirits even more lively than before the ring disturbed the even flow of their happiness.

It was not many weeks after the above evening before Christo and Myra were married. Whatever were the presents which took place among the bridal gifts, none out-charmed to the eye of Myra her "Hair Ring," and she delights from time to time to tell the story of her triumph—always sure to recount what a *brush* she had in order to obtain the victory.

DEATH OF MINNIE VALE.

BY WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Fair as a dream of Aiden,
Pure as the ether hue,
A gentle-hearted maiden,
With starry eyes of blue—
Pale auburn tresses braided,
O'er forehead broad and white,
Young, matchless features shaded
With half the gloom of night.
Small, dimpled fingers folding
Across her guileless breast;
Slight form in fairy moulding,
And sylph-like graces drest;
Light feet that had not flitted
Long, o'er the path of life,
And soul, that was not fitted
To meet the battle's strife.

With tear-drops faintly gleaming,
Amid her blue eye's light,
Awoke me from my dreaming,
Once on a summer's night.
And kneeling there beside me,
I seem to see her yet;
Whatever fate betide me,
Her voice, I'll ne'er forget.
With low and sweet soul-breathings,
It touched the silent air,
Light as the moonbeam's wrappings
Twined round her auburn hair;
And there, in my arms lying,
Like a wearied, stricken dove,
While the dark night was dying,
She told her hopeless love.

Of one whose dark eyes kindly
O'er her seemed to shine,
Till her heart was given blindly,
In worship at his shrine.
How, in the halls of learning
He sought an honored name,

With no thought toward her yearning,
He only cared for fame!
Amid the shadows dusky,
I bent above her brow,
Her voice grew low and husky,
As she faintly murmured now,
"Ere yet the summer paleth,
Or flower and bloom are gone,
My weary spirit faileth,
And through death passeth on.

"Down through the azure pastures,
Across the moonbeam's track,
Angels, in snow-white vestures,
Come to bear my spirit back.
Yet I've forgotten, never,
E'en while life's lamp grows dim,
I love him still as ever,
I die, I die for him!"
Then on my trembling bosom,
That star of life grew pale,
And now, the fairest blossom
In heaven, is Minnie Vale.
Twelve strokes from the curfew pealing,
Onward the night-king sped;
Alone with a heart congealing,
Alone with the dreamless dead.

I wrapped the shroud around her,
Smoothed the hair from her brow,
Joyed that the chain that bound her,
Could not fetter her now.
Out, o'er the emerald meadow,
Down, in the velling mist,
Slowly and lightly treading,
We bore her on to rest.
Pale, auburn hair still braided
O'er her forehead white,
Pure face never more shaded
By grief's withering blight;
Small hands still folded meekly,
Blue eyes wearily closed,
There slept she still and sweetly,
As statue o'er reposed.
Curtaining lashes sweeping
The marble of her cheek,
Like some fair angel sleeping,
Pure, pale, and cold and meek.
The light feet had grown weary
Of treading earth's rough way,
Freed from a life so dreary,
How silently she lay.

Then in the leafy valley,
Down by the streamlet's side,
Laid we our broken lily,
The death-king's lovely bride.
Seek thou the place at even,
When low winds, sighing, sweep,
And the deep eyes of heaven
O'er her the night-watch keep.
Pause where the willows parted,
Droop o'er the headstone pale—
There sleeps the broken-hearted,
The martyred Minnie Vale.
And know that thou hast broken
That spirit, young and free,
She, of heart-wealth unspoken,
Had not died, but for thee!

THE FOUNT OF REST.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

O sleeps the fount of rest
Where blue wood violets grow,
And o'er its placid bosom
Do the winds of summer blow?
Do low leaf whispers mingle,
With bird-song on the air?
Where the spirit, like a hunted fawn,
May turn in its despair?

Nay, sleeps the fount of rest,
In some haunt both dim and deep,
Where the fitful shadows linger,
Or the golden sunbeams creep?
Is it along a roeied path,
Or through a cypress bower?
The plying soul in sadness,
Doth seek its peaceful dower?

O, I fancy that it shines
Where the round, pale moon looks down,
And the south wind shakes the pines,
Which the rays of silver crown;
And many sad, sad pilgrims,
With earthly care oppressed,
Go through the soft, dim twilight,
To seek the fount of rest.

Sleep still amid the violets,
O fount! and let us turn
When, girdling round a band of fire,
The cares of earth-life burn!
Yet, in thy wave we would not steep
Glad childhood's joy and tears;
Only the bitter cares that creep
With our maturer years!

THE LADY EDITH.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THE castle where the Duke of Norfolk resided during the summer months, stood on the brow of a hill, overlooking a princely expanse of fertile growth. It was a pile of massive masonry, with moats, ramparts, and bastions, once constituting an almost impregnable defence. From the highest tower a flag, bearing the Norfolk arms, rippled silkily down in the idle winds, and the more modern portion was gay with casements thrown open upon a flowery lawn, with vases of exotics upon the terraces, white garden statues, glittering fountains, and the pleasant music of a virginal flung from within, on that summer afternoon. The Spanish ambassador and suite were entertained by the duke.

The Lady Edith, a pretty child of about ten years, had been brought down, with liberty from study and rule, to receive the visit of the young Count Ferdinand, nephew of the ambassador, who spoke English perfectly. As she shyly en-

tered the room, with the brown curls hanging round her dimpled face, she stood for a moment holding the door, then, seeing her mother standing across the room, suddenly darted thither and hid herself behind the ample folds of the duchess's skirt. As nobody paid the least attention to this manoeuvre, she by degrees peeped out from either side for the young count, whom she at last saw, standing by his uncle's side; a tall, slender youth, possessing in an eminent degree the beauty of the south. Perceiving the half bashful air of the incipient coquette, he advanced frankly to her, with extended hands, of which she took no notice, but, clutching her little skirt, made him a grave courtesy. In recovering her balance, however, she tripped over her mother's train, and stumbled backward, at which, as the boy smiled, "Thou art a rude boy," she cried, angrily, rising, "thou laughest at me!" Nevertheless, it took no long time for the courteous young stranger to restore an amicable understanding, and they were soon seen skipping down the lawn to the river.

"Canst steer a boat?" said Edith. "Nay, it is not worth thy while. Come back with me, and I will show thee curious things."

Now the vault of the castle, where the dead were lowered, had long been a subject of great wonderment to Edith, no dead having been deposited there for full two generations; but no one sufficiently daring among her confidants had agreed to her project of entering it hitherto. Hither, by another route, they turned their course. The door was locked, but the grating below was quite unloosed; this they tore aside for an entrance. Lighting a candle taken off the church altar, "We need not fear now," she cried, "I have a holy candle!" The candle, however, became extinguished in entering, and before Ferdinand could relight it, a sound as of some one shutting down a coffin-lid was heard.

"I suppose it is a ghost," said Edith; "they are all here."

The candle was again burning and deposited in a socket, when the children turned their attention to their discoveries. Here and there the bright eyes of a rat fascinated them for a moment, but in the next they caught sight of a skeleton, hung up and neglected by the family surgeon. A large oaken chair in one corner was brought as near to the centre of the vault as a stone table, bearing three coffins, one upon two, would permit. The skeleton, lifted down with great care and wrapped in a trailing, black-velvet pall, was placed there;—the coronet that lay upon an upper coffin, and Edith's own earrings were fitted on the skull, rings and chains,

ferreted out of unknown corners, adorned the fingers that held a sword, stolen from another coffin. As draped themselves in sweeping palls they flourished before this monarch.

"There were cheeks there once," said Ferdinand, "rosy cheeks, and lips that some one loved to kiss, and bright eyes in those cavities, where thou hast thrust sugar-plums. I misdoubt if we do right."

Not long after, the old butler entered the drawing-room obsequiously, and informed his master that a loud outcry, with laughter, shouts, and heavy falls, was to be heard in the vault below the chapel. Now all present being Tories, Romanists, and in one league for the Pretender, the duke had just informed them that he had hidden the Prince James Edward in this very vault, till he could safely return back to Rome; therefore the gentlemen, with drawn swords, and the ladies, with pale faces, speedily sought the endangered place. As the duke, having taken the ponderous key from beneath the altar steps, advanced quickly, the stream of yellow light came steadily through the tomb grating, but the merry laughs suddenly silenced themselves at the sound of footsteps. Turning the key in the rusty lock, his grace threw open the door, and facing the company sat the crowned and sceptred skeleton. Afar in some high niche, the white frock of Lady Edith glimmered like a ghost, and the whole place was in disorder. Suppressed giggles quickly relieved the awe-struck guests.

"Edith!" said her father, sternly, "Edith!"

"Here I am, papa!" she cried, with a merry laugh, that would no longer be restrained.

"Come hither, child!" and he went towards her. Somewhat fearful, should she be taken, the child leaped from the niche to a neighboring shelf, the aged timber snapped with the impetus, and threw her upon the topmost coffin of the three on the stone table, which falling with her in turn, the lid broke open and disclosed the Prince James Edward. Scrambling dismayed upon her feet, with the help of the young Count Ferdinand, she stood, half sobered, with her finger ungraciously in her mouth. Her father and the Spanish ambassador assisted the prince. "Edith," now said the duke, holding her at arm's length from him, "dost know how thou hast profaned a sacred place, the holy rest of the dead? Of what art thou made?"

"Of dust," answered she, demurely, surveying the person of the prince leisurely.

"Hast thou no manners?" asked her mortified mother, hastily.

"All I ever had, mamma," she said; "I never used any!" and breaking from her father's hold,

she ran like an antelope away. During the ambassador's stay, the friendship, begun so merrily between the children, became more closely cemented every day by a new alliance in mischief. The wine, set out to cool for dinner, was stealthily decanted away, and replaced by cunningly colored mixtures; the duke's snuff-box filled with flour, that gave his moustache a premature old age; the dish of plums at desert, served up with a majority of pin-cushions that they had spent the morning in contriving; the fountain pipes filled up with stones; the doublet sleeves of the important ambassador sewed up, and a few eggs deposited at the closed orifice; sudden shower baths given to full dressed young ladies; the hounds let loose in the flower-garden, and, to crown all, adventurous leaps from the battlements of one tower to those of another lower, till the whole household rejoiced when the Count Ferdinand left, to study war in the Spanish army, and the Lady Edith returned to her governess and her books.

Some eight years had rolled happily over England. Conspiracies seemed to be set aside, the good Queen Anne quietly installed upon the throne, and the war of the Spanish succession waged hotly with all the skill of Marlboro' and Eugene. A great frigate, bearing Spanish prisoners, lay in the harbor of Portsmouth, and the Duke of Norfolk, ever ready to gratify feminine curiosity, was explaining naval tactics to his daughter and a few of her friends, upon the deck. Weary of the affair, the Lady Edith strolled to the other side of the ship, and stood, with her arms folded in her lace mantle, looking into the green water of the harbor. Raising her eyes at the rattle of a sail on the shrouds, they lighted upon a prisoner, sitting by the taffrail, with a large Spanish cloak around him. The color fled into her cheeks, but she walked calmly towards him.

"Ferdinand!" said she, in a low voice.

"Edith!"

"Thou, a prisoner?"

"Such are the chances of war, madam," he replied, in a slightly foreign accent.

"Canst thou not escape?"

"I have refused parole. Yonder is my guard."

"I will bring my father to thee. Do thou come to us in Devonshire. If I have a boat below, canst thou enter it unseen? Farewell, my lord!" and she tripped lightly to her friends.

"Hast found a lover?" said one, laughingly.

"Only practising my Spanish," she returned, saluting a surly soldier with a Spanish jest; and taking her father's arm, she led him aside, and told of Ferdinand.

The frigate lay in distant moorings from the shore at sunset, and by the lanterns at her stern in the dark night her situation was evident. The moon had not risen, when a boat put out stealthily from the shore, and rowing with muffled oars, quietly lay to beneath the bows of the frigate. A low whistle from the boat, answered by another from the deck; a pause, and sliding down the anchor chains, Ferdinand was received into the boat, which instantly shot off again.

"Thou art safe," whispered the slender-form beside him; he made no reply, save to kiss the little hand in his. The boatswain's loud pipe resounded from the frigate, and a shot came grazing the water just beside them. A few more hearty strokes, and their keel touched the sand. The men largely paid and dismissed, Ferdinand upon his road to Devonshire, and the duke and Lady Edith returned to the hotel. The next morning the quiet town was all astir, for the most precious prisoner of all had escaped, an officer who, having performed prodigies of valor, and whose skill and bravery having most harassed the allied troops, had only been taken at an immense expenditure of cunning, treachery, and gold. Three days, in order to allay suspicion, did the duke and Lady Edith remain at Portsmouth, and on the fourth departed for the summer residence in Devonshire. In this sweet home the rosy weeks flew by joyously, and no convenient escape yet offered itself for the count, while recounting their old pranks, re-visiting old haunts, practising madrigals and canzonets, the lapse of time was unnoticed, both by himself and Edith. One morning Edith, at a funeral pace, with an open letter in her hand, entered the drawing-room, where sat her mother and Count Ferdinand.

"Mamma," said she, "imagine any catastrophe, and then say, Lady Barbara Metcalf comes here to-day! Count Ferdinand will no longer be safe. She is the greatest gossip in England, and knows every tit bit of scandal, from John O'Groat's house to Land's End! She must not come, certainly!"

"But how to prevent it?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Stay! I have it!" cried Edith, and dancing from the room, she returned in a few moments with a great roll of scarlet bunting and white cloth. Quickly going and coming again, laden with shears, needles, thimbles, and thread.

"Never thou mind, mamma," she replied, to her mother's remonstrance. "I wish not the housemaid's assistance." And giving Ferdinand the shears, "Now do thou, count, cut me large letters from this white cloth," she added. "An

L, no, two L's, an A and M, an X, a P, an O and an S. That will do. Is it not like our old play? Mamma, thou wilt take a needle and run this seam!" taking another herself, with a great show of industry,—for, to tell the truth, Edith was not greatly skilled at her needle. Sewing the white letters, one by one, upon the bunting, she finally spread it out upon the carpet, and the words, "SMALL POX," glared at her astonished coadjutors. Ringing the bell, which was answered by a footman before her mother could frame a new remonstrance—

"Good Gregory," she said, "run this up in place of the flag on the high tower. Be speedy!" and, enjoying every one's dismay, she begun a smaller one. This being finished, she ran down the lawn with it and gave it to the porter's little boy at the gates, together with a thousand instructions. As she returned, the great white-lettered flag waved stiffly over the castle in the breeze, spreading its contagious rumor afar. No sooner was Edith enjoying the effect, as she narrated it to her mother and the count, than the sound of wheels struck their ears.

"That may be she," cried Edith. "Now for the damosel's terror!"

A moment the carriage delayed at the gates, another, and it rolled up the avenue to the grand entrance.

"O, Mary mother! simpleton that I am!" cried Edith, falling in a comical despair upon a fauteuil, "Lady Bab. has had the small pox!"

Lady Barbara was a young woman, with pinched and frosty features, and very small, black eyes, in singular contrast with tightly curling hair of a vivid red.

"Which of you are sick?" she asked, abruptly, after the first greetings.

"O, those flages, mamma! Thou didst not heed them, Bab?" said Edith, with a merry glance at Ferdinand.

In Lady Barbara's dressing-room, somewhat later, "Didst notice," said Edith, "the count's observance of thee?"

"I saw he could not take his eyes off from me!"

"Fascinated! Depend upon it!" cried Edith.

"Who is he? Wealthy?"

"Nay. A Spanish prisoner, merely."

"O," said Lady Barbara, with a disappointed cadence. "I shall be obliged to defeat his hopes. I could not think, for a moment, of such a marriage." And they went down together.

At dinner, Lady Barbara, sitting by Ferdinand's side, during the brilliant table talk, where he shone conspicuous by his lively wit, his extensive knowledge and entertaining anecdote,

received the grave attentions of the table, which he bestowed, with so pleased a consciousness and coquettish shyness, mingled with mysterious glances at Edith, that Ferdinand was completely amazed. Edith, never remarkable for the politeness that characterized her mother, leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

"I declare, Edith," said Lady Bab., "thou art incomprehensible."

Four days thus passed, during which Lady Barbara, laboring under the ridiculous deception, bridled and coquetted by turns with the perplexed count. On the fourth day, as Edith and Ferdinand sketched from a bow-window before Lady Barbara came down, "Edith," said the duchess, "my Lord Bolingbroke comes hither to-day, and as thy suitor, it is thy father's and my will that thou wilt receive him—"

"Suit-ably!" finished Edith, with emphasis.

Ferdinand, with his customary delicacy, left them.

"Mamma," said Edith, after a momentary silence, "I never will wed Lord Bolingbroke, so help me—Westminster bridge."

My Lord Bolingbroke was a gentleman of a truly noble cast of countenance, an elegant manner and great wealth, but his arrival produced no effect upon Edith. That evening she was again in Lady Barbara's dressing-room.

"Didst ever know," said the latter, "anything so absurd as this young man's eyes, in following me? Everywhere I go there are a new host of lovers. I hate to disappoint them if they are anywise sensitive, but it is really troublesome. There was young Veasy, at Bath, a month ago, blew out his brains solely on my account, solely. However, he had lost all his fortune at gaming, the night before, and it wasn't so much matter! I cannot marry them *all*," she added, pensively; but Edith was already gone. "What is it they see in me so powerful?" she continued, meditatingly.

"God, he knows," answered her innocent Abigail, in a pious, sympathetic wonderment, from behind her chair.

"O, it's you, is it?" returned Lady Barbara, sharply. "Speak when you're spoken to!" With which lady-like remark she closed her toilet.

One pleasant noon, the duchess and Edith, with their guests, sat in the western drawing-room.

"I must speak decisively," whispered Lady Barbara to Edith. "I can no more endure this young man's impertinence," and she took a skein of wool from her table.

Ferdinand, with his usual grave courtesy, offered to wind it.

"Nay," said Lady Barbara, shaking her head and requesting Lord Bolingbroke's assistance.

Ferdinand, who had been reading aloud from Beaumont and Fletcher, resumed his pleasant employment.

"Young man," interrupted Lady Barbara, surveying him narrowly from her little black eyes, "your attentions have become quite offensive to me. I am unable to return them in the light you wish, and beg to have no more of them!"

"O, ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Edith, throwing down her pencil, "O, it's too good! Ha! ha! ha! O, Bab! he is no more in love with thee than I am. It was only a joke. Ha! ha! ha!"

Ferdinand, Bolingbroke, the duchess, were stone still; even Edith stilled her merriment, at the expression of Lady Barbara's face, as, gathering up her embroidery, she swept in high dudgeon from the room. The duchess followed her immediately, offering a thousand apologies in vain. Lady Barbara borrowed the duke's coach, and desiring that her maid and baggage should be forwarded, passed hastily, in a few moments, equipped for a journey, down the staircase.

"Lady Bab! Lady Bab!" cried Edith, running out and stifling her laughter. "I beg your pardon! I was foolish and imprudent. Pray overlook it! Do not go! Say you will come again!"

Lady Barbara disengaged her hand. "Before I come to Norfolk castle again, you may all have the small pox and die of it!" she cried, twisting up a small portion of Edith's arm between her fingers, with the utmost spitefulness. Edith came back into the drawing-room, piteously displaying the black and blue spot upon her arm.

"It is certain," said she, "that Lady Barbara, go where she will, leaves an impression."

The Count Ferdinand, weary of the bondage that was daily drawing him deeper into another more dangerous, was walking, alone and gloomy, in the park. A sunny opening among the felled trees, disclosed to him Edith, with Lord Bolingbroke in a lover's attitude at her feet. He struck into a side path, a deeper gloom upon his face, and sadder thoughts still, in his heart. An hour's walk brought him, unawares, upon the very place, and Edith stood there alone, in the same position.

"I have been waiting for thee, my friend," she said.

"I have come, then, only to bid thee farewell," he answered.

Edith opened her large eyes, repeating his last words.

"Ay, Lady Edith, I cannot see thee another's wife. I have loved thee! Prisoner and desolate as I am, I have dared to hope, and have wasted the passion and joy that should have been spread over a lifetime, in the vain delight of these few weeks. I go forth forever, to loneliness and despair."

"Ferdinand," said Edith, smiling through her tears, "dost thou truly love me? Wilt thou have me, with all my imperfections?" She stood close beside him, her hand upon his shoulder, in the old, childish way. "Bolingbroke is nothing to me," she said. "I love only thee!"

The lovers met with no opposition from duke or duchess, but the preparations for Ferdinand's departure were accomplished that evening, and next morning a fishing smack, anchored by the coast, was to skim safely over with him to Boulogne.

But Lady Barbara's petty revenge had not been idle; for detailing, as she passed through Portsmouth, a few exaggerated facts, a revenue cutter was despatched secretly to that quarter of the coast, and a strong force of soldiery marched to the adjoining town. Long before daylight, Ferdinand was put on board the smack, which bore all sail away. The rising sun, striking a glory through the distant mists, silvering oars and sails, and revealing every point along the shore, still showed the fisher, half disappearing in the fog, when three boats, filled with armed men, shot out from a cove, in full chase. Looking from where they stood upon the sand, the duke and Edith beheld the coast lined with soldiers, while the hearty strokes of those in the boats threw them forward with a fearful swiftness, till they disappeared in the mist. An hour, and the waiting multitudes saw them return. As they landed, they took from one of the boats a prisoner, bound hand and foot.

"We struggled well for him," said the boatswain; "for he fought like a tiger."

Edith was not one to wring her hands, and she went home to breakfast.

"Mamma," she said, "we have cards for the queen's grand masquerade ball, next Thursday? You will accept them? And, dear mamma, let us go up to London to day, and do thou condescend to gossip, and tell me all thou hearest are to go, and what they may wear. I myself will have a dozen masques."

Queen Anne, though compelled to set a price upon her brother's head, loved him with all the intensity of her quiet nature; her conscience warned her that she occupied his right, and her mind, after the death of her children, was full of projects and conspiracies in his favor. Thus,

though she knew he was, at that moment, again in the kingdom,—being guarded by a jealous ministry,—she had hitherto found an interview with the Prince James Edward impossible. But, as if by an inspiration, she had ordered a masquerade in the palace, on a more extensive scale than had ever gladdened festive hearts. The cards issued were numerous as "leaves in Val-lambrosa," and it was here, in an unknown masque, that she intended the interview. The streets were thronged with coaches at an early hour, and already the halls of St. James were full of fantastic and beautiful forms, winding among themselves in time to the magnificent music of the orchestra, when the duke and duchess, in rich Spanish costumes, arrived; but Edith was not with them. Neither had the queen arrived. A simple hack driving up, paid and dismissed by a single slender figure, was immediately followed by another, whence descended a remarkably stout lady. Her head-dress was conspicuous with plumes of every color, as she descended from the dressing-rooms, and her whole array was a medley of gay hues and mediaeval styles. Masqued, and holding her fan before her, she sailed in, requiring as much room as a Spanish galleon. Securing a little page, shortly, she whispered him, "Thou seest yon sea nymph? Go thou and fall before her, and in rising, lay hold upon her robe."

The little page speedily obeying, the sea nymph stooped forward to shake him off, when the stout lady adroitly pinned a paper, on which was written, "This is Lady Barbara Metcalf," upon her back.

"I think, my dear," soliloquized the stout lady, "thou wilt not do so much mischief to-night as thou didst anticipate." Moving along, she confronted a portly gentleman, dressed in the papal robes, but limping with a broken stick, as in derision of the Roman Church. "For all thou art so lame, holy father," said she, "thy step is *Swift*."

"How the deuce did you know me?" cried the astonished pope, in a blatant voice.

She only nodded her head mysteriously, and with a slow circuit, re-sought the empty dressing-room. There came thence, in another moment, a troubadour in the light provençal dress, with a lute in his little hands, striking now and then a harmony. Gliding with a quick step and a quicker jest between groups, she came to a single individual, in the attire of a Roman general, leaning against a pillar, whose head and shoulders were so disproportionately tall as to suggest the idea of pasteboard. Standing close beside him, he sung to the music of his lute.

"When Alexander's shining sword
Had nothing more to hope,
He added to his martial name
Monosyllabic Pope!
To conquer newer worlds with spleen.
Cross-grained, cross-eyed, and dull,
He proved the hero but a man,
The poet but a fool.

Thine ass's ears show under thy lion's skin, Mr. Pope," he laughed.

Discovering many other identities, the troubadour lost his own, and a nun of the Annunciad stole round, with her thin, blue-silk veil falling over her white garments.

"My infidel, Lord Bolingbroke," murmured the nun, to a red-cloaked cardinal, "thy dress is a mockery! Kneel to this cross!"

The cardinal laughed, while she moved on towards one in the crimson-velvet garments of an astrologer, embroidered with silver stars and crescents. "Thou shouldst wear this garb always, Sir Isaac," she said. "Fits art thou an astrologer, great Newton!"

An angel, with rosy wings, and shining curls, and snowy robes, supplanted the nun, as she threw her blue veil upon a seat. "O, Sarah of Marlboro'," she whispered, to one in the dress of Zenobia, "England's and Palmyra's queens are not so friendly as of yore. I am not the Angel of Death, your grace," she cried, to the Highlander by Zenobia's side. "He will come to Marlboro', anon! Here, Benbow," she laughed, to an old Tai, "here is a sea nymph for thee! Lady Bab! Lady Bab! did the Spaniard deceive thee?" And the angel laughed as soft a laugh as the sound in the sea nymph's shells, on her way to a dressing-room. A tall lady, in a blue domino, passed the door, as a sweet little English peasant girl came out, with a basket of flowers upon her arm. The short, white petticoat and pink jacket, and the lace cap, half over the bright, dropping hair, gave her a most bewitching appearance.

"I will not betray thee," whispered the peasant girl to the lady in the blue domino, "though thy highness has a moustache behind thy mask! The weather is sweeter in Rome, Prince James!" and she glided by to a nun in black robes. "Madam," whispered she, so low that none save the nun could hear, "come with me." The nun turned, and they went into an alcove together. "I know," said Edith, removing her mask, "that thou art the queen. I know, also, that thy brother, the Prince James Edward, is yonder in the blue domino." The gasping queen made a terrified motion to remove her mask. "Nay," said Edith, "none but I know it. Queen Anne, I am thy faithful subject, but tenderly as

thou lovest thy brother, I love another. Thou rememberest that thou thyself hast set a price upon the Stuart's head. Madam, give me the life and freedom of Count Ferdinand di Garcilasso, the Spanish prisoner in the Tower, and thy brother is safe!" and she produced a parchment and a minute writing apparatus from her flower-basket. "Write it fairly, madam," said Edith. The queen wrote, in a bold, free hand, an entire pardon, sealing it with her signet ring, she signed it fully, and gave it to the lovely peasant girl. Edith quickly called the Duke of Norfolk's coach, and left the palace for the Tower.

The great concourse assembled in church a month later, was nowise saddened by the absence of Lady Barbara, as Ferdinand led Edith to the altar. While many a gentle heart in the galleries beat faster at sight of the dark curls flowing over the Spanish doublet, and the large black eyes overlooking the pale chiselling of the bridegroom's features. And the queen herself took the glove from Edith's fingers, with a reconciled and thankful condescension.

There was one palatial residence in the city of San Domingo, rivalling the palaces of the old world in magnificence. It was the home of his excellency, the governor, Count Ferdinand di Garcilasso. The blue Atlantic glittered at a distance from its flat roofs, and the deep, safe waters of the river Ozima rolled far beyond it, into the city, beneath the overhanging windows, while great ships and barges lay at anchor within speaking distance. It was built in the light and graceful style of Saracenic architecture, with the pilazzos, and balconies, and columns that grace the streets of Damascus. Frequently some slave's skilful hand filled the whole place with melody, and lulled the Lady Edith gentler in her siesta, till she awoke to find herself strewn with aromatic blooms by baby hands. Or leaning at night, beside Ferdinand, from her windows, whence poured a great illumination, boat and skiff speeding along with friendly recognition, sweet songs arising in the distance, and the moon hanging full and fiery above the low horizon. "Thy home pleases thee?" the governor might ask.

"England was sweet enow," is the low reply. "But it was never like this, my love! Venice is not so beautiful!"

The purest and tenderest love is unfortunately lavished on us at a time when we do not appreciate it. It is only late in life, when we see the love of other parents for their children that we begin to reflect that we must have been equally loved ourselves.

THE BREATH OF MORN.

BY WILLIAM E. LAWRENCE.

The breath of morn now vigor lends
To weary frames and fainting hearts;
On gentle wings its mission speeds,
To all a soothing balm imparts.

With living light earth's fields of green,
Spread out in beauty's garb, appear;
New glories gild the vavil on high,
Whose radiance every heart doth cheer.

The blushing flowers with tearful eyes,
Begemmed with Nature's jewels rare,
Raise their frail heads, in silent praise
Of Him who maketh all so fair.

Soft zephyrs o'er the violet steal,
Whose perfumed breath is borne away
With roses, yet the air of morn
Is purer, sweeter far, than they.

Then with the golden sun arise,
Drink in the cool, refreshing dew;
The breath of morn the breast inspires
With radiant hope, and pleasures new.

JUDITH BELL.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

YESTERDAY, one of our new acquaintances came to Shadyvale. As I have quite a story to tell about him, I shall just for convenience, call him Archibald Neal. He is a very agreeable young man, frank and ingenuous, and had much to say about Uncle Jerry and Judith Bell.

"Who is your Uncle Jerry, and who is Judith Bell?" I ventured to ask.

He colored slightly and smiled, while my prudent aunt gave me a reproving glance, as much as to say, "Emeline, why will you not learn propriety!"

"An excellent soul is Uncle Jerry, and—"

Here he paused in some confusion.

"Judith Bell," suggested I.

"I should like to tell the whole story," he said.

"O by all means, if you please! I am a first class listener. I will not once interrupt you. Now begin."

"I am not very good at story-telling; but if you will promise to interrupt me when I get tedious, I'll make the attempt."

This condition was quickly agreed to, and Archibald Neal related substantially as follows:

"I suppose I must commence at the beginning," quoth he, "and go on in the time approved, old fashioned style. Well, here I go—excuse all slips of the tongue, and the infelicitous

language I may employ in making myself intelligible. I was the eldest of six children who had the misfortune to have parents not abundantly blessed with this world's substance. My educational and other prospects were certainly not flattering; and so Jeremiah Neal, my bachelor uncle, had pity on my low estate, and took me under his special care and protection. I lost nothing by the change, you may be assured. I was well clad and advised, closely looked after, disciplined in what he considered good manners, and finally found my way to Harvard through his friendly pocket.

"My uncle had one singular idea that I was not long in remarking; he professed to entertain a profound dislike to female society. The house-keeper and domestics were banished to the most remote part of the house, being tolerated only as necessary evils. When their presence was absolutely indispensable, he either made himself as disagreeable as possible, or took his hat and left the house in evident dissatisfaction. What occasioned this unconcealed dislike of the other sex, I am unable to say, as he never let me into his confidence in this particular. Many attributed it to a spirit of retaliation in return for a slight from some fair one, who perchance did not look favorably on his suit, while others declared it was because he associated so little with ladies.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my Uncle Jerry had no greater veneration for women, but truth forces me to acknowledge, also, that he had engrafted his eccentricity in this respect, upon me to a considerable extent. The old gentleman appeared, in my eyes, the concentration of wisdom, had seen so many countries and people, and could discourse so much like a sage, that I could form no other opinion than that he must be substantially correct in his leading sentiments. Being with him so much, knowing his genial temper, experiencing his bounty, having free access to his purse, I could not but consider him as a very extraordinary man, and a fit model after which to pattern. Old ladies he considered weak and querulous, given to snuff and strong green tea; middle aged, married ones, with grown up daughters, plotting and match-making; spinsters as busy-bodies, and young maidens as thoughtless flirts unsafe and noisy.

"Archie," said he, one day, "my boy, I suppose you intend to marry one of these days?"

"I replied that I intended to follow his example, and remain a bachelor."

"That'll do very well to talk about," resumed Uncle Jerry, "but I fear you won't have sufficient wisdom to walk in my footsteps. I feel sure that you will make a fool of yourself, before

you are much older, by getting possessed of the absurd idea that you are in love. I am persuaded that a pretty face, and a handsome figure, well dressed, will prove fatal to all your philosophy."

"Nonsense, uncle," said I, lighting a cigar.

"It is always best," continued my relative, "to make some provision for the future. Misfortunes overtake us, when least expected; therefore, I have selected a wife for you, in case you should wish to change your condition for the worse."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," I answered, elevating my heels to the back of a mahogany chair.

"I s'pose I might as well tell you," he resumed, eyeing me sharply. "It is Susan Sharp—old Squire Sharp's daughter, who lives in an adjoining town, about ten miles from here."

"Is she handsome?"

"I haven't seen her since she was a child; and then she was the homeliest little creature, I think, that I ever saw."

"Is she intelligent?"

"Of that I am ignorant, also. She was a weak and puny girl, when I was in the habit of visiting the squire, and she had fits, which injured her intellect somewhat."

"Very encouraging, so far. What else have you to add?"

"Her father's worth his thousands, and she's an only child."

"When I want fits I'll let you know."

A few days after this interesting colloquy, Uncle Jerry handed me an open letter to read. It is not needful to give a verbatim copy of the epistle, but only a general transcript of its purport. It was written by a friend of my uncle's, resident in a neighboring city, and in behalf of Judith Bell, only child of my Uncle Bell, deceased. By the death of her father, Judith was left an orphan—her mother having been called from this sublunary sphere two years before—without support. My relative was obviously considerably shocked at hearing this news, for his sister's husband had been doing a good business, and was considered a man of wealth; and a man of wealth he would have been, at the time of his demise, had he not been ruined by a partner in business. The letter duly set forth the manner in which he had been swindled, ending with a touching description of the homeless and needy condition in which Judith had been left by the dispensation which had made her an orphan.

"What do you think of it?" asked my uncle.

"It is very melancholy," I returned, folding the letter and returning it.

"You know I am not fond of female society."

"Yes."

"It makes me nervous to have more than two women in the house—the house-keeper and the cook."

"Of course it does."

"But this Judith is very destitute."

"I'm afraid so, uncle."

"We all have duties to perform, Archie."

"Unquestionably."

"Judith is as much my niece as you are my nephew."

"So it appears."

"I must do something for her."

"I think you ought."

"The question is—what shall I do?"

"Get her a place in a family, perhaps."

"What, let my niece go out to service?"

"Perhaps she can teach music, or something of that sort."

"No, no, that wont do, Archie. She's my sister's child."

"You might pay her board somewhere, till she gets married."

Uncle Jerry sat and mused awhile, then paced the library for some minutes, neither of us speaking.

"There's but one thing I can do, consistently with my duty as a near relative and a Christian. I must take her home."

"Bring her here!" I exclaimed, considerably startled.

"I believe it must come to that—it is inevitable. What will the world say if I act differently? And what would my conscience, say, too?"

"Well, uncle, I pity the girl, and I'm really afraid your duty compels you to give Judith Bell a home in your own house. It will disturb our quiet enjoyment, I have no doubt; but we must try and get along with it. I dare say we can shut ourselves up in the library here, and be quite cosy. Pray, how old is she?"

"Let me see. I declare she must be all of sixteen years! How time does slip away! But I suppose you don't care how soon Uncle Jerry dies, as long as you will get his property—you dog, you," added the old gentleman, giving me a smart punch under the ribs with his provoking old cane.

"Come, be quiet, or I'll run away," said I.

"Be glad to run back again!"

"About this niece of yours—when will she come, I wonder?"

"I shall write to your cousin to-day. And I expect you will treat her with respect, you scamp!"

"I shan't trouble her much with my company, though I shall use the poor thing well."

Thereupon he gave me another poke with his cane, and I threatened to throw the offensive weapon out of the window. My good uncle then placed himself at his desk for the purpose of writing a letter, but immediately changed his mind, insisting that I should write the missive. I complied, and wrote the following:

"MISS JUDITH BELL:—My uncle is willing that you should come and live with him, and make his house your home.

"Yours, in haste,

ARCHIBALD NEAL."

"Pshaw, that won't do!" pettishly exclaimed Uncle Jerry. "Do you suppose a girl of any spirit would accept such a cold, stingy invitation as that?"

I replied that I knew but very little about girls of spirit, and couldn't tell what they would be pleased with. My relative then dictated a letter, which read very differently from the note I had perpetrated. He enclosed also, some bank bills, which he hoped she would feel at liberty to accept. No doubt Judith was surprised at the reception of the letter, for the friend referred to had written without her knowledge or consent. She wrote an evasive yet grateful reply, stating that she feared to make the experiment of taxing his generosity to such an extent.

The result was, that Uncle Jerry had to go after her himself, and use considerable kind and earnest persuasion to induce her to embrace his offer. At length she appeared among us, and I made an effort to be quite agreeable. I did not notice her particularly at that time, for fear of being thought impudently curious. I gave her only a cursory scrutiny, which left a kind of vague impression of a rather pretty, bright-looking, observing, and quite self-assured miss. Pretending to be very busy in the library, preparing some important papers, I saw but little of Judith for the first week, meeting her but seldom, save at meal-times, and not finding myself alone in her company more than once or twice.

"I have heard that some females dislike cigar smoke," I remarked, one morning, to my uncle.

"They do, as a general thing—old and young—handsome and homely," he replied.

"Then we are likely to have a hard time of it with this Judith Bell, for I perceive she's a regular red republican in domestic reforms—full of radical revolutionary movements. Why, she's founding a new government in this house. Don't you perceive that she's making changes all

the time! I shouldn't wonder if we surprised her here in the library, some day, actually dusting the books and moving things! For a whole day there was a barricade at the dining-room; to-morrow, there'll probably be a similar state of revolution in regard to the parlor. Then the chambers will be attacked, and finally our library will be carried by storm."

"I can't say but her changes are for the better, although I dislike innovations. She has much better notions about house-keeping than one could have expected. She's quite a sensible girl, Archie, I must say. Don't you think she looks well at the head of the table?"

"She sits up prim enough, and I dare say does her best to be useful. But what do you think she did to-day?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure."

"Well, I was quietly smoking in the dining-room, and what did she do, but poke a spittoon right in front of me, with her plaguy little foot!"

"Ha, ha," roared my uncle. "What induced her to do so, do you s'pose?"

"I can't imagine, unless it was because I was using the hearth for a spittoon, which I am sure is a very innocent employment."

"She dresses extremely neat," added Uncle Jerry.

"She may dress as neat as she pleases, if she won't carry her reformatory ideas too far. I don't think she likes to see me loll on the sofa, or put my feet on the backs of the chairs; and let me throw my hat down where I will, I'm sure to be obliged to run to the hat-tree after it, when I want it. I've always been in the habit of finding things just where I left them, but matters are now in a transition state. The glory of bachelor freedom is passing away."

"Come, come, Archie, don't complain, or I'll give you something to complain for!" rejoined Uncle Jerry, thumping me with his cane. "I'll marry you to Susan Sharp, soon, you rascal! I dare say you can learn her your dirty notions."

"Take a cigar, you old autocrat!" said I, opening an elegant case. "And keep your cane to yourself, or I'll break it. I am going to enlist in the army."

"You are too lazy," retorted my uncle.

"I'll go into active service."

"All but the active. Why, they'd drum such a scurvy fellow out of the ranks. You're not fit for a horse-marine!" and so Uncle Jerry whacked me on the shoulders again.

There was a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," cried my uncle.

And who do you think appeared? Who else

should it be but Judith Bell. What do you think she wanted? Nothing but to overturn things in the library, and infringe upon established conditions—*dirt*, she called it. Yes, she had the temerity to bring her high treason to the very seat of government, and to ask in a way that was really quite artless and pretty, notwithstanding the audaciousness of the thing, "if she might sweep and dust a little," while her fingers were so white and delicate that they seemed to have but little acquaintance with the broom-handle. I looked the girl full in the face, for I felt that something must be done to stay the overwhelming tide of neatness that was fast rolling upon us. I intended to assume a rebuking expression, but I then and there made a discovery which both surprised and embarrassed me—which was, that she had not only a pretty face, but an *exceedingly* pretty face. Her eyes were soft, yet saucy, blue, and beaming; her lips ripe and rosy; her cheeks cherry-hued and charming. Beside all this, her attitude was peculiarly easy and graceful, and her dress fitted firmly to her well-developed figure.

I did not frown as I had contemplated doing; but after staring a moment at my cousin, turned appealingly to my uncle, hoping he would come manfully to the rescue; but would you believe it?—he surrendered like an old coward, and banged me unmercifully with his cane during our shameful retreat. We fell back upon the dining-room, didn't see the inside of the library again for three mortal hours; the housekeeper during said time making numerous journeys between the surrendered territory and the kitchen, carrying soap, sand and water—while even the cook was pressed into the service of the usurper. Here was a grand *coup d'état*! The enemy was in quiet possession of our stronghold. We were reduced to the condition of a mere provisional government, subject to the caprice of an absolute dictator. I was rebellious, nor inclined to yield to the new order—but old Uncle Jerry took it very coolly, laughing heartily at our discomfiture.

Gods and goddesses of reform! how strangely things looked when we were permitted to return to the library. Every shelf had been relieved of its burden, and passed through some purifying ordeal; each individual book had been dusted, and the aggregate whole arranged in an entirely new order. Works on theology, phrenology, medicine, and fiction, were separated one from another, occupying different departments, right side up, title pages out. The lower shelves, which had been made the receptacle of much varied rubbish, not very sightly, to be sure, but in

my view extremely useful, had suffered a marked change. Old dressing gowns, canes, crushed hats, pipes, empty cigar-cases, fishing-lines, slippers, worn out steel pens, newspapers, letters, etc., had vanished, to appear—I know not where—under other and more distinctive circumstances. I scarcely recognized the apartment.

"Uncle," said I, "what do you think of this?" Uncle Jerry winked, and made some significant pantomime. Looking behind me, I perceived the authoress of these high-handed outrages seated in his arm-chair, very calm, pretty and self-content, really expecting, I believe, words of commendation for what she had done, or caused the housekeeper to do. The eyes which I have described as soft and saucy, met mine with provoking archness. Instead of abashing Judith Bell, by a single stern glance, I very wisely allowed my gaze to make a sudden retreat downward, until it rested on a diminutive foot—for she wore, to do her justice, the veriest little slipper in the world.

"It is necessary that we confess the powers that be," whispered the old gentleman. Then addressing the ruling priestess:

"You have made things look wondrously neat and trim here. Don't you think so, Archie?" he added, turning to me.

I answered to the purport that I rather suspected that I shouldn't know where to find things, now.

"You will find your most important things on the table, Cousin Archie," she replied.

"Cousin Archie!"—that was pretty well. I had never called her Cousin Judith. I looked toward the table at which she pointed, and what did I see? Why, all of twenty cigar stumps, and a pair of tongs! I grew red in the face. What were the tongs there, for? The cigars had been handled with them! Judith Bell's white fingers never touched one of them—she considered them odiously unclean. Uncle Jerry thereupon laughed vulgarly loud—though I could see nothing so very funny—and made a lunge at me with his nuisance of a cane.

"Judith Bell," said I, turning toward her with a firm determination to nip her assurance *en embryo*—but the instant that I saw that face of hers, I lost my presence of mind—"You've done well," I added.

"That's a rhyme," said my Uncle Jerry, repeating what I had said, humoring the final word to make it jingle well with Bell. The empress—I mean Judith—laughed also, but so softly that I was reminded of the *pianissimo* notes of Sontag. The idea striking me somewhere in the region where my common sense ought to be,

that I was appearing awkward, I thanked her in an exceedingly dry and unthankful tone—and took refuge in a book.

Weeks tripped along, and with them the glory of the old bachelor regime. The innovating spirit of Judith Bell reached through every department of the house. The ancient house-keeper yielded without a struggle to manifest destiny, and fell into the tide of improvement—so called. The internal machinery went on like the nicely adjusted mechanism of a watch. I suffered much less than I had expected. If I lost some of my former freedom, I was in a measure indemnified by comforts that I had not previously received.

Our food was prepared with greater care and skill, and the empress presided at table herself—so far as such matters are in the province of woman. The domestics came to know their places, could be found when wanted, and no longer imposed upon the good temper and liberality of Uncle Jerry. The girl effected all this, without the least appearance of assumption, or the slightest deviation from propriety. Everything was done gently, with a smiling face and quiet demeanor. I make these acknowledgements as acts of simple justice, not because I was better pleased with the new order than with the old.

On one occasion, while I sat smoking and cogitating in the library, I heard music.

"What's that, Uncle Jerry?" I inquired.

"It sounds like the piano," said he.

"But it hasn't been opened for a month of Sundays. Come to think of it, it is crammed with political papers, which I stuffed in there during the last canvass for governor," I rejoined.

"Depend upon it, it has been cleared out before this time, you thriftless puppy!" remarked my relative, eyeing his cane wistfully, which had slipped from his grasp during his last nap, and lay at his feet.

"Pick it up, Archie," he added, coaxingly.

"Not a bit of it. Hark, do you hear that? Judith Bell has callers, evidently; no novice has held of the keys, now," I resumed.

"Well, I'd no idea there was a quarter so much music in that instrument. By the way, ain't you most ready to fall into the trap of matrimony?"

"Not ready for the fits, yet, Uncle Jerry," retorted I.

"Her father's money will strike a balance with the fits, you young mud-turtle."

Seeing his eyes begin to sparkle suspiciously, I kicked his cane beyond his reach, and charged him with illegally appropriating my best cigars.

"I've been planning somewhat, lately," he resumed. "What should you guess I have done?"

"Made love to the ancient house-keeper, perhaps," said I.

"I've selected a husband for Judith Bell."

"You have!"

"Certainly—why not?"

"O, it's all proper enough. Who is the happy man?"

"Dr. Bright's son."

"Dr. John Bright, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"Have you spoken to Judith about it?"

"Yes."

"The deuce you have! What did she say?"

"That she was so much indebted to my kindness she should be governed by my wishes, so far as compatible with her happiness, in that interesting relation."

"Has Dr. Bright, Jr., broached the matter to you?"

"Last week."

"But why need you interest yourself to get her married?"

"Because she deserves a good husband, if she has one at all, which of course she will. It is to anticipate a little, and take the least of two evils. I should like to have you praise Dr. Bright to the highest point in her hearing, whenever convenient."

"What praise I have to spare goes up in that direction," I returned, pointing to the ceiling.

"Archie, you're such a sad sinner, that I'm afraid nothing but cigar smoke goes from your mouth that way. But I am very serious in this. Judith must not be permitted to ruin herself by a bad matrimonial alliance. True, it would be better for her to remain single, but you see I have no right to compel her to a life of maidenhood. The next best way is to marry her to a worthy man."

"Dr. Bright is nothing extra."

"He suits me very well."

"Judith Bell may prove harder to please."

"He has money enough to support her in handsome style. The alliance will enable me to leave the bulk of my fortune to you."

"I don't want much."

"Don't want much! You're actually the most extravagant fellow in town. If you was my son, I'd put you to hard work."

"I have hard work now to get along with a fussy uncle and a Judith Bell."

"Where's my cane? I'll dust your jacket, laziness, before night. But I don't get on very fast. If you have any love for Uncle Jerry (or

his money), any respect for his gray hair (or his real estate), any interest in your fair cousin (or fear of my cane), use your influence to preposess her in favor of Dr. Bright, Jr."

"I am willing to oblige you in anything reasonable."

"You consent, do you?"

"I'll see how she feels about it."

"Do so, and I'll give you a check on the Granite Bank. The fact is, I'm getting advanced in life, and you'll wake up some morning and find yourself without an uncle."

"A sad morning will it be, Uncle Jerry."

"Yes, my dear nephew, I am shuffling along toward the quiet six feet tenement that will finally receive the best of us. I've tried to do my best for you, Archie, and I dare say you won't refuse to make a trifling sacrifice for me."

"My kind and only friend, you have only to command me to secure obedience," I earnestly replied.

"My strongest desire is to see you and Judith comfortable settled before I step off the stage. If you can find it in your heart to marry Susan Sharp—that is, without too great a sacrifice of feeling—it would certainly make me more resigned to death," resumed Uncle Jerry, seriously.

"Faith, I think I should be more resigned to death, too?" I exclaimed.

"I fear you are thinking of the fits," quoth my relative, gravely. "I don't insist upon an immediate answer. O no, Archie! I'll give you time to think of it."

I thought to myself, "I shall want an eternity to think of it."

"I will certainly turn the subject over in my mind," I said, perceiving he expected me to say something.

"Very good. Now go and see who is getting so much music out of our old piano."

I was very willing to escape from Dr. Bright and Susan Sharp, and so went to the parlor.

"Is that you, Judith Bell?" said I, finding her seated at the instrument, and the only occupant of the room.

"Is it Judith Bell? What do you mean? Archibald Neal?" she replied, looking up, very innocently.

"I didn't know that you played."

"Yes, a little."

"It strikes me that you play quite decently," I added, wishing to sting her pride.

"I thank you, I'm sure. It's such a comfort to know that I really play quite decently."

I glanced covertly at Judith Bell from under my lowering eyebrows. Her face was aglow, and she was evidently wounded.

"Won't you play me 'Sweet Home, Auld Lang Syne,' or something of that sort? I detest opera music," I continued.

Without making any rejoinder, or elevating her gaze from the piano, she touched the keys and played "Sweet Home," with variations, in a style that astonished me. My heart relented somewhat, and I felt less rebellious toward the new government. "Play it again, with an accompaniment, and I'll sing it," I said, clearing my throat. I have a good voice, and felt a little vanity in showing it. I didn't think to ask Judith to sing with me—I had never heard her make an attempt even to hum "Dan Tucker," which was then in everybody's mouth. I thought she would praise me when I had finished, but no; she remained silent, giving no particular indications of being pleasurably affected by my performance. I concluded that she had no just appreciation of vocal talent, and that her playing was rather mechanical, considerably wanting in true expression, without which mere execution is without melody.

My uncle had a venerable violin with which he used to amuse himself occasionally. As soon as he learned that the empress could play, he lugged it from its dirty box, re-strung it, rubbed it with rosin, and tortured it up to concert pitch. Then the two made music of ancient sort—for the old gentleman insisted upon playing all the old tunes that were popular in his younger days. His niece submitted gracefully, and drummed away by the hour with the books of the previous century before her. I had to sit and smoke alone on account of Uncle Jerry's musical *firot*—and made another black mark against Judith for the same. I grew uneasy about the way things were tending; she was evidently growing fast in his esteem. There was danger of her usurping my place in his affections. However, I magnanimously reflected that she was a poor orphan girl, and if she could get a little comfort from the friendship of my relative, she ought to be welcome to it.

One afternoon some young ladies called to see Judith. Gallantry and politeness moved me to make an effort to entertain them; so I remained in the parlor. One of the ladies was a good vocalist, and when we had chatted awhile, I requested her to favor us with singing. She complied, and I praised her performance warmly.

"Come, Judith Bell," said I, with a deceitful smile, "I think you should contribute to our amusement too."

"What shall I do, Archibald Neal?" she asked.

"Sing, without doubt," I responded.

She seated herself at the piano. "Now, we shall have some brilliant execution," thought I. "The empress is going to do some opera."

Well, I was doomed to discover myself in an error of the first magnitude—she went right to singing. Notwithstanding all the girl's failings, she sang—like an angel, I was about to say, but she was no angel at that time—like an accomplished vocalist. My favorite, who had just displayed her abilities, was left immeasurably in the distance; the empress was in the ascendant—her voice was exquisite, her articulation distinct, her style faultless, her expression just. She was an artist, I but a pretender; and I recalled my awkward attempt to exhibit my own powers in that department, with feelings of vexation.

"I was not aware you could sing," I remarked, after the ladies had gone.

"I haven't felt much like singing since my father's death," she replied.

"You are an inexplicable girl, Judith Bell."

"How can I help it, Archibald Neal?"

"That's beyond my knowledge. By the way, Dr. Bright is here often."

"Yes, I know it."

"I suppose it will gratify my uncle if you encourage his visits."

Judith was confused, and glanced at me furtively.

"I know that the subject has been broached," I added.

"I might affect not to know your meaning, but I prefer to be ingenuous. I do not like Dr. Bright," she returned.

"His father is a man of property."

"I'm not speaking of his father."

"He is not a very bad looking person."

"But I'm not pleased with his character."

"He's a drinking man, it is true, but then you have moral power enough to reform him—and as for his hair lip, you can rise above that, I am sure—it was nearly cured by an operation."

"And there is Susan Sharp," said she, with a smile.

"Susan Sharp may go to—"

"Hush, Archibald! Perhaps her fits can be cured."

"Wont you attend to your own affairs, Judith Bell?"

"And wont you attend to yours, Archibald Neal?"

"I am obeying my Uncle Jerry's instructions."

"So am I."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he says he's anxious to see you united to Susan Sharp, before he leaves the world."

"Well, I'll settle it at once—I say no in capitals. So you may save yourself any farther trouble."

Judith looked pensive, and said not a word.

"It is very fine, outside, Judith—the air is balmy, the fields green, and the sunshine pleasant; put on your bennet, and let us walk."

"Walk?"

"Yes."

"With you?"

"Why not—unless you feel—too—"

"Too what?"

"No matter."

"If you intended to accuse me of pride, you were impelled to speak without due reflection. What am I but a dependent on my uncle's bounty?"

"It seems to me he's dependent on you, lately," I rejoined, not very graciously.

"For what?"

"Happiness!"

"I didn't know that I could make anybody happy here," she answered, with tears in her eyes—those soft and saucy eyes.

I had never walked with Judith before, but I had concluded that as she was an orphan, it was my duty to give her more attention than I had previously done. I said not much, my mood was thoughtful, and we were absent an hour. When we got home, in compensation for my labor of charity, Judith declared that her glove smelled of cigar smoke, where she had just touched my arm with the tips of her fingers! Such was my reward!

I grew to be forgiving toward Judith Bell. Many of her faults and liberties passed unnoticed. Even her semi-weekly descents upon the library to dust, many of her general notions respecting neatness, and her prejudices against tobacco. I felt that I was a man and ought to be generous toward one of the weaker sex. So I tolerated my cousin. I sang with her, too; and what was considered remarkable, at that time, drove her to town three times.

Uncle Jerry astonished me very much one morning by telling me that she had consented to marry Dr. Bright.

"He drinks," said I.

"He can afford to, Archie."

"A hair lip, too, uncle."

"That's a freak of Nature, lad; no sensible person will think the less of him for it."

"I don't think you ought to influence her. She is young, and should have time for reflection," rejoined I.

"I am old enough—I can reflect for her; so none of your impertinence!"

Uncle Jerry came at me with his cane, and I retreated to the parlor, where Judith was trying her pretty eyes over worthless embroidery.

"So you have consented to become Bright," said I, pettishly.

"How Sharp you are," she retorted.

"I don't see what you can be thinking of, Judith Bell!"

"Why, Archibald Neal?"

"To marry Dr. Bright."

"He's as good as Susan Sharp, I imagine."

"That's nothing to the point," I added. "Do you like him, is the question to be decided."

Tears started to her eyes, and she covered her face with her embroidery.

"If you don't care to have him, say so, and you sha'n't!" I resumed, with emphasis.

"But my uncle—"

"Hang my uncle!" I exclaimed.

"If my father was living, I wouldn't consent, on any account, whatever. But you and Uncle Jerry urge me to it, and I am perfectly miserable!" she replied, weeping.

I paced the length of the parlor three times, hurriedly—then I paused, and looked at the handsome figure of my cousin.

"Judith Bell," I said, touching her gently on the shoulder.

"Well, Archibald?"

"Will you marry me?"

"What, Archibald Neal?" she exclaimed.

"I simply asked if you would marry me?"

"You dislike me—you wound me whenever you can. You are unkind!"

"I have discovered that I love you, and that I shall be miserable if you go away."

So saying I found myself at Judith Bell's feet, with both her white hands in mine.

"And Susan Sharp," said she, repelling me, gently.

"May go farther," I rejoined.

"And my uncle's wishes?"

"My uncle is an old cur—"

Something descended upon my shoulders—it was a cane.

"Curmudgeon, is he, you dog, you hypocrite! And what has Judith Bell said to you?"

"She has said nothing, but I think she means yes. She weeps and blushes."

"Say, my pet; will you have the graceless boy?" added Uncle Jerry, patting her on the head.

"If it is your will and his," stammered Judith.

"It is the crowning wish of my life. I have

long hoped and prayed that it might be so. But Archie is a wayward fellow, not half good enough for you."

"The last remark is but too true. I have played the cynic and the cross bachelor, and do not deserve such a treasure; yet if Judith will forgive me, I shall be the happiest fellow living," I rejoined.

"She ought to keep you on your knees two days," cried Uncle Jerry, and kissing his niece, left us together.

She forgave me, and we have been happy ever since. I have come to like her neat habits, renounced smoking, and given away my cigar-case. The wedding day is close at hand. We are all busy getting ready for that interesting event. Dr. Bright and Susan Sharp no longer trouble me. Uncle Jerry walks about his premises in the best of spirits; indeed, he appears to have renewed his youth. I am sure Judith Bell will look sweetly in her bridal dress."

"I know she will," said I.

With that Archibald Neal took his leave, well satisfied, apparently, with his listeners, while I ran to my writing-desk to listen on paper what I could remember of the narration.

Judith Bell came to me in my dreams. I saw her eyes, soft and saucy, and her cherry-bred cheeks glow with a new-found joy. She became a sort of incarnate perfection in my mind's phantom-world. I pictured her quiet, yet arch, pert, but modest, self-reliant, and dignified, calm, and beautiful.

I was at Judith Bell's bridal, and placed the moss-roses in her hair. Archibald Neal was such a happy fellow! And Uncle Jerry marched around with his cane like a field-marshal.

CHARACTER OF THE CRIMEA.

A German writer gives this description of the Crimea. "The Crimea is one of the finest and most picturesque countries of the world. Its soil, particularly in the southern parts of the peninsula, where vegetation is truly tropical, is of an extraordinary fertility. The valleys, watered by numberless brooks and small rivers, are excellently cultivated, abounding in productive corn fields and vineyards. Of the latter these near Sudak and Koos give the best grapes. Apricots, peaches, cherries, plums, almonds, pomegranates, figs, pears, apples and melons are grown in gardens, whilst the open land yields considerable quantities of cereals, millet, tobacco, honey, wax and silk. The breeding of horned cattle, horses and sheep is of some importance; the latter yield the favorite small, grey, curly skins, known as Crimean lambskins. In the northern parts of the peninsula, on the other hand, both wood and water are scarce, and the soil is generally poor, brackish, and unfit for cultivation."

LEAVE ME NOT LONELY.

BY A. K. PERCIVAL.

Leave me not lonely, to sorrow and tears—
Wild dreams and fancies, terrors and fears;
Earth has no charms for me, unless thou'rt near;
Come then, my dearest one, bide with me here.
Thine own will I be, through life's shadow and light,
Loving thee ever, through evil or right;
Fondly and truly I'll trust but in thee,
And ask in return, nought, save love for me.

Leave me not lonely, the world to contend,
For "the reed breaketh quickly that never will bend;"
And thus with my heart, though it bend not at all,
It would break, should its cherished idol fall.
Ask not why I love thee, for words cannot tell
The thoughts that within my bosom dwell;
But repeding upon my spirit's throne,
Is but one image—it is thine own.

MORGAN'S LAST PACING MATCH.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

SOME five and twenty years since, before the present city of Lowell and vicinity was so densely populated as it now is, there was a small tavern-house in the town of Tyngsborough (a few miles distant from Lowell), which was kept by a man named Edwards,—Josh Edwards, I think he was called. I may be mistaken as regards the name exactly, but it matters little. This was something near it, at all events.

As that time, the tavern spoken of was much frequented by cattle-dealers and horse-men, who came down from the north—New Hampshire and Vermont—with their animals of various kinds, on their way to a market, at Boston or Brighton; and occasionally a "good 'un to go" chanced to find its way to the stable of this country inn, en route to the city, for a purchaser. Hard by the tavern, there then stood a small blacksmith's shop, and it so happened, one fine, cool afternoon, that but few idlers, or others, were hanging about the hotel,—a rather uncommon occurrence there,—when a stranger came waddling up, upon the back of a crazy-looking beast, and halting before the door, jumped off and entered the tavern.

He left his miserable-looking animal at the door, in his tracks as he stood, with the loosely-fitting old bridle slung over his ears, while he went into the house to inquire for a farrier.

"Old Pete," he said, "had lost a hind shoe off, five miles back," and he wanted a new one.

"Where is your horse?" asked the landlender.

"Out doors. You didn't s'pose I was a-going to bring him in here, did you?" said the rough stranger. "What's the blacksmith?"

"Close by, yonder," replied old Edwards, pointing to the sign of a black stud, rampant, upon a dilapidated white board, over the farrier's door. "Jennings 'll fit you a shoe as neat as a pin. He knows how to do it."

The thing which the new comer called a horse, was the worst looking critter—so Josh Edwards declared—that he'd ever set eyes on. His color was about half way between that of a Maltese cat and a dirty yellow fox,—a sort of horrible mixture of dun and sour bear hue. He had been the rightful owner of a tail, too, undoubtedly, at some remotely previous period, but just now this scandal appendage (so useful in fly time) was reduced to the stump only. His mane was closely but raggedly cut, his hip-bones stuck out finely above his flank, his knees were shaky, his coat was frowy and ungroomed, and a sorry figure he cut, truly, as his owner dragged him away from the tavern-door, towards the smith's shop, to have his hind shoe retaced. Two or three loafers stood by, as the beast moved slowly away, and an uncontrollable titter was heard as he wiggled off towards the farrier's quarters.

"Wet you laffin' at?" queried the man who called himself the proprietor of this rare beast. "Haint you no better manners 'n that, down yere?"

The stranger called himself Morgan. His name was *Morgan*, but he had a way of his own in pronunciation, and he didn't want anybody to tell him anything. He "knowed so much now," he said, "that he couldn't keep from cheatin' people, very handy," and "if he didn't know what a horse was, he'd come down to Tin'shore and learn, some fine Sunday, when he wasn't busy otherways!" And muttering these as he went, he soon found the blacksmith.

"Put it on strong, and not too thick, Mister woe-you-call-'em," said Morgan. "I'm goin' over to the cattle-fair at D—, day after to-morrow, and I'll want to see old 'Pete' there. He's rather thin in flesh, to be sure, and his p'inters are naither patchment," continued the owner of the nag, as he eyed his high withers and protruding hips. "But I've seen was horses 'n him, a good deal."

"Have you?" exclaimed Jennings, doubtfully.

"O, yes. Bless your ignorance, man, I've seen hull droves on 'em that 'd beat old Pete to death, and give him odds, as to looks and condition."

"Do you intend to enter your animal there for a premium, sir?" inquired Jennings, without smiling.

"Not edcaskly for a premium,—but I cal'late; may-be, that I'll take down the crowd afore I

leave 'em," said Morgan. "Come, you, fix the shoe, for I must be off. Match to these as near as you can, now. Don't put it on too heavy."

Jennings thought he knew a horse, but he was certain he knew what a horse-shoe was. His was greatly surprised, therefore, upon taking up the animal's fore-foot, to meet with a splendidly turned shoe there, a better one than he had ever made in his life! The hind one that was left was the same. He examined all three with care, and said:

"Who made these, major?"

"I aint no major, Mr. What's-your-name. I'm a plain farmer and farrier. I put them on there, myself."

"Well, it will take me some time to make them shoes, certain."

"So I thought, wess'-name."

"Jennings, sir,—Jennings."

"Well, Jinkins, go ahead, I'll wait. I want a shoe like them are, any how;" and the eccentric old fellow took out his pipe, sat down upon a box in the corner, and left Jennings at his work.

Morgan said nothing while the farrier was manufacturing the new shoe, though he watched the operation cautiously. When he had fitted it finally, and was about to secure it upon the ancient pelter's foot, the owner rose from his seat, took the shoe up, glanced across it, weighed it in his hand, and said, "That'll do, Mr. Jinkins. You never made a better one,—just right."

The shoe was nailed on, the foot was trimmed neatly down, Morgan handed Jennings three silver quarter dollars (double price), and jumping into his saddle, his hog-maned pacer waddled away from the door, without another word from his rider.

That night a score of country-tavern worthies were collected in the bar-room of the old inn, and the subject of the conversation turned upon that horse.

"Since God made me," said Josh. Edwards, "I never saw such a crew-bait as *that*, Jennings."

"He was a sorry-looking beast, truly," responded the farrier who had shod him. "But I never saw such a set of shoes as he wore!"

"Bad enough, I've no doubt," said Edwards.

"He came wriggling up here, with but three of 'em left, and his owner said he'd lost t' other, six miles back."

"Bad! I tell you I never made such shoes, and I've been a smith these five-and-twenty years. They were the neatest and the finest I ever saw!"

"What!"

"True as the book,—and he paid me seventy-five cents for one to match 'em, too."

"What the deuce-does that signify?"

"I can't tell you. The fellow said he was going over to the fair at D—, the next day after to-morrow; and there's to be a match against time there,—eighteen miles in an hour, for a five hundred dollar purse,—open to any body and every body."

"Well, what's that to do with him, pray?"

"I say I don't know. But I mean to be there."

"So will I," said Josh. Edwards; "and I, and I," responded half a dozen others.

There was fun ahead, evidently.

A curious and motley crowd of visitors were duly assembled at D—, on the second day after this, and when the hour approached for the trial of the bottom and mettle of the horses that were present at the Fair, a roped circle had been roughly staked out, within which was a mile ring, over which the animals were to contend for the purse,—the achievement to win which was merely restricted to accomplishing eighteen miles within one hour, without regard to weights, ages, or carriages; which involved the successful circuit of the rough track—in harness—eighteen times round, in sixty minutes.

Blood horses and "fancy" crabs were not then so common an article as they now are. Yet there appeared on the ground a dozen very showy and spirited animals, geared to light wagons, sulkies and gigs. As they were pacing and dancing up and down the track, the rope was broken down a few yards below the judge's stand, and Mr. Morgan, with his beautiful-looking "sorrel" nag (as he called him), the veritable hog-maned *Pete*, harnessed to a light Canadian French "cart," as the vehicle was denominated, burst in upon the circle, amid the *ha, ha's* of a thousand spectators.

He was politely informed by the judges that he was in the way there, and was requested to retire outside, where he could see the approaching race to better advantage.

"See it?" said Morgan; "but I want to be seen. I prefer being in sight, somewhere, yere; and I don't mind if I line in the race, myself."

"With what horse?"

"This 'un. Old *Pete*, here!"

"Very well, then, sir," replied the judge, with a suppressed grin, "you can pay your fee yonder, and enter in form." And Morgan instantly followed his directions, while the crowd kept up an incessant hooting and yelling at the ludicrous team and driver which so excited their merriment.

On a sudden the farrier, Jennings, hailed him. He had just arrived,—saw the team,—remem-

bered the fancy shoes,—and said to Morgan: "Tell me, old fellow, what have you got for a horse, here? Between you and I, I'm suspicious that you'll do a good day's work, here. Shall I bet on you?"

"You're a good fellow, Jenkins," said Morgan, in a low tone, "an' know what a horse-shoe is."

"Yes,—but your nag, here. Is he a good 'un? They're coming up for the start—see!"

"Bate your pile on old Pete, Jenkins,—he'll slay 'em, or I'll pay your loss," said Morgan; and away dashed the fancy animals to the stand, at the sound of the bugle, while Morgan clattered to his old pelter, who jogged along up to the post, behind the rest, in a sort of zig-zag line, that greatly amused the crowd.

Morgan had wagered five hundred dollars, quietly, that his horse would win, and the purse to be gained by the successful animal—he thus should make the eighteen miles nearest within the hour—was five hundred more. And at last the word was given, and the animals went off.

Morgan was armed with half a split barrel-stave, instead of a whip, and a terrific shout went up from the lungs of the multitude, as he started his animal, merely walking away from the judges' stand at first, but finally getting well under way, as the nine other teams, pretty close together, were dashing bravely around the quarter-mile post.

When they passed the stand, after the first mile, they were considerably scattered, some of the horses being badly driven, and the string was then being led by three of the best of them; but old Pete was far in the rear, coming on at a wriggling, hitching pace, but evidently getting well warmed up with his exercise.

"Ha, ha!" roared the throng, as he went by. "Hurry up the cakes, old boy! Give him the butt end o' the larrip! You'll win—if you don't lose!"

Away went the teams, however, and Morgan took no notice of any body or anything but his horse. At the end of the fourth mile round, when the bell struck, as the two leading sulkies passed the judges' stand, they were surprised to observe that Morgan had exchanged places with the previous third wagon, and now two of the finest horses on the ground only led the race, with old Pete close behind!

When the bell struck for the seventh mile, but five of the competitors were on the track, the rest having withdrawn themselves, after doing their best, and finding that their chances were hopeless.

Pete crawled along, and at the signal of the

ninth mile, the crowd had ceased their jeers, for Morgan passed the post, ahead of all competitors, and but twenty-four minutes had yet elapsed since he walked away from the judges' stand! His horse was a bungling, shuffling pacer, but he was driven beautifully by old Morgan.

Upon the tenth turn round the course, Pete began to show where his good qualities lay. His wind was still excellent, his gait more even than before, and he led the only two rivals he had left, at least a third of a mile, and the wide gap between him and them was rapidly being increased. At the termination of his thirteenth round, the three teams passed the post pretty nearly together, the other two being now slightly ahead of him again; but they had performed only twelve miles to his thirteen,—Pete having already gained a mile on them! He soon passed them once more, and they faltered. Upon the fourteenth and fifteenth round, but one rival was left, and when he had reached his sixteenth mile he caved in, and was led, completely worried out, off the course.

A wild hurrah went up again, as old Pete came round upon his seventeenth turn. Hundreds of dollars had changed hands, and the long-winded beast still kept on his feet, though the barrel-stave was now brought into action most vigorously. The last half mile was turned—three-quarters—seven-eighths—and at every faltering step, whack went the barrel-stave in old Morgan's sturdy gripe, as the poor beast shuffled on, fast falling under the monstrous exertion he had been subjected to.

The goal was reached, the eighteen miles had been accomplished, handsomely, in fifty-two minutes,—Pete was "alone in his glory." He passed the stand,—a thousand voices cheered him as he went,—old Morgan tossed the barrel-stave into the air,—the crowd dashed down the ropes and rushed in after him, with furious excitement and yells of delight! The poor old bruiser could do no more,—the heart-strings had been strained to the very last tension,—he faltered a few yards beyond the winning-post, tumbled, halted, gasped, and fell dead, in harness, upon the track!

Morgan had won! Old Pete was dead, but he had sold him for a round thousand dollars, a very good price, but earned in a questionable way, nevertheless. He took the five hundred dollar purse, made sure of the side bets he had made, amounting to as much more, paid two others ten dollars to bury his old pelter, and left the crowd to speculate upon the former character of his horse, who was really so much "like a skinned cat—better than he looked to be."

LIFE.

BY J. JOWETT.

Life a vapor fleeting is,
Short and dimmed with earthly tears;
Joys, whose transient hours are those
Downwards by its earthly fears.

Thus its morning hours are spent
Hager for the coming noon;
And the evening shadows find us,
Sighing that they came so soon.

Life's an ocean, calm and bright,
On whose breast our boat we steer;
All before us shining glory,
All behind us, dark and drear.

Till our bark is well nigh over,
Then behold us backward gaze;
As the fleet and fickle combats
Glide the past with glittering rays.

Here our life's indeed a shadow,
Fleeting as the early dew;
And its symbols are the flowers
Which around our pathway strew.

But beyond this life there's teeming
Yet another, whose bright flowers
Waft their never dying perfumes
Through the everlasting hours.

SETH'S GHOST.

A SEA YARN.

BY FREDERIC WARD.

In January, 1847, the good ship *Madora* left the port of Boston, bound for Hong Kong and Canton. Her crew, beside the officers, consisted of ten as good seamen as ever hoisted out a weather earing, together with four green hands, who were expected to do the work of men, thereby making a saving to the owners of the difference in their wages.

Now, every man who has made it his business to "go down to the sea in ships," either as an officer or before the mast, knows some persons are so constituted, that, however enterprising or capable of exertion they may be on shore, they no sooner get out sight of land—by which time all the romance connected with "the sea, the sea, the open sea" is completely dispelled, and its place occupied by hard work and salt horse—than they become about as active and useful as the bows of a ship, known as figure-heads.

Of this class of persons were our "boys," on matter that their weight and inches, subjected to this cognomen so long as they remained uninitiated. All of them were bad enough, but one,

who languished in the name of Sesh, was a miracle of laziness; his stupidity approached the sublime. This, of course, made him the object upon which all the practical jokes of the sailors were played.

After getting out of cold weather and fairly into the trades, with the ship in perfect order, the crew were put upon "watch and watch," which gave us half the time to ourselves, and we employed it in the laudable pursuit of fun.

One of our best sailors answered to the name of Joe. According to his own account, he had been called so variously in the many ships in which he had sailed, that his original name was wholly forgotten. He stood about six feet five inches in height, and broad in proportion, or rather, out of proportion; for a more lavish display of feet and toes seldom falls to the lot of any animal of smaller dimensions than an elephant. They were set to excite admiration and respect; their wonderful breadth and flatness causing, when wet, symmetrical and nearly circular tracks upon the beautifully white and dry deck, giving it the same appearance it would have presented; had a succession of wet swabs been thrown upon it, at a distance of three or four feet apart. No one who had seen these tracks, after Joe's periodical march to take his trick at the wheel, would have doubted that the feet which made them had borne off a more than ordinary Jack Tar. The same species of vanity which induces persons to make a display of a fine set of teeth, kept Joe barefoot, except in the coldest weather.

Large men are usually good natured, and he was no exception to the rule, but he was so exceedingly fond of fun, and would carry his practical jokes so far, that occasionally they would lead to disagreeable results. These he would do his utmost to repair.

Our boys were of course fair game, and among sailors it is considered a duty, when in good weather, to put them, particularly lazy ones, thro' such a "course of sprouts" as will have a tendency to make them forget their on-shore daintiness, and become rough and tough sailors. All the boys, except Sesh, under our tuition, which consisted of kicks, cuffs, curses not deep but loud, and the last, the most effectual, ridicule; which, if the boy has any spirit, is pretty sure to bring it out; with a convincing argument in the shape of a rope's end, applied by the mate, had so far benefited by our disinterested kindness, that they were progressing quite respectably; so far as to make no longer account like tempting Providence.

The problem, however, except such as would be

applied to a bale of goods, could get Seth above the tops; the fastenings shrouds were to him an impassable barrier. We, at last, gave up in despair of making him a sailer, and employed him in all manner of odd jobs for the men, such as washing our clothes, keeping our banks in order and the like; in short, a sort of *valetude fo'castle* to all hands. From this circumstance he had by general consent acquired the title of the stewardess. The only ship duty he was called upon to perform, was in common with the other boys, to keep a lookout of two hours each on the to'gallant fo'castle in the night, to see that the ship did not fall overboard forwards; while the "second dickiey" performed the same important duty on the quarter-deck; the men having to take their tricks at the wheel kept no lookout; and as we were in the trades, with no probability of bad weather, all hands, including the boys set on the lookout, indulged themselves with a nap.

With Seth it was almost an impossibility to keep awake, and Joe, pretending to be asleep, would keep quiet until Seth had commenced his melodious snore, when he was up for some trick upon the poor stewardess. Many's the unexceptionable pair of moustache and whiskers he had furnished him, with the best of marine paint, that would stay by him for a week, in spite of soap and water; and large quantities of tar had been diverted from its legitimate use, to be gently placed between the apex of his skull and the lining of his cap. But these tricks, together with putting a screw through the toe of his boots and into the deck, had become old, and he changed his plan of attack for one more likely to keep him awake, as well as to wake him suddenly. This was, to get over into the head, draw a bucket of water, and dash it quickly into the face of the sleeping sentinel; while he was blinded with the salt water to slip into the lee side; he could then answer any complaint by saying, "we had shipped a sea," notwithstanding it might be a stout calm at the time.

At last, one night, he was detected in the act of flavoring Joe's tea with a scampade, which were quite numerous on board. For this, Joe determined upon more than ordinary vengeance; he took several days to invent something which would not injure Seth, but at the same time give him a salutary fright. During this period he was more than usually kind to him, and abstained from any tricks that would annoy him. I suspected there was something in the wind, but could get nothing from him as to what he intended to do.

Things went on quite smoothly for some time,

we had cruised the trades well to the southward, and were anticipating a change of wind, as we were within a couple of hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope. It was a bright star-light night, about three bells in the mid watch, when I lay upon the top of the galley, looking at the stars and trying to make out the constellations. All sail was on the ship, the wind, what there was of it, was dead aft, but so light that even our skysails did not keep full, but were whipping the masts as the ship rose and fell on the almost imperceptible ground swell. Studding sails were set on both sides from the deck to the royal mast head, and extending many feet from either side, presenting the appearance, at a little distance, of a huge pyramid of white marble; only the observer would be led to suppose either the pyramid or himself must be a little giddy, to account for its unsteady posture.

We were going through the water at the rate of one and a half knots, barely steerage way, and some of us had been improving the opportunity by having a swim, much to the horror of Seth, who expected to see us all devoured by sharks.

I was lying, as I have said before, looking at the Southern Cross, and thinking about a flannel shirt which needed the buttons put on, and had arrived at that stage of drowsiness in which it had become settled fact, that the constellation red flannel shirt was a magnificent object, and the Southern Cross must have a button put upon the throat, and another on the wristband, the first opportunity, when I was brought up with a round tamen, by some one tugging away at my hair as if it had been the fore brace.

"Come, heave out o' that," whispered Joe; "we'll have a bit of a jark burn by."

I lazily brought myself to a sitting posture, opening my mouth wide enough to swallow him, the peculiar howl which usually accompanies a yawn being given with remarkable emphasis.

"Clap a stopper on yer jaw tankle, will yer—you'll have all hands awake, and spite all the fun."

I had half a mind to let Joe go without my assistance, and finish out my nap, but taking a look at the weather, I noticed some rather suspicious looking clouds, just rising above the horizon on the larboard. Judging that in less than an hour we should be hard enough at work shortening sail and heaving yards, I concluded to see what was up.

"Has Seth swum?" he inquired.

"Like a porpoise—in fresh water," (we had been schooled some years before.) "But you went got him to try it on here at any price;

you might as well get a cat voluntarily to take a salt water bath."

"I'll bet you a braa new T. L. pipe that I'll coax him to take a swim afore morning. Now I'll tell you what you'll do: he'll go overboard from the starboard bow; just you go aft to the mizzen chains, and stand by with the end of the mizzen topsail halyards, until such time as you see Seth, then pass him the rope's end and fish him up—d'ye mind?"

"Ay, ay, I will do it; but I reckon you have lost your pipe—you'll get him no nearer the water than he is now."

"No fear of the pipe; jist you 'tend to your part of the play," said Joe, going forward, while I went to my station in the mizzen channels.

It seems that the boy on the lookout had fallen asleep. Between this person and Seth there had been a deadly feud ever since leaving Boston, and it had struck Joe that he might take advantage of this to be revenged upon Seth, at the same time it would punish the lookout.

Going to Seth, as he lay asleep upon a spare topmast by the side of the galley, and shaking the drowsiness out of him, asked: "if he didn't want a chance to come it on Zeke?" at which Seth was highly delighted, thinking, no doubt, that with such an ally as Joe he was perfectly safe.

"I'll tell yer what," said Joe. "Yer see Zeke's asleep by the monkey rail, jist for'ard of the fore rigging; now you see that rope running in from the end of the starboard boom to the rail, that will make a stunna' foot rope; jist you take a bucket and go abaft the sail, and let Zeke have the fall of it. If yer do it up right and hit him square in the face, you'll knock him inboard off the rail. Afore he picks himself up you kin elow yourself for'ard o' the rail out o' sight. I'll tell him the chap as did it run aft on the larboard side; then you kin slip in when yer like—d'ye mind?"

He had eagerly swallowed the whole of this precious piece of advice, otherwise, under ordinary circumstances, it would have been impossible to persuade him to venture his precious carcass upon anything less firm than the deck; but his desire to "come it" on Zeke overcame his fears for the time.

Taking the bucket, he cautiously slipped past Zeke and made his way out upon the boom, some four or five feet. The foot-rope was formed by the end of a guy that secured the boom forward, and leading in was belayed to a pin in the rail, to all appearances firmly.

It turned out, however, that it had only been stopped with a rope yarn, sufficiently strong to

bear the weight as he was going out, his hold upon the boom relieving it from half the strain; but when quitting his hold to throw the bucket of water, the sudden jerk which this movement would bring upon the stop must inevitably part it. As Joe had intended, precisely this occurred; overboard went Seth, bucket, foot-rope and all. Joe came running aft to me, half choked with laughter.

"Stand by, Jack," said he, "and fish him up, I want to have a look at him."

But he did not get a sight of him in the way he expected. On rising to the surface, half blinded with the water, he struck out from the ship, instead of towards it, she passing him at such a distance that the rope's end fell short.

"Man overboard!" roared out Joe, tossing over the side a couple of hen coops, containing half a dozen unfortunate biddies.

The watch were on their pins in no time.

"Clear away the starboard quarter boat," sang out the mate. It was not necessary he should have been so particular in mentioning which boat, considering we had but one; that was filled with wood and small stores, and would require at least ten minutes to unload.

To make things worse, the clouds which I had noticed awhile since, had been gradually creeping up on our harbored beam, unnoticed by the mate, who was considerably more than half asleep. Just at this moment we began to get the wind from them in pretty strong puffs, shivering and shivering the sails, bending the studding sail booms in the most alarming manner.

"Call all hands to shorten sail!" bellowed the captain. "Four men clear away the boat; the rest of you get in those star' sails, and be spy about it, my lads, or we'll have the top mast over the sides."

"Here you, Joe," he continued; "jump forward and lead a hand with those sails."

But Joe, after throwing everything overboard that would float, had been divesting himself of his clothes, and calling out to us to be spy with the boat, sprang over the taffrail and struck out in the direction he supposed Seth had drifted.

All was now bustle and confusion on board; to get the ship before the wind and the light sails in, with the four men in the boat, which was now cleared away, and two overboard, making as six hands short, it was no easy matter to get the sail off of her. This, however, was at last accomplished, and tacking ship we stood back in the direction of the boat. The wind, which at first came in puffs, had subsided into a steadily increasing breeze, which, under short sail, carried us through the water at about six knots.

On arriving, as nearly as we could judge, at the spot on which the occurrence had taken place, we hove the ship to, sent up a signal lantern to the fore top-mast head, and fired a gun to attract the attention of the boat's crew; but all without effect. Considerable anxiety began to be felt, not only for the men overboard, but also for the boat's crew; as the breeze, now almost a gale, and still increasing, setting against the current which runs with considerable velocity at times in the vicinity of the Cape, had kicked up a very disagreeable chop sea, which was anything but safe for such a boat as ours.

At last, just at day break, the lookout at the mast head sung out that the boat was in sight.

"Where away?" shouted the mate.

"About three points on the lee bow."

"Keep her away three points."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

We were all extremely anxious, as may be supposed, to know whether either or both of the men had been picked up. I was on the fore topgallant yard in a little quicker time than I ever made before or since, straining my eyes to make out how many were in the boat. We were rapidly nearing each other, and I soon had the satisfaction of discovering that there were five at least; trying, meanwhile, to console myself with the idea that the other one must be lying in the bottom, for I had begun to feel rather blue as to the share I had taken in the matter. But as they came nearer I found such was not the case: Seth was not there. With a heavy heart I started for the deck, and taking the top gallant backstay to slide down on, succeeded in reaching it with the loss of the "amplest part of my breeches," the end of my back having struck a battening on the topmast back stay in my somewhat rapid descent.

The boat was soon alongside. I shall never forget how Joe looked when he came aboard; he was entirely naked, with the exception of a reefing jacket which one of the boat's crew had lent him; the more important part of a gentleman's wardrobe they could hardly part with without making a rather unpresentable appearance themselves. But his face—I would not have believed that so great a change could have taken place in such short time; a more dejected, sorrowful countenance I never beheld.

He answered none of the questions put to him, but started forward and dove into the forecabin, whither I immediately followed. He was sitting on his chest, with his head between his hands. I spoke to him several times before he answered. At length, giving himself a shake, he looked up.

"That ar boy has cooked my goose for me; what a wooden-headed lubber I was to come sich a game on the poor feller; I'd give more than you or I'll ever be worth if he was jist settin' on this here chest, or I was where he is."

"Now Joe," said I, trying to comfort him, "I know very well that you did not intend to harm him, so there's no use in feeling too badly about it; but it should be a warning to you. As no one knows besides you and I how he came to get overboard, it is just as well that they should not, it might get you into trouble."

"I don't keer if it do git me into trouble, I deserves it."

"But, Joe, consider that you got me to lend a hand, and though I did not know what you intended to do, still it might get me into a scrape, and that would only make a bad matter worse."

"I didn't think o' that. Well, jist as you say, but it's all up with me; that boy will haunt me as long as I'm in this ship, or any other for that matter."

Advising him to get rigged out in rather more fashionable style, I went on deck. It appeared from what I learned from the boat's crew, for Joe did not like to talk about it, that after leaving the ship Joe had struck out for one of the hen coops, the most prominent object in sight, supposing that he saw Seth, but probably in exactly an opposite direction from which he had drifted; he having undoubtedly secured some floating object, as when we last saw him there were several planks and spars near him. Joe, finding himself mistaken in the first instance, tried all the others in sight with the same success, until completely exhausted he clung to one of the spars to rest. Upon hearing the distant hail from the boat, and thinking it was Seth, he answered, and of course misled the boat.

After taking him on board they had continued the search, but hearing the gun from the ship they proposed to return. Joe would not hear of such a thing for a moment, but the rapidly increasing gale warned them that any further search was not only useless with such a tub of a boat, but absolutely dangerous; they reluctantly put the boat about and headed for the ship, at that time hull down to leeward.

The wind, although there was rather too much of it, was fair, being on the starboard quarter; under close reefed main topsail and reefed fore sail, the old ship was bowling along at the rate of about eleven knots an hour; dashing the foam before and on each side of her bow; throwing the spray high into the air, it fell in showers on the deck, forming a miniature rainbow in the bright sunshine. We had a splendid run to

STANZAS.

BY T. W. WILKINS.

O, come, ye happy memories,
Come visit me again,
While fleeting thoughts of by-gone times
Float swiftly o'er my brain;
And pictures wrought with magic skill,
Colored with subtle art,
Pass like the shades of eventide
Across my silent heart.

Visions long, long departed, now
Come gladly back once more,
And happy dreams that once had charmed
The joyous days of yore—
When skies it seems were brighter far
Than they are shining now—
Ere care had spread one cloud above
The sunshine of my brow.

Sweet strains of music witchingly
Float to my raptured ears—
The melodies of former times,
The tunes of vanished years
Swell sweetly up from hidden harps
In memory's secret cell,
As if some kindly angels played.
The strains I love so well.

The forms that once so tenderly
Had clustered round me here,
Called up by recollection's power,
Before me now appear;
The smile that once was gleaming on
Their features bright and fair,
Reflected true, in memory's light
Still lingers playing there.

Although the skies be dark and drear
That o'er our prospects spread,
And clouds are lowering deep and dark
Our future years ahead;
Still may we turn where memory builds
Her glowing visions fair,
And living o'er our bygone joys,
Forget the present there.

THE AVENGER.

A LOYALIST TALE.

BY J. GRAYTON ALLEN.

Nor long after the first breaking out of the American revolution, a family party was assembled in the front parlor of a house in New York. There were only three persons in the room, and their anxious countenances and uneasy gestures told of the trouble of their souls. Two of these were ladies, and the third a young man; one of the former, by her matronly appearance and air of authority, being evidently the mother of the others.

"Father ought to have been home two hours since," said the young man.

"I fear, Edgar, lest something may have happened. Your father's tory principles will make his life perilous just now. He certainly should be home now. Ah! what noise is that, Clara?"

Clara, who sat by the window, looked out. Scarcely had she glanced down the street, than she started back, turning pale as death.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Edgar. "What do you see there?"

Mother and son sprang with the eagerness of terror to the window. Looking down the street with a hasty glance, the hearts of both throbbed quickly and heavily at the sight. A crowd of people were seen coming up towards the house, surrounding some men in their centre, who were bearing some heavy burden.

Pale as marble, each one stood at the window, with terrible forebodings at their hearts.

The crowd advanced nearer. It came directly toward the house. It stopped at the very door. The men bearing the burden came forth toward the door. That long form which was rolled in a cloak and lying on a bier,—could it be anything but a human body? The hearts of those three gazers told them who it was.

"Does Henry Bonnin, Esq., live here?" said a youth who had knocked, to a servant who opened the door.

"Yes, sir," answered the trembling servant.

No more words passed, but the bearers coming forward, entered the hall and placed the bier upon the floor.

There was a sound in the room of unutterable woe, a groan of agony, and the stately form of Mrs. Bonnin, like a tree shattered by a sudden lightning-stroke, fell senseless to the floor. Clara rushed to her mother's assistance, and bent over her lifeless form. Edgar came to the hall.

The crowd of people, whom vulgar curiosity had drawn here, when they saw the agonized expression which appeared upon the pallid face of Edgar, one by one retired and left him alone. As the last one went out, the young man who had knocked at the door entered, and coming slowly up to Edgar, touched his arm. Edgar started and turned.

"Ah, George Melvil, my old friend!" He grasped the hand of his friend, and was silent.

"I would not intrude upon you in your sorrow, Edgar, I respect its sanctity. But I was a witness of this horrible occurrence, and I came to tell you all I know."

"How was it?" cried Edgar, with eagerness.

"Do you see this?" said Melvil, turning down the cloak which covered the form. A gray head was disclosed,—the head of an old man, who lay upon his face. A frightful wound was on

the back of the head, and thick clots of blood reddened the silver hair.

"O, God!" cried Edgar, starting back.

"Do you know the story of Marshall?" asked Melvil, when Edgar had become calm.

"Know it? Well do I know it. How he induced my father to lend him thousands of pounds, and then refused to pay him. I know, too, how he sought to ruin my father's credit last year, and how his unaccountable enmity amounted to the hatred of a fiend. But could he—did he—"

"He was the murderer," cried Melvil, "and I saw him do the atrocious deed. I will tell you:

"I arrived here yesterday, and was landed on the other side. There I had to stay all night. This morning I crossed over, and landed at the wharf. As I was directing the boatmen to take care of my trunks, I happened to look up the road, and there I saw your father. I do not know what led him there at that time. He certainly did not expect me, for a smile of surprise and pleasure appeared upon his countenance as his eyes rested upon me. Alas, the next instant they were closed in death."

Edgar betrayed uncontrollable emotion.

"Just as a beaming smile of recognition appeared upon his countenance,—just as he began to quicken his pace, in order to reach the spot where I stood, I heard the report of a gun, and your father fell, without one struggle, dead upon the ground. Immediately after, a man on horseback, with a gun in his hand, galloped furiously away. I saw him throw away his gun. I saw his features,—they were those of the thrice abhorred Marshall."

"O, heavens!" groaned Edgar.

"He was far beyond the possibility of immediate capture, on the Boston road, before any one started. I flew up at once to your father, but he was beyond the reach of human aid. His heart was still,—his eyes were glazed,—his body was cold."

Edgar leaned over his father's body, and threw his arms passionately around the senseless corpse. Melvil respected his silence, and withdrew. There was no word spoken by Edgar; as he knelt by his father's side, save when he uttered a fearful vow of vengeance, and called Heaven to witness it.

Six years had passed since Mr. Bonnin's murder. The war was over, American independence had been secured. Thousands of tories, hating those whom they scornfully called "the rebels," had sought far away in the north a new home under the flag of Britain.

The town of Digby lies facing a beautiful

sheet of water, encircled by lofty hills, which protect this peaceful harbor from the winds and storms that rage in the bay without. Trees, bearing many kinds of fruits, and groves, and orchards, throw a charm around those green and fertile shores, while the blue sky and the smooth wave add new beauties to the scene. Here many of the tory gentry settled and endeavored to keep up under these new circumstances the old feelings and institutions of ante-revolutionary times.

There was a house upon the summit of a height which overhung Digby, all hidden among trees and shrubbery. A beautiful road, with grassy side-walks, ran along in front, and from this place there was an enchanting view of the broad basin that glowed below in the tender light of the moon.

Here two persons walked, a husband and wife, arm in arm. They paced up and down, slowly and carelessly, before the house, and occasionally glanced at the water, and at times upon the house.

"George," said the lady, "do you ever wish now to return to your home by the Hudson?"

"No, Clara, dearest," replied George Melvil. "I have found so much happiness with you in this beautiful spot that I have no wish to return. Have you?"

"O, no! I would live here, most willingly, forever. The memory of that awful day—of a murdered father—of a mother dying from a broken heart—O, it is awful! It haunts me still."

Both walked on in silence. As they walked, a figure approached them. His shape could hardly be distinguished as he drew near them, walking beneath the gloom of an avenue of shadowy trees. Enveloped in a cloak, he paced along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but approaching with stern and steadfast pace the home of Melvil. He walked on,—he drew nearer. The sound of his footsteps aroused them. They turned just as he came up to them.

"Is this the house of George Melvil?" asked the stranger.

His voice thrilled through the hearts of both. It reminded them of former times, and sounded like a voice from the past.

"Of Melvil? It is,—I am Melvil," said George.

"Then perhaps you recollect me," said the stranger.

He took off his hat, and let his cloak fall to the ground. Melvil started. Clara uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and threw herself

into the arms of her brother. For there,—with his form invested with iron sinews by years of toil, and with a face bronzed by exposure, with hair black as night, and eyes black, yet flashing like coals but half consumed,—there stood the long absent Edgar Bonnin.

"My brother!" cried Clara.

"Edgar!" cried George, recognizing his old friend. "This is indeed an unexpected meeting. Where did you come from? How did you get here? We had supposed that you were lost to us forever."

"I have not seen you since that fatal day," cried Clara. "O, Edgar, where did you go then?"

"I went to pursue Marshall."

"Marshall?"

"Yes, to take vengeance on the murderer of my father and my mother. O," cried Edgar, as a flood of cruel memories rolled through his mind, "O, what a blow! It cut down father and mother, and wasted the energies of a son in a fruitless search for vengeance."

"Fruitless? Tell me, then, have you been so unsuccessful?"

"No. I will tell you all. Come, George,—come Clara. Before we talk any more I will satisfy your curiosity about myself. I will tell you all that has happened since then."

"Come, then, Edgar," said George, "here is a seat where we all can sit, and we will listen while you tell your story."

They seated themselves upon a rustic bench on the side of the road. Huge elms overhung them, and lent their shadowy gloom to the scene. Beneath, the waters of the harbor sparkled and gleamed.

"When my father was brought into our hall on that awful day, murdered by one whom long before he had befriended; when I saw his gory face, and his silver hair all clotted with blood, then all earthly hopes died away within me, every human feeling at once departed, and left in my soul but one all-pervading and consuming thirst for vengeance."

Thus Edgar began his story.

"I stayed long in that hall," he went on to say. "I heard nothing and saw nothing, save the murdered corpse of my father. At last I went into the room, and there another sight met my eyes. I saw my mother dead,—killed by that shock,—while you, Clara, knelt over her, vainly trying to call back life again to her cold body."

"Then, after making a terrible vow to Heaven that I would devote my life to vengeance, I left my home forever. I knew that you, Clara,

would have a protector, and I felt the call of a father's ghost more imperative than love for a sister. I left a note for you and fled.

"I was young then. I was a boy of twenty, with a slender form, weak limbs, and a smooth and delicate face. No care or sorrow had ever been felt by me. Look at me now. I am rough and rude, with iron limbs, and scarred body. Long years of search for vengeance have done this. They have transformed the tender stripling into the man of iron.

"I took a horse and rode away to Boston. It was then possessed by the British army. Since all my friends were well known Tories, I was well received by the officers, and every kindness was shown me. I published my vow among them. I let them know that I was living only for revenge.

"Whenever I walked through the streets, I instinctively looked around, in order to see if by any chance Marshall might be among the passers-by. Whenever I went into a crowded assembly, my eye glanced everywhere in search of him. Once I saw him. It was in a church. He was seated in the gallery, drest in miserable clothes. He was joining in the services, anxiously, yet with an evident desire not to be noticed. Yet I marked him. It was Sunday. After church I followed him to his lodgings. I found out his resting place and left, intending to call on the following day.

"He must have known that I was on his track. I went on the next morning, early, very early, but he was gone. He had fled, and I knew not where. No one could tell me. Every one was ignorant even of his name.

"Then began my wild search in reality. Knowing that he would not go back to New York, I went farther north in search of him. I went into the woods and made myself a companion to the Indians. By means of many little acts of kindness, I gained an ascendancy over these wild sons of the forest. I told them my aim, and my vengeful intentions found admirers among the Indians. The fierce desires which filled my heart were like the savage instincts of their bosoms. They entered into my plans. They swore to help me. Several times I came upon the track of my victim. Once I stopped at a house where he but a few days previously had slept. I found a shred of a letter lying in the room, and knew it belonged to him by the direction, which still remained.

"At another time, I was going down the Hudson, and the vessel was passing a small settlement. Borne swiftly on by the wind and current, we floated quickly by. A man, stood upon

the shore, looking out upon the water. It was Marshall!

"I knew him in a moment. I shouted to the captain to 'bout ship.' I made him run his vessel in shore. Marshall saw the vessel coming, and heard the unusual noise. He knew me, and fled. I leaped from the vessel,—I sprang into the water, and swam to the shore. I searched among the woods around, and made inquiries everywhere; but he was gone.

"At another time, I was crossing the Delaware in a small boat, when a ship under full sail passed by. A face appeared for a moment, looking over the taffrail. Then instantly it drew back. I knew it. It was the hated face of my enemy. I shouted to the ship to stop,—I implored the boatmen to pursue her. Both shipmen and boatmen thought me mad.

"I hurried to Philadelphia, where I found the ship was bound for New Orleans. Immediately embarking, I sailed thence, after him. But that ship never arrived. She was wrecked upon the coast of South Carolina, and her passengers escaped. I returned north. I went to Charleston, but found that Marshall had gone to Baltimore with most of the other passengers. I pursued him.

"But I will not tell you all my wanderings now. For nearly six years I have thus pursued him. The fierce desire for vengeance which sprang up within me at my father's death, increased during all that time, and, like a flame, consumed every other.

"Once—'twas but a month ago—I was in New York, and I revisited the old house. Sadly I walked up and down the street, looking at it and wishing to enter in, but unable to do so. For it had passed into other hands, and the name of Bonnin was forgotten; and then, too, the awful tragedy once enacted there gave it a veil of horror in my eyes.

"Upon returning to the hotel, I found a letter waiting for me. Written in a tremulous hand upon the outside I saw my name, and I trembled with unutterable feelings. I tore it open,—I knew whom it came from. It contained only these words:

"Come to the Anchor House and take your revenge."

"Flinging the paper upon the table, I rushed from the room.

"The 'Anchor House' was a miserable sailor's inn, situated in the worst part of the town. To be living at so horrible a place showed how poor he was. Grasping my arms to defend myself from foul play, I hurried on. The landlord of the Anchor told me an old man, who was very

sick, expected some one. An old man,—I knew from the first it was he.

"I entered the room. When I stepped over that threshold my heart was almost bursting, and my blood was on fire.

"One glance changed my feelings. For I saw an old man,—a weak, feeble, suffering old man, with a few straggling locks upon his head, and a cadaverous face, whose glassy eyes already spoke of death. Was this my victim? Pah!

"But what need had I now of vengeance? Had not he been living long years of continual misery? Had he not suffered from remorse and from incessant fear of instant death? They had brought him to this. They had brought him to despair and to death.

"Come and be revenged."

"Thus spoke my enemy,—the murderer of my father,—but O, how tremulous was his voice! how weak his accents! I drew near to him. His dim eyes slightly flashed as I approached, and a shudder went through him.

"He was alone, friendless, dying. Yet I did not exult. I did not exult over the stricken wretch.

"I do not want your blood, I said. You took the life of my father, and killed my mother; but yet—

"Your mother!—Clara!—what, killed?"

"You are her murderer, old man. I am the orphan of your victims. I am your unrelenting enemy.

"You come to me in my hours of misery. You are the avenger of blood; but I,—O, what am I?"

"Soon you will be rid of one avenger of blood; but what city of refuge will you have, murderer and assassin?"

"It went against my feelings to speak so to him, though I was his bitter enemy.

"Young man,—young Bonnin,—son of Clara, sit down here and listen to my story, and then kill me. Then finish the vengeance which you have begun and thus far carried on."

"I did so. The old man told a strange story. I will tell it to you in his own words:

"I was taken from my home at an early age," said he, "by your grandfather, and was sent to school. He saw something in me to like and wished to make something out of me. I was alone in the world. I was brought up with your father, and we were almost inseparable. At times his imperious disposition would prompt him to act in an arbitrary manner, but he was always ready to ask my forgiveness.

"Clara Conner, your mother, lived not far away. She was a magnificent young girl. Her

stately form and noble countenance were the admiration of all. Your father became her acknowledged lover. They were always together. Alas, how her fondness for him sent pangs of jealousy through my soul.

"Jealousy? Yes, jealousy. You start. You shrink back,—but it is even so. Alas, why should a humble, low-born, plain featured boy like me Love so desperately one far above me? I cannot tell. I could not avoid it. I loved her madly, yet I was forced to see her go to the arms of another.

"O, heavens! You who have felt something of the storm of human passion, judge if you can what must have been my emotions. Imagine if you can the horrible feelings which filled me then; how irresistible their fury, how overpowering, how awful, if even now, when my blood is cooled by age, it fires up at the remembrance, and causes my heart to throb with a fiercer power."

"Here he paused for a moment, trembling from head to foot with agitation. I implored him to be calm.

"No, hear me out! hear me out!" he cried, almost frantically. "I have something more to tell you before I die. Already the awful chill of death is upon me, and I die! I die!"

"Clara was married to your father. I hushed my feelings for a time to rest, and bided my time. I induced your father to lend me money, for I hoped to get him into obligations which he might not meet, and thus bring him to ruin. Why did I thus act? What injury had I ever received from him? None; but he had taken Clara from me, and his very kindness to me now made me hate him more.

"I could not ruin him privately. I became his open enemy. I could conceal my hate no longer, and I told him why I was his foe. A year or two passed on. The war broke out. I murdered him,—and, O, God, I murdered Clara!"

"You have had your revenge! You have it now, for I die of horror, of fear, with my soul—stung—by—re—morse—remorse!"

"These were his last words. He died there, with an expression of hideous anguish upon his countenance."

The long years of vengeful passions had changed Edgar into a silent, sombre man. He remained for the rest of his life in Digby, living in his old friend's house, and cheered by the love of Clara and Melvil. But often their thoughts wandered to the past, and they shuddered as memory brought back a reflection of the murderer's death.

LIFE'S LAST MELODY.

Tearfully inscribed to the family of the late Chas. A. Day.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Sing, dear ones, of the heaven
That soon will meet my eye:
Let choral tides triumphant
Float with my passing sigh.
Life's cup has brimmed with blessings;
But my willing soul would flee
Up to the shining portal,
Where God's angels wait for me.

The weeping group around him
Strove, mid the spirit's pain,
To raise the song so holy;
But the faltering refrain
Died like a zephyr's breathings,
When the voice, so soon to cease,
Rose on the startled silence,
And sang of heavenly peace

But God's messenger drew nearer:
They felt the gathering gloom,
That his dusky pinions scattered,
Almost a shape assume;
And words that told their anguish
From stricken hearts found way;
"O, thou who died on Calvary,
Take this bitter draught away."

But the light of soul was fading
In those deep, holy eyes,
It was panting for its freedom,
And the home beyond the skies;
Heart-wrung, they gazed upon him,
But on dust those looks were shed:
The form of strength and beauty
Was numbered with the dead.

O, soul of truth and honor!
This world was not thy rest;
Earth's rust had dimmed thy glory,
Had ye longer been its guest.
'Tis not for thee, now happy,
That we veil our eyes in woe;
'Tis for hearts grief's hand is crushing
For those who loved ye so.

When golden darts come flashing
Through amber gates of morn,
Flinging their radiance o'er them,
'Twill not light their hearts forlorn:
And many fiery sunsets
Will blaze along the sky,
Ere the hearts thy loss has riven,
At thy memory cease to sigh.

The plainest man who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man, who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend, "You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I am the plainest. But I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because all those attentions which you would omit on the score of a fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

TO LOUISE.

BY G. F. REYNOLDS.

Not in the dazling throng,
When hearts are light and free;
Not when the thrilling song's
Poured forth in melody;
Not when thy suitors proud
Unto thee bend the knee;
But, in thine hour of prayer,
O, give one thought to me.

Not when the noonday sun
Sheds forth his genial ray;
But, when the cold and silent moon
Is on her lonely way;
Then, then, I only ask,
When thou art on thy knee,
In prayer to Heaven above,
One thought thou'lt give to me.

THE PRIEST'S VICTIM.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"WELL met, Mima! Whither away so fast?"

"Ah, is it possible! A thousand pardons, count, for not perceiving you sooner."

"And how could that have happened, little fairy, since you have no eyes in the back of your head?"

"O, monsieur, do not make sport of a little waiting-maid. But it so confuses me meeting you on the sudden. And it has been so long since—and my poor mistress—"

"Ay, and what of her?" said the count, suddenly losing his assumed levity of tone, while his companion also tripped less gaily by his side.

"Ah, my count—pardon, monsieur, that I take such liberty—but she does not seem as of old. She is now so sad; we know for what and for whom. She neither sews nor reads; and you know she can do both so beautifully! She does nothing but move back and forth; every now and then looking listlessly from the window, as if she knew not why or what she sought. And then at eve, she so watches the stars! And yet I think she sees them not. Never is she out of doors except to go to the church and the confessional. Surely, monsieur, one so good and gentle need not so often seek penance and absolution from the priest!"

"A malediction on them!" muttered the count. "Would the earth might swallow them all! Yes, you said truly, Mima. She has not need. And then she goes often to the confessional?"

"It is true. But, monsieur, do not frown so, I beseech you. You know not how it frightens me! Indeed, it is as I have said. And I have

heard her speak some strange words. I mistrust that they have been persuading her to give all her possessions to the church and become a nun. Would it not be a pity, sir, so young and so beautiful?"

"Mima, it shall not be. The mere thought of it is torture. But how to prevent it! I must see her, yes, and speak with her, Mima. You know that she has forbid me her presence; nor would I intrude, were it to her injury. But meet her I must, and you shall show me the means."

"Ah, count!" said the little waiting-maid, while the tears danced in her merry eyes, "one would attempt anything for two such lovers. For I know that she *does* love you still, and I think as much as ever, try to conceal it as much as she may."

"Thanks, my pretty friend. But how shall I gain a meeting?"

"I have it. Let us hasten to the *Parcs des Etrangeres*, where I am sure that we shall presently fall in with my mistress. It is even yet early in the morn, and she could not have returned from *matins* as yet. We will go to the most thickly shaded path, at the right of the eastern avenue, for it is there that she almost always walks."

Thitherward they therefore turned their steps, the girl almost out of breath in endeavoring to keep pace with the impatience of her companion. Thus they reached the gate of the noble park, once the glory of Lyons, though nearly two centuries have now passed since it has been obliterated from her midst. We have said obliterated, although one relic we believe still remains in the fountain overshadowed by an aged tree, which now stands at the corner of the *Rue de Mer*. This fountain, half ruined as it is, still shows some remnant of the beauty which once adorned it when the sculptured naiad rose in graceful shape from amid its flowing waters. Half way placed adown the narrow path which was the favorite resort of Mima's mistress, its fitful sheen was nevertheless plainly discernible from the entrance of this mimic forest-way.

"Here I leave you, monsieur," said Mima, as they reached the entrance to the path. "You can conceal yourself a little farther on, till my lady returns. As for me, I would not have it known that I have had a hand in bringing you to her; and indeed, it is very likely you will not care for other company than hers."

"Thou art a good girl, Mima," the count replied. "Hie thee away then, ere I steal a kiss and thus rob thy bachelor of his due. But thou shalt keep this token for me instead."

Thus saying, he thrust a gold piece into her

hand, notwithstanding some affectation of resistance. A roguish smile, and a courtesy such as none but the grace of a Frenchwoman could equal, were the acknowledgements of Mima, who in an instant more was out of sight. Count Lora withdrew behind the trees which skirted the path.

"Here am I ensconced," thought he, "a veritable *enfant du bois*, with quite as little knowledge as any child, of what it is that I should say. Yet why should I despair? True, we parted but coldly; but if, as the maid says, I am not altogether forgotten, shall I fail to improve the opportunity? Not so, by heaven! she shall not escape me till I find that pursuit is utterly in vain. Hia! if I mistake not, hither she comes. Now let the moment prompt me, else shall I be speechless as the veriest fool!"

A female form approached from the entrance of the path, clad in vestments of black. A nearer view made more certain to the waiting lover the features of the Isabella de Foix; the dark, sad eyes, whose glance was but for an instant raised from the ground, the raven hair and the complexion of clearest olive, were no less dear than they had been in past time to Count Lora.

"More beautiful than ever!" was his mental ejaculation.

Pressing noiselessly forward, he presented himself in her way. Startled by his sudden appearance, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, paused for a moment, and then with a slight gesture of the hand, so expressive of sorrowful deprecation that even his impatient mood was controlled, sought to pass him with eyes downcast and averted.

"Am I then so much the object of dislike to the Lady Isabella," said the count, "that she would pass me without a word or a look of friendship or common civility?"

The mournful earnestness with which these words were uttered, seemed partially to arrest her steps.

"Count Lora well knows," she said, "that I am not wanting in friendly remembrance, although I may be wanting in formal words. Enough. Do not let us add aught to the grief of the past. Neither wrong me with accusations unjust and untrue."

"O, Isabella!" cried the count, springing impetuously to her side and grasping her hand within his own. "It is yourself whom you wrong. You *once* loved me. Deny it not—you cannot, you must not. Is it then past, forever? Say not so, I entreat you. Give not up a warm and beautiful existence to chill and stagnant melancholy. Let me not behold you like

yonder marble, lovely in form and feature, but cold, soulless and impassive. Cast off these bonds of icy superstition, and be yourself again!"

"Count Lora," said Isabella, extricating herself from his grasp, "is it right, is it manly, thus to presume upon my weakness? You are not ignorant of the struggle, the anguish which our parting cost me, nor of the reasons why we parted. And yet you will not spare me, thinking by such perseverance you will overcome my better resolution. Hear me then, and mark well what it is that I say—"

The downcast glance, the words abrupt and constrained, now no more were observed. Her countenance was firm, though gentle and full of grief; her words flowed freely from the heart.

"You have summoned me to memories that are past. But I forgive you, reminding you still that the future must bury them forever. Can it be possible then, recalling to yourself what is past, that you yet retain expectation of overcoming the settled resolve which religion, the counsel of holy men, and my own conscience have imposed upon me? Count Lora, spare yourself and me such idle fancies; for if no other obstacles intervened, how could I resign my well-being to one, who, though still nominally within the bosom of the church, has yet dared to acknowledge heresies at which my soul shudders with horror! Alas, do not misjudge me. Are you then the only one who suffers? Farewell! As you respect my will, follow me not."

As she turned to depart, she extended her hand to the cavalier, who, bending reverently forward, pressed it to his lips. And though her averted countenance concealed from him its visible grief, he felt that the pain of separation was equally shared in the heart of Isabella. Penetrated with deepest emotion, he remained standing transfixed to the spot, till she had vanished entirely from his sight.

"Noble girl!" he exclaimed, recovering from his reverie. "Thou hast conquered and repelled me; yet I complain not. But think not that I shall abandon the contest thus easily. However desperate the case may appear in other eyes, nothing may be deemed impossible by a lover. Well then, for the present I desist; for nature cannot long endure the fatigue that I have undergone for three days past. Day and night have I been on horse to collect and equip these raw levies for the opening campaign. Heaven cause that they give our German foes as much trouble as they have inflicted on me and mine. Now for my conference with the town-major. And then, O, for a good two hours' sleep, from

which I may spring refreshed and prepared anew for Cupid's strategy!"

"So Count Lora is your enemy. How happened this?"

The speaker glanced from beneath his bushy brows a look which seemed to penetrate to the inmost thoughts of him whom he addressed. The countenance of his companion showed an instinctive feeling of the questioner's power, for his face flushed and his lip quivered as he essayed to make reply.

"It were useless for me to disguise the reason, even were I disposed to concealment; which I am not. Father Pedro, I hate him with an unappeasable enmity. He has been my bane through life. While other men have seemed to regard him as an angel of light, to me he has been the demon's shadow, forever polluting all thoughts of joy and happiness. Why is he so much better, so much more fortunate, so much happier than I? Were we not children of like estate? Is not my arm as strong as his? Is not my longing for wealth and power as great as his? Look at us! He, rich and powerful and beloved, and I—too mean for the notice of his lowest squire!"

The priest watched with sardonic scrutiny the mental agonies of his companion. He took a genial pleasure in anatomizing the vile passions which distorted the features, and vibrated through every fibre of his living subject.

"Know you a certain Lady Isabella, orphan of Mareschal de Foix?" he at length abruptly inquired.

"I have seen her."

"She is very beautiful?"

"You have said rightly."

"Ay. And now the recollection comes to me—I am not, I think, mistaken—you have been known as an admirer of the lady."

The other returned a look of fury to the priest.

"You trifle with me, sir priest! You have studied out all my history—and from thence you have gained the instruments with which you now torment me. Yes, and you know too that he has gained her love, you know it all. But beware! my hands have dipped in nobler blood than yours!"

"You have enraged yourself without cause," answered the priest, calmly. "Do you think that I inflict pain on you, as the boy torments the pinned fly, out of pure mischievousness? Not so. Therefore command yourself. And now let me show you for what purpose I have thus questioned you. You desire revenge. I can show you a way to obtain it. You entertain

a passion for one now lost to you. I can point you to the means of success. The condemnation of the holy church is upon you for your deadly misdeeds. But the way to pardon I can show you. And the price of all this is but a momentary risk, a sharp dagger and a steady aim. What say you, Jean d'Arran?"

"I understand you," replied the latter, his eyes flashing with a baleful light. "But how, and where?"

"In the Rue du Pont, next the church of Saint Louise, you will find the Hotel de Charlemagne. I have at hand one of the porter's liveries, which you are to put on. Enter the gate, pass up the main stairway till you reach the second landing; then turn to your right, and the first door opens into the chamber of Count Lora. Not more than three minutes since he was fast asleep. Be without fear, for the room is slightly darkened, he sleeps soundly, and all is clear for the accomplishment of your purpose. When it is past, return hither, and you will find that my promises shall be quickly fulfilled."

It was not till left alone, that Father Pedro, turning to his *escritoire*, drew from thence a neatly folded note, and unclosing it, cast his eye on the contents. They ran as follows:

"FATHER PEDRO:—To you, my most reverend confessor, I address myself once more, knowing how much compassion you have had on my frailty of mind and my want of subjection to the duties of our holy religion. But alas! how hard to give up what has, hitherto seemed to make life so dear to me! Did you but know what bitter struggles of heart I have undergone. Let me but hear once more your inspiring words; they will revive my strength. Then will not the blessed saints themselves bring assistance to my uplifted will; help me to conquer my rebellious soul and reconcile me to the sacrifice which offers itself before me? Come then, once more, O reverend father; delay not, for your words of consolation are always sufficient to calm the terrors of my mind. This afternoon, then, I await you.

"ISABELLA DE FOIX."

Lighting a wax taper which stood at hand, Father Pedro held the billet over the flame till the heat shrivelled the paper to a cinder. An expression of pity overspread his countenance, in which mingled just the slightest tinge of contempt.

"Poor child," he said, half aloud: "always wavering between the one and the other path; a type of the sex whom one might think were born merely to lead man astray from the straight

onward way of life. Yes, I would spare thee, if it might be so. But the church, the church demands it. What are woman's tears, ay, and even a few stout and living hearts, compared to the triumph of the glorious banner? And thou, Count Lora, brave and well-descended, whose life-blood even now follows the assassin's dagger, thou art but one sacrifice the more. With all thy bright hopes and gallant daring, one cowardly touch doth blot thee from existence. O, this iron destiny which leads us to a fate inscrutable! I also once was young. The world how fair, how full of generous things—and now, how changed! "

His lips ceased to move, but the busy force of thought, seizing his senses, bore them back again to by-gone scenes and vanished aspirations. As thus he sat in motionless attitude, time passed unheeded by. But the coming step of Jean d'Arvan struck home to his mind as though the scarce audible sound were the loud peal of the warning bell. He passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of pain, and was at once himself again. As Jean d'Arvan entered, the eye of the priest met him with a cool and passionless regard.

"How is it?" said Father Pedro. "Is your object accomplished?"

The assassin, pale and trembling, threw himself into a chair.

"It is done," he said, fixing his eyes upon the floor. "I passed up the stairway as you directed. At the second landing I met a servant, but passed him without notice on his part, for the way was but ill lighted, and seeing my livery he was of course satisfied. I found the door, and entered as though to deliver a package or execute a message. He lay on the bed asleep. Enough. It is safely finished."

"*Absolve te*," said the priest, in a low tone. "For the rest, your reward shall not be wanting. The church is always ready to serve those who serve her. Adieu. Let me see you on the morrow, at this hour."

D'Arvan, without reply, rose and left the chamber.

"Poor puppet!" exclaimed the priest, as he paced his apartment. "So easily do their passions and fears shape mean souls to the purposes of their masters, who are themselves but the servants of a firmer and more relentless passion. Yet what are we all, save the tools or the inevitable victims of destiny? And thou, Count Lora, last of thy race; who now liest low beneath the stabber's dishonorable hand, thou art but the fated sacrifice to a vengeance which hath accumulated with the lapse of years. Thy death

hath poorly recompensed the ruin thy father wrought: the desolation of an ancient house, stalwort towers levelled with the ground, and the proud crest of the De Saulcys dragged in common mire! And I, sole representative of their name, direct the blow. No more shall the proud De Saulcys' banner lead the battle's van; no more shall their war cry sound loudest in the charge. But there are other fields than those of war, where man may aspire to lead and rule his fellows; and if the schemes of Father Pedro fall not, the cowed priest may yet attain a power as absolute as that of his coronetted ancestors. What care I now for love or wealth, so that the stern cravings of ambition be satisfied? Love and wealth I leave to thee, Regnault, my son, child of the wronged Marie, who though unowned, art yet regarded with watchful and jealous affection. But the Lady Isabella awaits me; I must needs urge her on to her superstitious sacrifice. Her lover—chief obstacle in my path—is removed. His death will make her wavering resolution sure, and the wealth which she will yield, shall make one step more in my ascent."

The morrow's sun had not yet approached the meridian, when the priest passed up one of the side aisles of the metropolitan church, moving somewhat slowly, to accommodate his pace to that of two females, who were his companions. One of them, Isabella de Foix, leaned for support on the arm of a person attired in the garb of a nun. The latter, seemingly from forty to fifty years of age, appeared to regard her grief-stricken companion with but scanty compassion, while, on the other hand, the priest redoubled his efforts at encouragement.

"I blame not thy grief, my daughter," he said. "It is but natural; and most unfortunate it was that thou shouldst have heard of this atrocious crime at a moment when thou didst stand in so much need of composure. But thou shouldst reflect, child, that it is as if Heaven itself had removed this great obstacle from thy path of duty. Courage, then; the worst is over. Thou art soon to leave a world of anxiety and disappointment, for an asylum where peace and holy quietness alone can enter."

By this time they had arrived at a low arched way leading from the aisle, about half way up its length. Within the arch stood a youth dressed in chorister's vestments. As the priest approached, this attendant, with a graceful obsequance, pushed partly open a small door.

"Enter," he said, "if it please your reverence. The bishop awaits you within."

The sole tenant of the apartment into which

they were thus ushered, was a man whose robes, significant of his superior office, covered a person rather inclined to corpulency. His features, betokening somewhat beyond a middle age, were well rounded and prepossessing. The eyes, though by no means devoid of brilliancy, were chiefly remarkable for mildness of expression. Indeed, one would have hardly suspected him as being more than an easy-going, well-fed church dignitary, were it not for the boldly marked lines of nose and mouth, which many claim to be the physiognomical signs of genius. Returning in like manner the respectful salutation of the priest, he awaited in silence the communication which the latter should make.

"Your reverence," said Father Pedro, "is already aware, I think, of the purpose entertained by the Lady Isabella de Foix to claim membership among the nuns of the holy order of Saint Cecelia. According to the manner which you have established in such cases, I have introduced the candidate, that you may be fully satisfied in regard to her rightful qualification. Nevertheless, I may be pardoned, when with all humility, I state that from my unmistakable knowledge, I can affirm her fitness for the consecrated office."

"It is not my custom," said the bishop, interrupting further remark, "wholly to delegate to any, however faithful, the task which I have imposed on myself alone. As, therefore, I would question the candidate, leaving her as free as possible from extraneous influence or association, I will treat yourself and our sister the abbess, to withdraw for a space to the vestibule, where the worthy Paulus will furnish you with seats."

The brows of the priest lowered with vexation.

"Surely," he said, "your reverence would not deny to the trembling candidate the sustaining power of her accustomed confessor?"

"Father Pedro," replied his superior, "it is not without due consideration that I make the request. I trust that you will present no further objection."

The priest, bending his head in token of acquiescence, withdrew, accompanied by the abbess.

"And now," continued the bishop, directing his attention to her who remained behind, "tell me, my child, confiding freely in me as you would in a father, stands your mind thoroughly determined towards this purpose of which we speak?"

In the breast of Isabella, resolution scarce surmounted the despair which new sorrows had inflicted.

"I have no other refuge left!" she said, in accents of the deepest distress.

"My child," rejoined the bishop, "I fear that other motives than such as I would accept have at least helped to influence thee. Say then, for I know how powerful are such things with the young, has friend or lover proved unfaithful, or other sudden anguish disturbed the healthy balance of thy mind?"

"Alas!" replied Isabella, clasping her hands convulsively; "he lies basely murdered in the Hotel de Charlemagne!"

"Infamous!" exclaimed the bishop, in a low and agitated voice. "And his name?"

"He was called Count Lora," said Isabella, in a broken voice, as she knelt at the feet of the prelate. "Ah, how happy might our lives have passed, had it not been for the wicked heresy into which he fell, and against which Father Pedro hath so earnestly warned me."

"Poor youth!" replied the bishop. "But grieve no more; thy sorrow shall be turned to joy. Know thou that the Count Lora still lives. A stranger, recently appointed lieutenant of his troop, and who occupied the adjoining chamber, received the blow which was doubtless intended for thy lover. And as for this dreadful heresy which has so shocked thy tender conscience, I, who am acquainted with the family (were they not the patrons of my desolate orphanage?) have good reason to believe that it consists merely in such difference of opinion on certain points as may be and is entertained by many most praiseworthy subjects of the church. And this Father Pedro, who unworthily wears the priestly garb, is but an unscrupulous hypocrite, whose arts I may expose, although I have not the power to punish them as they deserve. On these sacred robes I wear, I pledge the truth of this assertion which I am fully able to prove. Go, my daughter; consider this matter further. For my own part, I suspect thou wilt soon require the service of the church in other fashion than that which thou didst just now entertain."

His fair hearer, at first scarce able to comprehend the joyful intelligence, could even now only give utterance to incoherent thanks for the counsel and protection which had been afforded. The abbess was recalled, and the pair were directed by the bishop to retire to the church library towards which a narrow passage way led from the room where he held audience.

The bishop now touched a bell which had been placed at hand. Paulus appeared at the door, and at a word from his master threw it open for the priest, who, entering, closed the door behind.

"Father Pedro," said the bishop, "I am not as yet fully satisfied with the result of my interview with the candidate whom you have offered. Indeed, I have great reason to think that insuperable objections are likely to interfere with the further prosecution of this matter."

The priest darted an angry look at the speaker; but instantly recovering himself, replied in a tone of affected dissipation:

"My lord, it would ill befit one of the humblest servants of the church to force advice upon one so much his superior. But allow me, nevertheless, to say, that it would sound but ill in the ears of Pope Pius, the tale of that wealth which thou art about to turn away from the treasury of the church."

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the bishop. "Do you expect thus to browbeat me? Equally ready art thou with thy lying tongue and the murderous dagger! But the bloody deed hath fallen short of the intended mark. Ha, dost thou start? Knowest thou that the blood which flowed was from other bosom than that of Count Lora?"

The priest replied in hollow and constrained tones, as one to whom the exertion necessary for the mastery of his passions had denied the accustomed energy of speech.

"John D'Amiens, to whom I owe obedience as bishop of Lyons, you have accused me of the basest wickedness which man can conceive. It is not here that I shall seek to defend myself. I appeal to a higher jurisdiction. Let us see which will best abide the examination. As for the death of Count Lora, I but learned it from common report; and it is not astonishing that I should be surprised at the sudden refutation of what I had used as a powerful argument with the wavering Lady Isabella. I go: but remember, sir bishop, the fable of the worm, which, when trodden upon was turned into a devouring serpent."

Leaving the cathedral, the priest turned toward one of the lower quarters of the city. When once he had gained its narrow and not over clean streets, he hurried on with feverish haste, shading his face with the mantle he wore, till, arriving at a decayed mansion which overhung one of the most remote lanes, he entered the gate and knocked at an inner door.

"Is Monsieur D'Arvan in?" he asked.

"He is in his own room," was the reply of the bleared sentinel.

The priest ascended to the apartment indicated, and tapping repeatedly upon the panel, was admitted by D'Arvan himself, whose flushed countenance bore witness to a recent debauch.

His color, however, quickly paled before the piercing scrutiny of his guest.

"Are you then so lavish of blood," demanded the latter, "that one life destroyed in vain weighs so little on your conscience?"

"I own my fault," said D'Arvan, in a querulous tone. "But the passage was dark, and the person of the servant I met must have concealed the door so that I did not observe it."

"And this youth who fell your victim?"

"Was the companion and lieutenant of the count."

"His name?" asked the priest, hurriedly.

"Jules Regnault," replied the assassin.

Father Pedro fell back in his seat, and a terrible agony quivered through his frame, while his hands were pressed convulsively before his eyes.

"Wretch accursed! You have murdered my son!"

The awful annunciation pierced the soul of the villain with superstitious terror. Grovelling like a hound before his master, he pressed his lips to the hem of the priest's garment with the most abject entreaty for forgiveness.

With incoherent rapidity, he continued to pour forth similar asseverations, until he was forced to pause from very exhaustion of voice. But no reply came from Father Pedro, nor had the slightest change appeared in his position. A new alarm now seized upon D'Arvan. Springing to his feet, he placed his grasp upon the hands of the priest. icy cold as they were, he tore them from their hold, and before him lay the frightfully distorted lineaments of a corpse. With a cry of horror, D'Arvan rushed from the house, never more to return.

But while this scene of remorse and shameful death was being enacted among the dens of crime, far removed from thence, and encircled only by thoughts of love and happiness, Count Lora and Isabella de Foix exchanged before the benignant eyes of John D'Amiens, the mutual vows to which the marriage day should shortly place the final seal.

HABITS OF READING.

Girls who have been accustomed to devour a multitude of frivolous books, will converse and write with a far greater appearance of skill, as to style and sentiment, at twelve or fourteen years old, than those of a more advanced age who are under the discipline of severe studies; but the former, having attained to that low standard which had been held out to them, become stationary, while the latter are quickly progressing to a higher strain of mind, and those who early begin with talking and writing like women, commonly end with thinking and acting like children.—*Ladies' Newspaper.*

THE SONG OF OTHER YEARS.

BY ARTHUR COOK, JR.

© sing that song of other years,
O sing that song for me;
Like sunbeams seen through dewy tears,
It bursts on memory.

How many a thought comes with that song
Of brighter, happier hours,
When life was in its early spring
Of sunshine and of flowers!

Then sing again that song for me;
How many a thought comes with that strain,
Of those we loved—of infancy—
Of joys that ne'er can come again.

THE LONG-BOAT, AND ITS CREW.

A THRILLING EPIISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

ONE pleasant evening while our ship was lying at Naples, a small party of us were enjoying a social time at a cafe on the Stradadi Toledo. Among our number was an old quarter-master named Ben Wallace. He had passed through almost every grade of life during the long years he had spent on earth, and now in his old age, he found a home in our navy, as "signal-quarter-master," and a faithful officer he was. He had in his lifetime made more than one fortune, but he never knew how to lay up money. He could earn, but he could not keep. For many years in his younger days, he had commanded some of the finest ships that sailed out of the States, and now he spent much of his time on ship-board in teaching navigation.

The evening had fairly set in, and after we had eaten our suppers, we went out upon one of the broad balconies that overlooked the street and sat down to smoke and chat. At length the idea was broached that our old quarter-master should give us a story from his own experience. He hesitated at first, but after a little coaxing he threw away his cigar, and after having fortified himself with a generous quid of tobacco he related to us the following incident in his own experience.

"It is now nearly forty years ago that I had command of the ship *Isaac Walsingham*. She was a good craft, and an excellent sea-boat. I sailed her from New York, and was bound first to Rio, and then to Canton. I made a first-rate trip to Rio, and there I took in a heavy cargo, and then up anchor for the Indies. We had

been at sea from this last place about three weeks, without having to even tack ship, but there was a worse fate in store for us. One evening when I came up from my cabin, I noticed that the atmosphere felt curiously, and that the sails were flapping against the masts. My mate told me that the wind had been gone about half an hour, and that he expected it would come out from some other quarter as soon as the sun was fairly down.

"I looked off to the west'rd, and saw that the sun was setting in a red, fiery haze, just as though a great city or forest were all burning up about it. I watched that sign for some time, and then went back to my cabin and looked at my barometer. I found that the mercury had fallen nearly an inch. As quickly as possible I hurried on deck and ordered all the light sails to be taken in and the spars sent down. The men seemed to have an intuitive perception of the approach of a storm of some kind, for they sprang to the work with a will, and in a very few minutes we had the old ship under three topsails, close-reefed and a storm-mizzen and fore-staysail.

"In half an hour after the sun had gone down, it seemed to be hard work to talk and breathe, the atmosphere was so light and rarified. The men knew now well enough what was coming, for without any orders they had begun to reave life-lines fore and aft. The sun set about seven o'clock, and at eight we began to feel the coming of the storm. First there came a low, moaning sound, very much like the wail of a child, only more deep and grum. This grew louder, and directly we felt light puffs of cool wind strike upon our cheeks, and the topsails began to feel it. These weren't like the fresh puffs of a healthy breeze, but they felt chilly, and almost touched us as does the spark from an electrical machine. I heard the roar growing louder, and I began to be afraid it might knock us down, so I got the ship stern to it, and in a minute more it came.

"Good mercy! The water flew over us before the gale touched us, but when the puff did come there was a screeching. For some time we were under water, and I thought almost all were gone. The gale came so quick and strong that it fairly drove us under water—the whole ship, mottings and all, went under like a diving duck. But she managed to shake the water off, and when she came up into day-light again, she began to start ahead. Her three topsails flew out of the bolt-ropes like pieces of wet paper, and then we were left to scud under bare poles, for the spanker and staysail didn't feel the wind a minute before they meant too.

"When we got our observation that day, we

were in latitude thirty-four degrees south, and in longitude five degrees and fifteen minutes east; so we must have been about four hundred miles west of the Cape of Good Hope. This wind, or gale, came right from the south, and I knew that if I could only keep the ship before it, I should have plenty of sea-room. At nine o'clock I went below, and agreed that I should be called at midnight, but at eleven my mate came down and told me that we must get the foresail on, and if that would not take the wind, we must bend a new topsail. I hurried on deck and found that he had spoken truly, for the gale had raised heavy seas, and those seas were beginning to gain on us, and of course the minute those fellows outrun us, they'd bury us under and founder us. I ordered the foresail loosened, and the starboard clue was hauled down. We got the sail set, but it did not serve us long, for the seas ran so high they took the wind out of it more than half the time. But I had a good crew, and we bent a fore-topsail, and this we got safely set—and that helped us.

"On the next morning, when the sun rose, the gale abated, and by eight bells we were once more on our course with the wind from the westward. At about ten o'clock my mate came down into the cabin with a face as white as ashes, and with a terrified look he told me that the ship had sprung a leak! I started on deck and found the men all in an uproar of confusion. Upon sounding the pumps I found seven feet of water in the well. We had sounded in the morning, and then there was only fourteen inches. I set half the crew at work at the pumps, and with the other half I went into the hold and commenced to break bulk to see if we could find the leak. After working half an hour, we came to some bales of old bags that we had used for stowing raw hemp. They laid against the ship's side, and the moment we took away the boxes that had laid atop they came away of their own accord, and the water rushed in in a torrent. One of the seams was open for a distance of two fathoms! We tried to jam the old bags back, but couldn't. In short, the leak couldn't be stopped, for in ten minutes after we found it, 'twas under water on both sides!

"I saw that the ship was gone in spite of fate. This seam had been opened during the night, but the bags were jammed so hard against it, that no water had come in until they had become perfectly soaked and logged; but when it did gain access it came with a rush. I called all hands on deck, and told them what had happened, and that the ship could not be saved. But," said I, "don't give up. We are surely right

in the track of nearly all Indianmen, either from the Straits, or from Europe. We will take the long-boat and trust the rest to fate."

"My men saw the matter in its true light, and as soon as their fate was known, they became calm and sober. I still kept some of the men at the pumps, and with the rest I got out the long-boat and proceeded to secure such articles as we might want. I took a compass, charts, and all my nautical instruments, and then overlooked the securing of other things, such as the boat's mast, sails, rigging, spare line, and seizing stuff, bread, water, and what spirits we had. I also looked out that we had some carpenter's tools and all other little matters we might need, not forgetting fishing-lines and hooks.

"It was just noon when we got the boat ready, and then I called the men from the pumps, and saw them all in. We had a smaller boat, but I dared not trust it in such a sea as was running then, nor did I wish that any of the men should do so. When the men were all in the boat, I looked around upon the deck, and tried to think if there was anything we had forgotten. I knew we had got all the bread that could be reached, and all the water, too. The ship was now sinking fast, and I got on board the boat and ordered her to be shoved off. We had not been gone from her side more than ten minutes before she began to reel in the water and work around before the wind. Then there came a sea that lifted her stern up, and she plunged her bows under just the same as a bird would dive. We saw the old ship no more!

"As soon as we got calm, I laid out our course and put the boat's head due east, and then I began to make out the rations to which each man should be entitled. There were twenty-nine souls in all on board, and we agreed that each man should have one pint of water and four biscuit per day, and that we would fall from that if there should be need. To this, all were agreed. Look outs were stationed, and the men divided into four watches.

"For three days we sailed on in safety, but on the morning of the fourth, the sky looked black, and the wind was cold. By ten o'clock the wind came out from the northwest and blew a gale, and we were forced to put our boat before it. In this way we went for forty-eight hours, and during that time we must have made three hundred miles at least. Three hundred miles away from land!

"But that was not the worst that befel us. One day, while we were yet running before the wind, I was overhauling my things that were in a small chest in the stern sheets, and I took my

quadrant up and laid it upon the high thwart by the taffrail. I think I was after my Navigator. At any rate, while I was pulling away in the chest, a sea broke over the stern of the boat, and carried off my quadrant. This was a severe loss, for now we had no means of telling our position except by dead reckoning, and that was very uncertain in such a craft.

"But I won't tire you out with all the little accidents that befall us. We once more got our boat's head to the east'rd, but for a week we had only a light, puffing breeze. One morning the lookout at the bows startled us by crying out, 'a sail!' We all started to our feet, and there was a sail directly ahead. It had come down during the night, for it was now running to the south'rd. We made all manner of signals, and some of the men in the height of their frenzy yelled out with all their might, but the ship did not see us, and in half an hour from the time we first made her out, she was lost to us. After this, there was a gloom upon our devoted crew. In the stern-sheets was our last bread bag, and there were only two hundred biscuit in it! Amidships was our last wrecker of water, and we had already used half its contents!

"As near as I could calculate, we were yet three hundred miles from land, and perhaps more. The wind was now from the south'rd and west'rd, but our boat did not make much headway over the seas. On the second day from that I took fifty-eight biscuit from the bag, and it was empty! I gave two biscuit to each man, and to'd them we had no more! On the next morning our food was gone. For three days we had our fishing-hooks out, but without taking anything. There was a shark seen at times in our wake, but we could not capture him. That night we had no food, and only half-a-pint of water to each man. Our spirits were gone, and ere long we were without nourishment of any kind. Some of the men had saved crumbs of bread, but they only served as an aggravation.

"On the next morning the men were gnawing the oars and whatever else they could get hold of. They wet their lips with the salt water, and chewed bits of oakum and tobacco. Before night we were a sorry crew. I began to feel faint and parched. Our eyes were strained to catch the first sign of hope that might appear upon the horizon, but night shut down about us without the coming of the sign. Another morning dawned, and I saw that some of the men were almost crazy, and I began to fear that the worst might come! The sun arose to its meridian height, and its scorching rays poured mercilessly

down upon us. For an hour not a word had been spoken by any of the crew. An idea had worked its way into our minds—an idea so terrible that we dared not speak it. I could see the faces of every man, and each looked upon his mate with that sidelong, furtive glance that bespeaks the weight of dreadful thought.

"As length all eyes became fixed upon me. I had prayed that some one else would speak, but none would do it. 'Boys,' said I, speaking very carefully, 'we may have rain to-night, and if we do we shall have drink!'

"'But we want food!' said my mate, in a hoarse whisper.

"The men heard him, and they started. The charm was broken, for there was but one way in which food could come. *Some one must die!*

"O it was a dreadful thought; but it was spoken. An old fore-topman spoke it, and I could see how he shuddered as he did so. Again all eyes were turned to me, and I knew I must speak. I thought awhile, and then I told them that death was staring us all in the face—that we must all die unless some one would die to save the rest. I spoke it as quickly as possible, and when it was done all agreed to what I had said. O, it is a dreadful thought to have on one's mind that life has got to be sustained upon the blood and flesh of another—that we have got to turn vampires! But man knows not what he can bide his mind to until he is forced!

"We agreed to wait until the sun's lower disc had touched the water, and then, if no sign of help came, the lot should be drawn. The time came—the sun had half sank from sight, and nothing but the recordless waste met our gaze. The work of drawing the lot was left in my hands. I tore a blank leaf from my Navigator, and cut it into twenty-nine strips, and upon one of them I made a cross with my pencil. The man who drew that was to be the victim. When they were all ready I took them to my hand, with one end projecting out far enough to allow each one to be seized readily, and then my mate began to call the names of the crew. I trembled fearfully as I held out my hand, and I could hear the men breathe as they came up and drew their lots. Twelve were thus drawn, and the twelve men had drawn clean papers. The thirteenth was a young man named Frank Billings—not yet reached the estate of manhood. He came up, and before he came I saw him clasp his hands and raise his eyes towards heaven. There was a deadly palor on his face, and twice his fingers slipped from the paper he had singled out before he drew it. It was drawn—he held it up—it bore the cross!

"The youth tottered back to his seat and sank down. The work had commenced! It was now dusk, but not a word was spoken. The low breeze hummed a mournful tune—a death-dirge—about us, and the sea whispered back the burden of the note. Frank Billings was the first to speak.

"'Boys,' he said—and he spoke more calmly than I could have done under the same circumstances. 'I am ready. I shall not blame you. With my whole heart I forgive you now. Let it be over as soon as possible.'

"There was a moment's pause, and then the old fore-topman spoke!

"'We can wait until morning,' he said. 'We can live till then.'

"We all agreed to wait until the next morning, and Frank Billings looked the thanks he could not speak. I could see that he hoped.

"During the night there was considerable dew fall, and we spread everything that we could to catch it, and by sucking the cloths, and blankets, and rags thus dampened, we slightly mitigated the pain of our mad thirst. The wind was out from the south'rd and west'rd, and our boat's head was still pointing eastward.

"The next morning came, and the breeze was fresher, and the boat went more swiftly through the water. The sun arose and we looked around for some sign of hope, but none was to be seen. All was blank—hopeless!

"'Let me die at once!' gasped the fated youth, clasping his hands. 'Strike me quickly. I will not look to see who does it.'

"All eyes were turned towards me, and I knew by their looks that they meant for me to strike the fatal blow. At that moment I did really wish that I had received the fatal lot. But an idea came to my mind. I proposed to draw lots again to decide who should be the executioner. At that moment the old fore-topman arose to his feet. It was he that first spoke the idea of the cannibal feast. He was pale and weak with hunger and thirst, and his limbs could hardly support him.

"'Boys,' said he, 'I feel the hand of death upon me, and I am willing to die, but I cannot support life in this way. When I first spoke of this I thought I could do it, but I can't. It looks different now when I see a faithful shipmate, that has stood by me in storm and sunshine, allotted to die just that we may eke out a few more days to ourselves by sucking away his life. Shipmates, you may do as you please, but for me my mind is made up. When I die, even if it be while I now speak, the blood of a true and faithful shipmate sha'n't be on my soul.'

"O, how I loved that old man then. When he sat down there was a buzz about the boat—and in another moment every man arose, and I did the same. Instinctively every hand was raised to heaven—and all agreed to live or die together.

"Frank Billings fainted, and sank down from his seat, but some of the men caught him and lifted him up, and he was soon brought to.

"We had now become so weak and faint, that hardly a man could be found strong enough to take the helm, and I looked every moment to see some one faint and die. The morning passed on, and the sun was well up. My chronometer was yet safe, and by that it was nine o'clock. Suddenly there came a sharp cry from Jack Morton, the old fore-topman before alluded to. I thought he was dying, for I heard the name of God upon his lips.

"'Look, look!' he screamed, as he leaped upon the forward thwart and caught his arm about the foremast for support.

"We did look, and saw a low bank that looked like mist in the distance. It was directly ahead.

"'It is land! land!' he uttered, sinking back upon his seat; and when I arose, I opened my telescope and looked upon the point he had seen. It was land, plain, substantial land!

"We threw water upon our sails, and through the waves we went. In half an hour the land was plainly visible to the naked eye. It was a low, sandy spot, with white dots here and there, and beyond we could see great black mountains. I knew in a moment we were heading for Table Bay, and that Cape Town was close at hand. Then I heard old sailors pray. I heard them give thanks to God in true, pious zest. We were strong now—strong with sure hope.

"At half-past eleven I ran the boat upon the sand not a cable's length from the Amsterdam Fort. We sprang out upon the dry land, and tottered on to some of the buildings of the Dutch Company. We were taken in and cared for, and our hosts had the good sense to keep us from excess in both food and drink. In time we were strong again, and not one of our crew died—not one. In a month an American ship put into the Bay on her homeward bound passage, and her commander gave us passage in her.

"Frank Billings still lives, and when I saw him last, he commanded one of the finest packet ships that sails. Old Jack Morton is dead, but he died on shore, and he had kind friends to soothe his last moments—and let me tell you that if ever a man had cause for dying happy, he

had. He was one of those who never did harm to a fellow being, but who, on the contrary, always tried to do good.

"And now, boys, I've but one word more to say. If ever I had any light thoughts of God before, I have never had them since that terrible cruise in the long-boat. If God wasn't with us on that morning when our hearts were given up to death, then I don't want to know it, for it makes me happy to think he was—and I know that Frank Billings thinks the same."

So ended Ben's story, and we who heard it were thoughtful and sparing of words during the rest of the evening.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

It is the sanctuary of space and silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingled with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship—celebrated by the earth's chief pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling, framed not for man's abode, the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invisible spirits, an outer-court of heaven, visited, perchance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred *AWE* itself.—*H. B. Walkers.*

LAC DYE.

Lac dye, improperly denominated a gum, is obtained from a substance produced by an insect, *cheres lacca*, on certain trees growing in Bengal, Assam, Siam, and Pegu, the two latter countries yielding it of the finest quality. The insect deposits its egg on the leaves or branches, and then covers it with a quantity of this peculiar material, designed evidently for the purposes of protection and food for the young. The substance is formed into cells, finished with as much care and art as a honeycomb, but differently arranged. It supplies a fine red dye, and also resinous matter, extensively used in the manufacture of sealing wax, hats, and as a varnish. Lac, in its natural state, encrusting leaves and twigs, is called stick lac, and is collected twice a year by simply breaking off the vegetation, and taking it to market. If this is not done before the insects have left their cells, the value of the material as a dye is deteriorated, though supposed to be improved as a varnish. Lac dye is the coloring matter extracted from stick lac, and is usually formed into small cakes like indigo, exhibiting a hue approaching to carmine.—*Household Words.*

BALLAD.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Ah, many a year ago it seems,
Since I was first a lover;
And the hours have passed like uneasy dreams,
Since that sweet time was over.

But till the flame of my life grows cold,
In its chill and drear December,
And I shall be like a tale that's told,
Love's dream I shall still remember.

'Twas merry May, and the birds around
Were singing when first I met her;
And, as by magic, my heart was bound
At a glance in love's golden fetter.

Ah, she was as pure, and as bright and fair
As the apple's delicate blossom;
And sweet as the violets nestling there
In bliss on her swelling bosom.

Her eyes were soft as the vernal sky—
That soft May sky above her;
Her cheeks had the strawberry's tender dye,
And her breath was like the clover

She was but a simple village maid,
But hers was a noble spirit;
In sympathies rich, in such graces arrayed,
As a queen might joy to inherit.

Ah, love would blame me, if I should tell
Her coyness, and how I moved her
My love to return, and how deep and well
With my soul's whole strength I loved her.

There are some things that we must not speak,
By love's own laws forbidden;
Who surely on him will his vengeance wreak,
Who betrays what should be hidden.

One summer eve—ah, long ago!—
Our mutual vows we plighted;
In life and in death, in weal or in woe,
Our souls should be still united.

But a rival I had that I dreamed not of,
Who away in the night-time bore her,
And robbed me of her and her priceless love,
And none could to me restore her.

Since then I have walked the world alone,
With sweet sad memories laden,
Haunted by dreams of a happiness flown
Long ago, with that lovely maiden.

In the old churchyard a willow eye weeps
O'er a grave he bends sorrowful over;
And there it is that my soul's bride sleeps,
With the flowers that she loved above her.

People of nervous temperament, or what is usually called fine sensibility, in their joys and sorrows are ever in extremes. In adversity, their depression is too deep, because they have not fortitude to sustain it with constancy and composure; in prosperity, their elation rises too high, because they have not moderation to temper it with reflection and forethought.

THE SNOW-SHEDDING.

BY H. ROOSE EDGERT.

Barely, there's glory in thy silent falling,
 Purest of earth robes, glittering on her breast;
 As o'er a virgin gathering thy fair raiment,
 Ere she goes smiling to her quiet rest.
 Earth "calmly wraps thy drapery about her,"
 Smiles not, nor frowns upon thy pearly folds;
 Gives thee a voiceless greeting, but no token
 Of the wild tumults she beneath thee holds.

Yet, in the hush of thy untutored coming,
 See the chained night-winds linger in the lull;
 Lift thy flakes lightly, dallying with the jewels
 Countless and peerless, "passing beautiful!"
 But, if presumptuous hand caress thee,
 Softly thou yieldest to the grasp in part;
 Only to answer with a chill repellent,
 That even creeps unto the buoyant heart.

It makes us mournful with thy sad reminders!
 Our early dead—angels in heaven they are;
 Once, like new fallen snow—and Death's wing shadow
 Chilled the sweet purity it could not mar!
 Snow of the winter night! Thy glory
 Fragile as pure, the seal of frailty wears;
 Let me but sketch thy briefly brilliant story,
 And if it may be, gently pencil theirs!

Thou, in the sunlight of a summer morning,
 Swiftly and silently shalt soar away,
 To gleam in gorgeous skies, Hope's bow adorning,
 Throned in a coronet of light—and they,
 Called at the dawning of a day eternal,
 Snow flakes on earth, in heaven shall jewels be!
 Nor change, nor chill shall dim their holy beauty,
 Bathed in the effulgence of eternity.

THE LOVE OF A LIFETIME:

—OR,—

THE PROPHECY.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"GOOD-BY, Allen—don't forget us here at home," faltered a fair, lovely girl, as she gave her hand to young Allen Heywood, on the deck of a steamer bound for Liverpool. He had bade all the rest adieu with a steady lip, bright smiles and gay, cheerful words, and she was the last, standing a little apart from the others when he approached her. He took her hand.

"I shall never forget you, Mary, where'er I go; but will you remember me?"

"I will try," she uttered in a voice that strove to be playful and indifferent, but which nevertheless belied the brave smile upon her lip. She could not meet the earnest eyes that were looking down upon her, and for a moment neither spoke, while he still held her hand.

At last a happy idea seemed to strike him,

for a mischievous smile deepened the corners of his mouth, and rejoining the group, he said, in his old, sportive manner:

"I think the ladies ought to give me some memento, or talisman, against the trials and temptations of a foreign life—a ringlet or—"

"Wont you take a kiss, Allen?" broke out his friend Harry, laughingly.

"You have said it, Hal—it is what I never should have dared!"

Of course, the ladies put a veto on this, all but his sister Grace—for the rest, they forthwith gayly commenced a search for gifts. One took a ribbon from her neck, another flung him a glove, which he gallantly caught, and pressing to his lips, placed within his bosom; another, a little, careless, hoydenish thing, put an emerald ring upon his finger. Mary was the only one who had nothing for him.

"I am sorry," she said, as he looked at her inquiringly, "I have nothing suitable."

"Will you allow me to judge?"

She bowed her head and blushed, while he severed a soft brown curl from the drooping head with a small pocket pen-knife.

Something like a tear dimmed her eye as she saw him place it reverently beside the pictured face of his mother, and then restore the locket to his bosom. A few more adieus, a few more pleasant promises, a few more hand clasps, and the little party left the ship, and waved their "good-bys" from the shore.

Allen Heywood stood upon the deck, bowing and smiling, his head uncovered, and the wild, wanton May wind frolicking with his brown curls, and kissing his cheek into blushes. He was enough to turn the head and witch the heart of any woman—so gay, and handsome, and smiling; so full of quick, warm feeling and charming courtesy as he was. No wonder Mary Carroll loved him, though he had never made her a formal offer of his hand. But would he be true to her? Would not the very qualities which endeared him to society prove her worst enemies?

O, Mary, do not look so confidently at that gay, fascinating figure, which the steamer is fast bearing away from your vision. Turn away, and forget him, as in all probability he will you amid the dazzle and shine of foreign splendor. He is young, rich, handsome and impulsive. You are none of these—that fair, expressive face is not beautiful or dazzling in its quiet loveliness. That form is too petite to be royal and majestic; turn away and gather up courage! But the smile upon her lip is full of loving faith; her step elastic with hope as she walks homeward.

There was a small party that night at one of her young friends, and Mary, agreeably to her promise—for her inclination would have detained her at home—attended.

"We shall have some rare fun, Mary," said her young hostess, Anna Hauton, as she met Mary at the door, "for Monsieur Dunois, that old French juggler and fortune-teller, has promised to come."

"What an absurd idea, Anna!" exclaimed her elder sister, lifting her eyes from the flowers she was assorting, in aristocratic disdain.

"Absurd or not, lady Arabel, he's coming, for papa said so. For my part, I do like something amusing at parties, something besides this everlasting polking and schottishing. And you are so stuck up, 'Bel, everybody knows that your parties are the stupidest things in the world. I heard Harry Gordon say of the last one, that it was a terrible stiff affair, and he was bored to death."

The color deepened with anger on Arabel's round cheeks, and an angry retort was on her lip, when gentle Mary Carroll interrupted it with:

"O, you naughty little Anna, why not tell the whole—that he should be bored to death at fashionable parties, 'were it not for one star—charming Arabel Hauton.'"

The angry color faded from Arabel's cheek, and the sharp word was left unsaid, while Mary, the peace-maker, linked her arm within Anna's, and went up to the dressing-room.

It was rare fun, indeed, as the giddy Anna had predicted. Pierre Dunois, besides his accomplishments as juggler and seer, was a wit of no mean order, and even the stately Arabel was fain to acknowledge his amusing powers. The fortune-telling was left until the last, and many a gay, young heart beat high as the prophetic words fell upon her ear. At the commencement of the oracles, Mary Carroll had withdrawn from the group, and stole off to the conservatory, near which they stood. She had always had a repugnance, a secret dread of having the future predicted, and now with the sweet memories of the day busy at her heart, she shrank from any prophecies which should disturb this dream. She scarcely owned that she believed them, but she knew enough of herself to be aware that it was best to keep aloof from any such amusement, if she wanted an untroubled heart. But Gracie Heywood, missing her brother's favorite from the group, exclaimed:

"Where's Mary Carroll? Say, Mary, where are you?" and poor Mary had nothing to do but emerge from her retreat.

"Ah, Miss Modesty, you thought to escape, did you? But we shan't let you off so easily, so don't spare her blushes, *monsieur*, but tell us all you know of her—sweethearts," rattled on the lively Grace, as she drew her companion up to the seer.

Pierre Dunois took the slender white hand in his, and spread out the rosy fingers till he had a fair view of the soft, pink palm. The look of mirth and sarcasm vanished from his face, and an expression of deep interest, for the first time that evening, was visible.

"Lady, you will be deeply disappointed in one you love—faithless and forgetful, he will win the love of a titled dame, less fair, and far less pure than the one he leaves; but you will have your revenge—in the same foreign clime you will be wooed and won to a station, far above the high-born woman, that of a loved and honored wife."

Mary had long ago learned to control her emotions, so that those who saw the same calm smile upon her lips, with perhaps a little deeper color, knew not of the fearful forebodings that agitated her heart, as Pierre Dunois relinquished her hand. What was it to her now, that in after years she should be a loved and honored wife, if Allen Heywood was to prove false to her? She heeded not the happiness which came from other hands than his. She was beginning early to learn the misery of those words—"Faithless and forgetful."

It was the first of May in Florence—soft, sunny Florence, redolent of luxury and oppression. Gay groups, pedestrians, and elegant vehicles loaded with fair freights, moved along the Casino at the fashionable hour. Among the horsemen was a young man in a plain English citizen's dress, yet remarkable for his singular beauty and elegant carriage.

"Look! 'tis the young American," said a handsome girl, in Italian, as he rode past. "One can see that he is a gentleman by the way he carries himself."

"Hush, Bianca! he will hear you."

But the object of their remarks neither heard nor saw the speakers. He was evidently in search of some one, for the restless blue eyes wandered in disappointment from each fair occupant of the elegant vehicles. Presently the color flushes warmly up the fair, almost pale cheeks—the eager, searching expression gives place to an excited satisfaction, and spurring his horse to a gallop, he reins up at the side of a coroneted carriage, with his uncovered head bowed to his horse's neck. The lady within is the beauti-

ful and brilliant Marchesa B——. She greets her young admirer with graceful cordiality, and for an hour he paces beside her window, conversing in the sweet seductive Italian, or listening to the music of the band.

Allen Heywood—for it is he as you have guessed, dear reader—goes home that night from a *cote-a-tete* supper at the Marchesa's, his head and heart bewildered by those magical attractions. Long after midnight he is sitting by the open window of his room, striving in vain to cool the fever of his brow by the balmy breeze of Italy.

It is five years since he bade adieu to America—the mist of forgetfulness is slowly overclouding its memories. Leaning his forehead on his hand, he gave himself up to dreams of the past. For the first time for many months, a pang of remorse shot through him, as he contrasted his present life with the one he had left behind. Sinking his head upon his clasped hands, he said aloud, almost unconsciously, those beautiful lines of our American poet:

"O, memory! fragrant with the bloom
Of heather bells and roses."

The energy of his own voice startled him, and with a half shiver he turned to close the lattice. As his hand rested on the sill, he saw for the first time a bunch of forget-me nots, freshly gathered, and emitting a fragrance so home-like and bygone that the tears started to Allen's eyes, and his lip quivered with emotion. The first thrill of feeling over, and then came a wondering surprise as to the giver, and the means by which it was placed upon the window sill; he was sure he had given the key to Antoine when he went out in the morning, and the servant had said no one had been admitted during his absence. It was very singular, certainly. He turned them round in the bright moonlight, and for a moment the thought of the Marchesa flashed upon him, but he dismissed the idea with a smile. She would never send a modest bunch of forget-me-nots. Perhaps it was the gift of the pretty flower-girl, who sells him such exquisite bouquets every day? No, there was something so unassuming, so utterly regardless of artistic skill and taste in this simple cluster of pale, blue flowers, he felt sure it must have some hidden meaning unconnected with the Marchesa or a flower-girl. "Who knows but there is a note concealed in the fastening?—such things often happen in this romantic, reckless Italy!"

"Good Heaven! what does this mean?" he ejaculated aloud, as tearing off the paper about the stems, he saw a long silken tress of bright brown hair, so like, so startlingly like, the one

he remembered to have severed from Mary Carroll's young head years ago, that the perspiration started to his brow, and putting his hand to his head, he thought: "Am I dreaming?"

No; he still held the rippling curl between his fingers—a tangible reality. With a sudden impulse, he searched about amid old relics and love-tokens, until he finds the very locket containing his mother's picture and that ring of soft brown hair, lying close against the pictured face. He remembers the gay jests about the talisman that was to keep him from temptation. How often had he thought of them! It might have been remorse, and it might have been a tenderer feeling that caused him to slip the black ribbon about his neck, and conceal the locket in his bosom. A half blush stole over his face as he did so, for Allen Heywood had long left behind him any little romance or sentiment that brightened his youthful days. But it was done, and who may say but the sweet sleep—sweeter than he had known for months, might not have been won by this same talisman?

"Where has my truant hid himself?" asked the Marchesa, in silvery Italian, as Allen, after a week's absence, again sought her presence. A faint color tinged his cheek, as he made some evasive reply.

The Marchesa looked unusually lovely. A week's absence of her young American admirer had acquainted her with the true state of her affections, or, rather, ambition, for he was a *bon parti*, and her own fortunes were in a ruinous state.

Passionately fond of music as Allen was, the rich, cultivated voice of the Marchesa, as she poured forth her bird notes, captivated him anew. The wily but fascinating woman saw her advantage, and began warbling in his own tongue, sweetly and brokenly, Burns' "Bonnie Doon."

It was a *chef-d'œuvre* of feminine policy. What her own brilliant music had failed to accomplish, this little simple air had brought about, and Allen was utterly subdued when she turned her liquid eyes upon him. There was sadness, timidity and love in that passionate gaze, and bending over her, he grasped the small, jewelled hand, which still rested on the harp, and carried it to his lips. He felt that she was already won, that he had but to speak to seal the bond; but as he stooped still lower to catch a glimpse of the coquettishly-averted face, the locket, which he had hung round his neck the night before, fell out, and striking against his hand, the golden lid flew open, and disclosed the sweet, sad face of his mother, encircled by

that golden ring of hair, like a halo. Blessed talisman! it brought him back to reason and reality, and involuntarily he loosed his warm grasp upon the hand in his. The Marchesa saw this little scene, and the sudden cooling of her ardent admirer, and with great womanly tact, she put out her hand for the miniature as he was restoring it, and in her ordinarily gracious tones, as if no tender little episode had just occurred, said:

"Nay, allow me to see it."

Without placing it in her hand, he touched the spring, and held it before her.

"Your lady-love?"

"No—my mother."

"And this ring of hair?"

She was looking at him with a bland, yet scrutinizing gaze.

"A friend, lady."

A low, silvery laugh escaped from the Marchesa's lips.

"Nay, nay! young cavaliers don't carry locks of bright hair about, unless it belongs to some sweetheart."

Allen did not reply; she had touched a tender chord. For a moment the lady regarded him with a sad, sorrowful gaze, and as he at last looked up and met it, she laid her hand upon his, and said in subdued accents:

"Signor is homesick. I know what that is; I felt it when in France. Let me sing you something of home, and then we will say *addio*."

It was indeed of home she sang in that syren voice—"Home, Sweet Home." Faultless and sweet were those tones, but it was, nevertheless, a bad stroke of policy for the lovely Marchesa. As the well-known melody and words struck upon his ear, the dreamy expression of pleasure disappeared, and a bright, sharp, awake look came over his face.

What did *she* know of "home, sweet home?" He looked around the old palace-room, and remembered what crowds he had met there—what men he still meets there almost nightly; and with all these the Marchesa is as gracious as with him. He remembers, too, the women he had met there—countesses and duchesses, with their painted cheeks, and characters which no paint could brighten; he remembers all this, and shudders with an inward thanksgiving at his escape. Ay, sing away, beautiful Marchesa! with those rose-cleft lips, those drooping eyelids, and white arms displayed to admiration on the shining harp strings; but you might as well sing to the Dead Sea, for Allen's thoughts are in his far away America, listening to the words:

"Good-by, Allen; don't forget us here at home."

"Where did this come from, Antoine!"

The servant looked up at the bunch of forget-me-nots, which Allen held in his hand, with wondering amazement, and disclaimed all knowledge of it.

"Are you certain no one has obtained the key to my rooms in my absence?"

"Sure, signor."

"Well, you may go.—I suppose it's all magic," he said, laughingly to himself, after closing the door.

Magic, indeed, it seemed, when day after day, on his return from a walk or drive, a fresh bunch of the same flowers greeted him. He tried every means but one to ascertain the bringer, and this last he determined to put into execution as soon as possible.

It was on the Sabbath, and after breakfasting in his own room, he prepared himself for going out as usual; but instead of leaving the room, he opened and shut the door with considerable noise, and turning the key, placed it in his pocket, and silently, as if velvet shod, stole back to the soft cushions of the lounge in a cool, dim corner of the room, and took up a book to while away the time, while he patiently awaited the solving of the mystery.

The morning flew by—the dinner hour came; yet there was no evidence of its being explained. Once or twice he had been startled by a gay laugh, or the footsteps of some neighbor, but it brought not the results for which he waited. He was determined to persevere, however, although a smile played about his lips at his own tenacity. The long golden hours dragged heavily by, and the afternoon was half spent with no signs of a visitor.

Allen's head began to droop to the inviting cushions, and a gentle drowsiness stole over him, when a slight noise, like the lifting of a latch, aroused him. It was the door of his own room, he felt sure, though it did not seem to proceed from that direction, yet none other could have the sound of nearness. Again it came distinctly, accompanied by a gentle violence, and Allen, with wondering eyes, beheld the panel of the partition, on the same side where he was reclining, slide softly back and admit a female figure clad in white muslin.

It is well he is hid in that shadowy corner, for a sudden start, almost a spring, would otherwise have betrayed him. As it was, he with difficulty suppressed his emotion, until his fair visitor had placed a bunch of forget-me-nots upon the table, then flinging down his book, he bounded to her side, and putting his arm around her waist, exclaimed: "Mary! dear Mary! can it be?"

The color flushed her pale cheek, then left it as white as marble. Gently as a mother, he supported the half fainting figure to the lounge, and whispered in her ear words of assurance, mingled with tender, endearing epithets, half in Italian, half in English. As the rosy blood again returned to her face, and restored her to animation, she withdrew somewhat proudly from his clasping arm, and straightening her slight form with gentle dignity, said :

"Allen, I did not come here to win a recreant lover back again, but your mother's last words to me when we parted, three months since in America, were : 'Win Allen home to his mother and sister, Mary.' I did not know when my uncle engaged rooms for us here, that you were an inmate, and accident only revealed it to me. My parlor, as you see, adjoins your own, and one day while laying away my bonnet in the closet, I heard distinctly your voice in conversation with your servant. It occurred to me as strange that I could hear so plainly ; but a day or two afterwards I struck my foot against what seemed to be a small bolt. Curiosity led me to examine it, and I knew from the stillness in your room that I could do so safely without fear of interruption. I found it, as you have seen, a secret communication with this room—the rest you know. The daily gift of forget-me-nots was prompted by the thought that they might win you to your boyhood's home with their sweet voiceless language, and away from this luxurious, aimless life. Your mother and Grace will be glad if I have had any such influence."

"Mary dear—best beloved Mary!" and he laid a detaining hand upon her arm, as she rose to go, "I will not ask of you to feel no thrill of gladness that Allen Heywood is reclaimed from the follies of a foreign life. I know I do not deserve a place in that dear heart. Yet, listen to me before you leave me."

With a slight blush, she said :

"In my own parlor I will listen to you, Allen. We women of America are more scrupulous in the conventionalisms of society than Italian dames."

Within the charmed precincts of this parlor, where everything bespoke the sweet womanly tastes of the fair occupant, Allen Heywood plead his cause, and was forgiven.

"And how came my Mary to wander away off here with no one but her uncle Robert?" questioned Allen, as he sat with those slender fingers clasped in his.

"My health failed; and you know I was always a favorite with Uncle Robie, and he insisted upon my going to Italy with him. I believe

the physician told him it was the only thing,—I needed."

"The only thing that would save you," Mary; I understand; you need not hesitate. Think you I do not deserve this pain? Merciful Heaven! and you would have died! I believe all these five years I have been mad; but God be thanked, I am sane now! Did you know the physician's verdict yourself, Mary?"

"Yes."

"And—"

"I was willing to die!"

"Dear Mary!"

"Will you give Mary to me?" said Allen to Uncle Robert, a few hours after.

Uncle Robert had some knowledge of the long years Mary had waited for her faithless lover, and a grave look overclouded his usual blithe smiling face.

"Mary, my child, have you perfect, unlimited confidence and trust in this man?"

She looked up into the sad, serious face of Allen, and met the earnest, loving glance with as loving a smile; then laying her hand within his, she turned to her uncle :

"As firm a faith as I have in you, dear Uncle Robert. I need say no more."

The old man laid his hand over the two that were clasped together.

"Take her, Allen, and never forget you have won an angel."

The prophecy was fulfilled. In a foreign land she was the loved and honored wife of Heywood.

A SENSIBLE MAN.

One day the Emperor Paul, being surrounded by a large circle of Russian princes, addressed the Count Rostopchin as follows :

"How happens it, count, that you have not the title of prince?"

"Will your imperial majesty permit me to tell you the true reason?" responded Rostopchin.

"Certainly," said the emperor.

"It was," resumed the count, "because my ancestor, on his first arrival from Tartary at your court, came in the winter time."

"And what had that to do with the question?" asked Paul.

"Why, your majesty," replied the count, "in that day it was the custom to offer every newcomer the title of prince, or a fur pelisse; and my ancestor, being a man of sense, preferred a warm coat to an empty title."

The joke took, and the mad emperor laughed heartily.—*Boston Journal.*

General observations drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greatest care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny.

ALBUM TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.

Might I crave a boon from the Father above,
 A blessing to rest upon one I love,
 A beautiful gift, which in times of sorrow
 Would point the soul to a bright to-morrow—
 A happier day;
 I would ask not for fame or worldly renown,
 I would ask not for pleasure's glittering crown—
 But the prayer of my heart for its loved, should be,
 Give her faith, O Father, and trust in thee.
 Faith's glorious ray.

Give her beauty of soul, with calm, holy trust,
 Sustaining the spirit, when "dust to dust"
 Is the mandate given—when mortality's hour
 Is hastening to close, and death's chilling power
 Is felt at last.

O give her rich beauty which never shall fade,
 A soul in its garments of light arrayed;
 A spirit of purity, which shall aspire
 To the noble, and true, till quenched is life's fire,
 Death's anguish past.

Grant her wealth, the blest wealth of a loving heart,
 To comfort the mourning the power impart;
 To weep with the sorrowing, while in others' joy,
 Her heart shall find blessing without alloy.

So may it be.

Faith, beauty, and wealth, a glorious array
 To dwell in the soul—ever day by day,
 Sending forth their rich fruits. O this is the prayer,
 From a true heart rising on the still air,
 Maiden for thee.

MRS. MILES'S PIN MONEY.

STORY FOR THE NEWLY MARRIED.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

ABEL MILES was a man of fortune. At least the business world so said; but, in fact, nobody knew the real amount of his worldly possessions, and being a shrewd man, he took very good care that his neighbors should know less of his business than himself.

Abel Miles was still a single man. A bachelor of forty, of prepossessing exterior, polished in manners, affable in discourse, and intelligent beyond a question.

But no wife? You would hardly think Abel needed one, should you just get a peep into the elegant suit of rooms exclusively set apart for the use of the fastidious merchant,—a private table, where a few particular friends could dine with him on a choice bit,—sofas of the most luxurious softness, where he could throw himself for an after-dinner lounge, with no danger of having his nose pulled by a brood of wild children, who are "only playing with papa, and

must on no account be snubbed, the dear little plagues,"—no servant to drive him out of his domicile an hour before his will prompts him to go, to sweep the room and dust the furniture. Surely Abel Miles is quite comfortable enough without a wife.

Herein was the great virtue of Abel's character, for he prided himself on being able to resist the sweetest smiles, from the sweetest of damsels. For ten, yes, fifteen years, he had basked in the sunshine of woman's approval, and yet had never bent his knee to sue for the slightest favor.

Our hero had, some how, let the absurd idea creep into his brain, that a wife was at the root of all domestic difficulties, of all financial embarrassments, in fact, a sort of gun-powder magazine at the foundation of all money affairs, that was in constant danger of exploding and blowing the whole concern, private and public, into confusion and chaos. How, pray, was this? Why simply by what a woman calls her "pin money." Ah! this it is that undermines fortunes, and brings about heavy failures,—the money going out by dribblets, drop, dropping away, till the whole is scattered past gathering up again.

Abel Miles had too many discontented husbands to dine with him, who should have been at their own tables; too many sour bachelors, who never could have had establishments of their own, with wives at the head of them, by any possible means; too many club victims, all of whom found defence for their own neglect of duty, by scourging the poor wives of rich men.

Here, over the choicest wines, was the extravagance of women duly discussed. Herein was found a reason for the great embarrassments in trade. The money that was spent for finery was not to be counted. It was lamentable,—it was disgraceful!

As a compensation to Abel for persisting in his bachelorhood, nature crowded into one little corner of his brain this absurd monstrosity, and there it fumed and boiled away, till the smoke of the internal cauldron formed itself into a thick screen over his perceptive faculties, so that it was impossible to see clearly what was as plain as daylight to ordinary beholders.

There always comes a time in every person's life, when he is tried in his weakest points. So it was with Abel Miles. He had lived fifteen years in the very midst of fascinations, and had bravely resisted them all, for the plain reason that he had never been tempted. He was not a man to fall in love with every lady he escorted to the theatre, and the "right one" had not appeared that was to take the strong, self-willed man captive.

Now comes Abel's time of trial. An old school-friend, many years lost sight of, living in a southern city, came on business to our metropolis, and registered his name at the very hotel where our hero had his sumptuous lodgings. Moreover, he brought along with him as pretty a daughter as ever a man had to be proud of,—lively, musical, and accomplished in all the graces of early womanhood, yet preserving, through all, her merry girl life, natural, unaffected, and really beautiful.

Abel Miles saw Jennie, and did just what he would have done had the same pretty girl danced before his eyes ten years before,—he fell in love at first sight. In vain did Abel strive to convince himself it was not love. His uncomfortable feelings could be ascribed to various causes. A fit of gout, of dyspepsia, of neuralgia,—his symptoms belonged to each of these direful diseases. Sleeplessness, restless days, disrelish for his club, his newspaper, and the conversation of his cronies.

No, no,—it will never do, Mr. Abel Miles. The malady is plainly a fit of love, and there is no royal road to sneak out of it. Prompt and decided action now will only avail. Sweep the cobwebs from your cranium, the dust out of your mind, the silly quirks you have boasted of as virtues, and lead the fair sinner to the marriage altar,—no other cure for you.

The poor man had a long and severe struggle with his prejudice, before he showed himself a sensible man enough to offer his fortune and his distressed heart to the daughter of his old friend. But he did it at last, like a man, but reserved for himself the privilege of drawing upon paper a few articles for his future application, that would relieve him of the fears that had hitherto haunted him.

Abel's old associates rallied him, as they well might, on his sudden change of views on matrimony, and as a sort of apology for doing such an indiscreet act, he told them his intended plan. First, the wife of Abel Miles would have no separate purse. It was giving women too much power, too much authority by far. If every man would do as he, Abel Miles, would do, there would not be so many Lucy Stones, or Rev. Antoinettes lecturing and preaching, keeping society in a perfect bedlam, and spiriting on the wives of honest men to family discord and open rebellion. It was a bad idea for a woman to earn money. It would do well enough for the poor—these were exceptions to the general rule—he was now talking about the wives of men of fortune.

He, Abel Miles, knew perfectly well a woman's

needs. His wife should be as well dressed as anybody in the city of Boston. She should never blush to find herself eclipsed by the richest of them, but he should reserve the right of ordering her wardrobe, or, at least, of holding the purse in his own hands.

"Ah! but there's the 'pin money,'" retorted his bachelor tormentors; "your wife must surely have 'pin money.'"

"Good gracious, no; that is just what I wish to avoid. She may have a hundred-dollar bill to buy a brocade, but no driblets, mark me for that."

"Well, we wish you joy and good luck in your plan. We will keep an eye on you, friend Abel, and if your rule works, we'll follow in your footsteps."

The nuptials were all that could be expected, in point of elegance, parade, and outlay of money. The house on Beacon Street was no hired tenement, but belonged to the man whose name was engraved on the door-plate—Abel Miles. His carpets and sofas were the best, his halls were spacious, his table was loaded with silver, and his wife prettier than ever in her rich adornings.

For a few years, Abel's articles that he had drawn up for his future application, worked admirably, for just this reason, Jennie's father was an indulgent parent, and petted his pretty daughter as long as he had her under his own roof, and was not unmindful of her future happiness when he resigned her to his old friend. Thus, when he had arranged his daughter's marriage portion, and proudly placed it in the hand of his son-in-law, he was careful to reserve a sum as a bridal present to his Jennie, and when he slipped it into her hand, he whispered, very softly, "Only a little pin money, love. It's not necessary to speak of it at all to your husband,—nothing to do with your marriage portion, that is all arranged."

Jennie took the roll of bills, kissed her thanks, at the same time laughing as she said:

"This will buy a great many pins, father."

"No matter, Jennie. I don't know much about such matters, but your mother says every woman needs a little pin money; but perhaps your husband don't understand that as he will by-and-by. So I have provided you with a trifle to draw upon for the first year."

Jennie had a very elegant wardrobe when she became Mrs. Abel Miles. In fine there seemed no possible occasion for her to require clothing of any description for years to come. But silks will fade, and every woman knows that a French hat is good for nothing after the first three

months' wear; gloves are tender, and laces and embroidery wear thin and yellow all too soon. So there did come a time, at the end of a very few years, when the pin money was actually expended.

So far, things had gone on swimmingly. The delighted husband had never once heard the word money uttered in his house. Jennie was always elegantly dressed, and superintended the table, when her lord was wont to bring his gentleman friends to dine, with a grace quite captivating.

It was often the boast of Abel Miles, that he, fortunate man, had found one woman in the world who had no need for "pin money." His married gentleman friends looked on wonderingly. They eyed most minutely each article of apparel on the modest wife. They saw everything in its place, everything in perfect taste, and all without "pin money." Here was, indeed a secret.

The wives of the aforesaid married gentlemen heard rather more on this subject than was agreeable to them. They occasionally met and talked over the matter among themselves. Their tact, or common sense, told them how it was with Mrs. Abel Miles; it was quite plain to them, but they failed to convince their husbands. At length Mrs Abel Miles's "pin money" became a by-word among the ladies, and often to the great chagrin of their dear lords, who did not quite relish any fun at their expense.

But to hasten on. When Jennie reached the bottom of her father's purse, she very innocently said to her husband one day, blushing a little, it is true, at this, her first request for money, that if it was quite convenient, she would like a few small bills, just a very few, a 'little "pin money."

Good heavens! Abel Miles stood like one petrified. Jennie looked bewildered, and blushed deeper, little dreaming of the dangerous ground on which she was treading.

The husband was confused beyond all power of expression, and knew as little what to do in the emergency, as though he had never had a day's experience as "head of a family." Before his affrighted vision stalked a ghastly picture of ruin; houses, banks, lands, all being swiftly hurled into confusion. This survey brought back his senses, and with as firm a voice as he could command, he answered:

"What is your need, Mrs. Miles? I will myself do you the honor of sending home your demands."

Without waiting to hear what the orders might possibly be, the poor crest-fallen Abel

caught his hat and rushed into the street in the greatest trepidation of mind, leaving Jennie to make what she could out of her husband's strange answer to her very reasonable request.

That same day a bundle was left at the door for Mrs. Abel Miles. Jennie quickly unrolled the package, and her eye fell on a superb brocade silk.

"What can my husband mean, by ordering another of these rich garments? I have at least a half dozen, that will long be 'out of fashion' before they are soiled. I wish in my heart he would give me ten dollars, to furnish my work-box and pay a small bill to my laundress. Men never seem to think we can possibly want any articles of clothing but dresses."

Jennie said nothing about her disappointment, and laid the dress away. A fortnight hence her wants urged her to venture a second request. "A small amount, to buy a few trifling articles; in fact, a little 'pin money.'"

Now Abel Miles grew quite angry. He felt as if a whole paper of pins were sticking into his flesh. He smothered his wrath as well as he could, saying only a few words, but these few sounded very strangely to Jennie's ear. She was a proud woman, and so at once made up her mind never again to repeat her request for money. Then how was she to get it, pray! Trust to a woman's tact for that. We will see.

Jennie had no reason to complain of her husband's attention to her *uncommon* wants. No woman rode through the city more elegantly attired than Mrs. Abel Miles. There was no end to the superb dresses, the rich embroidery, the velvet mantillas, and the French hats, that came to the house expressly by her husband's orders. This would have done very well, had he enclosed in each new garment a ten dollar bill to pay the dress-maker, to buy the silk and trimmings that are quite as necessary to the completion of the garment as the bare material.

Jennie had too much pride to ask her seamstress to make a bill for a few days' work, and by far too much feeling to make her laundress wait week after week for doing up her embroidery. So, like a sensible woman, she resolved to sew her own dresses and iron her laces as best she could. The result of the matter was, that where as formerly, when Mr. Abel Miles brought home gentleman friends to dine, he was sure to find Jennie in good spirits, nicely attired, doing her honors gracefully, she now often presented a red face, from bending over heated irons, or seemed nervous and tired, from close confinement to her needle.

Abel grew quite fidgety, ever what he was

pleased to call his family discomforts. He desired, above all things, that his model wife should show off well. She was a part of his establishment, and it amazed him to come home with old cronies and find her looking jaded, or half sick. Just in the same way might he have fretted to have found his silver table-service tarnished, or his carpets dusty. It was all the same kind of trouble,—poor, poor man!

Jennie soon found that she must have "pin money" from some quarter. She could make her own dresses, iron her own muslins, but she could not make needles or thread, nor plain cotton cloth, and these she must have, nevertheless. So Jennie hit upon an expedient that did her great credit, and proved to be just the thing needed to bring about a right understanding upon domestic matters.

Now it so happened, a most fortunate circumstance, truly, that Jennie had no children to demand her care. I say fortunate, considering the thousand and one little wants of babyhood, that never could have been brought to the understanding of a man like Abel Miles, and his poor wife would have been put to her "wit's end" to have attempted to bring up a family of children without "pin money," and a plenty of it, too.

Yes, dear, little, unborn treasures, most sincerely do I congratulate you on your non-appearance into this state of being. No doubt you would have been amply supplied with Kossuth hats, with beautiful waving plumes, fine cloth coats with silver lacings, and the nursery would have been well filled with huge rocking-horses, and great lumbering playthings; but "ten to one" you never would have seen "Mother Goose," or a penny whistle, or a gingham pinafore. What greater misfortune, then, could have happened to you, under these circumstances, than to have been born?

Jennie now had a plan, as well as her husband, but she drew up no articles on paper, nor boasted that she would abide by them. She went to work very quietly, and with a woman's good sense in meeting an uncommon emergency.

We may as well here say that Jennie had a musical turn. Indeed, she had an exquisite taste for music, with a fine voice for singing,—an accomplishment that gave her husband great pride and delight. She now resolved to make use of this gift to supply her needs.

Jennie kept her plan in her mind some time, with her eyes wide open to avail herself of some rare opportunity. Her intimate friend was taken into the secret, the better to aid her in the practical application of her project. The matter was managed with the most profound secrecy.

A rich gentleman, an acquaintance of Jennie's friend, wished to employ a private instructress in music for his two daughters. As the gentleman had not been long a resident in the city, he readily availed himself of the assistance of Jennie's confidant, who interested herself in procuring for him one qualified for the office. Jennie was the person recommended and employed. There was no possible means of her incognito being discovered, as the gentleman went very little into society, his wife being an invalid, and he a man fond of home and quiet life.

Now see Mrs. Abel Miles, attired in a dress of plain material, wearing a close straw hat, with a green sunshade, carrying in her hand a roll of music, starting off on her new duties. It took but an hour of each day, and as her time was quite at her disposal, Jennie found no difficulty. In fine, she came to enjoy it vastly. Her pupils were pleasant young girls, and the employment quite to her taste.

Jennie rejoiced much over her success. Talk and argue the matter of money expenditures she never could, or would do, but she hoped to convince her husband, in a more practical way, of the unreasonableness of his whim.

One day, as Jennie was hastening home from her music lessons, she was greatly fluttered by seeing a carriage standing at her door, and her husband helping out two elegantly attired ladies. What was she to do now? She was on the opposite side of the street, but quite near to them; but her thick veil and plain dress did not betray her to her husband.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma. Jennie could not enter the house except at the front entrance, without setting the whole array of Irish servants staring with curiosity at the strange appearance of their mistress. She did not wish to compromise the dignity of her husband's house, by thus appearing in their midst. What could she do? There she stood, in a plain gingham morning dress, a black-silk, unadorned mantilla, with a roll of music in her hand.

"Very well," thought Jennie, "the crisis must come sometime, let it come now. I would have saved my husband this mortification before his friends, could I do so, but as it is, I will go through it as gracefully as possible."

So Mrs. Miles stepped across the street, and met her husband, face to face, just as he was handing his ladies up the front steps.

Imagine, if it is possible for you to do so, the horror, depicted on the face of the fastidious, fussy man. The ladies were both strangers to Jennie, old friends of her husband, and when Mrs. Miles observed this, she regretted more

than ever the unforeseen circumstance that had thrown Abel into such dismay.

Poor man,—what was he to do? He could not disown his wife at his own door, especially as she soon would be obliged to re-appear in the parlor to receive her guests. All he could do was to utter a hasty exclamation, and introduce his wife to his friends.

Jennie received the ladies with her usual grace and sweetness of manner. They would not allow her to withdraw to arrange her toilet, as their visit must necessarily be a hasty call. So Mrs. Miles sat down amid her elegant furniture, still holding the vexed music roll in her hand, and did her best to entertain her visitors.

The ladies were charmed with Jennie's affability, and were too highly bred to show surprise at the negligee of her toilet. In fact, it was quite out of their mind by the time the call was ended; but the fussy man was quite beside himself with vexation, and he exaggerated the impropriety of the act quite out of all sense of reason. These matters of dress are quite small sources of regret to women, oftentimes, when they seem to men like serious evils.

The visitors away, Jennie found her husband not in his usual polite mood, who, unable longer to conceal his vexation, half-pettishly requested an explanation.

Jennie, in a very quiet manner, revealed her secret, and related the whole matter of her "pin money" embarrassments; her pride, that would not allow her to employ a seamstress or laundress, without the means of honestly remunerating them at the time of the completion of their task; her own feelings in regard to urging a repeated reasonable request, and the expedient to which she had actually been driven, for want of a little forethought on his part.

Jennie told her story remarkably well. In fact, she was well prepared for it, having conned it over in her mind some fifty times, in view of the day of explanation.

We forbear to dwell long on the mortification of Abel Miles. "Mrs. Miles, the wife of Abel Miles, doing her own ironing, sewing her dresses, and actually turning music teacher, working for wages, in the house of a man living on an income less than his own." To be humbled, too, before his old friends, the very two women, above all others, that he desired to impress with the unusual elegance of his home and wife, the beautiful, accomplished wife he had boasted so much of to them. What a downfall to his pride. Again we repeat, poor, poor man!

Jennie was forced to commiserate her husband on the ridiculous ending of her little play. She

surely would have avoided thus meeting his friends for the first time, could she have foreseen the circumstance, and she honestly told him so; but this did not mend the matter much.

Abel could say very little to defend himself. He saw things in a new light. He was pretty thoroughly convinced now of the need of a woman's private purse, and that very day he put one into the hand of his wife, with many injunctions to remind him when it should again be empty, should he be remiss in his duty.

Mrs. Miles has had no reason to hint at "pin money" since the fatal day when the pride of her liege lord received its great humiliating shock.

Strange to say, but so it was, that from this day, Abel Miles's respect for his wife rose a hundred per cent. He knew very well, from the first, that Jennie was the prettiest, most charming woman in the world, but he had not looked for so much energy of character, so much inborn pride and delicacy of nature, so much endurance of a real evil. It was, indeed, a new and strange revelation of woman's character, and it was as beautiful as it was wonderful to him.

"Yes, yes," muttered Abel, over his counting-room books, "yes, Alexandre Dumas said one wise thing, if no more. I am just of his opinion, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made,' particularly women."

BALZAC'S DEBTS.

No one paid his debts better than Balzac when he had the money; but no one had more extraordinary debts. A friend met him at Ville d'Avray, and wanted him to dine at the Restaurant de la Grille.

"I am not on terms with the establishment," said Balzac.

"Why so?"

"Because I owe eight hundred francs there for cutlets."

In his moments of depression he spoke of engaging in commercial pursuits.

"This miserable century being inclined to grocery," cried he, "why should not I be a grocer? Mirabeau sold cloth. I'll have a fine shop on the Boulevards, and on the sign, in letters of gold, Balzac & Co., Groceries wholesale and retail. In the shop, Madame Sand shall serve behind the counter with a white rose in her hair. At the door, Theophile Gautier shall grind coffee, dressed as a shop boy. Gerard de Nerval will weigh out the moist sugar; and I, Balzac, with apron and cap, will supervise all as master of the establishment."

This fine plan, however, fell like a castle built of cards. Balzac could not persuade his friends.

"To be shop-boy," added he, the hair should be cut à la Titus; and that rascal Theophile Gautier is silly enough to be proud of his curls."

—*Home Journal*.

HOPE.

BY P. B. HANDYDEE.

High on a tranquil billow's breast,
 I saw a gallant vessel ride;
 The gale had soothed the sea to rest,
 And wooed it as a gentle bride.
 The sails were filled, the snowy sheet
 Was smiling in the softened breeze;
 And like a winged bird, so fleet,
 It skimmed along the untroubled seas.
 'Twas like a living, breathing thing,
 As full of life, and joy, and light,
 As maiden beauty, in its spring
 Of summer thoughts and fancies bright.

I thought me—would that gentle gale
 Thus bear it ever o'er the wave?
 Would no rude whirlwind rend the sail,
 No angry billow be its grave?
 It kept its course in glorious pride,
 And met the laughing foam that threw,
 In sparkles round the vessel's side,
 Its curling crests of summer blue.
 What filled its sheets with balmy breeze?
 What sped it o'er, so winged and fleet?
 What made the deep and roaring seas
 Its snowy sail with sunbeams greet?

'Twas Hope, reclining on the shore,
 That stretched her hand across the deep;
 And stilled the ocean's angry roar,
 And lulled the god of storms to sleep.
 One hand the anchor grasped, and o'er
 The main the other one was spread;
 The breeze that kissed Hope's temples bore
 That vessel, and her image led.
 No wonder, then, it seemed a thing
 So full of life, and joy, and light;
 As maiden beauty, in its spring
 Of summer thoughts, and fancies bright!

GIOTTO, THE CHILD OF THE CAMPAGNA.

BY GEORGE D. BARTON.

On a bright lovely evening old Bendone sat at the door of his little hovel in Italy, on the Campagna, near Rome, and looking over the wide landscape, saw how the light faded into the sky, and fell in soft, billowy shades, or slanted in golden sheafs upon the undulating surface of the plain before him; he watched how the fire-flies began to sparkle and shoot up by the mounds of ruined tombs or fallen columns, where the dark grass and long bending reeds gave them a home, or counted the dusky forms of the buffaloes that grazed in distant groups or lay with wide branching horns upon the arid turf. But the beauty of the dewy night, nor the soft glitter of the stars, nor the play of the fire-flies, brought no answering mildness to his brow, nor

hid from his aching heart that old age and pinching care yet held him as their own. Within, the wheel of his peasant wife had ceased to whirl, and the smothered glow of the charcoal-brazier told that their frugal meal was being cooked, and then—another day begin!

"Must it ever be?" said the old man mournfully, to himself. "Must it ever be the same—morning, noon, and night, and morn again? Why did not the good God make me like my fellow serfs, to delve from day to day, and sleep like wearied brutes when toil is done? Why have I burned and struggled to be free, to break these servile chains of want and care? Why have I hoped to reach some better goal, some nobler fate than this? O! Mater Sanctissima, was it pride that my little one should learn to read, or my poor Paula should be boastful of her darling? Jesus, have pity! But we peasants have sometimes hearts!"

The tears stood in the eyes of the old man, and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

Nature had endowed him with a soul far above his lowly lot, and the simple pleasures which filled with happy zest the lives of his neighbors, only with him palled on senses too acute not to discover their coarseness, and too sensitive and ideal not to long for joys far beyond his reach. They had one child, the little Giotto, and in him their hearts were bound wholly up as in a sheaf of sunshine. Before, for years their home had been cheerless enough, but now in their old age, the little one had come to brighten their declining years, and be at once the solace and care of their autumn days. He was a gay, frolicsome boy, the light of that lowly hut on those dreary plains.

Thus passed months and years, and Giotto grew to his tenth summer, a boy of exquisite beauty in face and form, strong and athletic, though slender as a reed. Heaven seems to plant in us a wonderful instinct, and all great natures are born and nursed in solitude. Thus Giotto nursed in the haunts of solitude the germs of wonderful beauty, that in future years stamped his name upon the world, and thus he grew into a nobler lore, than old Bendone ever dreamed or felt.

One night the rain fell bitterly, and the wind, sweeping unobstructed over the level reaches of country, beat mercilessly on the isolated cabin of Bendone. The door was shut, both against the driving storm, and the cold of the inclement season, and only the light from the brazier gave a gleam, that faintly dispelled the gloom of the apartment. Giotto's head rested upon his father's knee; old Paula had laid aside her spin-

ning, and sat with folded hands, as if tender and prayerful thoughts were in her breast, and Bendone's hand played with the curls of his darling's head.

"Thou art getting old, Giotto," he said gently, and as if his very tones kissed and caressed his child's unconscious beauty.

"Old! father!" cried the child joyously, lifting up his little figure to its fullest height.

"Very—very old," answered the poor peasant, smiling in spite of himself. "So old, darling, that poverty begins to knock at thy door, and say, 'come—work! work!'"

The child raised his large brown eyes, and did not seem quite to understand whether his father was about to tell him a fairy story, or give him one of those grave lectures he had now begun to administer, but seeing he did not proceed, he drew from under the old man's blouse the dagger, commonly worn by the peasantry of that region, and commenced scratching on the wall the outlines of one of the ruined mounds that dotted the vast campagna, then finishing the summit with long straggling tufts of grass, he drew at its foot a group of the long haired buffaloes, that graze half wild upon the plains, and then in quick, bold strokes finished it in a border of graceful tendrils and curling fantastic vines. Bendone watched him closely:

"Thou lovest it?" he said.

"Yes," answered the child. "I love it and they love it; for the cattle look at me with loving eyes, and the brook sings to me, and the flowers bend to me, when I make them over again in the sand;" and the child laughed joyously to himself.

"This is all very fine," said the old man, shaking his head, "but it is full time thou wert rid of these idle fancies, and couldst do something for thyself."

"But the child is so very young!" pleaded Paula, tenderly, and she busied herself about the room that no more might be said on the subject. But Giotto was now ten years old, and so when the spring came round, it was determined he should tend the flocks of a neighboring petty landholder, and then with the early season the boy led his woolly charge out over the undulating fields, a lonely, solitary life, little calculated to dispel the wandering fancies, of which Bendone had disapproved in his heart, but cherishing his poetic soul, and delicate though healthy temperament with every breeze that swept the campagna, and every bird that warbled above his head.

Neither was he always alone: little Berdetta, the landholder's only child, found something

wonderfully attracting in the gentle and manly lad; she with her little basket on her arm, he with his shepherd's staff, they wandered whither the sheep strayed, attracted by greener pasturage, or where their own fragrant fancies might lead them. Sometimes Berdetta strung those pearly shells, of which the Italian peasantry are so fond, singing with a full sweet voice, clear as the lark's, and ending with a gushing cadence, like the rush of a mimic waterfall, and then Giotto would listen with eyes lit with wonder and exultation.

But sometimes, during their midday siesta, when the cicada sang shrill and dry from the burning rocks, and the long buried mounds gave them a grateful shade, Giotto would rest his head, shaded with magnificent curls, on the knees of the little Berdetta, and they would be, half dreaming, half gazing into each other's eyes, wondering at the bright reflections that answered back from their own, and drinking in those deep and subtle passions, of which their childlike souls were as yet unconscious, though, day by day, the magnetic influence grew and deepened. They were rarely now apart. People noticed them wandering over the moors, and travellers loaded them with coins, or sang the praises of the little gipsies—he for his beauty, she for her song!

But this could not last forever; Berdetta's father was wealthy, and his only child must be placed in a convent at the customary age, and the walls of San Pietro soon closed over the weeping Berdetta, and Giotto roamed alone.

Then came the time when nature and a burning love wrought in the soul of the young boy: his frolicsome games had left him, and old Bendone and the lonely Paula wondered and grieved at the change in the tall, slender boy, who no longer sang at the cabin door in the long summer evenings, or joined in the winter games around the hearth. Occasionally he saw Berdetta, but at long intervals, and again his passionate thirst for sketching the objects of his daily life burned in his soul, and at night he was restless on his couch. He had carved with much care during the previous winter a rosary, which he had sent to Berdetta at her convent, and she in return had sent him a roll of roughly executed drawings and frieze work, which he had copied with all the love for the giver and the gift.

When spring came he again resorted to his old sketching ground by the brookside: there on the broad white stones, which blocked up the bed of the current, he found ample tablets for his work, and with a charred stick wrought all day, and erased his work with water from the brook,

when space was needed for some new design that fired his imagination.

He was thus busily engaged towards the close of a long sultry afternoon in midsummer, the slant rays of the sun were stretching across the fields, and he was about to throw up his work and gather his flock for the night, when a stranger approached him unobserved. Struck by the beauty and grace of his attitude, and impelled by a curiosity to discover the cause of so singular an attraction, the traveller drew near, and nearer, till bending over the boy, he stood rooted with surprise at so unexpected a sight.

The work proceeded rapidly from the boy's fingers, for sunset was at hand, and old Bendone would be awaiting him by the ruined cross of Loretto, and the finishing strokes fell like magic on the rough tablet.

"Who art thou?" exclaimed the stranger, when surprise allowed him to speak.

The boy started: "I am Giotto," he said.

"And where dost thou live, and who is thy father, and wilt thou come with me?" asked the traveller, at one breath.

"The son of old Bendone," answered the child, modestly; "but I know not, seignor, whether I come with thee or no!"

The stranger gazed upon the sketch before him: it was a simple group of cattle, but drawn with such a masterly hand, that he was again wrapped in silent admiration; without saying another word, he grasped the boy's hand and cried:

"Come! take me home with thee; I must see thy father!" Then in that deep sad voice, in which any artist in Italy would have recognized the tones of Cimabue, the painter, he said, "Dost thou love it, child?"

"Indeed, indeed," said the boy, "do I not, seignor?"

"Wilt thou then go with me, live with me, where thou canst see paintings and statues, and learn to be a painter?"

"It will be as my father says, good seignor."

"A true child, a good child," murmured the stranger, tenderly. "Italy shall yet thank me for this."

The next day there was hurry and weeping at the peasant's cottage. Old Bendone stood with a mournful, half-exultant pride, that would not show his grief; poor Paula wept aloud, and Giotto stood half weeping with his deep home-love, but in his soul were the first stirrings of those wings of genius, that bore his name in after years around the world.

Giotto went to Florence, thence to Rome. There art opened to him her treasures, and

there the beautiful soul of the shepherd-boy was filled with a new life, a burning, ardent power, whose means of accomplishment lay before him, and the nutriment of his splendid genius was supplied by the masterly hand and loving soul of Cimabue, who regarded him as the child of his adoption, and yearned towards him daily, more and more, won not only by the tender affection and respect of his young pupil, and the rapid progress of his studies, but also by that delicate and beautiful spirit of harmless mischief and youth, which characterized the earliest years of Giotto, and incidents of which the painters of the day were fond of relating.

With one of these let us finish our sketch.

After Giotto had been in Florence a year or more, old Bendone, impelled by the wish to see his child, and urged on, moreover, by Paula, had travelled thither, and, after accomplishing the journey on foot, arrived at the city early on the Sabbath morning; this was the holiday, and the city was already crowded with idlers; but the old man heeded them not, and pressed anxiously on to the house of Cimabue. Giotto was delighted,—his joy knew no bounds,—he took his father to his master's studio, who received the old man with equal pleasure. After a few hours had passed, Cimabue, thinking to please the delighted Bendone, began to paint his really majestic head, in the character of a patriarch. As the work proceeded, old Bendone kept clasped the hand of Giotto, laughing at his sprightly sallies, and caressing him with delight. The good-natured Cimabue, sharing their joy, often left them alone for a few moments. At one of these absences, Giotto, springing up, seized his master's palette, and painted dexterously a fly on the ample forehead of the painting; Cimabue coming in, uttered an exclamation of displeasure, attempting to brush away the annoying insect, which pertinaciously remained. The laughter of Giotto and his father soon discovered the trick;—his master embraced him rapturously, and Florence soon knew the story.

And this is the tale of Giotto;—but I had forgotten to say that old Bendone had brought for him a little basket, in which lay not only cakes and sweetmeats from the doting Paula, but also an ebony cross, to which was attached a chain of soft brown hair. Whom did it come from?

Pleasure is comparative, and enjoyment is relative; the Spanish peasant basking in the scorching sun, and rolling in the dust of his parched-up plains, is as happy as the French shepherd enjoying the balmy air, and the luxuriant vegetation of Languedoc or Provence.

THE MERCHANT'S GIFT.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

JOSEPH WARNER was a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, living in princely style, surrounded by a retinue of servants and a large coterie of friends and fashionable acquaintances, many of whom had been his intimates for a series of years. He was originally in a very small way himself, and had found it necessary to succumb to a thousand humiliations and inconveniences years before, that were not only excessively annoying to his naturally proud spirit, but irksome, and hard to cope with.

Twenty years previously, he was a porter in the store of a crusty old millionaire, who, though he had little sympathy for the poor and humble generally, was, nevertheless, upon certain occasions, kind and liberal to those he chanced to fancy. Upon a very hot day in mid-summer, this wealthy employer of Warner's, at that time, saw Joe (as he was then called) sweating and toiling up to his store-door with a truck-load of merchandize he had procured from a neighboring vessel of old G——'s. The employer watched his porter as he came along toward the sidewalk, puffing and struggling with his burden, and when he arrived before the door and removed his slouched hat, to pass his weather-browned arm across his heated forehead, the millionaire said, pleasantly, "Well, Joe, this'll pass for a hot day."

"Very warm, sir, very," replied Joe, looking about him to see if some other person were not addressed, instead of himself; for old G. was not in the habit of being thus familiar with his dependents.

As Joe Warner tugged and labored to remove the goods safely from his dray, his employer watched his movements, and finally said:

"Joe, what the deuce do you work so hard for?"

"For my bread, sir; and to keep the little ones together."

"How many have you?"

"Four, sir. The eldest is ten years old now, and has got to be a good deal of help to her mother."

"Well, you can do better than this, Joe, if you've a mind; and become a merchant yourself."

Joe supposed his employer to be jesting, but he answered, "Yes, sir, if I had the means to do differently, I wouldn't sweat over this dray, I assure you. But the babies must be cared for, you know, and I am content. There are plenty

of men, sir, a good deal worse off than Joe Warner is, to-day."

"True,—but you can do better."

"As how, sir, if you please?" queried Joe.

"Do a little more head work, and less of this hard toil will be needed, Joe. Buy a cargo of sugar, for instance, and make a few hundreds or thousands of dollars by the operation, to begin with. Then go carefully, shave and save as respectably as may be necessary, according to the times, the demand, and the supply, and you'll get rich."

"Excellent advice, this, sir, and for which I am greatly obliged to you. But, perhaps, you will lay me under further obligations to your kindness, by informing me where I'm to get the means to purchase this cargo, and, consequently, to realize all these hundreds or thousands of dollars, as the case might be."

"Easiest thing in the world, Joe."

"Is it, sir?"

"You don't want any money."

"No!" exclaimed Joe, astonished. "Why, I always thought these things cost money, sir."

"True,—but still you won't want any ready money, if you follow my advice."

"Then I'll do so, surely, sir."

"Very well. To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, there is to be sold at Packet Pier, a cargo of sugar, on board the brig 'Percival.' Go down and buy it."

"What, the brig, sir?"

"No, no! The sugar."

"How much, sir?"

"The cargo, Joe,—the whole of it. I'll take it off your hands, at cost, if you don't want it, afterwards."

"But—the pay, sir. How shall I pay for it?"

"It is to be sold, on approved credit, at sixty days. If they ask who is your endorser, say it's me, Joe."

"Thank you," said Joe, feebly, and utterly at a loss to comprehend what the old gentleman was driving at.

Joe Warner went home that night, perplexed. But before eleven o'clock next day, though he did not see his employer in the meantime, he made up his mind how he should act. And at the hour of sale, he went to the dock, in his old blouse and slouched hat, direct from his labor.

There was a splendid company present at the sugar sale, for there was but little in market, and a decidedly speculative feeling was current in sugars at this time. Joe loitered along,—did not see Mr. G. there, but recognized a great many other gentlemen, who did not then care to know him, particularly.

"Gentlemen," said the fashionable auctioneer, rising, at length, "we have a very fine cargo of sugars to offer you here to-day, on board the *Percival*, and I am happy to meet so goodly a company this morning. We shall sell for cash, for all sums under five hundred dollars, and at sixty days for all purchases made exceeding that sum—with endorsed notes, as usual, to be approved by the auctioneer. And now, gentlemen, if you will give me your attention, we'll commence the sale, with the understanding that we sell five boxes, or more, as the buyer may elect when the lot is knocked off. And, to begin with, what shall I have, gentlemen, for the first lot—five boxes, or more. Speak it, gentlemen—how much?"

"Four cents," said somebody.

"Four cents, I'm offered, gentlemen! Four cents—four—four—four and a quarter, and a half—thank you, sir—now five? Four and a half—three quarters, three quarters, three quarters—say five? Five I have. Five, five, five, five cents a pound," and here it seemed to stick fast. The bid was Joe Warner's, and everybody knew it. The knowing ones said, "Knock it off,—let him have it." He was a poor looking man, and evidently didn't want more than five boxes. Let him have it low, and they would thus get rid of him—and down it went.

"Name, sir?" said the auctioneer, roughly, and, at the same time, eyeing his customer, as much as to say, "you're a beauty to be here buying sugars, to be sure!"

"Joseph Warner, sir."

"O, I see, yes. Warner,—Joe Warner. How much do you take, Joe?"

"I'll take the whole, sir."

"Whole *what*?" exclaimed the auctioneer.

"The whole cargo, sir."

"The whole cargo is not selling, sir."

"Your terms were 'five boxes, or more,' I think, Mr. Auctioneer."

"Yes, yes, yes!" shouted a dozen voices, at once.

"Very well, then, if you claim it, sir."

"Of course I claim it. I take the lot, at five cents."

"And who is your endorser?"

"James G., of Market Street," said Joe, proudly, making his way through the crowd, who gathered about him.

Mr. G. was among the lookers on. The auctioneer said, "Is this so, sir?" The millionaire nodded assent, and the knight of the hammer added:

"Mr. Joseph Warner, gentlemen, takes the entire cargo, at five cents!"

A shout rang up from the multitude at this announcement, and Joe Warner soon found himself busy.

"Do you want this sugar, or any of it?" asked Joe of his employer, a few minutes after this. "I am besieged to sell, at an advance, and have, at the very least, forty customers, who are pressing me with offers, sir."

"Sell it, Joe,—don't keep it over night. You can do better than I care to do for it, now. So make your hay while the sun is shining."

Warner disposed of his entire purchase before he left the dock, to half a dozen different merchants, at a handsome advance; and turning over their notes to the auctioneer, he realized the surplus from them in cash, and went home that night thirty-three hundred dollars better off than he was in the morning! He gave up portering from that day, and commenced to grow rich, off hand. He finally went into business with an established firm, as junior partner (when he had accumulated twenty thousand dollars by himself), and from that time his fortune grew rapidly, until he was now (when we present him to the reader) the master of a superb fortune, and was nearly sixty years of age.

Warner had one serious failing. He had come up from poverty to competency, and thence to great wealth, very suddenly, and he soon got to be, amid his prosperity, an emphatic *bon vivant*. His dinners were superb, his living, generally, costly, and he knew the qualities of a truffled turkey, a canvass-back, or a saddle of venison, better than any other man in town. He drank good wine, too, and at last became gouty and obese, from his creature indulgences. When he had seen nearly threescore years, he was inclined to apoplexy, though he did not pretend to believe it, and he secretly made his will.

In this document, which was prepared with great care by his accomplished attorney and legal counsellor, he provided generously for his wife and children first, and then apportioned certain liberal sums to such institutions of a charitable character as he was convinced were deserving and needy. The will was duly witnessed, signed and sealed, and placed upon the proper records.

Among the *attaches* of his household, there was a young man of three-and-twenty, who enjoyed Warner's confidence, and who entertained a secret affection for his youngest daughter, a blooming girl then nineteen years old. But Hartwell never told his love to the father, for he was poor, and dependent on the merchant's bounty for his subsistence. He was an exceed-

ingly worthy fellow, nevertheless, and Charlotte loved him, though she never dared to say so. Her mother had higher notions for her, altogether. To be sure, *her* husband had once been a drayman and porter,—but what mattered that? He was now a rich merchant, and her daughters must wed their equals in rank, or remain in single-blessedness, if she had *her* will. The two lovers lived quietly on, therefore, loved and hoped for better prospects in the future.

Hartwell had been the faithful confidant of his employer for six long years, when, one day, greatly to the secretary's surprise, Mr. Warner said to him, when they were alone in his library, "Wallace, you're a very clever young man, and I am inclined to do something for you. What shall it be?"

"Really, sir," replied Hartwell, surprised, "I cannot dictate to you."

"You have now served me earnestly and honorably for a long time, and you have my entire confidence. Let me give you some proof of my friendship. I promise you that I know you so well, if you will propose, I will engage to respond to your wishes, whatever you may claim."

"I claim nothing, sir. You have been constantly friendly to me since I came into your employ, and I have aimed to do my duty, as well as I knew how."

"I know it, Wallace, and that is why I now speak to you as I do. You are in love with Charlotte, my daughter," continued Mr. Warner, abruptly.

"You are right, sir," said Wallace, with some embarrassment. "You have offered voluntarily to give me whatever I will ask of you. I ask you, then, to give me Charlotte in marriage," continued Hartwell, more boldly.

"Let us look at this, Wallace. Your wish is not unreasonable. Charlotte loves you—she has confessed it to her father—and I am content with this. But Mrs. Warner, though an excellent woman, is notional; she will never consent to your union with her daughter, while you are poor. Besides, you could not support her as she has been in the habit of living, and it would be hard to reduce her to the level of your present pecuniary means, you see."

"I am fully aware of this, sir, and therefore have never alluded to our marriage, even to her."

"That is considerate, Wallace. Bring me my will, from the safe, yonder. Here is my private key," said Warner, without rising from his seat. And when Wallace brought him that document, he glanced it over, and wrote upon the bottom of the sheet—dating it on the day he made the addition—the following:

"This is my codicil to my will, written by my own hand. To Wallace Hartwell, my faithful secretary and friend, I give and bequeath the marble-front house owned by me, in S. Street, in Philadelphia, with the lands and appurtenances thereunto belonging, in fee, to him and his heirs and assigns, forever; together with the sum of thirty thousand dollars in cash,—the same to be paid to him promptly, or his order, immediately upon my decease. He will marry my daughter, Charlotte; and I hereby charge my executors and administrators, named in this my will, with the faithful performance of this, my final codicil."

His attorney was sent for, the addition was duly signed and attested, his counsel was enjoined to privacy in reference to it, the addition was recorded, and, five days afterwards, Joseph Warner, Esq., was found stone dead, alone in his library! His sudden death was caused by apoplexy.

Joseph Warner, Esq., had a great funeral. All the nabobs of the Quaker city turned out, with their private carriages, and the rich merchant was followed to Laurel Hill Cemetery by a crowd of "mourners."

The attorney was called in, the relatives, witnesses, friends, and expectants, were all present, after the burial, at the opening of the will. It was a lengthy document, but it was filled with interest, from first to last, and all who were present listened with marked silence to the reading of it. Mrs. Warner never had fancied Wallace much, though she knew he was her husband's "right hand man," and she breathed freer when the attorney concluded the main provision of the will, and heard the well known signature that was affixed at the bottom of it,—for Hartwell's name had not been mentioned at all!

The attorney wiped his mouth carefully, took a long breath, and, amid the silence, continued to read, "This is my *codicil* to my will, written by my own hand," and he read the remaining portion of the document, with becoming emphasis, at the expiration of which Mrs. Warner swooned, and it was supposed, for half an hour after, by all who were present—though they did not know the cause—that Mrs. Warner had really gone to keep her husband company, in a better world than this!

Mrs. Warner came back to consciousness, and at length became resigned to accepting a secretary for a son-in-law. Charlotte Warner became Mrs. Hartwell within twelve months. They lived long and happily together, and the MERCHANT'S GIFT was duly appreciated by the fortunate and faithful secretary.

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER!

BY A. D. LAKE.

When sorrow's storms above you lower,
And joy seems fled forever,
Your watchword, in that darksome hour,
Should be, hope on—hope ever!

The darkest cloud will pass away,
The wildest tempest cease;
The heart, where sorrow long held sway,
Shall be the abode of peace.

Hope on—hope ever! life is not
A scene alone of tears;
For many a bright and sunny spot
Along our path appears.

Hope on—hope ever! dry those tears
That flow for earthly sorrow;
And though the present dark appears,
Look for a bright to-morrow.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

BY FRANCES PARKER.

THE storm raged violently without and roaring through the battlements, rumbled in smoky gusts down the huge chimneys of the crumbling castle, that stood on the wild sea-shore of Brittany. A wilder burst than ordinary rattled the iron-barred casements, ruffled the faded and worn arras on the wall, and threw open the shrunken door of the old hall. A young man, of an extraordinary beauty and stateliness, rose to close it before the noisy vehemence of the tempest should disturb the only other occupant of the apartment, an old man, who slept on a low cot before the smouldering fire; but a tall cloaked figure standing in the doorway and shaking off the wet in a shower of spray, caused the young man to start back with a gesture of defence.

"Have me, fear, my lord," said the stranger, in excellent English, throwing down his cloak and disclosing the noble features of Stanley.

"Welcome, welcome, dear father-in-law! replied the young man, in a low tone, pointing to the sleeper, and taking his guest by the hand, he led him to the only seat in the room, a low stool by the fire, and threw himself on the mat by the old man's cot. "How camest thou in France, Stanley?" he asked.

"For thee," was the reply. "I laugh, in troth, at my dissembling, but this misshapen Gloucester will, ere a month, dispose of too many English hearts and lives, unless thou establishest thy claim. Richmond, thy mother,

my dear wife, sends thee her greeting, and thou wilt return with me!"

"I scarcely think so, my lord," answered Richmond. "I have neither means nor men. I shall not be of age for a month, and I cannot leave my uncle!"

"Look to him now, Henry," whispered Stanley.

The old man, with his long gray hair falling on his shoulders, had half risen. "I am denied unction," he said, "but I have holier chrism! Come hither, Henry."

The young man rose and knelt by his uncle's side. There had lain under the pillow, for a long time, a minute flask of oil. This the old Earl of Pembroke now opened. "A hundred years and more have gone," he murmured, "since the kindred drops of this oil were poured over thine ancestor, great Edward's head, and by its sacred power I consecrate thee, Henry Tudor, to be king and ruler over England!" and he held the inverted flask over the flowing hair of the young earl. "God be with thee, my child, the saints mediate for thee, Christ redeem thee!" and he fell back on his cushions. Perchance the flask had, for many generations, been empty, but it seemed to him that an invisible incense filled the place, and the silver wings of angels, drawn to a solemn apex, vibrated above him through the delicious fragrance. Henry bent over him with eager tenderness, laying his forehead and parting his hair. The smile grew into stone upon his uncle's face, while he turned his head upon the pillow, and died calmly as the twilight fades.

"Art thou dead, Jasper Tudor?" uttered a sharp, harsh voice beside the bed. Stanley looked quickly up, but the youth, in his sudden stupor of grief, seemed not to notice it. The speaker was a tall, spare woman, who had entered unobserved. Her black hair hanging over either side of her face, tangled among loosened jewels, her thin, sharp features, her wild, black eyes, sunken and glittering, and her bloodless, hollow cheeks, gave her a mien of frightful fierceness. Her garments were weather-stained and dripping, and her whole aspect haggard and miserable in the extreme.

"Art thou dead?" she reiterated, in a louder tone; "spoiler, art thou spoiled? I have travelled far to see it!" and she seemed to drink in great draughts of malignant joy.

"Queen Margaret!" said Stanley.

"Margaret of Anjou throws down her crown and curses her people! 'Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt.' Thou seest him lie there," she continued, after a moment, in a

lower and bitterer tone, "the dead old man! Yet those calm eyes saw the four red swords that dyed themselves in my boy's blood!"

"Nay, indeed," began Stanley.

"I tell thee he is slain! I, myself, saw it!" she retorted, and her arms, which had hitherto hung listlessly by her side, while her face alone expressed her emotion, were now raised with wild tossings, wringing her slender fingers as her figure swayed to and fro through her passion. "My child! my joy!" she cried, and stepping forward, she seized the dead man fiercely by the arm.

"Woman!" cried Richmond, striking her aside.

"Who sayeth I have sinned? Who knoweth aught of me? He searcheth all hearts!" she answered, as if her own mind were her angel of condemnation. "I am crazed! I am lost! For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" And with outflung hands she staggered from the room.

"My Lord Stanley," said Richmond, in a few moments, "thou art in danger here. Refresh thyself with viands, and seek again thy tyrant. I cannot go with thee now. Two years from this time, kind father, and either will I be dead, or have fulfilled this night's consecration."

As Lord Stanley opened the door, some hours later, to depart into the storm, he stumbled over an obstacle that lay in his path. It was Margaret of Anjou. She, too, was dead.

It was rather more than a twelve-month since the old Earl of Pembroke died, that Henry of Richmond, near the hour of sunset, was crossing on horseback one of the many vast English forests, for heavy bands of followers, and vague, unsettled plans awaited him a few miles beyond the other side. A merry company of hunters both male and female, were advancing confusedly with shouts and laughter and jocund windings of the hunting horn. Dashing in full chase by the spot where Henry had reined his steed, he had scarcely time to notice the white York roses which hung round their horses' ears, ere they were out of sight. Urging his noble animal on, conscious of his danger should he be recognized, though that were hardly possible, owing to his long residence in Brittany, he heard the sound of hoofs upon the leaves beneath, and looking up, beheld a mounted lady approaching on the narrow bridle-path in which he now was.

Immediately he alighted, and led his horse between the trees, where he might observe her as she securely passed to rejoin her party. A dark-green habit, displaying the brilliant purity of her complexion, set off her fine figure to advantage, and round her shoulders was hung a

silver hunting horn. Clear, hazel eyes smilingly acknowledged his courtesy, and thick chestnut curls were knotted under a green cloth cap, whence depended a single white rose.

"It is the Princess Elizabeth, doubtless, of York, from what I have heard," he said to himself; "she has as much beauty as probably hate for me," and he rode quietly on. Suddenly hearing a loud shriek, he reined about and beheld the princess struggling in the hands of two highwaymen. It required not a moment for Henry to reach the place, and to rescue, with his knightly sword and well trained strength, the lovely girl from their grasp, leaving one robber to measure his length senseless upon the earth, and the other to escape with a broken head and a shoulder laid open to the bone.

"Whither are thy friends?" asked he, taking her check-rein, for the path was now wider.

"They were together in the valley below the forge, some six miles hence," replied a sweeter voice than Brittany ever heard.

"Let me guard thee to them," and they went on together.

When the princess had sufficiently recovered from her agitation, finding her champion a stranger in the country, she deemed it but suitable, out of her many thanks, to put aside condescension, and entertain him with what ready wit she could command, and, therefore, in lively conversation and mutual enjoyment they reached the forge. The hunters were assembled in the valley below, evidently awaiting her.

"And now," said she, in parting, "may I not know the name of my preserver?"

A wild red rose-bush, of the kind the peasantry call primrose, grew near, and breaking off a spray, he thrust one into his sword-belt, and offered her the other, saying:

"If thou ever, sweet cousin Elizabeth, wishest a friend, think of this rose, and bend for thy greatest enemy." And he sprang quickly off.

The princess gazed after him a moment, with the rose in her hand, then hiding it beneath the trimmings of her dress, while an expression of the greatest pain wound over her face, as if she saw far into the future.

"I should have known it was Richmond," she said, "there is but one such man below!" and she cantered down the hill to meet her party.

"My lord," said she, to the Earl of Salisbury, a few hours after, "have the women of Brittany any superfluous beauty?"

"Nay, your highness," he replied, "they are hard-favored wenches, with cheeks as red as Lancastrian roses." And the princess said nothing of her adventure in the forest.

It is not recorded in Sir John Froissart's chronicles, nor yet in any others, how often Richmond met the Princess Elizabeth in these forests, by the running brooks, or in the stately parks; what private interviews with the Yorkists he held, for the peace of the nation; nor by what spell he taught her ear to watch for his footsteps, her cheeks to flush with his coming, or her eye, as he thought, to brighten at his whispered words of love. But could any one have looked into the depths of her heart, they would have read upon its secretly graven talisman, a deep, strong love for another, and an utter apathy towards Henry of Richmond, only awakened into a miserable fear of the indistinct future at any sound of his coming.

Again another twelve-month had passed, and the red sunset, sinking down the sea, illumined somewhat duskiy the sweet-scented garden close of York, where the princess paced with a silken rustle down alleys of waxen roses, and the Earl of Richmond by her side.

"Methinks," said she, in her low, sad voice, sad, her lover thought, because he risked so much, "that thy bravery grows upon rashness to be thus; thou knowest my wicked uncle will be here anon!"

"Nay, love," he answered, "what of it? I have more within a dozen rods than would suffer Richard to lay a finger on me."

"Thou art the better man of the two," said she, with a kind of laughing pride. "Dost remember, Henry, this spray of withered roses?" and unclasping a small portfolio, she showed him the flowers of a twelve-month since.

"Canst doubt it?" answered he. "York conquered at the pitched fields of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and again in the forest, without a struggle. I did hang the mate of those dead blossoms at my belt," he added, merrily, "where after to-morrow thou shalt always be, next my heart, dear Bess!" Had his arm been round her, he would have felt the cold shudder pulsing through her frame at his words.

"Thou art then so certain of success?"

"Did not a king foretell it to me? We have the right on our side, though not the numbers. We will rid the land of a tyrant, by fighting all like lions, fair enemy!"

"I must, perforce, seem to be with York," she remonstrated, "but all my prayers should be for Lancaster. My lord, if thou ever so much hearest that I have promised to be this murderer's wife, do not thou believe it,—I never will. When shall I see thee again?"

"Thou shalt meet me on my shield to-morrow

night, with funeral tears, my love, or I will meet thee in kingly state!"

"If thou lovest me, as thou sayest, let the thought of me nerve thee in the battle;" but though she laughed, it was with a sudden resumption of pain on her white face.

"Bosworth plain—who comes through the shrubbery?"

"Mother of God! It is my Uncle Richard himself! Quick! wrap thy cloak about thy face, and stand at the end of this walk as my guard!"

In a moment the earl was at his post, while Elizabeth turned about and went up the alley alone, still allowing him to keep her in sight.

"Good morrow, pretty cousin," said the hunchback king, coming unattended towards her, with extended hands.

"Good morrow, good uncle," she answered, not noticing his hand.

"Why dost thou walk here alone?" he asked.

"Because I knew that thou wert coming."

"Then thou didst come hither to meet me, lass?"

"Mayhap I did not think of thee at all," she said, abstractedly.

"Nay, coz, thou hast thought of me more than thou wouldst confess! I know it by the hideous necromancy of love."

"I doubt not that thou mayest add magic to the list of thine other accomplishments, good uncle."

"What hast thou there?" he asked, abruptly, seeing the spray of roses lying upon the open port-folio.

"A Lancastrian trophy."

"Give it me!"

"Nay, it is of a singular genus; I will preserve it. The thorns would trouble thee!"

"Thou shouldst only have to do with pure York roses!" he said, tartly.

"To-morrow will decide that!" answered she, looking him steadily in the face.

"To-morrow will be an eventful day, both for York and Lancaster,—hated name!" he replied, looking away. "There is not much time to dally," he resumed, turning to the quiet princess again. "If I conquer, thou knowest I come in state to wed thee then?"

"Ay?" replied she, interrogatively.

"More easily, now, than her Aunt Anne," he thought, but he said, "Thou art not over cordial, hast naught to say concerning it?"

"I shall have much to say then," was all she answered.

"Difficult girl! Clothe thy beauty in bridal array, and prepare to see me on to-morrow's sunset!" he retorted, angrily.

"Whither shall thy brother's child meet thee?" she asked, her great eyes penetrating his soul.

"Thou wouldst imply an impossibility? Sweet coz, I am king! If thou wert my father's child, I would wed thee!"

"Thy father's children are all 'free, among the dead!' " she answered, calmly.

"Thou shalt be requited, bitterly, one day, for thy gentle taunts, thou jade," he muttered, adding aloud, "Would they were here to witness our joy!"

"Thou mayest see them all before the fight, if thy dreams trouble thee, King Richard!"

"King Richard is not nervous, dear coz. But time presses, and I have some way to journey to-night, yet I rejoice to see thee so willingly disposed! Farewell, my happy bride!" and kissing her fingers, he was turning to leave the place, when she said:

"Perchance, Uncle Richard, it may behoove thee to know that I am no bride of thine,—that I despise and hate thee,—that thou art the one black cloud upon my life! Murderer of my father, my uncles, my brothers,—that I never will wed thee, so help me God!" And though her words and tones were vehement, her attitude was one of perfect repose.

"Thou hast buckled on the cothurnus, to-night! I expected as much!" he replied, with a sneering laugh. "Nevertheless, thou art as much mine as if thou hadst put thy jewelled arms around my misshapen neck, and given me the kisses thou, erewhile, gavest mine enemy!" And he was gone.

"My lord," said the princess, relieving Richmond from guard, after the king had departed, "thou hadst better follow thy rival's example."

"Thou art too solicitous for my safety, dear Bea; yet the sunset fades, so fare thee well!" and sealing his adieux upon her lips, he was soon out of sight.

When the princess was alone, all the misery she had been stifling seemed to burst out in wild beatings of the air, and inarticulate sobs, without a single tear.

"Elizabeth," said a pitying voice beside her, and, calmed at once, she confronted her mother, a slender woman, robed in deep black, with fair hair, parted smoothly beneath a widow's cap. "Roger has been with me," said the Queen Dowager, "and I have told him what thou hadst not the courage to tell thyself."

"Mother!"

"He refused, at first, to see thee, and then entreated that he might, and waits thee in the pleached alley."

"Mother! mother! why should we sacrifice

ourselves for a people who neither know nor care aught about us?"

"Control thyself, my child."

"God be my witness, mother, that I have never wasted one endearing word on Richmond, nor given him one embrace. If I must suffer, I will not be false!"

"Thou hast promised!" said the dowager, and disappeared in the house; and Elizabeth, with slow steps and a flush deepening on her pale face, left the alley of waxen roses and sought her lover. The gray twilight was already there, and the pleached boughs secured them from observation. Her lover leaned with folded arms against a tree, his plumed cap thrown upon the ground, and floods of golden hair streaming upon his shoulders. The great blue eyes gathered deeper darks each moment, from the pain settling in deadly pallor over his fine Grecian features. He did not seem to recognize her, although his gaze was riveted upon her, but still continued motionless, while the princess took a similar station opposite him. For a long time they maintained this wretched silence, gazing as if each would read the innermost soul of the other, though unable to comprehend their own misery.

"Roger!" cried the girl at last, throwing herself at his feet, "canst thou not forgive me?"

"Nay," said he, hoarsely, "never."

"Canst thou not read mine agony? Hast thou no sympathy for me? I suffer more than thou! O, my love, pardon me!" she cried again, rising and throwing herself upon his bosom.

He separated her hands, and holding her at arm's length in his tight grasp, "Canst thou then leave me?" he said, in a voice so low and intense as to drive the blood, which had been coming and going strangely in her cheeks, all back upon her heart.

"Must I not?" she cried. "Have not enough died all through this land, and if by immolating myself, ay, and thee, I can prevent these great returns of bloodshed, must I not?"

"Thou dost not love me!" he answered, "thou lovest this Richmond, this king!"

"O, my love, I would die for thee!"

"Nay, thou wilt slay me!"

"It is right," she said. "But O, my God! what sin have we committed in thy sight, that thy judgments thus follow us?"

"None," he replied. "It is not God's choice, but thine."

"Thou art cold,—thou art cruel,—thou helpst me none,—thou wilt only remember me with hate!" and she shrunk down, as if the great hand of sorrow pressed her, half-kneeling upon

the grass. In an instant he was beside her, soothing her, laying her head upon his bosom, kissing her white lips, and calling her by every tender name.

"Leave them," said he; "it is no duty. Come, then, with me! I will never live without thee! Dost thou love this cold-hearted nation better than thy lover? Let us fly, my love, to peace and happiness!"

"I have promised," said she.

"Thou didst promise me before."

"Thou speakest right," she answered, with sudden resoluteness, as he raised her in his arms. "Thou infusest thine energy through my spirit. I will go with thee, Roger."

"Hasten, then, dearest, and equip thyself for journeying."

"Wait thou here, then!" she cried, speeding away with a happy decision in her movement; and in a few moments appearing, well protected from any weather, and bearing a small casket in her hand. "I feared my mother would see me. I have here all my jewels,—haste, for I still fear!"

Down the shrubbery, and over the distant lawns, and into the shade of the forest they fled, until they came to a small hut.

"Wait here, my darling," he said, "while I procure conveyances," and wrapping her cloak round her, he seated her upon the straw and left her.

It could not have been fifteen minutes after, that he returned on horse himself, and leading another high-bred courser. He dismounted hastily, but the straw was strewn about the door, giving evidence of a struggle, and the Princess Elizabeth was nowhere to be found. Distant cries were still to be heard, and giving the reins to one, he threw himself across the other steed, and galloped madly after them. He soon came within sight of the villanous fugitives, but lost them again with the increasing darkness, and all night following a circuitous route, delayed by losing the track also, and by frequently examining the way for any prints, the early four o'clock twilight found him suddenly, weary and distracted, in the centre of a regiment of armed men.

"It is thou?" said King Richard, laying hold of him in a friendly manner. "Thou hast journeyed all night, faithful soldier! Rest thyself now," and Roger suffered himself to be led listlessly away. During all that morning, till the engagement began in hot earnest, the wicked, hunch-backed king never once lost sight of him.

"Who is it?" said Sir Guy Gaveston to his attendant, as he buckled on his corselet, "who is it the king has left in his tent?"

"In truth, I know not, Sir Guy; it is one with whom his majesty's knaves rode all night," and Sir Guy joined the other knights carelessly, while his attendants, taking a small, light suit of armor, entered the king's tent and threw it carelessly upon one side, saying 'it was by the king's order, and departed. The princess reclined upon some cushions within the tent, and although she was haggard and weary, and had evidently been weeping, she was singing a merry tune in a low voice. Rising, when she had done singing, she poured some water from a silver ewer and bathed her eyes, but as she returned she decanted a goblet of rare wine, adroitly dropping afterward a fine sleeping-powder into the decanter, and saying to the men, "Here's to the king's success, good friends," she sipped some, and threw the rest upon the ground. "It is sweet wine," said she. "How goes the day?"

"His majesty carries all before him," answered one; and she threw herself upon the cushions again, as if to sleep. A half hour had passed, when seeing her still sleeping, one of the men stepped towards the wine, and pouring out a cup full, drained it with a hearty smack. It did not take long for the other to follow his example. The heat of the day, together with the effects of the sleeping mixture, infused an oppressive drowsiness through their systems, and ere another half hour they both were in a warm, deep sleep. The princess rose cautiously, and parting the curtains of the tent, looked out. The battle was at the highest, and neither side the gainer. Coming gently back, she looked at the sleepers.

"When my uncle can do so much, 'twere a pity if none of his talent were shared in the family! 'Twill do ye no harm!" she said, and noiselessly took away their swords. With sufficient haste she essayed to clothe herself in the light armor the attendant had brought, but her fingers were unskilled, and though, living in stormy times, she had seen many a hero arm, and had watched the king array himself that morning, yet she twice, with the rattle of the plates and rings, awoke the nearest attendant, who quietly rolled over to continue his nap, before she had finished arming her slender frame. Taking the long white plumes from her hair, she fastened them into the helmet, and buckling it securely on, shut the visor and went out. A large white horse, gaily caparisoned and belonging to the king, was picketed behind the tent. This she quickly mounted, as she had seen other warriors do, and stopped a moment on the hill by the tent, to take a survey of the field.

"I will not fight for this crooked fiend, in

truth," she said, "therefore I must fight for Richmond, whom I would not willingly wrong, albeit I shall not wed;" and seeing Lord Stanley's force, concerning whose manœuvres Richmond had apprised her, she galloped down to meet him; and when that nobleman wheeled round to join the Lancastrians, throwing out the banner of the red rose, Elizabeth, with shield and sword in hand, wheeled with them.

All through the heart of the battle, struggling with Yorkists and shouting for Lancastrians, the white-plumed rider might be seen, bearing down where the fight was thickest, among mighty forces, and effecting more by her skilful blows than many another, stouter. At last, exhilarated with success, she dashed against a Yorkish knight, mailed all in black armor with his visor closed, drawing him by aside thrusts out into the freer fight. The knight fought bravely, and, but for the agility of the princess, would certainly have laid her low. At last, tired of the fencing, he made a powerful pass with his broadsword, which Elizabeth evaded, and inserting, the point of her sword between the plates of his breast armor as he bent forward, she gave a great wrench, aided by the strength of her horse, who bore her wheeling round, and threw the knight from his saddle, his armor not only torn open, but the blood gushing forth in a crimson torrent.

The princess, who had not before seen the effects of any of her blows, leaped instantly from her horse, and was beside the knight, like any woman. Unclassing his armor and stanching the blood with her scarf, she threw open her visor for better convenience; the wounded man gave a low cry, not only of bodily pain. Quick as thought, she tore off his helmet in desperation, and the golden curls pouring from it over his black armor, and the beautiful blue eyes raised to hers, told too plainly the terrible deed she had done.

"Wretched girl, what have I done?" she cried, in a frenzy. "O, Roger, my love, my life,—speak to me! Thou art not dead,—say thou hearest me! How could I know it was thee?" her hands all the time busying themselves at the wound. "Have I indeed murdered thee? I cannot stand it!" she cried, louder, in an agony. "Roger, answer me! Say thou forgivest me! Breathe thy life out on my lips! O, why do I live? Great God! thou art not dead?" But the blue eyes stared glassily upon her, and as a great shout of victory went up from the Lancastrians over Bosworth plain, the scattered battalions moving by thought they saw two dead knights together by the mound. But none disturbed either.

The day was drawing to a close, when the now royal Henry of Richmond was roaming across the field with many of his nobles, to inspect the dead. They came to a spot where slaughter had been thickest; the place was wet with blood, and many a stalwart form lay in the strange contortions of death. There lay one upon the ground, his shield thrown from him, his right hand still grasping his sword, his body writhed into a knot, and his countenance, displaying its gnashed and tight-shut teeth, appearing more like Lintram's Satan than Albrecht Durer could have painted him. As Henry contemplated his dead foe, a slender form in light armor, but bareheaded, hung itself upon his arm.

"Thou hast conquered," said the Princess Elizabeth to the astonished King Henry. "He lieth slain like the dragon, O my St. George!"

If in the future any royal joy could compensate for that dread day, answer thyself, O reader! Yet, though one heart bled forever for the comfort of the English people, round the palaces in Wales and York and Lancaster,

"Rose-trees, either side the door, were
Growing lythe and growing tall;
Each one set a summer warder
For the keeping of the hall,—
With a red rose and a white rose,
Leaning, nodding at the wall!"

DEBT.

Blessed is he who can slap his breeches pocket in the face of the world, and triumphantly exclaim—"Behold, ye good people! Lo, ye heavily-laden debtors! come and look upon a man—a being like unto yourselves—who owes not a dollar!" We would travel far to see such a creature; we would contribute liberally towards providing a glass case in which his embalmed remains should be preserved after death, as a sacred relic to posterity—a specimen of a species almost extinct in the nineteenth century—the Cash Philosopher! Him no duns can harass, nor the approach of inevitable pay-day disturb. His substance no voracious lawyer can devour, nor their ruthless myrmidons seize upon. He, securely armed in specie, smiles at the dread sheriff, and defies his power. He is cheerful even on the awful eve of quarter-day. He alone is the free citizen—only he can feel truly independent! Happy mortal!—*New York Sunday Times.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

You that propose to be the historian of yourself, go first and trace out the boundary of your grave—stretch forth your hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the Majesty of Death, that your testimony shall be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiased by favor, and unsustained by malice; so mayest thou be a witness, not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after time, which cannot begin until you shall have been numbered with the dead.—*Curran.*

THE TIME TO TALK OF LOVE

BY CALE GREENE DUFF.

When western skies are glowing fair,
With dyes the sinking sun impressed—
When sweetest flowers embalm the air,
With fragrance Nature's God hath blessed—
Then I, with her I love, would rove,
Down by the rippling Byram's side;
For 'tis the time to talk of love,
When twilight leaps upon the tide.

Not in the mid-day would I roam,
Within the wild wood's glades and bowers;
Where sunlight never deigns to come,
To kiss the shadows from the flowers.
But, when the day is fading down,
And deeper grows the blue above—
"When twilight shades are falling round,"
Then is the time to talk of love.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY MRS. MARTHA BANCROFT.

DIMLY and faintly the light came through the dingy and uncurtained window of a low room, where a daughter of earth lay dying.

It was bitterly cold, and through the many crevices of the hovel the wind pierced with its chilling breath, and here and there the snow had entered through the broken panes, and lay in heaps upon the floor. A small pile of ashes on the hearth alone told that there had ever been so great a luxury as fire in that miserable abode. It was a sad picture of destitution and misery—bitter cold without, and the chilliness of death within.

Yet even there, faith shed its holy light, and the shadows of earth were powerless to appall the passing spirit. One tie alone yet held the fluttering pinions which were struggling to be winging their flight homeward.

"Mary, darling, come closer to me, for my eyes are growing very dim," said the faint voice of the dying mother. There was a quick movement at the foot of the bed, and the scanty covering was thrown aside, revealing the little emaciated face of a child who might have seen some six years—years of privation and suffering, it would seem from the appearance of the little shrunken figure which passed so silently and phantom-like to the side of the low pallet, and laid her wan face close to her mother's. How like they were, as for a few moments they remained thus, motionless; the child's face so old in its early misery, yet exhibiting unmistakable traces of great natural beauty, and the mother's, from whose countenance the dark imprints of

sorrows long endured, were being effaced by light from the upper world.

"Mary, do you know that I am going to leave you soon, alone?" at length the dying woman said. "Do you know that I am going where you will never see me again in this world?"

A wondering expression filled the large dark orbs which were bent upon the mother's face, and a weak, childish voice said:

"Mother, why can't I go, too? I always go with you, don't I, mother? Mary would be afraid to stay here alone."

A pang of mortal anguish shot through the poor woman's heart, and she buried her face under the ragged bed-clothes, and groaned aloud; but recovering herself by a mighty effort, for she felt that the messenger was near—she said:

"You do not understand me, darling. Put your arms about my neck and lie very still, and I will try to tell you. I am going to that other home which I have told you of, my child, where there is no trouble and sickness."

"But I want to go too, mother. It is very cold here;" and the child drew her shivering form closer to her mother's side, and pressed her cold face to hers.

"Would to God I might take you, my own darling; then would the bitterness of death be taken from me; but you must struggle yet longer, here."

"But I will be very good, mother," pleaded the child, "if I may only go with you."

"Mary, my child, I am growing very weak; listen, and try to remember what I tell you. When I am gone, you must try to find your Uncle Henry, and he will take care of you. Be a good girl, and you will come to me at last."

More and more faintly came the words from the stiffening lips, and as a last effort her feeble arms were twined about the shivering child, the summons came, and the death scene was over. Even while the mother's arm encircled the weeping child, the angel whispered the waiting soul, and on pinions of light it sought its home.

Alas, for thee, poor Mary! Alone with darkness and the dead! But the good Father was mindful of the orphan, and sent his blessed angel Sleep, and the wearied child felt only a dim consciousness of her loss, during all that long night, while she reposed so quietly with those cold, stiff arms around her.

Morning broke at last, but it brought no warmth and comfort to the hovel where lay the remains of the once gay and courted Edith Granger. The child awoke when the first sunbeams were resting upon the livid face of the dead, and frightened by the silence and icy coldness of

her mother, screamed aloud. In vain she strove to release herself from the chilling pressure of those rigid arms. She was almost convulsed with terror, when a woman who was passing, attracted by her piercing cries, entered the room.

"Och, darlint," said the kind-hearted Irish woman, "may Jesus have mercy on yoor wee face. And havn't ye been sleeping the night, with these dead arms to cover ye! Och, may the holy virgin protect yees!" and taking the almost exhausted child in her strong arms, she wrapped her own worn shawl carefully around her, and carried her gently as if she were an infant to her lowly home, which was but a few doors away. Her children were yet sleeping, and after rubbing the cold limbs of the little stranger, and restoring the nearly suspended circulation, the woman laid her upon the straw with them, and hushed her to sleep. When all was quiet she stole out and proceeded to call assistance to prepare the body of the dead woman for burial—a pauper's burial.

Ere the sun had set, the body of Edith Granger was consigned to its parent earth, and the poor child was without a friend in the wide world that could provide for and protect her. The poor woman whose sympathies had been awakened in the morning by the little one's pitiable situation, was willing, but it seemed quite unable to take care of her, as she had six young children of her own, and but now and then a day's work to depend upon. Sometimes when hunger pinched, and there was nothing in the house for them to eat, the two elder ones were sent out to beg.

But in all her poverty, Maggie Flannegan had a tender, loving heart, and she could not turn the poor orphan out to perish of cold and hunger, so praying that Jesus and the virgin would help her, she made room for the little one with her own dirty flock, and went on in the old way, thankfully performing it when she could get work, and when she could not, sending the "childers" out to ask for "a thrifle to buy bread." At first little Mary wept constantly and called for her mother, but by degrees, Maggie's unvarying kindness and the natural joyousness of childhood, won her from her sorrow, and she grew more cheerful. At last she ceased to speak of her mother, but a sad, dreamy expression in her dark eyes would have told an observer that a cloud had rested on her young life, and that its shadow still remained.

"Aft'er all," Maggie would say when remonstrated with for burdening herself with a stranger's child—"Aft'er all, we get none the poorer for that same. 'Tis an angel face she jist has, the purty darlint, and no misfortin' will ever come

wid her. So jist cease your prating, Judy O'-Borke, and lave me alone for findin' the pratice to kape us all from starvin'. While Maggie Flannegan has a sthraw to lie on, or a rag to cover the childers, the poor wee thing shall share as if she were my own darlint, Mary Asthore!"

Little Mary fared so much better, as far as food was concerned than she had done for a long time, that she soon grew stronger, and accompanied Johnny and Biddy when they were obliged to go out to beg. Maggie soon found that the little pale face and dreamy eyes had a wonderful effect in loosening the purse strings of the passers-by, and the children now brought home more in one day, than they had done before in a week. The child's presence had truly brought a blessing.

A year had passed since little orphan Mary found loving hearts and a home under the lowly roof of Maggie Flannegan. It had been a year of unusual prosperity with the poor Irish family, for thanks to Mary's sweet face and pleading voice, they had now always enough to eat, and something to lay aside for a stormy day when the little ones could not go out. One night just at twilight, as Mary was rapidly wending her way homeward with her four shillings closely folded in her hand, she was accosted by a well-dressed, elderly gentleman, who asked her name.

"Mary Granger, sir, if you please," she replied, and was passing on, when he laid his hand gently upon her arm and detained her.

"Well, Mary, why are you walking so fast and alone, to-night?"

"Because my mother—for so she had learned to call Maggie—will be anxious about me if I am not soon at home, and I am alone because Biddy was not well to-day, and could not come with me. Will you give me a penny, sir?" the child continued, "'tis to buy bread for the children."

"O yes, my little girl, if you will come with me to my house. It will not keep you long, and I will give you something good to carry home to your mother."

This decided Mary, and placing her hand confidently in his, she very gladly accompanied the stranger, thinking all the time what a joyful surprise she would give Maggie and the children, when she should return with the unexpected delicacy.

They had traversed many streets and were now in a locality which was wholly unknown to Mary. Still her little feet pattered along at the side of her silent conductor, until they had gone so far that she feared it would be late before she could retrace her steps, and stopping, she said:

"I must not go any farther, sir—it is getting dark, and I must go home."

"What, without the nice things I would send to your mother? No, no, little white face, here we are—you will have no farther to go." Grasping her hand still more tightly, he led her up a flight of rickety old stairs on the outside of the building, and drew her after him into a low room at the top. It was by this time so dark, that the child could not distinguish objects in the room, but taking her slight form in his arms, her companion placed her in a chair.

"There, my little lady," said he, "stay there until I get a light, and I will soon tell you what I brought you here for."

The light was soon procured, and turning its rays full upon her face, he said in a different tone from that in which he had previously addressed her:

"Do you know where you are?"

"No sir. But indeed, I must be going."

"Ha, ha, you must, hey? Do you know me, child?" he added, coming nearer to the bewildered girl.

"No sir, I never saw you before to-night."

"Well, I've seen you a great many times, my little lady, and I like you so well that I am going to have you live with me."

"O no, no, I can't. I must go home," said Mary, now thoroughly frightened at the changed manner of the gentleman, as she supposed him to be, and sliding from the chair she approached the door and tried to open it.

"Ha, ha, little bird, the cage door aint open, is it?"

In vain the tiny fingers tried to force open the door; it was locked, and the key was in her tormentor's pocket.

"Come here, child," at length he said, "no more fooling. Come to me, I say," he repeated, stamping his foot heavily upon the floor, as she hesitated. The poor little terrified creature took a few trembling steps towards him, then bursting into tears, she begged to be allowed to go home.

"Home, simpleton! I tell you you are to live with me, and this is to be your home. So let me hear no noise about it, or it will be worse for you. Do you hear?" he thundered, as the poor thing continued to sob as if her heart were breaking. "What's your name, brat?"

"Mary Granger," answered the child, in a choking voice.

"So you told me before, but it's a lie. Peggy Jones is your name, and it will be well for you if you remember it. If you ever say again that your name is Mary Granger, or any but Peggy

Jones, I will soon make you repent it. I will have no liars about me."

The child had hushed her sobbing, and was glancing hurriedly and eagerly round the gloomy apartment.

"That's your game, is it?" he continued—"Well, get out, if you can; but mark me, and remember that I never tell lies; if you do run away, or disobey me in anything, I'll whip you severely. So if you want to be safe, just mind what I say, will ye? and his fierce eyes glared on her like the eyes of a wild beast on its prey.

She looked indeed like a lamb in the merciless clutches of the savage wolf. She had sunk powerless upon the floor as those dreadful threats were hissed into her ear, and the fierce eyes seemed burning like fire into her brain.

"Get up and come here."

The child obeyed, for fear of this brutal man was already paralyzing her very soul.

"Sit in this chair, and don't you stir until I come back."

Grasping her arm roughly, he seated her in the chair he had just quitted, and taking the light left the room through an inner door.

Presently the door re-opened, and an old man entered. He was a most loathsome and repulsive looking object. Long, matted gray locks streamed about his face, and a dirty beard descended almost to his bosom. Rags, of every hue and texture composed his dress, and as if to complete his attractions, he was horribly deformed. The savage eyes glared frightfully on the child as he approached her.

"So you know me, now, Peggy Jones?" he said, with a mocking laugh, as she shrank from him.

"Yes sir," she faltered.

"It's well you said so, for I hate liars. Who am I?"

"Beggan Jones," replied the child.

"Well, don't you forget it, and you're my darlin' child, Peggy Jones. Peggy, where's my money you got to-day?"

"Indeed, my mother needs it very much, sir, for Biddy's shoes are all worn out, and this will make enough to buy her a pair of new ones—don't take it from her," pleaded the little girl.

"Look here, Peggy, do you see this?" and the old man produced a small whip from among his rags. "Give me the money, or I shall soon learn you the use of it."

Without another word the child handed him the money, for she saw that to resist would be useless.

"Now Peggy, dearie, you're a nice little girl, and I'll reward you. Every day you shall go

out and get money for your lovin' father; and if you can manage to slip that little bit of a hand of yours into a lady's or gentleman's pocket, and take out their purses, why you may bring them home to me, too. You and I shall do nicely together, Peggy, my darlin' child. I've been so lonesome while you was away," said he, leering upon her with those hateful eyes. He then stepped to a closet, and taking out a crust of hard, dry bread, gave it to the little frightened creature, and commanded her to eat.

"I don't want any supper," sobbed she.

"Eat it, I tell you, and then you must go to bed, for you will get up early in the morning to help your lovin' father. Here's where you are to sleep," pointing to something which looked like a pile of rags in a corner of the room.

"See how kind I've been to get such a nice bed ready for you. What, you have finished your supper? Well, this will do for to-morrow," and taking the crust, he placed it again in the closet. "Now, Peggy to bed, for I shall call you early."

Dragging her to the rags, he threw her little form upon them, and after spreading her shawl over her, took the light and left the room.

For long hours poor Mary sobbed and cried, but at last, exhausted by emotion, she fell asleep.

O angel mother! from thy home on high, dost see thy darling in her misery? Surely, there is One who sees, and will protect.

"Beggar Jones," as he was called, was well known in Boston, and considered as a good, pious old man, whose bodily infirmities prevented his laboring to support himself, and many a choice bit did kind-hearted housekeepers lay aside for the poor old man, and many a bright coin found its way into his pockets.

Mary had often seen him in her excursions, and consequently, when he appeared before her as we have recorded, she at once recognized him. The villain had long marked the successful beggar-girl, and determined that her gains should be transferred to his possession, but not having met her alone until now, had not dared to molest her. He was a crafty villain, and being principled against all kind of honest labor, he was provided with numerous disguises, so that when he failed to accomplish his object in one, he could easily resort to another. The reader has now the key to his appearance when he decoyed poor Mary into his power.

As soon as it was light in the morning, the little tired sleeper was roused, and after eating a small part of the crust which she had left the previous night, was sent forth to solicit charity. Rejoiced to find herself again in the open

street, free from her dreaded jailor, and not doubting that she should now return to Maggie, she flew along with eager haste in the direction in which she supposed her home to be, only stopping now and then to inquire of some early pedestrian if she were right. At length she came into a street which was well known to her, and bounding forward with renewed speed, she was soon within a short distance of the longed-for retreat.

Just as she was turning a corner into the street where Maggie lived, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a well known voice said, Peggy Jones! The child stopped as if suddenly paralyzed, for just before her in his full regalia stood "beggar Jones."

"Ha, ha, I think you've walked far enough for exercise this morning, and your breakfast must be now pretty well digested. So we will proceed to work at once. But don't let me catch you at this trick again. I can't afford to spend my precious time in running after you, and it's hard for an old man, too—so Peggy, look out," and shaking his whip at her, he pointed out the direction in which he wished her to go, and stood watching her until she was out of sight.

Sorely disappointed, Mary proceeded on her way, but still resolved to effect her escape, and hoping to go home to Maggie with money enough to replace that which had been taken from her. As the day waned, and she saw no more of "beggar Jones," hope resolved itself into certainty in her heart, and with a feeling of thankfulness for her escape, and her unusual success, she once more turned into the street where anxious hearts were mourning for "Mary Asthore!"

The hovel was already in sight, and in another moment she would have been at the door, when she was stopped by a man who seemed to have risen from the ground at her feet, so sudden was his appearance.

"Where away, child?" said he.

"I'm going home, sir."

"That's true, so come along, Peggy," and once more the child recognized her tormentor. "You have kept me here a long time, my darlin' child, but I knew you would be sure to come, so I waited to see you safe home. Your lovin' father's very kind to you, Peggy, and you must be careful not to give him so much trouble again, or may be you'll get a small dose of that medicine I showed you last night."

Grasping the little trembling fingers tightly in his hand, he dragged the wearied little body after him at a rapid pace, until they stood once more within the gloomy room which he had told her was to be her home.

"Now, Peggy," said he, after he had locked the door, "I will be merciful to you this time, and only send you to bed without your supper, as a punishment for trying to run away; but if it happens again, you won't get off so easy. Go to bed, and to-morrow we'll try again, and you had better remember that 'beggar Jones' in some form or other, will meet you at every turn."

With these words he left her. With an aching and almost despairing heart Mary threw herself upon the rug, and, shivering with fear and cold, at last cried herself to sleep. This day was only a sample of many others that followed, until finally the poor child gave up in despair. Go where she might, her persecutor was ever near her, and to elude his vigilant watch seemed hopeless. Love and gratitude were no longer her incentives to exertion, and she soon ceased to collect so large a sum daily as she had done for her kind Irish protector. But the brutal use of the whip soon made fear accomplish for him what he could not otherwise obtain. But no punishment or threats, however fearful, could make the child do more than beg—she would not steal. The seeds of good which a Christian mother had sown, were not dead, but even in that life of degradation and hopeless misery, bore some fruit.

It would far exceed our limits were we to record the details of the life of wretchedness which poor suffering Mary led while in the power of "beggar Jones." Months and years passed, and as hope died in the heart of the orphan child, a feeling of despair took its place. She went and came at her master's bidding, like a machine when the motive power is applied, indifferent to everything that was passing around her, only caring to bring home money enough to save herself from the cruel punishment which she was sure to receive if she failed, as she sometimes did. But at last she sank into a state of apathy from which the lash could hardly arouse her; and thus wasting away the life and soul which God gave, the years glided on until Mary was ten years old.

One day, having wandered farther than usual, as she was passing through a street in the suburbs of the city, the name on the doorplate of a splendid house attracted her attention. Before her mother died, Mary had been taught to read, and she had not entirely lost the knowledge. Springing up the steps, she read with eager eyes the name of Henry Granger. Her apathy was all gone, and without a moment's hesitation she rang the bell violently. A spruce waiting-maid answered the summons, but when she saw that it was only a ragged beggar girl

that had summoned her from her gossiping chat in the kitchen, she said angrily:

"Why don't you go to the basement door? Be off, can't you?" she continued, as the child stood gazing at her.

"I did not come a begging," she said, timidly.

"What do you want, then? Be quick, for I can't stand here."

"Does Mr. Henry Granger live here?"

"To be sure he does. Can't you read?"

"Well," said the poor child, with a desperate effort at calmness, "I want to see him. My name is Mary Granger, and he is my uncle."

"Be off, and tell your lies elsewhere, for I don't believe one word of it. You don't look as if you ever had any uncle, or father, either, for that matter," and the servant tried to shut the door. But a new hope had dawned on the benighted soul of the beggar girl, and with an energy which startled even herself, she said:

"I will see my uncle—I must see him."

Surprised at the strange visitor's boldness, the girl retreated into the passage, and Mary followed, still entreating to be permitted to see Mr. Granger.

"Well, if you will, I can't help it," and the maid threw open a door, at the same time saying—"she would come in, sir. I hope you'll not blame me, for I could not prevent her," and then disappeared.

"How? What is this?" said a gentleman, who was the only occupant of the room, as he rose, in astonishment. "What do you want, child?" he continued, as she advanced into the apartment, never taking her eyes from his face.

"Are you Mr. Granger, sir?" said she, timidly.

"Yes."

"Well, then, you're my uncle," said she, joyfully, "My mother told me to come, and she said you would take care of me. My name is Mary Granger."

The child seated herself in one of the luxurious chairs, and looking up into his face with all the beautiful trust of childhood, she said:

"O, I'm so glad! You'll love me, won't you, uncle?"

Not a word had Mr. Granger spoken. He was completely puzzled by the singular conduct of the child; but as she continued to gaze upon him with those dark, soul-full eyes, olden memories came thronging about his heart, and the image of an idolized brother rose before him.

He seated himself and resting his head upon his hand, continued his "dream of the past." Once more he saw a manly form which he had loved in other days, and his heart whispered—"brother." Then came another scene in the

life drama, and standing before him with a fair young creature whom he called "wife" at his side, was again that brother, but a shade is upon his brow, and a sad look in the dark, tender eyes, for the hour of parting has come, and the brothers are soon to be severed by the rolling ocean. Again they meet, but death is there, and the brother so tenderly loved is passing on to the land above. "My wife and child, Henry, care for them when I am gone." The promise is given, and the strong man is bowing in agony beside the corpse whence the soul has fled. Another scene—and the young wife and mother is before him in her great sorrow. Then comes a proud and stately figure, his own wife, and her dark shadow obscures the form of the weeping widow. She is gone, and he can no farther trace her. The dream is ended. "My mother is dead, Uncle Henry, and I have no friend now, but you," and the sweet trustfulness of the child's spirit, looking up to him through those eyes, so like the eyes of the dead, touched a chord in the proud man's heart that had long lain dormant, and for the first time for years, he wept. He could not doubt that it was indeed his brother's child who had so strangely revealed herself to him. Every feature, but most of all the eyes, in their dark and mournful beauty, so reminded him of the loved and lost, that he wished for no farther proof. "I will take care of you, darling, and you shall be my own child." Drawing the happy child towards him, he kissed her beautiful forehead while his eyes were filled with grateful tears.

At this moment the door opened, and a richly dressed lady entered the room. Her lip curled with haughty pride as she saw the little ragged girl who was seated on her husband's knee, with her arms closely twined about his neck.

"I desire to know the meaning of this, Mr. Granger," she said, after she had deliberately surveyed them.

"Emma, this is my brother's child, restored to me," he answered, with emotion.

"A likely story, Mr. Granger, that this dirty, ragged thing is any relation of yours!" Pointing to the door, she continued—"Begone, beggar! We are not all fools."

Closer the tiny arms were drawn about his neck, and looking up into Mr. Granger's face, the child said, touchingly:

"Do not send me away, dear uncle. I have no home, and O, I'm so tired of wandering."

"Never, darling!" and drawing her closer to his bosom, he kissed her again and again.

An expression of withering scorn was on the lady's face, as she saw this, and she exclaimed:

"Henry Granger, I do believe you are an idiot, to be so easily imposed upon. For shame, sir. Put down the child, and let her go about her business. I will not harbor her here. We should soon have all the beggars in town claiming relationship."

"Emma, just look at this beautiful face, and those eyes. Do they not speak to you of the dead? She is no impostor, and I believe the finger of God is in this. For years have I sought her and her mother, in vain, and now the poor little wanderer comes to my door, and asks me to love and protect her. I tell you, Emma, she is the same little Mary whom I promised Edward to care for as my own child. Look at her, and doubt it if you can."

"If you will be so infatuated, Mr. Granger, it is not my fault. I wash my hands of the whole matter—I will have nothing to do with it."

The proud woman swept across the room, not even deigning to look at the little creature who clung so fondly to her husband. An instant, and the child had released herself from her uncle, and was kneeling at Mrs. Granger's feet.

"Dear aunt, wont you let me live with you?" she said. "I will be very good, and try not to make you any trouble. Don't send me away, for that dreadful man will find me, and O, he whips me so hard!"

The poor little pleader shuddered, and big tears rolled down her face as she spoke. The stately woman turned without speaking, and was leaving the room.

"Do say that I may stay, dear aunt," continued the weeping child. "I know I can do a good many things, and I will work for you all the time, if you will only let me stay where he can't get me."

"Get up, child, and go to your uncle, as you call him," at length the lady said, in a freezing tone, as she gazed upon the little kneeling figure. "I want nothing to do with you," and passing out, she shut the door with tremendous force after her.

Poor Mary sobbed bitterly, but her uncle soon consoled her, bidding her to be good, and her aunt would soon love her.

And so it was settled, and the little beggar girl became a member of the aristocratic Mr. Granger's family. Her uncle was invariably kind and affectionate towards her, but his eyes could not penetrate all the mysteries of his wife's domestic arrangement, and Mary would have scorned to complain. So how could he know that she was treated worse than the lowest servant in the house—that she was in fact, a "servant of servants."

She was put to sleep in an out of the way attic chamber that had been used for years as a storage room, and was filled with all sorts of articles and utensils for family use, which had from time to time been thrown aside, to make room for new. Rats and mice seemed to consider this apartment as belonging exclusively to them, so merrily did they scamper about, and hold their revels in the long nights—and any quantity of great spiders strung their airy webs upon the bare walls, and crawled upon the child's miserable bed. Yet it was better than she had known before, and if her aunt would have given her a kind word, occasionally, she would have deemed her happiness complete.

The change in Mary's outward circumstances seemed to effect a change in her whole being. She was no longer content in her ignorance, but each day increased her all-absorbing desire to prove herself worthy of her uncle's love, by making the best use of the advantages which he placed within her reach. She longed to know, to understand, and so rapid was her progress, it seemed as if, during those weary years of trial and ignorance, her mind had been gathering almost unnatural strength to grasp rich gems from the tree of knowledge. She was not like a child of ten years, but rather like a woman in capacity and strength of intellect. As the thirsty hart drinks of the sweet water for which it panted, so her mind drank in rich draughts of knowledge daily.

And so Time's never-resting car moved on till Mary was twelve years of age. Her aunt had never spoken a gentle or kind word to her, or forgiven "the little beggar's presumption" in daring to claim relationship with her. Mr. Granger could not fail to perceive something how it was, and after trying in vain all means in his power to effect a favorable change in his wife's treatment of Mary, he resolved to send her away for a few years, until her education should have been completed. In pursuance of this plan, Mary was soon established in the excellent institution of Madame Rivers, in the good city of Baltimore, where with your permission, reader mine, we will leave her for a season.

Once more the progress of our story brings us to the residence of Mr. Granger, after an interval of six years. Time has wrought some changes, but still he had dealt gently with the master of that splendid home, and but few furrows were traced on his white forehead. Mrs. Granger was the same proud and haughty woman as ever, but just now there was an expression of doting fondness on her face, as her glances fell upon the tall form of a young man

who was lounging carelessly on a sofa, near her. Edward Burton was Mrs. Granger's son, the only offspring of a former marriage, and though to all beside she was cold and seemingly unfeeling, he was her idol. His lightest wish was as a law to her, and with a swelling heart she gazed upon his manly features, and felt it blessed indeed to be a mother.

Excepting short visits at intervals, Edward had been away from home for years, and when his collegiate course was ended, he had persuaded his fond mother to allow him yet a longer absence, that he might gaze upon the wonders of the old world, and bask beneath the glorious skies of classic Italy. Three years he had spent in travelling, and now his mother's anxious fears for him were ended, for her son had come home to remain with her. But she did not know that a subtle power was at work to crush her hopes—she did not know that her noble boy was even now a slave to that "which biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Else had her proud heart throbbed with deadly fear, and her mother-love cried, "save him."

Edward Burton had naturally a good heart, and fine intellect, so even his mother's long course of almost unlimited indulgence had failed to make him selfish, or pave the way for the perpetration of crime. But while sojourning in Italy, he became rather intimately acquainted with a young and gay scion of a noble Florentine house. The fiery, impetuous nature of the young Italian was ever impatient of opposition to his wishes, and when, after repeated invitations and urgings, young Burton still continued to decline tasting the sparkling wine, his false friend vowed within himself to work the "proud American's" ruin, through this medium.

We need not stop to detail the various arts and devices which were resorted to, for the accomplishment of this purpose; we all know that a bad, unscrupulous man is never at a loss for tools with which to do his work, however black it may be. Suffice it to say that the barrier of total abstinence was finally passed, and lured on by the artful insinuations of his tempter, who had acquired a strange influence over him, Edward Burton was soon advancing rapidly on that path from which there is no return, save by deep repentance, and adamant firmness of principle. But sooner than he had at first intended, and much too soon for the completion of the Italian's scheme, Burton suddenly announced his intention of returning to America. But he had acquired a fondness for the sparkling poison which was daily gaining new and stronger power over him, and he needed now no suggestions

save those or his own appetite, to induce him to raise it to his lips.

At first the mother's eyes were blinded, but gradually, dim suspicions grew into certain assurance, and with deep agony she saw her son assuming more and more visibly each day, the semblance of that pitiable thing—a drunkard. Night after night he came reeling home, and was placed in bed by the servants, while his wretched mother passed the night in walking her chamber and moaning in bitter sorrow. Late on the following day he would make his appearance, but gnawing remorse was roused by his mother's anguish and entreaties, and with head throbbing almost to bursting, and a feeling of utter self-loathing, he would rush again to the deadly Lethe, to purchase by temporary forgetfulness, new and keener remorse for the future. Affairs were in this sad state when Mary returned from school to reside permanently at home. She was not what a casual observer would have called beautiful, but she was very lovely, notwithstanding. Tall and finely developed in form, there was always a graceful dignity and perfect self-possession in her manners, united with a genial, affectionate air, which made her very attractive. Her eyes were gloriously beautiful. Of a clear gray or hazel, they had the most bewitching curtains of long black lashes, which, when she was looking downward, seemed to rest caressingly on the fair cheek below. But when she was animated, and the eyes were raised, the light seemed actually to flash from them. Anon a sad and dreamy expression would veil their beams like emanations from some hidden fountain of love and tears.

The former coldness and cruelty of Mrs. Granger were forgotten by Mary, or if not forgotten, wholly forgiven, long before, for she was a true Christian; and it was with a heart overflowing with love and grateful happiness, that she resumed her place in her uncle's family. But she soon learned that time and absence had wrought no change in her aunt's feelings towards her. Of course, the elegant and accomplished young lady was not treated exactly as the poor, ignorant child of years before had been, but the same spirit remained, the same icy coldness. This grieved Mary's loving heart, but she constantly hoped that her endeavors to win the love of the proud woman would eventually prove successful, and she went on quietly, unheeding sneering remarks, and allusions to her former poverty.

One night when Mary had been some weeks at home, it happened that she and Edward were alone in one of the parlors. Formerly, it had

been a rare occurrence for him to be at home in the evening, but of late he had often joined the family circle, and a new hope began to dawn in his mother's heart, though he was at such times totally unlike his former self. Silent and moody, he took no part in any conversation, only replying when addressed. But this evening he seemed a changed man, and Mary was surprised at the brilliant thoughts which he so eloquently expressed, and the cultivated mind and heart which his whole conversation evinced. Suddenly he paused; but in an instant he said, abruptly:

"What have I been saying? What right have such as I to speak of purity and goodness? I, a miserable drunkard!" and covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud.

"But, Mr. Burton!" said Mary, astonished.

"Nay, hear me—do not speak! Hear me, if you will, and then tell me if there is hope for so miserable a man as I am. I am most wretched, Miss Granger—Mary, let me call you so. You have seen me in the loathsome guise of the inebriate, apparently regardless alike of my mother's anguish, and my own reputation. You have seen me in all my degradation, but you do not know how deep it is, for you cannot know how far I have fallen; you do not know what I once was. Until you came, I had no hope. For my mother's sake, if not for my own, I longed and tried to retract my steps; but the spell of a demon seemed laid upon me, paralyzing all my endeavors to rise. But now, since I have known you, I seem to feel new strength. Something keeps saying to me, 'Stand up, and be a man!' You are my star of hope, Mary,—will you help me?—will you save me?"

In his excitement the young man had risen from his seat, and approached Mary, who was listening intently to his rapid utterance. Grasping her hand, he repeated:

"Will you save me, Mary? If you cannot, then am I lost indeed."

Sinking into a chair at her side, he gave vent to emotions which would no longer be restrained. The strong man wept; but they were not tears of weakness—they were blessed, holy drops, gushing up from the healing fountain which the Angel had troubled. Gently and soothingly as woman may, Mary comforted and encouraged the repentant man, and ere long he felt indeed strong to battle with and overcome his enemy. For hours they sat thus; he listening to the maiden's low, sweet voice as she counselled and advised him, as to the voice of inspiration. Ere they parted, Mary had drawn up a pledge, which the young man signed, binding himself by all those considerations which every true man holds

sacred, nevermore to taste of intoxicating drinks in any form. "Redeemed!" burst from his full heart as he affixed his signature, and Mary's eyes glistened with happy tears, as she said:

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

Six months had passed, and Edward Burton had faithfully kept his pledge. Mary's character, so pure and true, had been to him like a new revelation of life, and its deep significance, its holy duties. The past seemed like a fearful dream, and he shuddered as he thought how narrowly his life bark had escaped being wrecked. It was but natural that two young and noble-minded people, so constantly together as Edward and Mary, and appreciating as each did so truly the beauties and excellencies which characterized the other, should in time experience a warmer feeling than mere friendship towards each other. They loved as only those do whose affection is founded upon esteem and respect, and once so loving as to love forever—this is the true version.

But although she frankly confessed the sentiments with which the young man had inspired her, Mary would not consent to a speedy marriage. "Wait until I win your mother's love—until she can welcome me as a daughter; then, whenever you choose, I shall be ready." This was her constant reply to Edward's entreaties, and he could but love and value her the more highly for her determination, although it made the term of his probation apparently endless.

Mrs. Granger presented the same haughty, chilling bearing towards the lovely girl, though she was well aware that she had been instrumental in the reformation of her son.

It was the summer of 18—, when suddenly a ghastly visitor made its appearance in our country. From sunny orange groves, where southern homes are nestled, to our own New England hills and vales, even to the Canadas, the pestilence winged its fearful corpse-strewn way. Men called this terrible, unbidden guest the cholera; and like a demon it seemed, careering along on its mission of torment and death.

Mr. Granger's family was one of the very few wealthy ones that had remained in the city. For a time they escaped, but ere many weeks had passed, Mr. Granger was prostrated with the fearful disease, and in an hour's time, both Mrs. Granger and her son were stricken down by the same dread, mysterious power. But for the frightened servants, Mary was entirely alone in her awful situation, but she did not falter. Not a moment of precious time was lost in moaning and crying in imbecile despair, but the

most active measures were at once adopted, and when the physician came, he gave her strong hopes that they would all recover.

"And to your promptness and presence of mind, my dear young lady, under God, they will owe their lives, for had you delayed doing anything until my arrival, they would have been beyond the reach of earthly skill," added he, as he took his leave.

In a short time Mr. Granger and Edward were so far restored as to be able to leave their beds; but Mrs. Granger still remained in a precarious state. The cholera symptoms were soon overcome, but a state of alarming debility succeeded, which threatened to prove fatal. For days and weeks she lay almost as one from whom life had fled. Mary was constantly with her, sleeping only when she must, in a chair at the sick woman's bedside, while a trusty domestic watched beside her to waken her at the least movement of the invalid, as the physician had said that not medicine, but care alone could save her.

Mrs. Granger was too much reduced to speak, but sometimes her eyes would rest on her young nurse with a sad, wishful expression, as if she longed for the power of utterance. Mary's heart was full of loving pity for the suffering woman, and had she been her own mother, she could not have watched over her with more tender solicitude.

At length her care was rewarded. The invalid began to gain strength, and the physician said she would recover.

"But, Miss Mary," added he, "we shall never quarrel to decide which of us shall have the credit of the cure, for I now resign all pretensions to so great an honor. To you, alone, it rightfully belongs, and I really think you are entitled to a diploma, for skilful practice."

At last Mrs. Granger was able to sit up; but she rose from that couch of suffering, a changed woman, bodily and mentally. The glossy black hair, which in health had been her pride, was now dry and harsh, and silver threads were thickly mingled with its ebony hue. The bloom of comparative youth was gone forever; but there was a new expression upon her wasted features, which made her look far more interesting and loveable than she had ever done in her early days of beauty and pride. Mary had arranged the pillows and cushions of her easy chair, and then thinking she would call Edward to come and enjoy his mother's improved appearance, turned to leave the room, when a tremulous voice recalled her.

"Can I do anything more for you, aunt, before I call Edward?" said she, returning.

"Only one thing, Mary," said Mrs. Granger, grasping the young girl's hand in both of hers. "Forgive me!"

Tears were streaming down her pale cheeks, and it was some minutes before she could proceed again.

"Mary, can you forgive all my cruel treatment? Can you ever love me?"

"My dear aunt, if you will but let me love you, 'tis all I ask. If I ever had anything to forgive, it was forgotten long ago. Do not think of it, Aunt Emma; only think how happy we shall all be now, when you are well again."

"My darling Mary!" sobbed the repentant woman, "God has been very gracious towards me. I turned away in hardness of heart, even when through your means I saw my son 'plucked as a brand from the burning.' I steeled my heart against you; but this sickness came, and O, I bless my God that his chastening hand was laid upon me, for I have been forced to think, to reflect upon the past! While you all deemed that I was lying so very near to death, I prayed as I never prayed before, to live. I felt that I could not die till I had made some reparation for the deep wrong I had done you, and received the blessed assurance of forgiveness. Only the Searcher of hearts may know the agony I endured when I lay there so quiet and speechless. But my prayers are answered. I live to repay in some degree your unvarying kindness and gentleness towards me. And now I must lay bare my wicked heart to you, and tell you why I hated you.

"Long years ago, Edith Malvern and I were schoolmates, and later in life we mingled in society together. Edwin Granger was the idol of our circle, and I loved him. Yes, Mary, even I loved once, but Edith Malvern won the prize for which I longed, and from that time there was a gushing fountain of bitterness in my soul. All the love which once had filled my heart was turned to hatred towards my favored rival, and I longed only for opportunities to injure her and hers. For this end, I married my present husband, that my facilities for destroying the happiness of his brother might be greater. I sent anonymous letters, and resorted to other meanesses to make trouble between Edwin and his wife, but their mutual confidence was too great; they loved each other too entirely to be disturbed by any means which my malignant temper could devise. Completely foiled in all my plans, I saw them depart for their European tour, with outward calmness, but the rage of a baffled demon rankling in my heart.

"But as time passed, fortune seemed to favor

me, for they returned; he, to see his brother once more, and die; she, my hated rival, to find herself, with her infant child, alone in the world. My husband was even then quite wealthy, and he would have taken her to his home, and been to her a brother indeed, but I, Mary—I could not forget the past, so fraught with blackness to me, and I resorted to means which I dare not mention, to rid myself forever of one, whose hand, I thought, had prepared for me the cup of bitterness which I had drunk. My measures were securely taken, and proved successful. Edith Granger disappeared, and no tidings of her ever reached us, until God, in his wisdom, directed you to our door. I knew, even while I spurned you, that you were no impostor for your striking resemblance to your parents convinced me at once that you were indeed the child of her whom I had so irreparably wronged. But there came no softening emotion, as I heard your piteous story. Harder than adamant grew my wicked heart, and I resolved to pour out upon the child's head the continual curse from which death had mercifully released the mother.

"You know the rest. You know how with angel patience and sweetness you have constantly returned good for evil. You have saved my son from ruin; you have saved my life; you have forgiven me! In deep humiliation and thankfulness, I bless God that you have triumphed."

A festal night in Mr. Granger's stately mansion. All that wealth could purchase, or taste devise, was gathered there to add to the rich magnificence of the scene, for Mr. and Mrs. Granger felt that they could not do too much to testify their joy and gratitude on the wedding night of Edward Burton and the orphan Mary. *Angel Mary* had she proved to them, for her presence had united their before divided hearts, and brought love and peace to their household gods. Graceful and beautiful as were the many forms gathered in those splendid rooms to witness the bridal, she whom once we knew as the wandering beggar-girl, shone pre-eminent. Such a sweet, holy light dwelt in her glorious eyes, they seemed to draw their radiance from a never-dying fount of love and joy.

The ceremony was soon over, and the guests departed, leaving heart-wishes for the continued happiness of the young couple, now so indissolubly bound to each other for weal or woe. Mrs. Granger said but little as she pressed Mary to her throbbing bosom, and called her "daughter;" but the noble girl felt fully repaid for all the sufferings of the past, in the sweet conviction that she now once more knew a mother's love.

THE STARS.

BY LIZZIE LINCOLN.

I was a weary, saddened, child,
Of aching head, and burning brow;
Then many a fancy strange and wild,
Soothed, with its whispers low.

Of when the painful days were gone,
And twilight round her mantle twined,
And eve's first star looked forth alone,
To shed its light almost divine—

I sat and watched them one by one,
Peep out in joy beyond the sky;
Methought to cheer thee, sad and lone—
The stars were beaming from on high.

I fancied that the burning light
That fell on all around, above,
Was but a gleam, so purely bright,
From the regions of light and love.

A pathway in the ether blue,
To weary, way-worn mortals given;
A pathway for the good and true,
To soar aloft in light, to heaven.

I will not say it is not so,
I cannot crush the vision given;
It sheds a holy joy below,
To think we see a glimpse of heaven.

THE CEMETERY OF SCUTARI.

BY ANNE T. WILBER.

TRUTHFUL cemeteries, like Christian cemeteries, inspire me with sadness. A visit to Pere La Chaise plunges me into a funereal melancholy for several days, and I have passed whole hours in the burying-places of Pera and Scutari, without experiencing any other sentiment than that of a vague and sweet reverie; is it to the beauty of the sky, the brilliancy of the light, the romantic charm of the site, that this indifference is to be attributed, or rather to the prejudices of religion, acting without your knowledge, and making you scorn the sepulchres of infidels, with whom you are to have no connection in the other world? I have often reflected upon this subject, but without solving the enigma.

Catholicism has surrounded death with a sombre poetry of terror unknown to paganism and Mahometanism; it has clothed its tombs in gloomy, cadaverous forms, combined to convey ideas of terror, while the antique urns are surrounded with gay bas-reliefs where graceful genii sport among the foliage, and the Mussulman tombs, variegated with azure and gold, seem, beneath the shade of noble trees, rather the kiosks

of eternal repose, than the dwellings of the dead. There I have often smoked my pipe over a tomb, an action which would seem to me elsewhere irreverent, and yet a thin layer of marble alone separated me from a body, buried at the surface of the ground.

More than once I have traversed the cemetery of Pera, in the most fantastic moonlight, at the hour when the white columns rise in the shadow, like the name of Santa Rosalia in the third act of Robert le Diable, without a quickened pulsation of the heart; a prowess which I should have executed at Montmartre only with an invincible horror, chills and nervous tremors at the slightest sound, though I have a hundred times braved, in my traveller's life, subjects of terror much more real; but, in the East, death is so familiarly mingled with life, that one no longer fears it. The dead with whom one takes his coffee, or smokes his chibouk, can no longer become spectres.

The cemetery at Scutari is the best located, the largest and most populous of the Orient. It is an immense forest of cypress, covering hilly ground, intrenched by broad avenues, and bristling with tombs for the space of more than a league. One cannot form an idea, in the countries of the north, on seeing the meagre spindles which we call cypresses, of the degree of beauty and development acquired in the warmest latitudes, by this friend of tombs, but which awakens in the East no thought of melancholy, and adorns gardens as well as cemeteries.

With age, the trunk of the cypress divides itself into ragged curves, like the aggregations of the gothic columns of cathedrals; its exhausted bark becomes silvared with shades of gray, and its branches thrust out singularly deformed elbows, without destroying the pyramidal outline and the ascensional direction of the foliage, now in dense masses, now in scattered tufts. Its tortuous and bare roots cling to the earth on the road-side, as the claws of a vulture grasp its prey, and sometimes resemble serpents, half concealed in their hole.

Its solid and sombre verdure is not discolored by the rays of the sun, but retains always sufficient liveliness to stand out on the intense blue of the sky. No tree has an altitude at once so grave, so serious and so majestic. Its apparent uniformity is varied by accidents appreciated by the painter, but which do not derange its general disposition. It associates itself admirably with the architecture of the Italian villas, and mingles appropriately its black spire with the white columns of the minarets; its brown draperies form a ground at the summit of the hills, on which

are detached the wooden houses of Turkish cities, colored with vermilion and butterfly hues.

I had already acquired in Spain, at the Generalife and the Alhambra, a love for the cypress, which my residence in Constantinople did but increase, while it gratified. Two cypresses, especially, have ineffaceably engraved their profiles in my memory, and the name of Grenada cannot be pronounced without my seeing them wave above the red walls of the ancient palace of Moorish kings, of whom they were certainly contemporaries. With what pleasure did I perceive them, when I returned from my excursions in the Alpajarras, in company with the eagle hunter, Romero, or the deer hunter, Lassa, mounted on a mule, whose harness was covered with gowgaws and bells. But to return to the cypresses of Scutari.

A cypress is planted beside each tomb; every upright tree represents a body, and as vegetation here enjoys great activity, and new graves are dug daily, the funeral forest rapidly grows in height and breadth. The Turks do not understand the economy of graveyards; every dead man, poor or rich, once extended on his last couch, sleeps there until the trumpets of the last judgment shall awake him, and the hand of man disturbs him not.

Beside the living city, this necropolis stretches out indefinitely, recruited with peaceful inhabitants, who never emigrate. The inexhaustible quarries of Marmora furnish to each of its mute citizens a marble post, which tells his name and dwelling, and, though a coffin takes but little room, and the rows are close together, the dead city covers more extent than the other: millions have been laid there since the conquest of Byzantium by Mahomet II. If time, which destroys everything, did not level the tumular monoliths and deprive them of their turbans, and if the dust of years, those invisible grave-diggers, did not slowly cover the ruins of broken tombs, a statistician might, by adding these funeral pillars, obtain the number of the population of Constantinople, reckoning from 1453, the date of the fall of the Greek empire. But for the intervention of nature, which tends everywhere to resume its primitive forms, the Turkish empire would soon be but a vast cemetery, from which the dead would drive the living.

I followed at first the grand avenue, bordered by two immense curtains of a sombre green, fairy-like and funereal; stone-cutters, quietly seated, were sculpturing tombs by the road-side; arabas were passing, filled with women repairing to Hyder Pacha; Mussulman *filles de joie*, who, concealed only by a transparent yashmach of thin

muslin, allured the Turkish youth by loving glances and sonorous laughs. Quitting the beaten path, I left my companions, and directed my steps at random among the tombs, to study more nearly the oriental attitude of death. I have already said, in describing the *Petit Champ* at Pera, that the Turkish tombs are composed of a species of marble pillar, terminated by a ball, vaguely resembling a human countenance, and coiffed with a turban, whose folds and form indicate the quality of the deceased,—now the turban is replaced by a colored fez;—a stone ornamented with a lotus stalk or a vine, with leaves and grapes carved in relief and painted, designates the women. At the foot of this vine, which varies only in the richness of the painting and gilding, usually extends a slab, hollowed out in the middle by a little basin, in which the relatives and friends of the dead deposit flowers and pour milk or perfumes.

It sometimes happens that the flowers fade, and are not renewed, for no grief is eternal, and life would be impossible without forgetfulness. Rain-water takes the place of rose-water; the little birds come to drink the tears of heaven at the spot where the tears of the heart were shed. The doves dip their wings in this marble bath, dry themselves coolingly in the sun on the neighboring tomb, and the dead, deceived, think they hear a faithful sigh. Nothing is more fresh and graceful than this winged life-warbling among the tombs. Sometimes a *tarbe*, with Moorish arches, rises monumentally amid the humbler graves, and serves as a sepulchral kiosk for a pacha, surrounded by his family.

The Turks, who are grave, slow, majestic in all the acts of life, are hasty only with the dead. The body, as soon as it has submitted to lastral ablutions, is borne to the cemetery at a rapid pace, with the head placed towards Mecca, and quickly covered with some handfuls of dirt; this proceeds from a superstitious idea. The Mussulmans believe that the corpse suffers until it is restored to the earth whence it came. The *imam* interrogates, on the principal articles of faith of the Koran, the deceased, whose silence is taken for acquiescence; the spectators respond amen, and the cortege disperses, leaving the dead alone with eternity.

Then Monkir and Nekir, two funereal angels, whose eyes of turquoise gleam in a countenance of ebony, interrogate him on his virtuous or perverse life, and, according to his replies, assign him the place his soul is to occupy in hell or paradise. Only the Mussulman hell is but a purgatory, for, after having expiated his faults by torments, more or less long or severe, every be-

never ends by enjoying the embraces of hours and the ineffable sight of Allah.

At the head of the grave is left a species of hole, or pipe, leading to the ear of the corpse, that he may hear the groans, ejaculations, and funeral songs of his family. This opening, too often enlarged by the dogs and jackals, is, as it were, the breathing-place of the sepulchre, the peep-hole by which this world may look at the other.

Walking without any determinate direction, I had reached a part of the cemetery more ancient, and consequently more deserted. The funeral pillars, almost all out of the perpendicular, were leaning to the right and left. Many were lying down, as if weary of a standing position, and judging it useless to point out an obliterated grave, remembered by no one. The earth, heaped up by the heaving of coffins, or washed away by the rain, guarded less carefully the secrets of the tomb. Almost at every step my foot struck against a fragment of a jaw, a backbone, a rib, a thigh-bone; through the short and scanty turf, I sometimes saw glisten, white as ivory, spherical and polished as an ostrich's egg, a singular protuberance. It was a skull peeping out of the ground. In these disturbed graves, pious hands had replaced in order the disinterred bones; other skeleton fragments rolled like pebbles on the borders of deserted paths.

I felt myself seized with a singular and horrible curiosity,—that of looking through these holes, of which I have just now spoken, to surprise the mystery of the tomb, and view the dead in his last home. I bent over those windows, opening upon nothing, and could surprise, at my ease, human dust divested of its dress. I perceived the skull, yellow, livid, grinning, with its discolored jaws and, hollow orbits, the meagre frame of the breast obliterated by sand, on which fell carelessly the bones of the arm. The rest was lost in shadow and in the earth;—these slumberers seemed very tranquil, and, far from terrifying me, as I had expected, this spectacle re-assured me. There was no longer anything there but phosphate of lime, and, the soul evaporated, nature was by degrees recovering its elements for new combinations.

If formerly I had dreamed the *Comedy of Death* at the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, I could not have written one strophe at the cemetery of Scutari. In the shade of these tranquil cypresses, a human skull had no more effect upon one than a stone, and the peaceful fatalism of the East seized me, in spite of my Christian terror of death and my Catholic studies of the sepulchre. None of this dust interrogated or replied to one.

Everywhere silence, repose, forgetfulness and dreamless slumber on the bosom of Cybele, the holy mother. It was in vain that I placed my ear against these half-opened biers, I heard no sound but that of the worm spinning its web; none of these sleepers, lying on his side, had turned, ill at ease; and I continued my walk, elbowing tombs, treading on human remains, calm, serene, almost smiling, and thinking of the day when the foot of the passer-by should also disturb my head, hollow and sonorous as an empty cup.

The rays of the sun gilded among the black pyramids of the cypress, fitting like will o' the-wisps over the whiteness of the tombs; doves cooed, and, in the blue of the sky, vultures described their circles.

Some women, seated in the centre of a little carpet, in company with a negress or a child, were in melancholy musing or reposing, cradled by the illusions of tender memories. The air was of enchanting softness, and I felt life irradiating me through every pore, in the midst of this gloomy forest, the soil of which is composed of dust formerly living.

I had rejoined my friends, and we traversed a portion of the cemetery entirely modern. There I saw recent tombs, surrounded with railings and gardens, in imitation of those of Pere La Chaise. Death also has its fashions, and there were here only fashionable people, buried in the latest style. For my part, I prefer the pillar of *Marmora* marble, with the sculptured turban and verse of the Koran in letters of gold.

The road issuing from the cemetery terminates in a vast plain, called *Hyder Pacha*, a species of parade-ground, which stretches out between Scutari and the enormous neighboring barracks of *Radi Rieu*; a wall made of ruined tombs borders each side of the road and forms a terrace, elevated three or four feet, which presents the gayest *coup d'oeil*,—it is like an immense bed of animated flowers.

Two or three rows of women, crouching on mats or carpets, there contrast the colors of their feredges, rosy, sky-blue, apple-green, *liac*, elegantly draped around them. In front of these groups, the red jackets, the jonquil pantaloons, and brocade vests of the children, sparkle in a luminous blaze of spangles and gold embroidery.

The feredge and the *yashmach* at first produce on the traveller the effect of a domino at an opera ball. You experience a sort of bewilderment before these anonymous shades which whirl before you, in appearance similar to each other. You recognise no one; but the eye soon becomes accustomed to this uniformity, discovers differ-

ences, and appreciates forms beneath the satin which veils them. Some grace, poorly disguised, betrays youth; ripe age is revealed by some equally certain symptom. A propitious or fatal breath raises the lace veil; the mask allows the face to appear, the black phantom is transformed into a woman. It is so in the East: this ample drapery of merino, which resembles a dressing-gown, at last loses its mystery; the yashmah assumed an unexpected transparency, and, notwithstanding all the envelops with which Musulman jealousy surrounds her, the Turkish female, when one does not look at her too formally, at last becomes as visible as a French woman.

On the turf of Hyder Pacha were gravely defiling arabas, talikas, and even English carriages filled with women, very richly adorned, and whose diamonds sparkled in the sun, scarcely dimmed by the white mists of muslin, like stars behind a light cloud; here and there little groups of five or six were reposing beneath some shade, under the guardianship of a black eunuch, beside the araba which had brought them, and seemed sitting for a picture. Huge grayish oxen were quietly ruminating and waving the red woollen tufts suspended to bent sticks fastened to their yokes; with their grave air and their foreheads constellated with plates of steel, these fine animals were like priests of Mithra or Zoroaster.

The venders of snow-water, of sherbets, of grapes and cherries, ran from group to group, offering their merchandize to Greeks and Armenians, and contributing to the animation of the picture. There were also merchants of Smyrna, carpons cut in slices, and rosy-hued water-melons.

Cavaliers, mounted on fine horses, displayed their horsemanship at a distance from the equipages, doubtless in honor of some invisible beauty; the pure blooded steeds of Nedji, Hedjaz, and Kurdistan proudly shook their long silken manes, and made to sparkle their housings, ornamented with precious stones, feeling themselves admired, and sometimes, when the body of the rider was turned, a charming head leaned from the window of a talika.

The sun was declining, and I retook, dreamy and full of vague desires, the road from Scutari, where my caidji was patiently awaiting me, between a muddy cup of coffee and a chibouk of katakie, as he had a right, being a Greek Christian, not subjected to the rigor of the Ramazan.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

THE TWO VISIONS.

BY M. HELEN LUCY.

I wandered out in careless mood,
One smiling summer day,
And sought the dim aisles of the wood,
Where dark grim shadows lay.
I knelt down by the little stream,
Whose waters ran so clear;
And scanned with eager wondering,
The face reflected there.

I noted that the soul of joy
Each feature seemed to fill;
I asked myself, when years go by,
Shall I be happy still?
I mused on bitter tears I'd seen
On furrowed faces flow;
It seemed to me their happiness
Was in the "Long Ago!"

The years went by with saddened heart—
I sought the wood once more,
Nor tarried till I reached the spot
Where I had dreamed before.
The self-same boughs above me hung,
As in the years gone by;
The little brook still murmured on,
But changed, I knew not why.

Once more I gazed upon the face
The waters pictured there;
The same, and yet 'twas not the same,
Now sadder and less fair.
The mantling shadows of the firs
Hung round me heavily,
And far off in the distance, I
The meadow lands could see.

It was my life—the present time
Was sad and dark to me;
For all that blighting time had left,
Was palp, sweet Memory.
They're all gone to return no more,
They who were once so dear;
But I have learned the sum of life,
A smile and then a tear.

The shades of sorrow, dark and cold,
Fall round me as I stray;
And oftentimes my weary feet
Are faltering in the way.
But there is life and light beyond,
Where death shall come no more;
There shall we meet the early lost,
On heaven's eternal shore.

We look after the particulars of a battle, because we live in the very time of war; whereas of battles past we hear nothing but the numbers slain. Just as for the death of a man: when he is sick, we talk how he slept this night, and that night, what he eat, and what he drank; but when he is dead, we only say, he died of a fever, or name his disease, and there's an end.—*Selden.*

THE BURIAL.

BY ADA HOWARD.

Mournfully, mournfully, sounded the bell
Through the night air;
Heavily, slowly, it ringeth the knell,
So full of care.

Rapidly, quietly, falleth the rain
On the dry earth;
To many, how many a mournful strain
Does it give birth.

Moaningly, drearily, sigheth the blast
Through the tall trees;
Tearfully, sadly, the moans of the past
Float on the breeze.

Wearily, quietly, passeth the train
O'er the crisp leaves;
Solemnly, slowly, now wind o'er the plain,
Those God bereaves.

Readily, willingly, goeth the child
To her long home;
Wrathfully, fearfully, the storm spirit wild,
Bound her doth roam.

Peacefully, silently, resteth she now
On her strange couch;
Gracefully, lowly, the willow trees bow,
Her brow to touch.

Pensively, gloomily, pass they away
Through the dark night;
Longingly, weepingly, watch for the day,
With its fair light.

Mournfully, sadly, still soundeth the bell
Through the night air;
Heavily, slowly, still ringeth the knell,
So full of care.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SPECULATION.

BY ARTHUR REMINGTON.

THE incidents of the following little episode of life were related to me by one of the principal actors in the scene, he being the younger of the three persons whom I must introduce. The scene is in a city which shall be nameless, and the names of the characters will be known only to those who are already acquainted with the story, and the actors.

Laman Goldridge was a pawnbroker. He occupied a small room with a large window upon the street, and over the door were suspended those three gilded balls which seem to indicate that within may be found a "a friend in need." The window was adorned with watches, jewelry, musical instruments, pistols, etc., etc., while upon

the stool, which was covered with black cotton velvet, was displayed large sums of money in gold, silver and bank notes. Laman Goldridge sat behind his counter on a tall stool, and before him stood a female, that seemed to be urging some claim, but to which the broker would give no assent. He was a well built, good-looking man, with a countenance indicative of great shrewdness, and with that peculiar lurking, restless, twinkling light of the sharp gray eye which generally accompanies a relentless, unscrupulous, disposition. He was yet young, being not over thirty at the farthest.

As the woman went out, another person came in. The new comer was a youth about twenty years of age, habited in a working garb, showing in every feature the signs of a generous, noble-souled fellow. His name, too, was Goldridge, and he was a cousin to the broker. He was just finishing his term of apprenticeship to a machinist, and merely stepped into his cousin's office now on his way from dinner.

"I say, Laman, what was the matter with that woman?"

"What woman, Bill?"

"The one that just went out as I came in," said he.

"Matter—why?"

"Why, she was crying. What was it all about?"

"Ha, ha, ha,—I'll tell you, Bill. Just about a month ago she came in here and wanted some money on a gold chain. I let her have ten dollars on it for two weeks. At the end of the two weeks she came in and told me she could not raise the money to redeem her chain under two weeks more, and asked me to hold on to it. I told her I would if I could, but of course I made no promise, for the term of payment had expired, and the chain was mine. Yesterday a man came in and took a fancy to the chain, and I sold it to him for twenty-five dollars. The woman came in to-day to get it, and she was mighty wrathful when she found I had sold it."

"'Twas some keepsake, I suppose," remarked William.

"So she said."

"Well, now I'll tell you what it is, Laman, I consider that operation of yours to be just about on a par with robbery."

"It don't matter what you think, Bill, I call it fair business. She sold me the chain, and it was mine. I was not obliged to keep it for her after the time I promised to wait had expired."

"But humanity would have told you to keep it."

"O bah! Don't talk of humanity in business, such times as these. Money is money, and he is best off who has the most of it."

"Then according to your idea, a pirate who has managed to make himself rich must be a happy man."

"O you may joke as much as you please, but I don't want one of your moral lectures now. You know as well as I do, that when people come here and borrow money, I buy their goods that they offer as security. I have them distinctly understand that they have sold me the goods. But if within a certain time they have a mind to pay me up they can have their goods back again. It's a simple trade, and if they lose by it, it is their own fault."

"I understand it, Laman, I understand it—and so do you. If there is anything in the shape of robbery that I detest more than another, it is the taking advantage of other people's necessities."

"There," uttered the broker, showing signs of anger, "you've said enough. And let me give you a hint, too. If you can't come in here without attacking my character every time, you'd better stay away."

"O don't get mad, Laman. I only tell you my honest opinion. And let me tell you one more thing. You'll get paid for all this one of these days. Ill gains never thrive, and you'll yet find it so. Mark my words."

William Goldridge left the office as he thus spoke, but before he closed the door behind him he heard a good round oath drop from his cousin's lips.

"The little dirty meddler," muttered Laman, after Bill was gone. "What do I care for his code of morality? I must make money—and I do it honestly, too. What's the use of being too careful of other folks? I tell 'em when they want my money, just my conditions, and they can take them or let 'em go, just as they've a mind to."

And yet Laman almost wished that he had kept that woman's chain, for her grief had moved him a little. But then his eyes rested upon his journal, and it stood after this wise:

"May 25th—took one chain for \$10. Not redeemed. June 20th—sold it for \$25. Profit, deducting regular interest, \$14.95."

Laman read this, and all his qualms of conscience were gone in a moment. Money had a potent influence over his thoughts and feelings.

Shortly after this, the broker went out and got some dinner, and not long after he returned to his office he was visited by an elderly gentleman. This visitor was well dressed, though his

garb had the appearance of being well worn, and his linen was far from being clean. He must have been not far from sixty years of age, and possessed a kind, open countenance. He stated his business in as few words as possible. He found himself in a strange city, without money, and he wished to borrow a small amount for a few days.

"I have money to lend, sir, on good collateral security," reiterated Laman.

"Then let me have what you can on this watch—say, for one week," said the old gentleman, at the same time drawing a gold watch from his pocket, and handing it to the broker.

Laman took it and opened it. It was an extra jewelled, heavily cased chronometer, worth three hundred dollars at least.

"Well," said the broker, after having looked the watch over, "I suppose I might advance seventy-five dollars on this."

"I should like a hundred."

"I haven't got a hundred now to spare. Must pay away a large sum this afternoon. But I'll advance the seventy-five."

"Well, I can make that do."

"For one week, you said."

"Yes."

Laman went to his desk and drew up two instruments, one of which was a bill of sale of the watch, and the other a note of hand, payable in one week, and these he asked the old gentleman to sign. The bill of sale he signed first, and then he took the note.

"What!" he uttered, as he read it, "Eighty-three dollars?"

"Yes sir," returned Laman, unblushingly.

"That is the best that I can do. My money is worth that to me, for I can let it out in smaller sums at a far greater profit."

The man signed the note, but he did it with a bad grace, for he saw that he was in the hands of a sharper.

"Now," said he, as he pushed the note along, "I trust you will take the best of care of that watch, for it is a valuable one, as you can see—far too valuable to be pledged for such a paltry sum."

"It shall be safely kept, sir; but you don't realize how much trouble we have with such things. If such a thing should happen that such a watch was left on my hands, I might not sell it for years to get anything like half its real worth. But you need not fear, sir. It shall not be harmed."

And so the old gentleman went away with his seventy-five dollars, and left the broker with his watch and note. His present situation was a

peculiar one. He had just arrived in the United States from a foreign country. London was his last stopping-place previous to coming over, and there he took a bill of exchange on an American house, not caring to travel with a large bulk of money about his person. He had reserved such a sum as he supposed would meet all his expenses, until he could reach the banking-house upon which his bill was drawn. But he now found himself landed in this city, a long distance from the bankers whom he must see, and his money was all gone. He had no wish to sell the bill, or to trust it in the hands of another, so he resolved to borrow money enough to carry him on to the distant city. But how was he to do this? He knew no one to whom he wished to apply, and as the quickest and most sure way, he betook himself to the pawnbroker's. We have seen the result. He had taken Laman Goldridge's card, but Laman's own name was not upon it. It bore a fictitious name, for our young broker pretended to those who ever asked, that he did business for another person. This same fictitious name was upon the little plate on the door-post, also, so that people knew not when they heard the name of Laman Goldridge mentioned, that he was the man who had fleeced them.

The week passed away, but the old gentleman did not come for his watch. He had been detained just one day longer than he had expected. But on the day following he entered the broker's office. Laman bid him "good day," but with the air of a stranger.

"I've come to redeem my watch," said the old gentleman, at the same time drawing forth a large pocket-book.

"Watch, sir?"

"Yes—my gold chronometer—the one I left here a week ago."

Laman goes to his book, and after looking over one of its pages, he said:

"There was no such article left here at that time, sir."

"Ah, it is one day over a week, I know, but of course you remember."

"One day over," muttered Laman, turning back a leaf. "Ah, yes. One gold watch bought for seventy-five dollars. Yes—yes, I see now. The watch is gone, sir."

"Gone!" echoed the old gentleman, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Simply that the watch is sold. I bought it, you remember, and took a regular bill of sale for it."

"Bought it? Took a bill of sale? But the watch was to be redeemed."

"Certainly—within a week. The week passed—you did not come—and of course I supposed you would not redeem it. I had an offer for it this morning, and I let it go."

The old gentleman was highly indignant, but he soon found that he had no means of redress. The sharper had a regular bill of sale of the watch, and no law could touch him handily.

"Very well," said the wronged man, as he returned the pocket-book back to its place, "I see that I must submit. You have robbed me of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, but I shall be happier in the loss than you will be in the winning. I do not envy you your soul—Ah, is not that my watch upon that little cushion?"

"It was yours. The man to whom I have sold it has not yet taken it away," stammered Laman; and his every look and tone showed that he lied.

The gentleman gave him one look of the most ineffable contempt, and then left the office.

"Egad!" exclaimed the broker, when he was alone, "that's what I call a good day's work! I shall make something handsome on that."

Two days afterwards, as Laman sat alone in his office in the afternoon, his cousin entered.

"Seems to me you look mightily pleased about something, Bill," said Laman.

"Don't I? Ah, I've reason for it. Uncle John has got home."

"Eh?" uttered the broker, springing from his stool. "Uncle John, did you say?"

"Yes."

"How d'ye know?"

"I spent the evening with him last evening."

"But how—how d'ye find him?"

"He found me. He's only been here a day or two, and when he came he got a city directory and looked for your name first, but he could not find it. Then he found mine, and yesterday he came down to the shop. Egad, La., he's a good old soul—you'll see him this evening, for he has invited both you and me to come up to his hotel. And I must tell you a good piece of news, too, La. Uncle John will help us both—he says so. He will give us both a noble start in business, and he wants us both to deserve his bounty. La., you'll have a chance to get out of this dirty place."

Laman took no offence at what his cousin said now, for the news of his uncle's safe arrival had pleased him much. He had not seen his Uncle John for many years, though he had often heard from him by way of letters—said uncle having been away in Europe and India during the past fourteen years. Laman knew that his

uncle was very rich, and he knew, too, that he and his cousin William were his only living heirs. Originally, three brothers, orphans, came over from England when mere youths, and found a home in America. Two of them married—each had a child, and then both died, swept away by an epidemic, with their wives. The two boys were thus left orphans, when mere infants, but the third brother who had not got married, took them and provided them with homes, and furnished money enough to support them until they were able to work. This latter brother was their Uncle John.

No wonder, then, that Laman was beside-himself with joy, for he knew that the old gentleman was worth half a million, at least, and of course he should come in for a good round sum.

Evening came, and William went to Laman's office to join him there. The latter was dressed very scrupulously, and he had taken the precaution, too, to remove most of his jewelry from his person, for he remembered that his uncle was not fond of such things upon young men. About eight o'clock the two cousins reached the superb hotel, and requested the clerk to inform Mr. John Goldridge that visitors wished to see him. Shortly afterwards a servant requested them to follow him. Laman felt like leaping up two or three steps at once, and upon his thoughts rested, not particularly the kind face of his uncle, but the faces of bank notes of large denominations.

William entered the room first, for he had been there before. It was a private parlor, and sumptuously furnished.

"Uncle John, here is Laman," cried William, as he entered the parlor.

"My dear Uncle John," exclaimed Laman, hastening forward into the dazzling glare of the gas burners, and extending his hand, "I am so glad to —"

He did not finish his sentence. He had fully recognized the features of his uncle, and he started back and turned pale. He saw before him the same old man whose watch he had so wickedly defrauded him of.

"Are you Laman Goldridge?" sternly asked the old gentleman.

"Why, certainly it is, Uncle John," said William, when he saw that his cousin did not answer.

Uncle John looked the culprit full in the face for a moment, and then said:

"Well, Laman, after what has happened, I can't certainly feel very happy in your company, so you won't need me for a companion, and as

you seem to be in a fair way to heap up money enough in your coffers, you can't be much in need of my friendship. I may see you again, when the memory of the wrong I have suffered shall have become blunted, but I like not your presence now."

The young broker spoke not a word, but like a whipped dog he left the room, and when he was gone, Uncle John explained to William all that had happened.

Laman Goldridge went back to his office an unhappy, miserable man, for his villany had now struck upon a surface where it could rebound back upon himself in shame and disgrace.

Ere long afterwards Uncle John removed to a southern city, and William accompanied him, but before they went, William called in to see his cousin.

"Come," said he to Laman, "Come and see Uncle John, and confess your error, and promise to do so no more, and he will forgive you freely."

"No sir," said the broker. "You, I suppose, are his favorite now, and you may remain so; but I bow to no man."

So William went away, and Laman remained in his office; but he never was happy—fully happy again. The memory of that one scene stuck to him, both sleeping and waking, and he could not shake it off. He laid up some money, it is true, but it did him no real good; and could men have seen his soul, and read all its feelings, they would have found there the solemn assurance in living truth, that wealth without honor, can never make a happy man.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

There is more true poetry in the following paragraph from a recent lecture of James Russell Lowell, than we ever read in the same amount of prose:

"Who can doubt the innate charm of rhyme whose eye has ever been delighted by the visible consonance of the tree growing at once toward an upward and a downward heaven, on the edge of the unrippled river, or, as the kingfisher flits from shore to shore, his silent echo flies under him and completes the vanishing couplet in the visionary world below? Who can question the divine validity of number, proportion and harmony, who has studied the various rhythms of the forest? Look, for example, at the pine, how its branches, balancing each other, ray out from the tapering stem in stanza after stanza, how spray answers to spray, and leaf to leaf in ordered strophe and anti-strophe, till the perfect tree stands an embodied ode, through which the unthinking wind cannot wander without finding the melody that is in it, and passing away in music."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CHARITY IN NEW YORK.

The Germans call those who are true to the higher impulses of their nature, who soar above that within them which is of the earth earthy, and whose relations with their fellows are charitable, kind, generous—golden men. If gold be the root of evil, still, in its purity, it is the type of sterling worth. And there are more golden hearts in this world than the severe satirist or the cold misanthrope is ready to admit. Evil times make their existence manifest, and show us that human nature is not the corrupted mass that corrupt natures would make us believe it.

Take any great city, and, though conceding that "great cities are great sores upon the face of nature," you will find that it contains righteous enough to save it from destruction. It is quite the fashion among the Pharisees of other cities politely to compare New York to Sodom and Gomorrah, and to intimate, that if the fate of the cities of the plain is not reserved for it, it is not because the judgment is not merited.

But for one trait alone the imperial city deserves its appellation—it possesses in an eminent degree the apostolic virtue of charity, without which, with all its magnificence, it would be but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Its permanent public charities, its hospitals for the various infirmities to which the mind and body of man is subject, its almshouses, its asylums, are all planned and conducted on the most liberal scale. If its hospitality is boundless, its charity is no less so.

We noticed lately that the ladies of New York—ever foremost in good deeds—had got up a charity ball, which yielded no less a sum than eight thousand dollars for distribution among the needy. In the hour of prosperity, as well as that of adversity, they remember that the "poor are always with them."

As an instance of the thoughtfulness and kindness of heart which characterize the charitable doings of the New Yorkers, we must allude to the way in which they made the last Christmas a happy one to the poor hospital children on Randall's Island. For a long time previous, fair hands were engaged in making and dressing a sufficient number of dolls, to present one to each child. A committee, consisting of a dozen ladies, undertook the pleasant task of distribu-

tion. After listening to the singing and recitation of seven hundred children, they gave them the presents and reaped a rich harvest of pleasure from the delight exhibited by the recipients. From this animated scene they passed to the hospital, hoping to throw a ray of sunshine on the sick bed of the children there—nor were they disappointed in their expectations.

It was a sad sight, says an eye-witness, to see them sitting around the room or in the beds, propped by pillows, all bearing marks of untimely disease, with piteous and hopeless features. Some of them, though less than six years old, looking like forty, careworn and indifferent to life. Yet their eyes brightened up when the dolls were shown, and they were soon made glad by the possession of a prize. The boys were as eager to get a doll as the girls, excepting some of the older ones, who chose books. They examined, hugged and kissed them, laughed and held them up to admire, and to re-assure themselves of the gift. One poor child, who lay at the point of death with congestion of the brain, seemed to recover by an effort a momentary consciousness, and pressed the doll to her lips, while a smile lit up her pale and death-like face. "Good doll," she said, and again kissed it. "Those are among the last words she will speak," said the doctor.

We never read anything in fiction more pathetic and touching than the above, nor could we do so without invoking a blessing upon the noble hearts who conceived this plan of cheering the unfortunate. Ten times happier was the holiday of those noble women, than if they had passed it in gilded saloons, surrounded by every luxury, and listening to the hollow flattery of soulless fops. Truly, such charity has its immediate reward.

TRIAL OF TEMPER.—To lose one's hat in a gale of wind, the rain pouring in torrents, to see the fugitive beaver elude your efforts to recapture as it sportively swims down hill on the top wave of a kennel, is a trial of temper which few can support with equanimity.

DAQUERREOTYPING.—The Buffalo police sent on lately a description of a rogue named Lewis Fredel, with a daguerreotype likeness of him to aid in his detection.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

History records the deeds of distinguished chieftains and of masses of men, but does not stoop to signalize the exploits of individuals, unless they wear an epaulette. Their fame rests upon local tradition, and is often orally conveyed from sire to son, and finally obliterated. Of one of these unemblazoned heroes we are about to speak. In the Central Burial Ground at West-Cambridge, there is a stone which bears the following inscription:

"In memory of Captain Samuel Whittemore, who departed this life February 2, 1793. Aged 93 years."

The passer-by might deem him one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," whose life had passed without an incident to mark its quiet course. Yet such was not the case. This Captain Samuel Whittemore, was one of the bravest of the brave. He was born in West Cambridge, July 27, 1696, and was consequently eighty years old on the ever-memorable 19th of April, 1775. He was an ardent patriot, and when the outrages of the British at Lexington and Concord reached him, nothing could prevent his going out alone to get a shot at the foe on their retreat. Armed with a musket and two old horse pistols, he took post by the roadside on the line of the flying foe. He was accompanied by a friend, but the latter, on seeing the approach of a British flanking party of five men, lost heart and deserted the veteran, when he could not prevail on him to retire. "No, no!" said the old hero, "I am eighty years old, and I will not leave, for I shall be willing to die if I can kill one red coat." Bidding his time, he fired his king's arm on one of the approaching regulars and shot him dead. A second fell before the fire of one of his pistols. He was levelling the other, when a musket shot struck him in the face and he fell. The three remaining soldiers then sprang over the wall behind which he had taken post, and bayoneted him, leaving him, as they supposed, for dead. Well might they imagine so, for the surgeons who examined him after the fight at Cooper's tavern, on the corner of the Medford road, which was used as a hospital, reported no fewer than fourteen wounds on the person of old "Captain Sam." Yet, strange to say, he recovered, and in less than a year afterwards, was doing active service in the continental army. We find his name upon the muster-rolls of several regiments during the war, for limited periods of time, and if our memory serves us, he at one time held a Lieutenant's commission. He lived eighteen years after his exploit at West-Cambridge. This tale, which reads like fiction, is perfectly

authentic and reliable. Such were the men of the revolution. Where can we find such hardihood and tenacity of life among their descendants? There is "pluck" enough and patriotism enough, but few of our old men of eighty could be thus perforated with bayonets, and survive the operation eighteen years.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.

This is another luminous phenomenon, about which we are very meagrely informed. It is best seen in the spring and autumn, and appears like an enormous truncated cone of galactic light, considerably inclined in altitude, and extending from its base of 10° or 30° , at the horizon, towards the sun. Twilight only can exhibit it to advantage. The visible length of this transcendent column varies according to circumstances. Some carry its vertex 100° from the sun's place. At all events, its apparent station is in the sun's direction, at the east before his rising, and at the west after his setting, though the nature of gravity will hardly allow it to be the atmosphere of our luminary. In tropical climates, it is more conspicuous. Humboldt saw it, when at Caracas, in January, after seven o'clock in the evening. It continued in sight nearly four hours after sunset. Its apex towered up fifty-three degrees above the base.

Some celebrated philosophers believe it connected with the November meteors. As we draw near its locality, in the course of our annual revolution, its particles become visible, assuming the appearance of shooting stars, as when we bring nebulous tracks telescopically nearer, the apparently impalpable mist becomes granulated, starry, a congregation of sidereal systems.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS. — The English soldiers are solid pluck, and stand up like Trojans if you fill them full of beef and beer. The French are quite as plucky upon bread and water. As for the Russians, a plentiful supply of train oil and tallow inspires them with the courage of heroes.

RAISING POULTRY. — It is a fact, vouched for by the most respectable venders of live poultry, that a dozen of the gigantic Double-Elephant pagoda hens, tall enough to eat from the head of a flour-barrel, consume no more grain than the same number of bantams.

LIFE ON THE ROAD. — The Spanish brigands are quite as active now as in the days of Gil Blas. They lately robbed the mail within fifteen miles of Madrid.

FACTS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

We gather some interesting items of newspaperdom from the Gazette, from which we learn that the first paper, published by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, made its appearance on December 24, 1728, and was called "The Universal Instructor in all the Arts and Sciences." Franklin published it until 1765, and it then passed through several hands, and finally expired in 1804, in the 76th year of its age. The New York Herald gives a statement of the circulation of newspapers in the United States, from which we glean the following: Native papers, 17,737,578; foreign papers, 2,210,839; German papers, 594,548. It is stated that the London Times has already prepared the memoirs of all the leading personages of the day, whose advanced age renders their demise probable. They have an editor who attends exclusively to the "Obituary Department." In Pekin, a newspaper is printed weekly on silk, and is ten yards long. An officer once inserted in it some false intelligence, and he was immediately executed. In 1816, the aggregate circulation of the daily papers in New York, seven in number, amounted to about 9500 copies. The Herald, Tribune, and Times, combined, now print about 125,000 daily. San Francisco has 21 newspapers, and one periodical—7 of which are dailies; Sacramento 4—3 of which are dailies; Stockton, 2; Tuolumne, 4; El Dorado, 4; Nevada, 3; Placa, Sierra, Marysville, Alameda, San Jose, Los Angeles, 2 each; Stanislaus, Mariposa, Calaveras, Amador, Shasta, Siskiyou, Kalmath, Humboldt, Sonoma, and San Diego, 1 each. Total, 59. This for a population of 300,000!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—A correspondent of the Transcript reminds us of the touching manner in which the late Mrs. George Barrett, as Ophelia, spoke the lines:

"There's rosemary,
That's for remembrance;—pray, love, remember,
There's rue for you; and here's some for me."

Well do we remember its exquisite grace and pathos. Poor, lost Ophelia! When will the stage present her like again?

EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is stated that the bill for 1854, of a lady of this city, at the lace and embroidery store, was \$2000, and of several ladies at the chief dry goods stores of the city, between five and six thousand each.

CURE FOR HOARSENESS.—In Europe they fine and imprison a singer when his "sudden indisposition" disappoints an audience.

SLANDER.

The Rev. Mr. Chapin is said to have remarked in his lecture on "Modern Chivalry," that "hair worn on the upper lip was indicative of mourning for the loss of brain." We do not think the eloquent divine would stoop to steal an attempt at a joke, and we heard a clown in a circus make the identical remark three years ago. Nor could one so well read as Mr. C., charge the long line of philosophers, statesmen, poets, and divines (the body of the good and eloquent Bossuet, recently exhumed in a state of preservation, showed the moustache—and we see it in the portraits of some of the most eminent Puritan clergy) with loss or lack of brains. He must be aware, also, that sensible physicians counsel the wearing of the moustache for hygienic reasons, and they are borne out by professional statistics. No—he never could have made a remark, melancholy as a joke, and false as a sentiment.

SECRET OF NEWSPAPER SUCCESS.

No paper can possibly succeed with runs counter to the popular tastes and feelings. If you want to teach the public, you must be rich to pay all the expenses of publication, and then, if it sees you are independent, it may purchase. The London Leader says, that the object of men in buying a newspaper, is to enjoy the statement of their own inarticulate notions in the shape of artistic development and expression. A reader never so thoroughly enjoys a paper as when he can say, "that is exactly what I have said myself;" and he always tries to buy that paper which can give to his own opinions an air of the greatest point and wisdom.

IMITATION.—An exchange paper says "imitate the example of the prosperous and you will succeed like them." This is false doctrine. The donkey who put his forefoot on his master's shoulders, as he had seen the house-dog do, got soundly thrashed for his pains.

SLOW AND FAST.—Beginning to court at sixteen and marrying at sixty is not fast enough for young America. We heard of a match lately after an acquaintance of an hour.

TURKISH ETIQUETTE.—To inquire after the wife—or wives of a Turkish gentleman is a deadly insult. You are required to ignore their existence.

BARBERS.—In Waltham they have a female barber, young, pretty and adroit. Where did they raise her (razor)?

NEW FRENCH PLAY.

A one-act comedy, called the "School of Lambs" has just been produced at the Gymnase. The plot is as follows: Lucien de Brives (M. Berton) is the editor of a small satirical journal, the *Serpent*, among the readers of which is M. Aubertin (M. Villiers), father of Delphine (Madlle. Fleury). His talents are so much admired by the Aubertin family, that they invite him to stay with them, give him the best room in the villa, and even grant him the hand of Delphine, to the detriment of her former lover, Blanchet (M. Dupuris). The arrival of a lovely widow, Madame Delvomet (Madlle. Laurentine), changes the aspect of affairs; for she wins the heart of the intruder, who now instructs his former rival how to gain Delphine. The quiet Blanchet, in pursuance of the advice, becomes editor of *The Scorpion*, and finds the plan succeeded, while Lucien abandons journalism to marry the widow.

THE VALUE OF POLITENESS.

Mr. Butler, of Providence, Rhode Island, a millionaire, who died some six years ago, was so obliging that he re-opened his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread, which she wanted. The incident became known (Mr. Butler was a young man at the time), and the trading public wisely thought that his accommodating spirit, as shown in this trifling affair, and in the general conduct of his business, deserved a good run of custom, which they gave, and placed him on the track of high prosperity. He subscribed the sum of \$40,000 towards founding a hospital for the insane in Rhode Island, through the benevolent importunities of Miss Dix.

CAN'T BE BEAT.—Col. Hall of Sacramento, Cal., lately pulled out of his garden a vegetable weighing seventy pounds, which he calls a beet. If it is so, all our farmers will acknowledge it a fair beat, and one which cannot be beaten by any beet-raiser in any other diggings'. With such mammoth specimens the manufacture of beet sugar might be profitably pursued.

HENPECKED HUSBANDS.—It only aggravates their sufferings to tell them not to stand it. Jerry Sneak broke down when urged to rebellion by brother Bruin.

PROPERTY IN NEW YORK.—This little State is thriving. Its real and personal estate is valued at \$1,364,154,625—a dazzling row of figures.

BRIGHT.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, noticing the fact that the Russians in Sebastopol are enabled to repair damages caused by the allies' guns under cover of the darkness, says, "that by means of a simple lantern reflector and tube, a jet of light could be thrown on any spot of the enemy's works, keeping our position in complete darkness, and by the same means that the damage is done could its repair be prevented."

Did it never occur to this sapient gentleman that this same lantern would afford an excellent mark for the Russian artillery? How long would it be before it would be knocked into a cocked hat? The English never seem to calculate what the other side can do when compelled by emergency.

DOWN ON SHANGHAIS.

There is, it is said, a police officer in Syracuse, who has a large lot of Shanghai chickens, which he don't care about supporting during the present high price of grain, and advertises them as stolen property, hoping some "green 'un" will come forward and claim them. You can't get rid of these birds. It is useless to try to sell them; you can't give them away; nobody will take them. You can't starve them, for they are fierce and dangerous when aggravated, and will kick down the strongest store-closet door; and you can't kill them, for they are tough as rhinoceroses, and tenacious of life as cats. We have never forgiven the man who made us a present of four of these delightful creatures.

GOOD WISHES.—About New Year's time, John G. Saxe wrote:

"Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as wishing."

THE REMEDY.—M. Bollman, professor of an agricultural institution in Russia, by experiments extending through three years, has demonstrated that the drying of seedling potatoes is a sure preventive of the rot. They should be dried in a room at a temperature of about 100 degrees.

GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS.—Among the exploits of this British veteran, lately returned to England from the Crimea, a London paper says: "It was he who at the head of a few men forced the House of Congress at Washington."!!

A FEMALE MINER.—A French woman in male attire is digging for gold in California. She works dexterously and is amassing the ore.

Foreign Miscellany.

The total number of prisoners in England is 21,629.

A will was recently made in England which occupied thirty skins of parchment.

There are 267,091 milliners in England. Dickens very ungallantly calls them the "army of vanity." How impudent!

The French photographers in the East have already sent to Paris 409 photographs of incidents in the campaign.

There is one medical officer to every 97 English soldiers in the Crimea, and more are on their way.

On the first of January roses and other flowers bloomed abundantly in the public gardens of Paris.

Paris receives a seventh of all the foundlings of France, at a cost of twelve hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs per annum.

A correspondent of the London Illustrated News says that the men of the Russian cavalry are strapped to their saddles, so that if wounded they may not fall off.

Omar Pacha went to the opera at Bucharest with his nephew's wife, and the lady sat through the performance completely unveiled—a tremendous innovation on the Turkish custom.

A pan, containing about 600 gold coins, mostly Spanish, but some English, was recently dug up in the city of Utrecht. The earliest of these coins is of the year 1436, the latest of 1534.

The allies continue to send out stoves and stove pipe to the Crimea, and another detachment of navvies left England lately, to build a railway from Balaclava to the trenches.

Lady Byron, as her subscription to the Patriotic Fund new making up in England, has offered to take charge of and educate an orphan boy, from eight to ten years of age, until fourteen.

The emperor of France has appropriated by decree, from the treasury, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, for the collection and publication of the correspondence of Napoleon I.

A successful inventor has offered the English war-office an electric rifle, which greatly surpasses any weapon in use, flinging a ball from 1000 to 2000 feet, at the rate of some sixty shots per minute.

Immense demands for space in the Crystal Palace have been made, and a new gallery has been attached to the building. Napoleon and Eugenie give notice that they will not accept as presents any article sent to the exhibition.

About 72,000,000 of friction matches are daily manufactured in France. At Paris, nearly ten thousand hands are employed in this branch of business. In one manufactory, 4,800,000 matches are daily made.

A new bridge to be called the "Alma," is to be built across the Seine at Paris, between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont d'Jena. The cost is estimated at 1,700,000*fr.*, half of which sum will be defrayed by the State, and half by the city of Paris.

The Spanish government is said to look coldly on the English proposals to enlist Spaniards for war.

The annual sweepings of the streets of Paris sell for \$700,000, after they are collected at the depot for manure.

The Earl of Desart has lately served his tenantry with notice that he will not permit them to grow potatoes, as they are a failing crop.

The net public income of Great Britain for the past year was about \$276,500,000; excess of expenditures over income, \$4,436,845.

A levy of ten men in every thousand is ordered in the eastern half of the Russian Empire, to be completed by the 15th of March.

There were in the hospitals (British) at Scutari, on the 24th, 3625 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 78 officers, making a total of 3703 patients.

The colonists of Sydney, New South Wales, are forming themselves into a volunteer corps, to be ready to repel any attack that may be made by the Russians.

Some missionaries of the Mormons are laboring most sedulously amongst the ignorant population of several districts in Gloucestershire, particularly urging the doctrine of polygamy.

In the city of London, whenever the temperature is below the average, the mortality is increased. For the week ending Nov. 18th, the temperature was 5 below, and 118 more deaths.

The Bishop of St. David's, in England, has given his surplus revenue, amounting to about \$70,000, to build parsonage houses and augment the pay of poor curates.

The Spanish government has not accepted the proposition made by the English ambassador to proclaim the slave trade piracy, but it has given orders for the strict execution of the convention already existing with England on that subject.

An innovation has been introduced into the army of the Two Sicilies, namely, that of a singing school. Thirty men from every regiment are to be instructed in singing religious hymns, in order that they may perform at processions, and on other great occasions.

Among the victims to cholera at Athens, was Aristotle Black, the last remaining son of the "Maid of Athens," an excellent young man, about eighteen years of age. He had been for nearly six years in the college at Malta, and returned to Athens last summer.

Among the latest inventions *de Paris* is one by which a letter and its envelope are formed with a single piece of paper. You can write to the very bottom of the fourth page, without fear that the wafer or sealing wax will hide any word whatever, and then you find the envelope already folded for your use.

In the United States there is one child attending school to every five persons. In Denmark there is one to every four. In Sweden one to five. In Prussia one to six. In Norway one to seven. In Belgium and Great Britain one to eight. In France one to ten. In Austria one to thirteen. In Holland and Ireland one to fourteen. In Greece one to eighteen. In Russia one to fifty. In Portugal one to eighty.

Record of the Times.

Even our little army and navy are big enough to require \$25,000,000 a year.

The Sandwich Island women are fully developed at 15 or 16, and are then perfect beauties.

A gentleman out west skated a mile in a minute and fifty seconds. Beat it who can.

In 1809, Mr. Bacon went from Pittsfield to Congress in a homespun suit, woven by his wife.

There were 5,800,000 bushels of salt made at Syracuse this year. Syracuse is safe!

Hartford, Ct., is to have a park or common of 30 acres.

The total importation of flour into Boston, last year, was 767,000 barrels.

Think of a Hungarian bishop who owns a duchy, and has a quarter of a million besides!

A new bridge is to be built over the Seine, near the Invalides; it will be called the Pont de l'Alma; and it will cost \$300,000.

The Austrian authorities have ordered that in future the German language shall be used in all proceedings before the tribunals of Hungary.

A sale of autograph letters and the originals of Burns's poems took place recently in London. "Scots wha hae" was bought by an American.

According to Mr. Sidney Herbert, the British army in the east consists of about two-thirds Protestants and one-third Roman Catholics.

A man was recently fishing in the Medway, England with a net, when he pulled up the body of his son, who had been drowned about a month before.

On the 18th ult., the military commission at Modena, Italy, condemned a man to six years' hard labor for being found in possession of a pistol.

The Baron de Bourquency—the negotiator of the Triple Treaty between England, France and Austria—has been raised to the rank of grand-cross in the Legion of Honor.

A national subscription of thirty million of francs, projected for the widows and the wounded of the troops engaged in the war, has been deferred, by the order of the Emperor of France.

The amount of capital invested in French railways is three thousand millions of francs: of which, two thousand millions have been paid by companies, and one thousand by the State.

Some curious specimens of petrified wheat have been found upon the banks of the Blue River, in Kansas territory. It is said that there is no doubt regarding its identity.

It is said that Madame Bishop, having failed to draw audiences in California, by singing operatic music in Dutch and Italian, blacked her face and appeared as an Ethiopian minstrel, with the greatest success.

The Earl of Aldborough, Ireland, has taken out a patent for navigating the air. It consists mainly in the construction of wings to be used for the propelling of aerial machines, in such a manner that the wings compress the air by percussion, under the concave part of each wing, like that of a bird's.

The value of butter made annually in the United States exceeds \$50,000.

The cheapest kind of a horse, is a saw-horse. It supports itself and a good deal of fuel.

There is an Irishman in the Albany Penitentiary who speaks, reads and writes *fourteen different languages*.

There are thirty-eight towns named Salem in the United States, the largest of which (in Massachusetts) contains over 20,000 inhabitants.

Ephraim Littlefield, the chief witness in the Parkman murder trial, has become insane from a disease in the head.

Eighteen hundred and fifty manuscripts have been sent to Putnam's Magazine since its start. How many rejected addresses?

The Salem Gazette was established in 1766, and still lives. It has just put on a new suit and looks frisky and juvenile.

The first shad taken in Georgia this season, was converted into fifty-five shiners (dollars) by the lucky fisherman.

A cook in New York treated a party of ladies to biscuit lightened with tartar emetic, by mistake. Ugh!

It is urged upon Congress to offer the mediation of our government to the belligerent parties in Europe. The idea is good.

The high price of paper has compelled the New York Sun, Tribune and Times to curtail their dimensions. Bring out the rags!

Thomas Chester, a negro, and a member of the Liberia bar, now on a visit to this country, is delivering lectures in Pennsylvania.

The first bridge across the Mississippi will be the wire suspension bridge, at St. Anthony, Minnesota Territory.

The total number of passengers of all classes carried in the cars of the New York Central Railroad, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1884, was 2,556,874.

The debt of the city of Philadelphia is a little more than \$15,000,000;—including about \$8,000,000 as the subscriptions to various railroads.

Three hundred and twenty-six revolutionary pensioners died during the past year. The number now on the pension roll is one thousand and sixty.

Many of the new houses in New York are said to be so high and narrow, four houses on three lots, that an arrangement similar to dumb waiters has been introduced for hoisting people to the upper stories.

The State of Massachusetts has more miles of railway in proportion to its extent of territory than any other state or country on the globe. It has one mile of railway to each seven square miles of its geographical surface.

The New York Messenger says there is a poor decrepit old beggar in the city of New York, whose distressed appearance rarely fails of eliciting a penny from the pockets of the benevolent, and yet who owns two fine brick houses in Brooklyn, which he has earned by his heart breaking appeals for charity.

Gems of Thought.

He that is innocent, may well be confident.
Where no law is, there is no transgression.
He that is not above an injury, is below himself.

He alone is an acute observer, who observes minutely without being observed.

Likeness begets love; yet proud men hate each other.

No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to anything else.

It is the basest of passions, to like what we have not, and slight what we possess.

He that does anything rashly, must be thought to do it willingly; for he was free to deliberate or not.

Philosophy and religion show themselves in no one instance so much as in preserving our minds firm and steady.

Absence cools moderate passions, and inflames violent ones; as the wind blows out candles, but kindles fires.

As we endear ourselves to the persons we oblige, so we violently hate those whom we have much offended.

Prudence governs the wise; but there are but a few of that sort, and the wisest are not so at all times; whereas passion governs almost all the world, and at all times.

As no good is perfect, so neither is any evil at its highest pitch. That which proceeds from heaven, requires patience; and that which comes from the world, prudence.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Though fortune seems to be a universal mistress, yet prudence is hers. When we are guided by prudence, we are surrounded by all the other divinities.

There are some in whom one would think, that nature had placed all things the wrong way; unintelligible in their reasonings, depraved in their opinions, and irregular in all their actions.

Familiar conversation ought to be the school of learning and good breeding. A man ought to make his masters of his friends, seasoning the pleasure of converse with the profit of instruction.

He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem.

There is seldom anything uttered in malice, which turns not to the hurt of the speaker. Ill reports do harm to him that makes them; and to those they are made to, as well as those they are made of.

A man of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world. He is rich without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

Passion evaporates by words, as grief does by tears.

He that swells in prosperity, will shrink in adversity.

It is a maxim of prudence, to leave things before they leave us.

The defending of a bad cause, is worse than the cause itself.

Laws are like spiders' webs, which catch the small flies, but let the great ones break through.

A good man, whether he is rich or poor, may at all times rejoice with a cheerful countenance.

Franklin tells us to light up the candles of industry and frugality when fortune grows dark.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

The opinions of men are as many and as different as their persons. The greatest diligence, and most prudent conduct, can never please them all.

Absolute necessities are but few, and easily attainable; but of superfluities, a disordered mind knows no end.

As a great body is not without a like shadow, neither is any eminent virtue without eminent detraction.

None should despair, because God can help them; and none should presume, because God can cross them.

Wisdom is always satisfied with its present enjoyments, because it frees a man from all anxious cares about futurities.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

Hopes and disappointments are the lot and entertainment of human life; the one serves to keep us from presumption, the other from despair.

The best kindness of a proud man has often such a mixture of arrogance, that his greatest obligations are rendered ungracious to a worthy receiver.

There is a medium between an excessive diffidence, and too universal a confidence. If we have no foresight, we are surprised; if we are too nice, we are miserable.

That man hath but an ill life on't, who feeds himself with the faults and frailties of other people. Were not curiosity the purveyor, detraction would soon be starved into a tameness.

Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make; and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing.

He is a wise man who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will, is lord of himself.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience—for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy—therefore value it, and be thankful for it.

Merry Making.

When the Suffolk throws out the bills of a bank, the New Yorkers call it a *Suffolk-ation*.

The man who was "bent on matrimony," straightened up afterwards.

Conundrum.—Why is a Cardinal's hat like ill will? Ans: Because it is *hat-red*.

One of the neatest toasts ever given—"Woman—the last word on our lips because it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

Diogenes thinks the recent American Ambassadorial Conference at Ostend, was for the ostensible purpose of securing Cuba.

What a munificent sovereign is Nicholas: See in what a generous manner he sacrifices his hordes!

Punch thinks it would be a real blessing to mothers, if somebody could invent a soap that would enable mammas to get their daughters off their hands.

An individual was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, endeavoring to pick another man's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to get his hand in.

The only difference between ancient and modern fasting is, that in ancient times they sat in sackcloth and ashes, while in modern times they sit in broadcloth and sashes.

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

A writer in the Home Journal, says of Mrs. Bodestein (late Julia Northall): "She is an angel in a church choir, especially if you can see her *hallelujah* expression of eyes when she sings."

Familiarity breeds indifference. A printer's wife never reads a newspaper, while the man who was born to wealth, can never understand how a love of dollars can ever make people set a higher value on doubloons than they do on billiards.

A woman in Ireland refused to subscribe to the patriotic fund, saying, "What will become of me, if Nicholas conquers this country, and finds my name on the list of subscribers against him?"

Lady Bath, with a very bad temper, had a good deal of wit. Lord Bath saying to her, in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper;" she replied, "Keep my temper! I don't like it so well. I wonder you should!"

Newgate has already its "Calendar of Crime," and, judging from the atrocities practised by the Russian soldiers in the East, Nicholas will soon be able to furnish an appropriate companion in his Calendar of the Crimes."

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

"I say, boy, stop that ox!" "I haven't got no stopper." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, sir." "Confound your impertinence, turn him!" "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you!" "Good morning, Mr. Ox."

The London Illustrated News says the Governor of the U. States has been elected at N. York.

Why is the ocean like a garden? Because it bears currents.

Why is a boss farmer like the helmsman of a ship? Because he looks after the tiller.

A tin dealer in the Bowery, advertises coal stoves that will "draw like Julia Dean."

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks enter water for *divers* reasons, and come out for *sundry* motives.

A Hungarian desiring to remark upon the domestic habits of a young lady, said: "O, miss, how *homely* you are!"

The young lady that "thought she should have died" so many times at a society meeting is enjoying excellent health.

A Parisian young lady is so fascinated with the "upper circles" of existence that she has ascended in a balloon forty-one times.

The Republican, at Rock Island, Ill., speaks of a scene "lamentable enough to revolve into a fountain of tears a very cabbage head."

A lot of fellows went on a deer hunt the other day in Arkansas, and in less than three hours captured five girls and a woman.

These are the shortest days of the season. Has this anything to do with the money-market being short?

A coffee-house in Cincinnati has a sign of an *inverted boot*, as a delicate hint to the delinquents to "foot up."

A young lady being recommended to exercise for her health, said she would jump at an offer and run her own risk.

Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring it "turns over a new leaf."

An English paper says that "Good Queen Bess," when she visited Worcester, borrowed £200 of the corporation, which still stands as a "bad debt" on the town books.

A gross superstition, according to Punch, consists in purchasing a box of steel pens from an itinerant vender, and believing it to contain twelve dozen for a groce.

Diogenes says—"A correspondent whose letter bears the postmark of Hanwell," (Lunatic Asylum,) has asked us a question which runs thus: If Raglan cannot take Sebastopol, may we ask—Can Robert?"

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fill it."

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New York, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get much practice."

Robinson Crusoe sees a piece of gold lying on the ground, in the island, and addresses it in a moral and rather contemptuous strain, as a vile drug, the root of all evil, etc. Having made his observations, he takes it up, however, and puts it in his pocket.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1855.

No. 4.

THE TORN ALMANAC: OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY A MISSIONARY ON THE PRAIRIES.

THE prairie over which my road lay was just mingling its sea-like outlines with the purple haze of the horizon, and was becoming so indistinct to the vision that it might have been taken for the ocean in the twilight obscurity; while groups of oaks here and there looked like dark islands. A few stars had begun to tremble, and over the level expanse of prairie was visible the bright light of a blacksmith's shop, shining like a planet just risen. The path was lonely, and as lonely I felt in my saddle as I had once before felt in an open boat at night on the star-lit sea.

My pony quickened her pace as she saw the light, and after a mile's smart riding I could see the outline of a low roof on the verge of a little wood, just where the prairie bended towards the river.

At this moment two persons drew near on horseback, coming towards me. They were a young man and young woman, and were conversing in low tones. The girl was mounted upon a large white horse, and her companion rode a handsomely-formed mule.

"Good evening, sir," said he, in a cheerful tone, as we met each other.

There was not light enough for me to see their features, but there was an indescribable air about the female that convinced me she was very fair. As they went on I heard them talking and laughing, and more than once the sweet, clear laugh of the girl reached my ears.

"Lovers, I dare say," I said, in my thoughts, "and are going to the next plantation."

This I had passed about four miles back across the prairie; and besides the planter's house were a woodman's hut, a rude country meeting-house in the trees, and one or two residences of neighbors; a prairie hamlet.

In a few minutes I reached the blacksmith's open door. The fire was not now blazing, but going down, and Wat Cameron, the young smith, was walking up and down his shop with a hasty and angry step; and the gleaming coals of his furnace cast a wild glare upon an angry brow.

He was so absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts that I approached unheard, and heard him mutter, "They shall never see the day!"

At this moment the footfall of my pony rung against a fragment of iron on the ground, and he looked quickly up.

"Who's there?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"It is me, Cameron," I answered; for I was known to him, having only the week before had my pony shod by him on my way up, and twice lodged at his neat little cabin near his shop, for the blacksmith entertained belated travellers with such accommodation and fare as he had, though, being a young bachelor, his housekeeping was rather of the border sort; but as he was a good huntsman, and game was plenty, venison and wild turkey were seldom wanting at his board.

Cameron's father had been an old Indian fighter, and after the wars had settled in a rough, unthrifty kind of way upon a body of rich land bordering the prairie; but what with his own

free habits, and the wild life of his son Watkins, in dissipating every few weeks at the river town of Aberdeen, fifteen or eighteen miles distant, there remained but a few acres after the old man's death, which took place at a shooting-match over the creek, for having lost at every shot, and enraged by drink, he quarrelled with the winner, and was only prevented from killing him dead with his rifle by the quick eye and hand of the other, who fired half a second before him. Wat, his son, was absent at the time, but on his return took up the feud, and not being able to kill his father's murderer, quarrelled with his son, a fine, cheerful, brave young fellow, and not being able to provoke him to hostilities, one day fired at him as he passed his shop, but missing him killed his horse.

"Well, Wat," said the young man, quietly, as he disengaged himself from the saddle, "I hope you will let my mare go as an offset to the old man. I could not well afford to lose her, but let it stop here and be even-tie."

Cameron made no reply, but sullenly dropping his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he passed through his shop and out into the woods.

This occurred two years prior to the evening on which I drew rein at Cameron's door. In the interim, within a few months past, the daughter of a farmer, in good circumstances, who had been to one of the lower counties to school for four years, returned in all the bloom and grace and intelligence of a sprightly young lady, and was soon recognized as the belle of the prairies. Cameron, who was himself a tall, good-looking fellow, with a bright black eye and jet hair, first saw her as one day she rode by with her father, both on horseback. He stopped to speak with Cameron about a plough, and the daughter, being introduced, the young smith was instantly bewildered by her beauty, at the same time annoyed at the cold and scarcely recognizing nod whereby she acknowledged his deferential bow.

In that country, aristocracy of occupation is wholly unknown, and a young blacksmith of good character could sit an equal at the cotton grower's table. Among country people, labor and mechanical employment does not degrade. "A man is a man for a' that."

Paul Randolph, at whom Cameron had shot, was a small planter, but on his road-side he carried on a wheelwright's trade also; so the young men were on equal social footing. A few days passed and Watkins Cameron resolved to make some errand to the house of the prairie beauty, for he had done nothing else but think of her, and dream of her, and build palaces of the imagination, in which she was to reign the queen.

Mounted upon a fine horse, and dressed in his best apparel, Cameron alighted at the gate one Sunday evening, and was received by the farmer with a cordial shake of the hand. The young lady, Katherine Deerfield, or "Kate," as she was termed, did not recognize in the well-dressed and handsome young wooer the blacksmith in his shirt sleeves and leather apron, and received him with a grace and civility that greatly flattered him. She had not heard his name distinctly, but half an hour afterwards when it was spoken by her father, a change immediately came over her face, and coldness and reserve took the place of her previous frankness. It was too apparent to Cameron not to be felt, and without being able to divine the cause, he vainly tried to converse with her, but finding her answers brief and repelling, he arose, deeply mortified and vexed, and took his leave, haughtily and angrily bowing to her.

He galloped homeward across the prairies in a rage. His horse was white with foam, and panting as if he had run a race, when he drew rein at his own door.

"Proud minx! she scorns the blacksmith!" he muttered, as he entered his cabin. "I will humble her! She did not know me at first, it seems. So, perhaps she has an admirer, and can do without me. Whoever it is, we are foes to the knife-hilt!"

Not many days afterwards, Cameron's suspicions were confirmed. Kate Deerfield had an admirer, and he was none other than Paul Randolph, a man he loved not well. From the hour this intelligence reached him he became gloomy, sullen and unsocial. He kept his secret in his heart, but those who had occasion to go to his shop were heard to say that, "Wat would do his work, but never a civil word gave he to any comer, high or low."

It was not the mere "blacksmith" that Katherine treated coldly on the Sunday evening we have before alluded to, but the assassin, the man who had fired, with intent to kill, at Paul Randolph—for Paul was already received as her admirer before the visit of Watkins—and her frank, generous nature led her to show at once her contempt of a man of a spirit and temper like that exhibited in Cameron's character.

There was also another lover; a young merchant of the next village, who pretended business with her father in order to make sult to the daughter; but she had but one heart, and it was given to Paul, who had been her "lover" when both were children, and before she left her father's roof to go to the boarding-school from which she had returned the beauty of the prairie.

ries. All the young men, to be sure, who saw her at the country church, fell in love with her, and she was more talked of and visited than any other maiden of the prairies. She was attractive by her amiable temper, beauty of features, goodness of heart, intelligence and fine spirits. She was so agreeable to all (save Cameron) that every youth fancied that himself was the only one favored with her sweetest and most winning smile. Yet Kate was not a flirt. Her good nature made it hard for her to treat with coldness any one who sought her society. Her whole heart was Paul's; but her smiles were like the sunshine, dispensed to all within her influence. Being an only child, she was an heiress for that part of the world, and probably would bring a "fortune" of fifteen thousand dollars to the successful suitor for her hand. But the young men thought only of her beautiful face; and Paul had not a selfish feeling in his heart. Cameron's motives were not apparent; but the young merchant evidently had an eye to the fifteen thousand dollars and "enlarging his business;" at least that was whispered, for he was a parsimonious and "hard man."

Having thus initiated the reader into the antecedents of the parties to my narrative, I will now resume the thread of the story which I have to tell.

Upon alighting at the shop of the blacksmith, he said in a growling and very disagreeable way: "You had better go on! I don't want any travellers in my house to night."

"I have ridden hard to reach here, Mr. Cameron, and can go no further, as it is ten miles to the next place that entertains people; and the rain storm, now rising in the west, will be upon me before I go three miles."

The man looked at me steadily a moment, and then said, sharply:

"Alight! But I have no supper."

"It matters not so I have shelter," was my cheerful reply, as I led my horse through his shop towards a small stable in the rear, where my pony had lodged before, when the master of the place was in better humor than he seemed to be now. I found his own horse there with his foot bound up, and very lame.

"You met a couple of people riding across the prairie?" he said, as I came back and was asking him about his horse's lameness.

"Yes."

"Did you know them?"

"No. They were a young man and woman."

"Were they riding fast?"

"No; at a walk."

"Yes," he muttered, "they will take their

time! They will not hurry! Lovers love to dally!"

"Who were they, Cameron?"

"How should I know? It was dark when they went past here," he answered, with a rude and savage tone. "But go in—go in! I will see after your horse!"

Thus speaking, he led the way at a quick step into the small log dwelling that stood in the yard next to his shop. The house consisted of two rooms only, plainly furnished. In one of the rooms were three beds. As I was to have no supper, and as there was no light but that of the stars, I had no notion in sitting up; and being fatigued with a long day's ride, I at once went to bed, while he went out, closing the door, and saying:

"Don't feel uneasy about your horse. I will feed her well, though I have got nothing for you."

I soon fell asleep on one of the narrow mattresses filled with pine-leaf stuffing; but I was suddenly awakened by I know not what startling dream—for though I found myself sitting up in bed, I could not recall any part of the dream that must have made me wake so singularly. All was quiet; but the room was at intervals illumined by vivid lightning, and I heard distinct peals of sharp thunder. The flashes soon became so incessant that I could not sleep, and the thunder drew nearer and grew heavier, so that the house trembled. I looked at my watch by a flash of lightning, and saw that it was but half past eight o'clock. I had not been in bed therefore three quarters of an hour. I got up and dressed, and finding a pine knot, lighted it by a match from a box that I always carried in my saddle-bags. I then took from them a book, and began to read. The wind now began to be heard, and desirous that my pony should be well sheltered from the gathering storm, I went to open the outer door to go out, but found it fast on the other side. Cameron was not in his bed, and had evidently locked me in without thought. Finding that I could not open the door, I raised a window and stepped out, but had no sooner touched the ground than two large dogs sprung towards me ferociously and compelled me to regain the window for safety. It soon commenced raining in torrents, and I continued quietly to read by my pine knot, supposing that Cameron might be in his shop doing some late work, though I had heard neither hammering iron nor the ring of anvil.

I read for an hour and a half, and the storm having gone over, the thunder ceased, and the skies bright with stars, I yielded to a returning

disposition to sleep, and was about to go into the room where my bed was when I heard a fast galloping along the prairie road towards the shop. I looked out through the low window and saw a man throw himself at a leap from a white horse, and disappear with it round the angle of the shop. In the obscurity I could not tell who it was, but I thought the horse, being white and small, looked very much like mine; that is, I did not expect it, to be mine, but I thought of my pony when I saw it. In a few seconds I heard Cameron's horse neigh, as if another horse had joined him in the stable.

"It is some wet rider who has been out in the storm," I said, mentally; "and I will make up a fire for him;" and adding a few pieces of fat pine to my blazing knot, I kindled a bright fire in a moment upon the hearth. I had hardly done so, when I heard a quick tread on the gallery, the door was unlocked and flew open, and Cameron entered.

His appearance startled me. His face wore an expression unlike that I had ever seen on human features; his eyes were fiery, and his whole figure looked as inspired with a demon.

"What are you up for?"

"The rain would not let me sleep, Cameron," I answered. "Here is a fire to dry you; I see you are wet through."

"Dry me! How do you know I have been out?" he asked, furiously. "Have you been watching me, you confounded spy!" and he advanced, as if he would seize me by the throat.

"No, Mr. Cameron, I have not been out. You locked me in too securely for that," said I, smiling.

"Then you *tried* to get out, hey?" and his clenched fists approached my face, and as they did so, I saw that the shirt wristband of one hand was red with blood.

The idea instantly occurred to me that he had been fighting with some one, and hence this blood, his rage, and angry appearance.

"I was going out to see that my pony was well sheltered from the storm."

"You were, hey?" he said, with an indescribable evil look. "You have not been out, then?" he said, in a more calm tone.

"No."

"Well, it is good you did not, for my dogs would have torn you to pieces! That is the reason I locked you in—for your safety, you see!" and he tried to laugh, but the effort produced the glare of a devil's smile.

His language, his violent manner, the wildness of his disordered appearance, made a disagreeable impression upon me. I thought it best

to be silent and retire at once—especially when I saw him take a bottle from his cupboard, and pour out a tumbler-full of whiskey, and drink it down. He made no objections to my retiring, and in order not to be intruded upon by him in the night I locked my door. For an hour or more I heard him walking up and down the floor, talking incoherently, and sometimes breaking forth into the most appalling curses.

Suddenly a horseman hailed the house from the road. He started, and I heard him cock his rifle before he opened the window to reply.

"Can I lodge here to-night?" asked the traveller, in a shrill, thin voice.

"No. Don't open my doors for anybody after dark. All in bed; been in bed since sunset! Nobody goes out or in after night on these premises. Ride on. Aint you Mr. Bassett?"

"Yes," said the shrill voice. "I've hurt myself by falling."

"Then be off, or I'll set my bloodhounds on you!"

The man was heard to gallop forward in haste, and Cameron, shutting the window, muttered:

"Miserable shop-keeper! He dare to look that way! Let him go on and get her to bind up his hurts! He'll find a night's lodging there! Go—Satan sent him this way!"

I heard nothing more. Sleep overcame me.

In the morning I was roused by his hoarse voice:

"Come, get up, stranger! It is time you were travelling."

In a quarter of an hour I was in my saddle, and on my way towards the town. Cameron had saddled my pony for me, and brought it to the door as if wishing to see me off. The money I offered him for my lodging he refused with a curse; but as I was moving off he said, fixing his eyes upon my face:

"You know I was at home all night—remember I, will you?" he added, in a menacing way, that surprised me. "If any one asks you if you met Bassett the traveller, you can tell him he passed by here last night, riding across the prairie on his way to Deerfield's."

About noon I reached town, and had forgotten by the next morning my stormy night at Cameron's, when I was told by one whom I met in the street, that Katherine Deerfield had been found murdered on the prairie, a mile from her father's house, and that Paul Randolph had been arrested as the murderer. The intelligence filled me with surprise and horror. A short time before I had passed the two riding home ward, both in the liveliest spirits; and now to hear that one was murdered and the other a murderer, almost petrified me with surprise.

Upon particular inquiry, I learned that Paul's horse had come galloping up to the house of farmer Deerfield in the midst of the storm, a sight which alarmed the family, and immediately Mr. Deerfield and two of his servants started to see what had become of Paul and his daughter, whom he was expecting under his escort. Half a mile from the house they met Paul on foot. He was in a state of the wildest excitement, and immediately reported that about half an hour before, as he and Kate were riding along within a mile of home, and were about to quicken their pace to escape the storm, a horseman, mounted on a small white animal, rode rapidly up, passed them by a wide sweep in the prairie, and then meeting them, raised a rifle and fired at him. That he was wounded in the hand, and dropping the rein, his horse startled by the shot, leaped and cast him headlong upon the ground.

"In a moment," said Paul, "I was upon my feet, only to see the assassin with the rein of Kate's horse in his grasp, and riding off with her at full speed straight out into the open prairie. My horse was gone, and although I pursued they were soon lost to view in the obscurity. I still held on in pursuit, when in a different direction I heard a shriek afar off, and the report of a gun or pistol. Bewildered, faint from bleeding, and not knowing in what direction to seek her, I made my way hither to give the alarm and get horses to recover your daughter."

This was the account given by Paul. Mr. Deerfield having without delay mounted Paul on one of the servant's horses, and sent him back to call others to assist in the pursuit, the party rode swiftly in the direction in which Paul had heard the second shot and the shriek. The father and lover were intensely excited. But few words were spoken as they dashed onward at the highest speed of their horses. When they reached the place about where the shriek had been heard, they shouted and called the maiden by name; but there was no sound heard in response. Almost beside themselves with their suspense and the danger surrounding her, they rode rapidly in various directions across the prairie, at intervals calling, and then listening.

Suddenly they heard a distant neighing, and galloped precipitately in the direction whence it came. They had not ridden a quarter of a mile, when they discovered a dark object on the open field, and drawing near they saw that it was a horse. In a moment they were at its side.

"My daughter's horse!" cried the father, with emotion. "Now, where is my child?"

"What is that upon the ground?" exclaimed Paul.

Both discovered the object at the same instant, and both sprung to the ground. By the star-light they could see that it was a female form. Paul and the father rushed forward. They stopped, and recognized Katherine Deerfield! Her pulse was still!—her heart cold! Her bosom was wet with blood. She had been shot through the heart!

We draw a veil over this scene of grief and horror; the father's anguish, the lover's grief and rage, pen and ink cannot express.

They took her up and laid her lifeless form upon her horse, and walking beside it bore her to her home.

It would be impossible to describe the feeling which agitated the neighborhood when the sad news flew from ear to ear. The house was thronged all the next morning. The lovely dead girl was robed in white and laid in the hall, and all eyes that gazed wept; and none more freely than those of the numerous young men, who, hearing of her murder, had come to see her, and learn the dreadful particulars. Among the visitors was Watkins Cameron, carefully dressed, and full of condolence; nor did he fail to lay great stress upon the fact that he had seen her pass the evening before with Paul Randolph, just before the storm.

In the absence of any definite direction in which to look for the author of such a murder, it was easy for envy and jealousy to think of and speak of this fact, till at length the suspicion so grew that the young lover, who was overwhelmed with grief, and had sought the private apartment of the house to weep with the father, was intruded upon and arrested, charged with the murder. His amazement made him dumb, and his silence and confusion were construed into positive guilt.

At length the day of trial came. The court was crowded to suffocation, for the whole county was deeply interested. Paul had been kept in prison. He was in good cheer, save the sorrow that the cruel death of her he loved caused to weigh down his heart. Singularly enough, no suspicion had been directed towards Cameron, except by me—for in the moment I heard of the murder, I said in my heart, "Cameron is the murderer." And when I afterwards recalled carefully all the circumstances of the night I spent beneath his roof, and his strange words and conduct, then, so unaccountable, I was as well convinced of the deed being done by his hand, as if I had been an eye-witness.

He, himself, influenced by the suspicion that always is attached to guilt, and fearing lest Paul might clear himself, had talked a great deal

about Bassett's having crossed the prairie. And so frequently did he speak of it, that those friends of Paul, who disbelieved his guilt, suspected Bassett the trader to be the guilty person—for they knew he had been rejected by the maiden, and therefore might have a motive in avenging himself. Therefore there were two parties suspected by the public, but Paul was the only one under arrest.

But Bassett, hearing of the suspicion, proved by two gentlemen that they had overtaken and joined him at the smith's, and that they had kept on together in the storm and reached Okolena, and put up at the same inn, an alibi to which the innkeeper bore testimony. This fact being established, Paul was regarded as the guilty man; even his friends were beginning to falter in their confidence, believing him to have been the murderer, actuated to the deed by some unaccountable impulse of jealousy. It was easy for his accusers to account for the wound in his hand by charging him with inflicting it upon himself to give color to the deed he had done. On this circumstantial evidence, Paul, after suffering two months' imprisonment, was arraigned to answer for life or death.

The trial continued to the afternoon of the second day, and every step seemed to fasten the guilt of murder upon the lover, who had been last seen with her. I was in court, also, having been summoned as a witness to state what I heard and saw when I met them on the prairie. But had I not been summoned I should have been present from another motive, as the sequel will explain. The prosecution on the part of the State having got through with its part of the evidence, all of which was purely circumstantial, but which seemed to carry full conviction to the minds of the court and spectators of the guilt of the prisoner, Paul's counsel now took up the line of defence on the part of his client. He spoke eloquently of the excellent character of the accused, of the well-known attachment existing between him and Miss Deerfield. He stated that the marriage was soon to have taken place, and the idea that a sudden quarrel, as suggested by the plaintiff, while they rode along in lively humor, could not have ended in such a tragical and dreadful way. The murderer must be looked for otherwise! Were there no motives which could lead any person to do the deed? Had she never given mortal offence to any young man? Lovers rejected are more likely to be enemies to a maiden than a lover accepted—a husband betrothed and on the eve of marriage. Had the deceased Miss Deerfield offended any one? Young men of honor and right feeling

do not harbor malice because a young girl expresses her choice of another. But there are unprincipled and heady young fellows who hate where before they admired! The records of criminal courts contain many reports of trials where lovers rejected have in revenge taken the life of the rejector of their suit, especially when another had been preferred. The circumstances connected with the late murder show that it was a twofold murder in intention. It looked like a discarded lover's vengeance, for he first attempted the life of her wooer, and then destroyed her! Who in this community was likely, from what is known of his antecedents, to have been a revengeful lover? Who has been heard to use vindictive language against both the deceased and the prisoner at the bar? Who is well known to have been rejected by her, and also to have been long an enemy to the defendant—nay, once attempted his life? I see that some eyes turn towards my friend, Mr. Bassett, but public opinion, as well as his examination before a justice, has showed that he had no part in this deed. (Glances, not a few, were also directed towards Cameron, who was in court.) But he would bring forward his testimony, and keep them no longer in suspense.

The counsel for the defendant then called in succession four witnesses, young men, all of whom testified that at various times, and more than once, they had heard Watkins Cameron utter oaths, when in his cups, against Paul Randolph and Katherine Deerfield. One testified that he hoped that some good rifle would put a ball through his head before he married her! Another testified that he had said that he would rather see her drowned in the Red Sea before she should marry a man that he hated as he did Paul Randolph. A third testified that one day he was in Cameron's shop, and saw him running bullets, as he said, to kill deer; but taking up one of the bullets that had burned him, he showed it to witness and said, "That he would be a happy man to see that bullet go through Paul Randolph's heart!" A fourth, among other testimony, gave evidence that he was having his horse shod one day by Cameron, when Mr. Deerfield and his daughter rode past. "There goes a girl I will either marry or murder!" said Cameron, who was then somewhat under the influence of drink.

The eyes of the court were by this time fixed upon the young blacksmith, who sat with a stern face and iron brow, not moving a muscle, endeavoring to appear wholly unconscious and indifferent. But a volcano of rage burned beneath his bosom.

This testimony, however, did not weigh against the fact that Paul was last seen with her, and that blood was on his hand. My testimony was at length called for, and under oath I gave a detailed account of the events of the night passed by me at Cameron's house. I was closely and fiercely cross-questioned, but the testimony remained the same. The court and audience at the conclusion of it were evidently as clearly convinced of the guilt of Cameron as I had been from the hour heard of that night's deed of blood. Paul's friends began to smile on him as a general reaction of opinion was rapidly taking place in the court room, when Cameron rose, and in the most violent and indescribable manner, denied all I had said, with terrible oaths and execrations, and was beginning to charge me with not having reached his house until *after the storm*, and that if Paul Randolph was not the murderer of the girl, *I was*.

At length the court compelled him to be silent and sit down; but he had to be held in his seat by two constables, as he foamed and writhed like a chained tiger, and swore he would have my blood and the life of every witness who had testified against him.

A complete revulsion was now effected. But, though suspicion had now a new object, yet the prisoner had not been able to prove his innocence. The strongest efforts were made by the attorney for the prosecution—as if his own honor and credit depended on hanging the prisoner at the bar—to turn the tide again against Paul. The court seemed to be dividing and hesitating, when the counsel for the prisoner called up another witness. It was Bassett, the trader. He testified that after leaving the blacksmith's shop, on being refused shelter, and being soon afterwards overtaken by the two travellers, they rode on rapidly together, putting their horses to a canter to get shelter from the storm as soon as could be. About a mile before reaching Deerfield's house, he said that seeing something whitish on the black ground of the prairie, he thought it looked like a dollar, and he stopped and got down to see. But it was a piece of paper, and as he thought it might possibly be a bank note—he could not well see—he put it into his waistcoat pocket to examine it when he should get to a light, for he never passed any pieces of paper without looking at them. (Here there was a slight smile observed on the faces of some who knew the trader's parsimony and love for money.)

"I was not a minute behind my companions; nay, as was proved before at the justice's court, one of them stopped with me to see what I got

down for. The next morning I had forgotten the paper, and thought no more of it until I heard that a murder had been committed on the prairies. This reminded me of what I had picked up, and looking at it I saw that it was crumpled and burnt with powder, and was a piece of an almanac. It also had a part of a name on it."

Here a visible start made by Cameron drew the eyes of many towards him, and they saw that he was pale as death.

"I showed the paper to no one for I had my own thoughts, but went with it directly to the counsel, who I heard had been engaged by the prisoner at the bar, and placed it in his hand, as I thought it might lead to the discovery of the person who fired the shot. Upon going with the lawyer to the place where I picked it up, I found that it was where Paul Randolph had said he had been shot. After consultation with the lawyer and sheriff we took an opportunity when we knew Cameron was in town, to ride out to his house, for the words written on the piece of wadding were 'MERON.' This was, of course, guide enough for our surmises. We entered the house and found hanging above his mantel-piece, an almanac, on the back of which was written 'WATKINS CA,' and putting the pieces together we found that they matched perfectly, both as to the writing and the printed parts, which had been torn. There was also another portion torn out of the almanac, which we then knew nothing of!"

A murmur mingled with excitement now ran through the court room. There was not a human eye that Cameron was not the abhorrent object of. He hung his head, with all his bravery; and when Paul's counsel, taking from his pocket-book the torn almanac, and held it up and placed the piece where it belonged, the excitement in the court-room was so great that the sheriff had to aid the bench in calling the multitude to order.

It was now objected that though it could be proven that it was Cameron who fired at and wounded Randolph, this was an old feud, and could have nothing to do with the death of the young girl; that her murder was quite another and distinct affair, and was not of necessity committed by the one who fired at Paul Randolph. This argument, however, was silenced by the production of Dr. Charles M——, as a witness for the defendant. His testimony was that he had extracted the ball, which had been proved to fit Cameron's bullet-mould exactly. (And here the bullet was exhibited to the court, and shown to fit the mould.) In opposition to

this evidence it was suggested by the prosecuting attorney that another person might have got possession of one of those bullets; that a ball from Cameron's bullet-mould might have been fired from the prisoner's gun.

But the counsel for the prisoner was not yet defeated. The coroner was called by him to the stand and testified that he had taken from the dress, near the wound, the wadding of the gun, and that he had kept it, as likely to be of use in the trial; that he had seen the torn almanac, and that it proved to be the other part which had been torn off. Here the wadding was produced. It fitted the second page of the almanac letter to letter!

"What need of further witness?" cried the counsel for the prisoner. And turning to the jury, he said: "Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

Before the court could interpose to check this irregularity, the jury rose and shouted:

"Not guilty!"

"Not guilty!" cried the people, with loud enthusiasm; and while some rushed towards Paul, who was almost overcome with surprise and joy, others made a leap towards Watkins Cameron, who was desperately trying to reach an open window to make his escape.

In vain the call of the court to order! In vain the struggles of the blacksmith! He was seized by a dozen infuriated hands, and cries of "Lynch him! hang him to the next tree!" rung through the court house.

In a moment he was dragged out through the front door, followed by half the people, whose rage and vengeance were as irresistible as a stormy sea breaking its bounds. Paul's friends gathered about him with the deepest joy. The court was broken up, rather than adjourned, and for a few moments congratulations, mingled with execrations against Cameron, prevailed.

Suddenly there was a cry outside that they were hanging the blacksmith! A rush was made for the door! The judge shouted for order, and to the sheriff and officers to arrest the man, and hold him in custody for a fair trial. But their voices might as well have been thrown at the ears of a whirlwind! In an incredibly short space of time the mob, consisting mostly of young men, excited by ungovernable rage, had taken a rope from a horse, tied by it to a tree, and slipped it in a noose around the wretched man's neck, who implored, and begged, and entreated, and finally shrieked for mercy. Heedless of his cries and terrors, they knew neither mercy nor compassion.

"You would have hanged Paul Randolph,

you double assassin!" cried one. "Hang now yourself!"

"You showed no mercy to her! You have none from us! All ready there, men?" cried another.

"All ready!" was the response from a dozen.

"Up with him, then!"

In an instant he was raised off the ground by the line, strongly run within the hands of some of his executioners, and his cries for mercy—for time to say a prayer—were suffocated in his throat. A loud shout of revenge accomplished filled the air as he swung between earth and heaven. In a few moments the body ceased to struggle, and hung dead from the limb.

Leaving the blackened corpse to swing in the night wind, the crowd escorted Paul to his house with mad rejoicings.

Thus terminated one of the most extraordinary trials, and the most fearful tragedy, that the southwest country has known. It occurred many years ago, and illustrates a case of circumstantial evidence against circumstantial evidence such as seldom occurs in the history of criminal trials. The proceedings in the courts of that day were not marked exactly with that regularity of progress and order of taking evidence which would have pleased Chief Justice Hale; but these things are now improved and the courts of this region are at the present time conducted by the same rules that distinguish those in the older portions of the Union. Lynching is also abated, and the authority of the law is everywhere respected and recognized.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

The following is a verbatim copy of the proclamation with which a deputy sheriff of Colusa county closed a district court a while since: "*Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!!* The honorable the ninth district court in and for the county of Colusa, is now adjourned until the next regular term—the races will commence over the Colusa course on the nineteenth ultimo; and any gentleman in this crowd who flatters himself that he has an animal that can beat my horse for a single dash of a mile, may then and there on the day aforesaid, by trotting out the aforesaid animal, have an opportunity to win all and singular the several scads now in my pocket! *Oyez!*" —*Ohio Journal.*

Sir John Pringle, in his "Observations on the Diseases of the Army," mentions having cured a soldier of a violent scurvy, by prescribing two quarts of the dog and duck water (so called from the name of the spring near the Dog and Duck Tavern), to be drunk every morning before dinner. In a French translation of this work, the remedy is specified to be two quarts of broth, made of a duck and a dog.

SERENADE.

BY R. J. LANNY.

I've come to the lattice when night-winds are sighing,
To breathe thee a song that I'll sing but to thee,
Of my love, like the light of the stars, never dying,
Then wake, lady, awaken and listen to me.

Awaken and listen—thy roses are twining
Love wreaths round thy casement, but soon they
will be

Drooping and fading like thy lover repining,
Then wake, lady, awaken, I'm singing to thee.

Awaken, or mingle my song with thy dreaming,
And bring in its visions a memory of me;
While I seek thee alone 'neath the stars quiet beaming,
And my song and lute strings swell gently to thee.

Let it rest on thy fond heart, as dews gently falling
On lilies that droop when night shadows appear;
Then wake thee, and smile, are my spirit is palling,
While alone I am singing thy slumber to cheer.

ANNE'S FRIENDS:

—OR,—

FALSE PRIDE AND TRUE.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"THE idea of your choosing a dress-maker's occupation, Anne; 'tis perfectly outrageous! I shouldn't have thought it of you—it's positively unkind;" and the speaker paused and regarded her young cousin, Anne Desmond, with increasing ire, as she remarked her cool indifference.

"Why don't you speak, Anne?" she went on, as that young lady continued her work quietly, without replying; "one would think you were about conferring some great honor upon your family by your lofty manner, instead of degrading it!"

A fitting smile passed over Miss Desmond's delicate face.

"I have told you before, Cousin Fanny, that it was the best thing I could do. Why need to waste words upon it?"

"The best thing you can do, indeed! Can't you play upon the piano—can't you paint, and draw, and talk in two or three languages?"

"Yes, I can play the last new polka or song, provided it isn't very difficult. I can paint a little with crayons, and I can say it's a fine day, and *bon soir* in French and Italian. What a teacher of all these accomplishments I should make!" and the fitting smile ended in a scornful laugh.

"You underrate yourself Anne, I know. Why, I heard Frank Hunter say last winter, that your voice was the sweetest contralto he ever heard."

"That may be, but a good voice won't make a good teacher."

"You are too provoking, Anne, I declare. Do tell me what particular vocation you think you have for dress-making, then," said Miss Fanny Harper, sarcastically; but the sneer did not affect Anne Desmond in the least—she answered as lightly as if it had been unspoken.

"O, I have considerable taste I believe, in all due modesty for anything of that kind; you know I always made Nurse Harris's caps, and got up my own party dresses."

"I guess you'll find it's another thing to get up everybody's party dresses!"

"I dare say I shall, Fanny," answered Anne, with the least touch of sadness in her tone.

"Then do for pity's sake give it up, and act like a rational being."

"Now, Fanny, it won't do any good for you to talk. I have made up my mind, and I shall abide by it."

"To be a dress-maker?"

"A dress-maker's apprentice at first!" calmly answered Anne.

"Well, you always were perfectly set from a child. I hope you'll get somebody to master that iron will some of these days."

"Not where my duty is concerned—no man or woman shall ever acquire that influence over me."

"Well, I've done trying, and now mean to wash my hands of you. I've done all I could. I've given my advice, and promised to recommend you as a teacher."

How Anne's royal lips curled at this.

"And if you persist in this odd whim, you must be aware, Anne, that we cannot—"

"Associate. I understand perfectly, Fanny; you needn't mince the matter," interrupted Anne, very coldly. "I knew from the beginning how you would feel about this, and I am neither angry nor hurt—it is what I always expected—'tis your character to do so—we shall not quarrel about that."

Mrs. Harper didn't know whether to be offended or not; so she replied with some pique in her tones:

"Well, if you aint the curtest, most unfeeling girl I ever saw. You didn't want me to cry about it, did you? How queer you are, Anne Desmond," and Mrs. Harper rose to go, with a secret feeling that Anne was somehow her superior, spite of poverty, misfortune, and her strange whims.

"Where are you going to work, Anne?" she asked, rather hesitatingly.

"O not at your dress-maker's, Fanny, so

you won't be mortified by seeing me there. At Mrs. Bowen's in C—street."

"Well, good-by, you must let me know how you get along."

"Yes, and when the balance brings me up again in the scale of society, Fanny, I suppose I can come and see you."

Again Mrs. Harper was nonplussed, as she often was with her Cousin Anne, and hastily took her leave. Anne Desmond did care for the painful necessity that compelled her to seek employment when her father died, and, contrary to all expectations, left her penniless; but she had an active, energetic mind, and one good friend, her nurse house-keeper, and foster mother, who would as soon have thought of deserting her own flesh and blood, as Anne; so the two had decided to take a small tenement and furnish it with some of the plainest furniture saved from the grand sale—thus, with what our heroine could earn, together with some property derived from the sale of some valuable jewels, pictures and trinkets of her own, they would eke out a subsistence.

Anne had fondly imagined that she should be confined to the work room, but Mrs. Bowen was too well aware of the advantage that fine face and lady-like bearing would be to her reception room, to consent to this, so after certain hours she was transformed to the so-called reception room. She made no remark at this, but bore it with a humility that was far prouder than most people's pride. One day while showing a superb cloak to a young belle, the door opened and a lady and gentleman entered. Anne did not look up, for it was no unusual thing for the male friends of the ladies to accompany them, but she was startled when the stylish girl she was conversing with, said, with great suavity:

"How do you do, Mrs. Carlisle," and then the pretty head returned the gentleman's inclination with a little gratified nod.

No wonder Anne was startled and interested, for this handsome man was Mr. Edward Carlisle, a young lawyer and orator of great talents, as she could testify, having heard him lecture before the Lyceum that winter. By Mrs. Carlisle's request, which lady was the sister-in-law of the young man's—Anne put on the dainty cloak and stood while they discussed the form and material, perfectly unconscious in her proud carelessness, how very becoming the soft emerald hue was to her rose-tinted complexion; but Mrs. Carlisle, with her keen appreciation of beauty, was quite as much struck with the wearer as with the garment itself, and turning to her

companion, who was watching the drays and omnibusses with commendable attention, she said: "*N' a' t'elle pas la belle air*, Edward?"

The bright color flushed up to Anne's oval cheek, and the next moment the Parisian novelty was lying over the back of a chair, and with haughty civility she folded her hands and awaited farther orders. Pretty little Miss Carlisle had good sense and kind feeling, and her distress was only equal to her amazement, as she discovered that her handsome shop-woman understood French.

"How vexatious, Edward; I had no idea that she could understand French. I dare say she is a reduced gentlewoman."

"I dare say she is just what she seems, my little romantic sister, but you have no idea of any other class than your own; republican as you profess to be, you yet cannot imagine a seamstress understanding French. This is a country of public schools, you must remember, and your heroine, most likely, is some poor man's daughter, that has passed through one of these, and not having a vocation for teaching, or the opportunity perhaps, she has chosen with praiseworthy independence, her present profession."

"Pshaw! How you bring everything down to your plain practical standard."

"It will have to come there in the end, and it might first as last, for what I see."

"Pooh, there are exceptions to every rule, and I know there is romance connected with that girl, the romance at least of—"

"Having seen better days," that cant phrase," laughed her companion. "O you are bound to make a heroine of her, I see. But democratic as you think you are, I am much mistaken, if when brought to the test—say of her becoming a member of our own family, that your republicanism would materially diminish."

"No such a thing, but I am sorry you judge me so rashly."

"Nay, my dear 'Bel, not harshly—it is only just; for a woman brought up as you have been from infancy, in the midst of luxury, with not one reverse of fortune as yet, 'tis next to impossible to view these things as they really are. I speak about them from experience—for John and I carved our way upward, as you know, from poverty."

"To distinction, Edward, and that is what I honor in you both, your undaunted courage and brave talents—now wasn't that romance?"

"No, anything but that; it was steady, unflinching perseverance."

"O you horrible old realist!" playfully exclaimed the lady, as she ran up the steps of her

spacious dwelling, followed by her brother-in-law.

"Miss Desmond, I wish you would call at Mrs. Carlisle's, on your way home, and see what is the trouble with those dresses," and Mrs. Bowen handed Anne a slip of paper with the address written on it. It was an easy matter to find that stately residence, and Anne very soon was conferring with its mistress.

"I wish you would stay this evening and alter them, miss—"

"Desmond," said Anne, quietly.

The lady bowed in acknowledgement, and went on. "It would oblige me very much if you could."

It was with great satisfaction that Mrs. Carlisle heard Anne's compliance with this request, for she really cared far more about the dress-maker than the dresses. She was a very warm-hearted, enthusiastic little woman, and when once interested, was a staunch friend. Contrary to all Anne's experience, when the tea bell rang, she was invited very quietly, and in a matter-of-course-way, to join them. Determined to show that skeptical Edward how in earnest she was, Mrs. Carlisle introduced the young seamstress like a guest, for a lady—no matter in what circle accident had placed her, and the hostess felt that it was an easy thing to treat her as such. The skeptical Edward could not but acknowledge that his young *vis-a-vis* was a very lovely, high-bred woman, perhaps, too, he acknowledged she had *la belle air*. The conversation turned upon lectures, and the last was discussed with great interest.

"Did you hear it, Miss Desmond?" questioned Mrs. Carlisle, turning to Anne.

"No ma'am, I have attended but one this winter."

"Which was that?"

"The first."

Anne did not blush, as she pronounced this, though she was very well aware that the orator of that evening was looking at her very closely with his bright blue eyes, but his sister-in-law looked up and said with simplicity:

"Why, then you heard Edward; it was funny you didn't recognize him."

Anne thought it was very funny, but she didn't say so; and when the conversation turned on something else, she glanced up at the young man's face, and met his arch smile with another as arch and sweet, but more evanescent—it was enough to make them feel a great deal better acquainted than a month of sober conversation, and when they retired, as was the usual custom, to Mrs. Carlisle's pretty sitting-room, the young

gentleman watched Anne secretly, with some curiosity to know what was beneath that calm, professional exterior; for one moment the mask had been off, and he had had a glimpse of her soul; that glimpse only excited the wish to learn more, but with drooping head she silently worked away at the elegant silks, until at last a general silence ensued. At length, Frank, a little fellow of eight years, who was looking over a book of his father's, turned to Anne, to whom he had taken a wonderful fancy, with:

"What's this? What does it mean?"

It was a sentence of stenography, and our heroine, in a very low voice, explained and translated it to him, but low as it was, it did not escape either Mrs. Carlisle's or her brother's ears, and that lady looking up from her work, said, with some surprise:

"That's an unusual accomplishment for a lady, Miss Desmond."

"My father taught it to me," was the only reply.

Mrs. Carlisle glanced across at Edward with an expression that said as plainly as looks could say—"she has seen better days,"—and by way of leading her on, she said:

"What benefit did he think would accrue?"

"He was a printer, ma'am, it was of great assistance to him at times."

Poor little Mrs. Carlisle, how her air castle crumbled; she had been so sure that Anne's father was an eminent man and scholar, and she could hardly brook with patience, the lurking smile at the corners of Edward's mouth, as this simple truth was so simply announced. But if the young man smiled at his pretty sister's discomfiture—he was no less pleased with the noble simplicity of that reply.

The work completed, Anne arose to go, she quietly accepting his offered escort. Mrs. Carlisle had begun really to feel much interest in Anne, and it was odd how often after this she was wanted at her house to retrim or alter some dress.

"Bel, I have an opportunity to put your vaunted republicanism to the test," and Mr. Edward Carlisle threw down his book and flung his head back to meet his sister's eyes, not long after this.

"Well out with it, some of your teasing nonsense, I suppose."

"There is no nonsense about it; it is just this. I am going to make Anne Desmond my wife, if she will have me."

"Why, Edward," she said, hastily, "I never was so surprised in my life; you always laughed at my romantic notions regarding her."

"I think it is quite a natural thing for a young man thrown in the society of a hand

some, intellectual woman, to fall in love with her."

Mrs. Carlisle laughed. "How many handsome, intellectual women have you mingled with before, pray?"

"Ah, but my time hadn't come, then, Bel."

"Well, you're a queer lover, anyway; do tell me, Edward, if you ever send her flowers, books, or any of the delightful trifles lovers casually lavish on their sweethearts?"

"Never!"

"I knew you hadn't, you heathen, you!"

"Hark a moment. I respected her situation too much to do so, until I had made her an offer of my hand. I know too many young men who never go any farther with girls in her position, than to send them flowers and gifts; if she should accept your humble servant, I think you will not find me tardy in loverlike accomplishments, Bel."

"You're a noble fellow. I wish you success."

"And you will welcome her as a sister;" he said, fixing his bright eyes upon her as he rose to leave the room.

"Yes, indeed I will. I may perhaps have felt a little disappointment at first, for as you said, it is hard to overcome the influences of society, especially when I found it was coming home to you, Ned, you whom I have always thought too good for anybody, but my own noble husband's father and yours was a carpenter, Ned, and now I think of it, I believe my grandmother was a seamstress, so those that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. But where are you going?"

"To learn my fate," he said, smiling half comically, half sadly.

"And do you doubt the issue?"

"I shouldn't be a lover, if I did not; beside you must remember there has been no tender little love passages—no flirting. I go without any of the sweet securities which accompany most lovers, for she is a woman, Bel, who does not put fame, fortune, or fine looks in the balance,—and would most likely say as a character said in one of the articles of your favorite Putnam:—'If Shakspeare loved me, and I did not love him, how could I marry him?'"

"I shall hate her if she does not accept you," was the very womanly response, as the young man closed the door.

But dear little Mrs. Carlisle had no cause to put her threat into execution, for Anne had long appreciated that noble-hearted young gentleman, too much, so she thought, with many blushes, for her own peace of mind. A few days after, Edward Carlisle had been an accepted lover,

Anne was returning from dinner to her work, in her much worn, and rather rusty black dress, common shawl, and last year's bonnet. She usually chose the least frequented street, because it was the nearest, but tempted by the warm spring sunshine, and the bright blue sky, she turned into the fashionable thoroughfare.

Edward Carlisle was standing on the steps of the — House, in company with several young men, when one of them taking his cigar from his mouth, said, with a good deal of animation:

"By Jove, Carlisle, there's a girl fit to be a princess by her stately step," and flinging his cigar away, he sprang down the steps, saying, "I'll see her face, or my name's not Charlie Howell. She works for Mrs. Bowen."

"Not without my leave, Charlie—that girl is my affianced wife," said Edward Carlisle, with sharpness, as he left the astonished group and hastily joined Anne.——After our heroine had served her term out with Mrs. Bowen, which she persisted in doing, they were married in church.

Mrs. Harper was deeply mortified as she remembered the stand she had taken, but she only tossed her head, as she said, that "such people as the Carlises could afford to marry anybody."

About this time the elder Mrs. Carlisle was summoned to her drawing-room to receive a certain Mrs. Lofton with her daughter, and Charlie Howell. "I know what she's come for," she said, a little indignant, to her husband.

"What?"

"O, to quiz me on account of this *mesalliance*, as she calls it. She'll find she's caught a tartar."

As she had anticipated, Mrs. Lofton, after a few common places, said in her smooth tones:

"I was so sorry when I heard of your brother's marriage."

"Sorry! what for? We were delighted."

"O, of course it is well to make the best of such things, but her position was so low."

"I don't know what you call position, Mrs. Lofton, when you speak of a woman like my sister-in-law, highly educated and accomplished, being beneath us; if you allude to her occupation I must say it is very poor taste for us Americans to scoff at trade. Why my husband's father was a carpenter, and I believe your mother learned to make coats and pants of my grandmother."

This was a home thrust little expected, and little relished, but it wouldn't do to seem offended, for besides being a mutual disclosure, Mrs. C. was too important a person to get offended with.

"By Jove, she's a sensible woman!" exclaimed Charlie Howell, as they walked home; she might teach us all common sense—but there are few dress-makers like Mrs. Edward Carlisle."

THE LITTLE MOURNER.

BY ANNIE FARRHAM.

Calm in its silent coffin,
An infant sleeper lay,
Upon whose placid features,
Still shone life's parting ray.

White the simple robe he wore,
And fairest flowers prest
Pallid brow and sunken cheek,
And that soft, snowy breast.

O, beautiful the sleeper,
Reposing midst the flowers,
All mindless of earth's sorrows,
And of the gliding hours.

There sat the mourning mother,
Close by her infant dead;
And there the anguished father
Bowed low his aching head.

Beside them sat their daughter,
In her own little chair;
Rosy cheeked and ruby lipped,
The sweetest mourner there.

She a mourner? Does she know,
What knows her weeping mother?
That ne'er again while flowers bloom,
She'll see her "baby brother?"

Prayer is said, the hymn is sung,
The last fond kiss is given;
Mourners leave the silent room,
Bowed to the will of heaven.

Like a spirit through the door,
Back bounds the little weeper,
And, springing in a vacant chair,
Bends o'er the lovely sleeper.

Thinking no eye beheld her,
Deeming no mortal near,
Quick her farewell kiss she gives,
And drops her parting tear.

That sister's kiss—was ever
Sadder given to the dead?
Or e'er upon the pallid brow,
Sincerer tear-drops shed?

JOE GRUMMETT'S VISIT TO THE THEATRE.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

"I PROMISED to tell you about that play as I seed at the theatre, didn't I?" said Joe Grummett, as he came forward from the quarter-deck, where he had been receiving some directions from the mate. "Wal, jist come out on the jib-boom, and lend me a hand to clap a new sarvice onto the jib-stay, and I'll get the yarn on stretch; there's about an hour's work to do, and we'll hev plenty of time." Slinging the

lanyard of a marlinspike and tar bucket round his neck, and tossing the serving mallet and a big ball of spun-yarn to me, he lazily worked himself out upon the spar, whither I followed.

Having seated ourselves in a comfortable position astride the boom, horse-back fashion, he commenced slowly stripping off the old service; for Joe, like all veteran sailors, knew how to use up time doing a job in pleasant weather.

"Wal, let's see, whereabouts did I leave off? O, yes, I reck'lect,—'twas jist where Nance and I had got some seats, wasn't it? Wal, we sets there, waitin' to see what would happen, when we hears a little bell rung, jist abaft the big square-sail, and they began to clew it up. All hands must have had hold of the gear, for the clewlines, buntlines, leachlines, and spilling-lines were all manned at once, and the sail was rolled up as quick and snug as ever you saw it done aboard a man-of-war. Why, lord love ye, half a dozen men could hev furled it, if it had been blowing a hurricane. Jist slow your back behind ye, will yer, so's I kin get tother side of the stay."

After I had complied with this somewhat startling request, Joe proceeded.

"The name of the first play was Otheller, or suthing near the size of that,—one of the plays, you know, as was written by Shakespeare, the same one as wrote Robinson Crusoe, Jack Sheppard, and the rest of them books they call Mary-at-nuils. As soon as the sail was furled, you could see clear across the deck. First there was what looked like a street, two or three houses, and a building that I took to be a house of correction; but it couldn't hev been meant fer a street, neither, for they had green woolen pavements, and that's suthing as I never seed in all my going about. Pretty soon a couple of chaps come in, talking together. It seemed they had suthing agin a chap by the name of Moore. I found out, afore it was done, as how it was the same one that they called Otheller;—sometimes they'd call him one name, sometimes tother, so I spect his whole name was Otheller Moore. 'Taint no great shakes of a name, to be sure, but I s'pose they thought it was good enough fer a black man.

"Wal, they kept walkin' about, and talking to each other about this Moore,—it appeared they wanted to come some game on him, I couldn't make out what, exactly, but it must have been to throw his chest overboard, put tar in his goshore coat pockets, or suthing of that kind, to spite him. They had on an almighty gallus-looking rig, I tell ye. One of 'em had a blue-silk shirt, and a pair of yaller drawers, that made

him look like one of them yaller-legged snipes; then he had a little bit of a cloak, that he'd stole from some child, slung over one of his shoulders. T'other chap had on a pair of red flannel drawers, and a tin jacket; but what took my eye was the boots they had on 'em. I s'pose they got 'em from some brick-layer, or maybe they were hod-carriers theyselves. Anyways, they had been travelling about where there was mortar, fer the lime had took all the color out of 'em, and the legs was a slouchin' down round their feet, like as if they were standing in a couple of flower-pots.

"After a while they heaves to abreast of a four-story house, about twelve foot high, and begins to hail the crew inside. Whoever it was, they were after didn't keer much about turning out at first, but they kept yelling 'breakers and pirates,' so's to skeer 'em into it like. Pretty soon an old chap sticks his figger-head out of the third story winder, which was about five inches higher than the heads of the chaps on the green-flannel sidewalk, and axed 'em what they wanted. They turned to and began to spin a long twister to him, about Otheller's walking off with the slack of his daughter, that made him as ravin' as a foremast hand on a short allowance. When the cove in the tin jacket sees what a row he has kicked up, he takes his self off out of the way, and leaves him with the baby's cloak to have it out alone. In a little while the old cove that had been at the winder comes out of the door, and half a dozen marines with him, each of 'em with a stick in his hand, and one end of it blazing, to make a smoke I s'pose, fer there was plenty of light without them.

"When he seed there was nobody there to be afeared of, he began to blow. First he blowed everybody and everything an inch high and a day old; then he travels fore and aft on the green flannel, and looking up to the tops of the houses, he goes to work talking to one of the chimneys. He said that the gal was his daughter, and, what was more, she was a relative of his own, and sooner than have such a colored son-in-law as Moore was, he'd chuck her overboard.

"When he thought the chimney understood all about it, he slews round, and axes yaller-legs ef he knows where Otheller has stowed his self? He said he did, so they all started off to find him, the marines walking as if they'd got jiggers in their feet, and the old chap declaring that ef so be he finds Moore he'll cut his tail off, close to his ears.

"As soon as they had gone, somebody whistled, when the street split in the middle, and

slid out of sight each side, leaving in the place of it another street jist like the first, only instead of the house of correction buildin', there was a sort of three cent grog shop; in front of it was standin' the tin jacket chap, who they called Iague, and Otheller, who was just another sich a looking chap as our cook.

"Wal, tin jacket turns to and spins a cuffer to Otheller, about how much he thinks of him, and what he'd do fer him ef he had a chance. While they were chaffing away to each other, the gal's dad and his marines comes in from one side, and a lootenant they called Casho comes in from the other, with more marines, and more burnt sticks. The old man pitches right into Otheller, and calls him all the no-sailor names ever ye heered, and says as how he'd put suthing into his darter's tea as had made a fool of her, and, to tell the truth about it, I guess the old cock was more than half right, or, what's more likely, the gal wasn't no great shakes, or she would hev got a chap with a cleaner face.

"The old cove wanted to take Otheller to the calaboose, but Casho said as how that would not do, anyway, for he must go with him somewhere else. He couldn't do both, so he split the difference, and went up to the police court.

"Soon as they had gone, the bo'sun whistled, and the street came to pieces again. Right abaft of where the street had been, they were having the police court, and when they twitched the houses away each side, I could see right into it. A lot of old codgers was a setting there, dressed up in women's clothes, silk and far, and sich like traps. I thought at first they was strong-minded women, but Nance said as how it couldn't be so, fer they had whiskers, tho' she didn't know but whiskers was one of the women's rights. Howsever, as soon as they began to speak, I knowed they couldn't be strong minded women at all, fer they talked quite respectful like, and didn't abuse anybody.

"I expect they must hev been Rooshuns, them chaps, fer they seemed to be in a tremendous flutter about the Turks. After they had talked awhile, the gal's father comes in, lugging along Iague and the fugitive. The old chap goes right to work and enters a complaint agin Otheller, same as a police would agin you or me fer gettin' sprung, and kicking up a muss. He talked it into 'em strong, and wanted them to send him over to the house of reformation, or some sich place; but they didn't seem to want to do that, fer they had some work cut out fer him to do as would pay 'em better.

"The head judge, who they called the duck, told Otheller that he might say whatever he

liked to clear his self. When he hears that, he squares round, facing right away from the judge, and looking straight up to the top of the theatre, makes a speech to 'em, and a stunnin' speech it was, too—it showed him to be a smart feller, and the way he palavered must hev tickled 'em considerable.

"I wish I could remember what it was he said. I used to know part of it onct, but I've forgot it. Anyway, it began, 'Most pompons, grave, and reverend sinners; my very noble and approved good fellers; that I hev lugged off this old cove's daughter is as true as the log-line. We've got spliced, that's a fact; and that's jist the figger-head and bowsprit of all the shines as I've cut up. Rude am I—no—yes—'rude am I—well, never mind that, I can tell you the meaning of it jist as well. First he begins to brag, and tells them that he's been raising the deuce, generally, ever since he was seven years old.

The old man, thinking as how Otheller was a spreading it on rather thick, wants the gal brought into court; so while an officer is gone to arrest her, Otheller turns to and gives 'em what he calls 'a round unvarnished tail.'

"The amount of it was, that he and the gal's father used to be chummies, and when he went to their house he would spin twisters to 'em; some of the yarns would be about what he'd seen, and a precious sight more about what he hadn't seen, I'm thinking. According to his story, the gal was mightily tickled with the yarns,—fer the dingy looking serpent laid all the blame onto her,—and axed him if so be he'd got any shipmates that could spin a yarn as well as he, cause ef there was any sich chap, and he wanted anything of her, he could hev it jist like winkin'. Otheller said he seed he was cornered, and so give in, and they got spliced at onct.

"The head judge allowed that he didn't think Otheller was much to blame, nor the gal either; and he reckoned ef his own daughter had as many twisters spun to her, what ballast she had aboard wouldn't be enough to keep her on an even keel.

"Just then, in walks the gal herself. The old man dips into her at onct, and axes her whose flag she was cruising under, and ef she could see her commodores knocking about the court house anywhere? The officer hadn't given her half time enough to trim her sails properly, and about a fathom of her mainsail was towing astern of her. It seemed mightily in her way, especially when she tacked ship; but she didn't mind it much, and comes for'ard into the court, looking no more ashamed of herself than if she'd had a white man fer a husband.

"When she gets up abreast of the judge, she heaves to, and says as how she can see two commodores; one of 'em, her father, she had sailed under a good while; but as she hadn't signed any articles as compelled her to stay by him all the time, she had deserted and shipped in Otheller's craft, and calculated to sail under the black flag until sich time as she should be pronounced unseaworthy. When the old man heered that, he caved in at onct, and told her to go to the old scratch her own way, fer he would have nothin' to do with any sich piratical lookin' craft.

"Now d'ye know what I'd hev done ef that gal had been my daughter? I'd hev jist walloped her until sich time as she felt better. I aint going to give no opinion on the slavery question as they could bring agin me at a 'lection; fer there's no knowin' but what they'd want to make a president of me one of these days,—sailors is a looking up these times, I tell ye, fer a chap that not long ago was settin' straddle of the yard-arm of a whaler, is now settin' straddle of a guverner's cheer, a hanlin' out the weather-easing of the State of Massachusetts.

"I'll hev to ball off the rest of the yarn in a hurry, fer the mate will be coming for'ard to see what keeps us so long. Wal, soon as everything was cleared up about the gal, they sends Otheller off to fight the Turks. Jist then another street slides along in front of the court-room and boxes the judges up, and they are there yet fer all I know. I didn't expect to see Otheller agin fer six months at least, as he had so much fighting to do; but you see I didn't begin to know how smart he was, fer it wasn't more than ten minutes afore he comes back and says he's flogged the Turks like a sack.

"Now that's what I call doing things up in a hurry. It's a pity the allies can't send half a dozen jist sich colored chaps as him out to the Black Sea, it's jist the place fer 'em; ef they were half as smart as he was, they'd bring Sebastopol home in their jacket-pocket, and travel by telegraph at that; but I reckon sich chaps aint quite as plenty now as they used to be.

"Otheller hadn't been home long, afore Iague, the tin jacket chap, begins to spin twisters to him about his wife,—Testimony, they called her, or some sich name. He said as how, among other things, she'd been giving away his clothes. He didn't mind it much at first,—I s'pose he didn't miss anything that he keered much about,—but Iague kept pitching into him every now and again, and Otheller got madder and madder; he kept jawing Testimony, and calling her all sorts of names.

"After a while, Iague comes to him, with a reg'lar cuffer about Testimony's giving or pawn-ing a handkerchief to that lieutenant, Mike Casho,—an Irishman, I expect, by his name,—that sets him raving like a love sick sculpin; he yelled and hooted, capsized onto his beam ends, wiggled and squirmed round on the deck, like forty thousand rattail snakes.

"I couldn't see anything about the handkerchief to make such a fuss about. It was nothing but a dastly little piece of white canvass,—I wouldn't hev made sich a fool of myself fer a hundred jist like it. After he gets tired of laying on the deck, he comes up on his pins again, and has a good long spell of real four story cussing, which kind of relieved him, as it has many another chap afore and since that time. When he got cooled down a bit, he makes up his mind that he wout do anything very awful at first, but will let the solar system keep on about as it is for a few days longer, and content himself, in the mean time, by killing everybody in it.

"The next place you see into is a room with a bed in it. Testimony and another woman was there, talking about things they orto hev been ashamed of. After a while, Testimony turns in fer a snooze, with all her clothes on, so as to be ready in case she's called out in a hurry to reef topsails, I s'pose. Jist then Otheller comes in, looking as savage as a shark's step-mother, and tells the other woman to top her boom out of that, quicker than greased lightning, or he'll cut her up like old junk. After she'd sloped, he slews round, and axed Testimony if she'd said her prayers? She wanted to know what business it was to him? He told her that ef it wasn't disagreeable to her, he would like to cut her throat. She didn't seem to think it was any great shakes of an offer at first, but after a while he talked it into her, and she laid down and was killed as if she was used to it.

"Instead of cutting her throat, he took a pillow and put it about six inches one side of her head, and held it there about three quarters of a minute, then he takes it up and axes her ef she is dead? She squirmed, and said 'not much.' Then he claps it down agin, and holds it about seven seconds longer. While he was holding it there, the other woman rushes in, and axes him what he'd been up to? He owned right up that he'd killed her. She squealed out like a whipped pig, and called him all the smutty faced things she could lay her tongue to,—and she had some tongue, that woman.

"When Testimony heered what was going

on, she makes up her mind to come to a bit; so she wiggles a little, and sings out that Otheller lies about it, fer she killed herself, and will do it agin; then she gives a squeak, and said as how she was dead. I s'pose she was, for she sneezed a little while after. The woman hearing 'em both say she was dead, couldn't help believing it, and goes out to call the watch.

"Pretty soon in comes Casho, Iague, yaller legs, and a slew of old codgers. They mittens onto Otheller, and axes him 'what he'd cut up such a shine as that for?' He goes to work and tells 'em about Testimony's giving away his clothes and handkerchiefs.

"The woman, who was Iague's wife, when she hears that, says that what Iague had said was a lie, fer she had found the handkerchief herself. She was going on with a big twister, when Iague jumps up and pokes a blunt cutlass under her arm; she tips over and says as how she's dead. Iague owns up that he'd lied, and Otheller pokes a cutlass under his arm, and he says he's half dead. Then Otheller makes another speech, does some more braying, takes a sheath-knife and pokes it under his own arm, comes down all in a heap, and says he's dead his self.

"They'd got sticking each other so fast that they began to be afeared nobody would be left to put out the lights, so they dropped the square-sail, boarded the tack, hauled the sheet aft, and 'twas all over.

"Hillo,—there comes the mate, to give us a blowing fer being so long on this job; show yourself lively, now, and make as ef you was to work. You'd get the gout, settin' there so long doing nothing."

SWEARING EXTRAORDINARY.

A correspondent in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives us the following "Scene in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids," Mayor Church presiding. Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk:

Clerk—You do solemnly swear—

Mayor (with dignity)—Stop! The witness will hold up his right hand.

Clerk—The man has no right hand, your honor.

Mayor (with some asperity)—Let him hold up his left hand, then.

Clerk—He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your honor will perceive.

Mayor (savagely)—Tell him to hold up his right leg, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court without holding up something! Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved! (Witness sworn on one leg.)—*Knickertoecker Magazine.*

Men have more sympathy with others' prosperity—women with their adversity.

LINES TO MARY.

BY HALCRO.

Ah, turn away those gentle eyes,
Which look no love to mine;
Though love within their sweet depth lies,
'Tis not for me they shine.
Give not again that lily hand,
So cold when pressed by me;
So cold it makes the heart to stand,
Which only beats for thee

O, speak not in those dulcet tones,
Like music o'er the main;
At each, the weary spirit owns,
Its love that loves in vain.
Yet no, ah no, still let me not
From sight at least be driven;
And though by thee unseen, forgot,
Still let me dream of heaven.

The shell, when far from ocean borne,
Still mourns its native sea;
Pressed to the ear, 'tis heard to mourn
In saddest melody.
Thus, like the shell, my spirit sighs,
Condemned afar to rove;
And cast upon life's desert, dry,
Still mourns its sea of love.

THE LUCKY SHOT:

—OR,—

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE.

SOME years ago, there lived in one of the southern American cities, a rich old planter who had no children, and whose wife had deceased some twelve years prior to the date of my story. He had a young nephew, however, upon whom he had bestowed his diminutive favors, from time to time, and whom he thought he would one day make his heir—perhaps, if he should chance to die, which he religiously hoped might never be the case, however!

He had always been avaricious and parsimonious—two most extraordinarily unusual facts in the composition of a southern planter—yet, nevertheless, existing prominently in the characteristics of Edward Roser. As he grew older, though he still grew richer, he became more and more miserly, and less desirous to quit this world and leave his gold behind him.

His nephew had been a patron of the turf and other sporting matters as long as he had had the opportunity to spend his uncle's money, and he frequently found himself at the faro-table, where he had been a winner. When old Ned Roser, as the miserly planter was familiarly called,

heard of his nephew's occupation, however, he took offence at it, and refused to supply him longer with means.

"You must go to work, Fred," said the old man to him one day, crustily. "At your age I had earned nigh two thousand dollars, with my own hands. I'm getting poor. Cotton doesn't sell so well as formerly, and sugar is got to be a drug in the market. Nobody uses sugar, now, and my slaves, will starve if times don't get quickly better. Go to work, boy. Earn your money, and you wont go to billiard-saloons, horse-races, or cock-pits, and you'll forget the name of *rouge et noir*—do you hear?"

"But, uncle—"

"Yes, yes, I see. I know all about it. You've got into debt. I'm glad of it. Pay up, when you can get the money. But go to work. I'll give and lend you no more."

And his affectionate relative, on whom he had thus far been dependent for his resources, strode out of the house, attempting to whistle for the first time in his life!

Ten days after this agreeable interview, old Roser gave his nephew, Frederic Rawdon, a hint that his house could no longer afford him accommodations. And the young spendthrift was forced to anticipate being literally turned out of doors, by packing his trunk, and seeking lodgings elsewhere.

Temping his fortune for a time afterwards, he was a constant attendant at an obscure gaming-house in the city where he had lived from his youth up, but he was of late a loser. At length he had run out all his means, and he was forced to be a looker-on, only, for a while.

Flushed with wine, one evening, he offered a remark at which another youthful associate took offence, and they quarrelled. This young man had got still lower in the scale than himself, and his losses and mortifications had deeply affected him. The lodgings of Fred. Rawdon were on the ground floor of a house not far distant from the gaming-den, and when Fred. went out on the night of the altercation, he passed directly to his room to retire, as he felt himself nervous and unwell. A few minutes afterwards he was startled by the sudden report of a pistol near his door, and he sprang up to find a man that staggered wildly towards him—in, at his open door—and who fell, at his feet, with a small pistol in his hand, while the blood was streaming fearfully from his mouth and nostrils!

He raised him up, and saw that it was the youth with whom he had lately quarrelled, and who he knew had been a desperate loser at *roulette*, during the last week or two. In a fit of

frenzy at his continued ill luck, he had committed suicide: and before Fred. Rawdon could make up his mind what to do, his late antagonist was stone dead. The pistol ball had pierced his brain!

It was not an uncommon thing to hear the report of fire-arms in that neighborhood, and as no one was seen after the noise, it was supposed by those who chanced to hear the explosion, to be anything save what it was in reality. And so no one meddled with the affair outside of Fred's lodgings.

But he was in a dilemma. The young man was dead, in his room—they had publicly quarrelled—the report of the pistol must have been overheard, and Fred. Rawdon was alarmed for the consequences of all this chain of unlucky circumstances, when they should come to be linked connectedly together.

What must he do? If he should fly, he would be pursued and taken, and a trial before any jury in the country would surely condemn him, with such evidence against him. If he remained there, and were found with the mutilated dead body of his late antagonist, his doom was certain. If he applied to his uncle for aid and counsel, he felt certain that old Roser would most likely assure him that if he had been honestly employed at work, as he had advised him, he would not have quarrelled with the young man, and probably shot him, afterwards! If he ran out into the street, and proclaimed the facts, just as they had happened, the mob would laugh at him, or "lynch" him on the spot—for half an hour had already elapsed since the report of the pistol had been heard, and he would first be asked what he had been doing all that time, alone in his own room, with the body of the evidently murdered man!

Nevertheless, Fred. Rawdon was as innocent of that man's blood, of course, as old Roser himself; but this truth could not help him—and he began to cast about him for a release from his perilous predicament. He could wait till midnight, and then drag the body out and leave it in the street. If he were not discovered in the act, this might do—provided he could get rid of the blood-stains that unfortunately marked his door, his floor, and his bed-clothes, where the wounded man had first staggered about before he fell in his apartment.

He reflected a few minutes longer, and then turned the key in his outer door, and resolved to seize whatever he could find readily, and fly from the town forever. He was not long in carrying the preliminaries of this plan into execution.

Upon examining the pockets of the deceased

young gambler, Fred. found that he had evidently been sailing under false colors, for he had been known as one Deschampe, a creole from Louisiana—while from letters and marks in his memorandum-book, it was evident that his real name was Le Grand; and he was a Frenchman, probably from Paris or France, direct, though he had spoken English respectably. His purse contained near a hundred sovereigns, his pocket-book as much more in value of bank notes, his gold watch was a fine one, and he wore a rich cluster of diamonds set in antique style—all of which young Rawdon secured, on the principle that he would be suspected and run down, if possible, at best, and he might as well be "killed for a sheep as a lamb."

Within an hour from the time of his decision, Fred. Rawdon was out of the reach of pursuit—having left the body where it fell, and fled with all possible despatch to the sea coast, determined upon quitting America at the very earliest opportunity. On the following evening the papers contained an account of the sad affair in this wise:

"A shocking scene occurred at the lodging-house of Mr. Frederic Rawdon, this morning. The young man was nephew to our respected fellow-citizen, Edward Roser, Esq., and was well on yesterday evening. He had unfortunately become addicted to gaming, latterly, and having been more unlucky than usual, it is supposed that in a fit of despair at his losses, he committed suicide last evening, by shooting himself through the head with a pocket-pistol.

"The body was found at eleven o'clock to-day, and it is in the recollection of the neighbors that the report of a shot was heard last evening there, when it is now supposed that the tragedy took effect; though no notice was taken of the circumstance at the moment. The body of Mr. Rawdon was not marked, but his face was so swollen and disfigured by the wound and the powder, that it was impossible almost to recognize him, except from his dress, and the fact that he was near his own bed, locked up in his own room where the fatal deed must have been committed.

"His uncle, Mr. Roser, is in deep distress at this untimely event; he has no children of his own, and had already determined to make young Rawdon his heir. No letters have as yet been found on the premises, explaining the cause of this act, but there can be little doubt that the general belief is correct, that Rawdon died, by his own hands, in a fit of desperation, occasioned by his late poor luck at the gaming-table.

He was a liberal and good-hearted fellow, and will be missed, notwithstanding the fact that he had faults—as who of us has not? The remains of the unfortunate young man are now in possession of the coroner, and after the inquest, the body will be handed over to Mr. Roser for interment."

Such was the newspaper account of young Rawdon's death. And in the mean time Fred. was urging his way to the Atlantic coast, not in the very best of spirits, to be sure, under these circumstances—but worth a score of dead men, at least!

The suicide was attired in a plain suit of clothes not unlike that worn usually by Rawdon and other young men of his age and class. When Fred. left his room, he did not unlock his door, but made his exit by the window. The dead man was found, therefore, under circumstances that pointed directly to the known occupant of the room, and his features were so mutilated by the wound that destroyed him, that no other individual was thought of by those who found him. And, as the Frenchman was but little known in the city, his disappearance was not alluded to at all. Thus matters stood—the dead man was duly buried at old Roser's expense, and Fred. Rawdon soon after sailed for England.

Two months from the night of the tragedy we have described, a young man sat in a lunch room in the city of London, discussing the merits of a chop and a cup of claret. He was well dressed, and nothing extraordinary about his manners or appearance could have elicited attention. He was a stranger in the great British metropolis, and said very little to anybody. As he was finishing his meal, however, a rather dashing looking Londoner approached the table where he sat, and bade him good evening.

The young man alluded to, was our friend Rawdon, who had just arrived in the city, and the other was a noted "gentleman of the town," a good observer of men and things, generally, in the London world. He was fashionably attired, had a dashing and agreeable air of his own, and saw at a glance that Fred. Rawdon was evidently a new comer. Fred. was pleased with the gentleman's politeness, for he was alone, in a strange land—and the result of their first interview was just what Mr. Tracey—as he called himself—anticipated. The bill was paid by Fred. after they had enjoyed a bottle of wine—and they left the restaurant in company.

"Which way?" asked Rawdon, as they emerged from the door of the lunch-room.

"To Stanton's," said Tracey, "if you like."

"Stanton? Who is he?" inquired Rawdon.

"The best billiard-room in all Lun'm, sir," replied Tracey, coolly. "You play a good game. Come, you can have some fine sport, there."

Rawdon was astonished! How Mr. Tracey could possibly be aware of his weakness—three thousand miles, as he was, from home—was entirely beyond his comprehension.

"Or, if you prefer it," continued Tracey, without observing Rawdon's embarrassment at all, "we'll try the bank at Flores's saloon."

"No, not now. Excuse me, Mr. Tracey, but you have made a mistake."

"Not at all, my young friend. This card you have given me here, bears the name of some friend of yours, I presume—John Edwards. I've no doubt he's a very nice fellow. Where is yours?"

Rawdon was astounded! Could it be possible that he was known in London? He thought a moment, hesitated, looked in Mr. Tracey's face, and said:

"What—what do you mean?"

"I mean, then, Mr. Rawdon,"—responded his new-made acquaintance, "that it's hardly worth your while to begin in this way with me. If you prefer to be known here as John Edwards, I have no objection to your choice—but I know you, Fred. Rawdon, that's all!"

"And what do you know of me?" asked Fred., a good deal disturbed, by this bluff disclosure.

"Nothing—nothing, whatever—if you so desire it. But I have heard that you play well at billiards and roulette, that you know a horse from a handsaw, that you have lived pretty fast thus far, that you have left your man behind you, and that you are heir to old Roser's fat estate in Alabama! Do we now understand each other?"

Rawdon could not reply for a moment—but he soon recovered from his surprise, and asked:

"Who then are you?"

"I'm a gentleman, Mr. Raw—Edwards, I mean. A gentleman of leisure and observation. I have met you before, that's all. I have travelled some in my day—and I saw you in America several times just before you left so suddenly, for a change of climate and scene," he added, significantly. "Come, no more, now. I know you here, as 'Edwards.' You know me as 'Tracey.' Let's try Stanton, and a game of billiards. You'll soon get acquainted with us, here."

And the two men moved on towards the splendidly appointed establishment of Harry Stanton, where they soon arrived, and where, in

the midst of his favorite game, which he played admirably—Fred. Rawdon, alias Edwards, soon forgot all else but his recreation.

On the following day after dinner, Mr. Tracey found it convenient to fall in with Fred. Rawdon, accidentally of course, and as soon as he found it convenient, he drew from his pocket an American newspaper, and pointing to the paragraph containing the account of Rawdon's suicide and burial by his uncle (which, up to that moment, Fred. had never before suspected), the London gentleman enjoyed the surprise of his young companion immensely. When Fred. had twice read the account through, Mr. Tracey remarked, in his usual happy manner:

"It was capitally done, eh? Raw—Edwards, I mean? They've suicided you, mangled you, buried you, and I suppose have, ere this, administered upon your estate over the water. While the best part of the joke is, that you're now alive and well, and, as I see, the probable heir to old Roser's property; that is, if you can convince him that you are not actually defunct."

"Tell me, Tracey," said Fred., seriously, "how you came to be acquainted with my affairs so accurately, and how it was that we first met, as we did, in London—wont you?"

"By all means, my boy, nothing easier. As I have told you, I saw you in America three or four times while I was there; but you never noticed me among the scores of strangers that visited Parks's room. I was on my way home when the accident occurred which has so involved you, and I learned the story about you from your intimates in S—. I left America about the same time that you did, and arrived in London three days before you. We met by mere chance—a curious one, to be sure—and you know the rest. You were lucky last night at cards, Fred?"

"Yes, never more so, at one sitting, in my life."

"How much?"

"Near two hundred pounds better off than when I entered Stanton's."

"Good! Will you go to Flores's this evening, with me?"

"Yes."

"At ten?" said Tracey.

"At ten o'clock, meet me here?"

The two men parted. Tracey resolved upon picking Fred.'s pocket that evening, and our young friend determined never to see the flashy gamester again, if he could avoid it—though he gave Tracey no hint of this, of course.

Promptly at the appointed hour, and in the fullest expectation that he had now a very fair

"pigeon to pluck," the accomplished Mr. Tracey—who was in reality a notorious London sharper—made his appearance at the place where he had agreed to meet Mr. Rawdon, alias Edwards; but his intended victim was not there. He waited half an hour—an hour—but no Rawdon made his appearance!

While the artful Mr. Tracey was just concluding that, perhaps, his young acquaintance might be much more clever than he had supposed, and had concluded to absent himself for his own reasons, altogether, a boy brought in a note, with his own name upon the envelope, which he opened and read as follows:

"MR. TRACEY:—I shall be unable to go this evening. Call to-morrow night at the same hour, if I don't chance to see you previously. I am unexpectedly detained away on other business. In haste, J. EDWARDS."

The object of this brief missive on Rawdon's part, was to gain time. He hurried north, meanwhile, and took passage from Liverpool the next day for the United States. From that hour Mr. Tracey and Fred. Rawdon never met again!

Before he left England, Rawdon examined the pocket-book he had found upon the body of the suicide that had been the cause of his present dilemma, and he ascertained satisfactorily, that he came from Paris. He immediately wrote a letter to his probable address, to the "care of any relative of the deceased," and posted the epistle just before he sailed—giving directions therein and informing any one who would communicate with John Edwards, at Mobile, U. S. A., that they might hear of the effects of the unfortunate man. Then, carefully sealing up the suicide's money, watch and valuables, he packed them away for future reference should they be called for, and departed for America.

The sudden, and to him altogether unexpected turn that his affair had taken, caused Rawdon, immediately upon his learning what had occurred—through the newspaper account he had seen—to adopt an entire new course for his future. He resolved to return to his home, visit his uncle, explain everything to him just as it had happened, and face the consequences, whatever they might be. He knew that he was innocent of having had any part in the Frenchman's death, but he desired to undeceive his friends, after learning of the singular error into which they had fallen—and he had fully determined, too, to change his dissolute course of life, thenceforward, for the better. With all these good resolutions at heart, he departed from Liverpool, and arrived at Charleston, S. C. in safety, after a six months voyage.

It was a dull, still night when Fred. Rawdon finally reached the dwelling of his tight-fisted Uncle Roser, from whom he had been absent over three months. Old Roser had relented since Fred's supposed death, and had been subject to unhappy reflections, notwithstanding his acquired avaricious sentiments. He had had leisure to think over the past, and he knew that his nephew, though wayward and somewhat dissipated, was a good boy at heart; and he fancied that the youth had loved his uncle. He now believed that he had been too harsh and peremptory with his nephew, and said to himself, "if I had not driven him upon his own feeble resources, I might have had a grateful heir, perhaps, that would have respected my memory. As it is, I am alone! Fred. is gone to the Shades, and I am sorry for it. If he were alive, I would now act differently. It is too late!" And at this moment, though it was quite late in the evening, and such a call was extremely unusual at his dwelling, old Roser distinctly heard a sharp rapping at his outside door!

Who could it be? He was not expecting visitors at this unseasonable hour; he was entirely alone in the house at the moment—he could think of nobody that would call upon him, then—when the knock was repeated, louder and sharper than before. Old Roser went to the door not a little alarmed, after a moment's reflection, and demanded "who's there?"

"It is me, me," said a voice, very modestly, outside.

"And who is me, then?"

"Frederic, Frederic Rawdon, uncle—your nephew."

The old man trembled fearfully from head to foot, and yet he thought he knew the voice. He hesitated, but Fred. begged him in his own familiar tone to open the door, and he would quickly explain himself. And a moment afterwards the uncle and nephew entered the well known parlor of Roser's residence, together; although the old man had not scarcely made up his mind whether, as he led the way with the flickering lamp, he was conducting a bona fide ghost into his premises, or not!

"For God's sake, Frederic, tell me, are you dead, or alive!" exclaimed Mr. Roser, fitfully, as he sat down the lamp, and quickly lighted another, in order that he might have a fair sight at his most unexpected guest. "Say, what is it? What does it mean? Arn't you dead and buried? You are! That is, you have been. I've got the bills for your funeral expenses here—here, see, among my receipts," insisted old Roser, vehemently, as he took down a package of

papers. "I paid 'em for burying you, certainly."

"I know it all, uncle, all. I saw the account in the papers. You were very kind. I knew you always were; and I have been a hard youth, troublesome, expensive, wayward, wicked, and deserving of your desertion and censure. But, don't curse me. I'm alive and well, never have been dead, yet, I assure you, though perhaps it would have been better if I had; and I've come home to you, to explain my unfortunate predicament, to ask your forgiveness for past shortcomings, and to show you, if I am permitted, that I will yet become a man, and a credit to the family I have so long and foolishly dishonored."

"This don't sound much like Fred. Rawdon, to my ears," said Mr. Roser, "but I've no doubt you have had some experience, latterly, that I know nothing about, Fred. Where have you been since we buried you? that is, since we buried somebody, who everybody supposed was yourself? Come, let us know what this all means?"

Rawdon instantly commenced at the beginning, and traced every circumstance, from the moment that he heard the pistol-shot and beheld the form of a man stagger into his room and fall dead at his feet, up to the hour when he had just reached his uncle's residence—holding back no part of the story, from first to last, but relating it with all his fright, suspicions, plans, hopes and results, in a candid and truthful tone—concluding by again begging his uncle's forgiveness, and claiming his present protection from legal trouble, which he feared might follow, when his curious and fearful adventure should be made public.

Ned Roser was so glad to feel certain that his nephew was really alive, and that he should now have a rightful family heir to his estate, when he left this world, that he acted very extravagantly for a miserly fellow as he was. The two relatives talked, and argued, and planned, till almost morning, and separated at last, the uncle welcoming the "prodigal son" to his roof again, in downright honest earnest, and Fred. promising as honestly and as earnestly, that he would reform if he now escaped the gallows!

The city of M— awoke next morning to be astonished with the presence of a man "risen from the grave" almost. Old Roser consulted legal advice forthwith, and an examination was directly proposed to inquire into the mystery of the Frenchman's decease, and the attending circumstances whereby Rawdon could in any wise be implicated therewith—but the affair resulted in exonerating Fred. from any participation in it,

and his return to his home was explained to every one's satisfaction. Roser took the youth again under his protection, and Fred. at once forsook his dissolute habits and the companions with whom he had formerly associated.

Mr. Tracey waited at the lunch-room in London for John Edwards a second time, as proposed; but he ascertained afterwards that his bird had flown in season to dodge him. Within two months from the date of his letter to the friends or kin of the unfortunate Le Grand, young Rawson had the satisfaction to receive a reply from the suicide's widowed mother, then living in Paris, with whom he immediately communicated again, and to whom he subsequently transmitted the poor fellow's money and effects which he had found on his person when he left him dead in his room.

The matter of Fred. Rawson's adventure, his sudden leave-taking, and his unexpected return to his native city, all formed the topics for curious speculation and gossip for months after he made his re appearance among his acquaintances. He was censured, applauded, queried, from time to time, but he bore all with patience and becoming grace, and finally the matter was forgotten.

Old Mr. Roser found himself upon his death bed at last. He was seventy years old, and he saw that his days were numbered; yet he did not like to go, for he had always declared that, notwithstanding there was much of woe and pain, and toil and disappointment in this life, yet, on the whole, he was happy, and would prefer still to enjoy his means and his pleasures.

He died, however, and he made Fred. Rawdon his heir. The once wayward youth had got to be an upright, liberal, good citizen, and his uncle's immense property enabled him to do a vast deal—after the death of that relative—which old Roser never would assent to while living. He lived to bless Ned Roser's memory, and to realize afterwards the accuracy of his neighbors' remark, in reference to Le Grand's demise—that it was a *lucky shot* for Fred. Rawdon!

PRINCIPLES AND PASSIONS.

I don't mean to say that principle is not a finer thing than passion; but passions existed before principles; they came into the world with us; principles are super-induced. There are bad principles as well as bad passions; and more bad principles than bad passions. Good principles derive life, and strength, and warmth from high and good passions; but principles do not give life, they only bind up life into a consistent whole. One great fault in education is, the pains taken to inculcate principles rather than to train feelings. It is as if we took it for granted that passions could *only* be bad, and are to be ignored or repressed altogether.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

FOR WHAT?

"Pa, did God make oysters?"

"Yes, my son."

"What for?"

"For us to eat."

"Well—but then, why do they have shells?"

This was a riddle to the little fellow—that oysters are made to be eaten, and yet are made with shells to prevent their being eaten. The same question of the intention of God in the creation of things, meets the student of Nature at almost every spot. Every plant has been given some way of resisting injury. The blades of grass have saw-like margin. The leaves of corn are sharply edged with flint; the heads of grass are bearded; the kernels of all nuts are cased in by a shell to prevent their being destroyed. And yet there have been animals made for the destruction of all these. Cows with rough tongues for drawing grass into their mouths; horses with front teeth like sheers for cutting it off; and sheep that chop it off with their under teeth against their upper gums, as a hatchet chops on a block. The teeth of the squirrels are softest on the inside, that they may wear sharp, and grow continually that they may not become too short. In this way they are kept keen enough to go through the shell of a dried butter-nut, though it turns the edge of a knife.

Every animal has also been given some means of defence. Horses have their teeth, and their hoofs, and their speed. Oxen have their heels and their horns. Even sheep have their wool, and some speed, and can butt. Oysters and turtles their shells, and hedgehogs their quills. But for the destruction of these, there are the carnivorous races, with claws to catch them, with tusks to transfix them, and with intestines that can be used for no other purpose than to digest their flesh. Fish have been given an instinct to fear, and the use of fins with which to escape from the fish-hawk, and yet this bird was given a beak and talons, and must live by their destruction. It seems as though everything had been arranged to prevent death on the one hand, and yet to effect it on the other.—*Country Gentleman.*

EFFECTS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Borchet, a French author of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians at Montpelier, which was the great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living, the other dead, for dissection. On one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would have on a subject in perfect health, and in order to these experiments they told the gentleman (for such was his rank), who was placed at their discretion, that as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means Seneca had chosen for himself, and open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a footbath, and then spoke to each other, as if blood was flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, he was dead.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

The calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue.

THE PAST—THE PRESENT—THE FUTURE.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

The Past regret not—nor deplore
Time's never-ceasing flight;
Though journeying in darkness on,
Or in one broad path of light.
Though bright the links of memory's chain,
Or stained and dark—regret is vain.

The Present is our heritage;
The Past can ne'er be ours;
The Future is deceptive still,
Though wreathed with Hope's bright flowers.
The Present is a rich estate,
All may enjoy and cultivate.

The Future, veiled from human sight,
Yet bright or dark appears;
To our imaginations oft
Painted by hopes or fears.
The Past should teach us to employ
The Present well, for Future joy.

THE MOOR'S CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF GRANADA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THE moon had risen and shone with unclouded brilliancy upon a scene of warlike preparation. Horses had been fed and saddled, armor polished, and now in the court-yard champed and pawed twelve powerful war-horses, eleven of which were backed by men all in glittering steel; the twelfth was held by a groom, and waiting only to be mounted by the brave knight Henri Guarinois. Standing by a deep window through which the moonlight streamed, were two figures, one the young and brave Count Guarinois, the other his loved and lovely wife, the Lady Blanche. She was a delicate and slender girl, with nothing matronly in either air or figure, not certainly over eighteen, and of rare beauty. Beauty indeed was hers, of the first order; the high, pale forehead, from which the brown curls fell in profusion; the delicately pencilled eye-brows and large, soft, brown eyes, gazing with a saddened, but calm look upon the count—all were perfect in their serene, holy beauty. Henri Guarinois looked sadly upon his lovely wife, the bride of but four short months, whom he must now leave to mingle in the blood and strife of war. In silence they stood, till the count, rousing himself from his abstraction, said:

"My good steed Trebizond and my men-at-arms grow impatient, and I must cease this lingering, dear Blanche;" and he bent his tall form and kissed her pale brow.

Lady Blanche was pale, but her eye was as bright and calm as ever—she would not, she a warrior's wife, show how her heart trembled and sank. After a mutual embrace, one long, last kiss, she with her own delicate fingers laced his helm. Her fingers lingered one moment in the clasp of his mailed hand, then leading him to the door, in a clear voice she bade him go.

"Go, and may God be with you and keep you, my noble Henri!"

One instant more, and he had vaulted into his saddle, and at the head of his men-at-arms, was dashing out of the court-yard. Their lance points flashed like diamonds in the moonlight, and the steel-shod hoofs of their horses clanged merrily on the stones. Ere the outer gate was passed, the count turned in his saddle and waved a mute adieu to his loved lady; one moment his white crest mingled with his charger's flowing mane, the next he was gone, and the gate closed behind him.

Long stood Lady Blanche in that castle door, with the moon lighting up her sad, pale face; long after her husband's form had disappeared from her sight, she stood attentively listening to the sound of the steel-shod hoofs, growing faint and more fainter, till even her anxious ear could catch no further sound; then with a sigh, she turned to her desolate apartments.

The drawbridge was secured, the portcullis lowered by her orders, and a vow she registered, to admit no stranger to the hospitality of her board, till her husband returned. Many noble ladies did the same while their lords were absent and in peril.

Many tears were shed after the fight of Roncesvalles. The Moors fought like demons. The smoke hung like a pall over the battle-ground; a mingled clamor as of thousands in agony, smote on the ears of the despairing Frenchmen. Backwards and forwards rode the knights and paladins, cheering and shouting to the men. Foremost was Count Guarinois, apparently fresh and unwearyed. "On, on to the rescue! Close up! France and victory!" he shouted, but to no purpose. The column was broken and panic-struck, and borne backwards in wild confusion.

The heart of Guarinois sunk when he beheld the despair and wild retreat of the men. Knights and men-at-arms all seemed to be struck alike with despair and terror. One effort more the brave Guarinois made. Waving his lance on high and putting spurs to his gallant charger, he rushed forwards, his white plume streaming in the air, and his clear, high tones distinctly heard.

"Fly not, cravens—fly not! Death to the Moors! Forward and conquer!"

Alas it availed nothing. The soldiers pushed not forwards, and the Moors closed round the devoted warrior and his few remaining men-at-arms, trusty followers, who would not leave their lord in his great peril. Surrounded as he was, he still fought with desperation, still shouting "France and victory!" The Frenchmen heard, but they only made a faint attempt of rallying to his rescue. His followers were cut down one by one, yet still he fought. Laying aside his lance he seized his ponderous battle-axe. Raising himself in his stirrups, he wielded it with wonderful strength, and at each blow a Moorish knight rolled in the dust, and a horse careered riderless, over that bloody plain. But one man cannot hold his ground against numbers, and a well-directed blow from a lance unhorsed the now exhausted but dauntless cavalier Guarinois. As the Moor who had overthrown him was about to cleave his head from his body, the King Marlotès, one of the seven Moorish kings, dashed up.

"Slay him not, slay him not!" he shouted, "but bear him off a prisoner."

The day closed in, and darkness spread its welcome cloak over that field, which had been the scene of the bloody and fatal fight of Roncesvalles.

O, weep, ye men of France over your defeat! Weep, thou beautiful Lady Blanche, for thy brave Henri lies in a Moorish dungeon! Hide your heads in shame, ye cravens, who came not to the rescue of the brave, true Guarinois!

In an apartment of the palace sat two maidens; Xarifa and Madisma, daughters of King Marlotès. Xarifa spoke first.

"Do you wish to see this captive, the Christian knight?"

"Ay, that I do," answered Madisma, the youngest of the maidens.

"Sister, what knight have we who is his equal? Report says he is young and handsome, and we know he is brave, for alone he slew nine gallant Moorish knights. A perfect hero. Bernardo del Carpio only is as brave."

"Why, sister, you are letting your thoughts fly too far with you. Bernardo would not have allowed himself to be taken at all."

"Now, Xarifa, you are the foolish one. Out upon you! Can a single man hope to do battle with numbers and come off victorious? Your wits have indeed flown, if you do not feel that he must be a true knight, as brave, ay, braver than Del Carpio."

Having given utterance to these feelings, Ma-

disma turned away as if wishing to put a stop to any further discussion. Xarifa laughed lightly at her sister's manner.

"Ha, ha, so thou art caught by the reports concerning this brave infidel captive knight!"

Three days had Henri Guarinois been imprisoned, though his place of confinement was light and large, and he had been treated with all kindness by the King Marlotès. He was aroused from a reverie into which he had fallen by the opening of his prison door and the entrance of the jailer, accompanied by four attendants. No words were spoken, but he was led forth to the council hall of the palace, there to receive his sentence. King Marlotès gazed with joyful eyes upon his captive. After a silence of a few moments, he thus spoke to Guarinois, who stood calm and haughty before him.

"Hast thou found thy confinement irksome, sir count?"

"Any knight would chafe at a confinement, king, no matter how pleasant an abode, which keeps him from mounting his steed with armor girded on, and lance in hand."

The king smiled, and after stroking his beard, and pondering a moment or two, he again spoke earnestly and hurriedly.

"Now, by the name and for the sake of Allah, renounce thy faith. Become a Moslem, and with joy will I receive thee."

A derisive smile played for a moment on his handsome face, but Guarinois answered not.

"Now, listen, Count Guarinois; but become a Moslem, and thou shalt have either of my fair daughters for thy wife. Thou speakest not! If thou wishest more, more will I give thee. Speak boldly then, what is thy further wish?"

Kindly the King Marlotès spoke, for he loved his noble captive, and would fain win him for himself and daughter. Not one moment did the count pause to think, but clear and promptly came this answer.

"God forbid, and Mary his dear mother, that I should renounce the faith of Christ, and adhere to Allah. I want no wife. I have one in my sunny France; I do not need another one in Spain. No, kindly though you have spoken, and generously offered me thy child, I cannot abjure my faith or break my marriage vow."

King Marlotès's eyes flashed, and he clenched his hands in rage.

"Think once again, Count Guarinois. The offer of a king's daughter should not be lightly refused. Accept, and life, liberty, and power are thine, henceforth. Refuse, and the lowest dungeon I possess, is thy life-long abode!"

No muscle of the count's face moved, his eye

quailed not beneath the fierce rage of the king. No thought of yielding had place a moment though his heart sank. Firm and calm he stood in his high courage, and his voice faltered not though he knew that his answer would shut him out forever from the pleasant light of day. Again he repeated, and his voice was clear and high:

"I cannot change my faith, or break my vow for love or life."

Marlotes sprang from his seat in fierce rage, and hoarsely he gave the order:

"Bind him hand and foot. Bear him to the dungeon, keep him beneath the vault, let him lie and perish!"

They chained him with heavy bolts of iron and rattling chains, and led him out. One last, lingering, wistful look he cast upon the bright heavens, and spreading vales, lit up by the glad warm sun, then a step forward, and the heavy, dark door that was to shut him in from all the bright life closed. On through the stillness and gloom they led him; down steps and along passages, till they reached the lowest dungeon in the castle. The only light that entered that dismal cell crept in through two chinks in the thick walls, high above his head, so that he might never hope to catch the smallest glimpse of beautiful nature. The ray of light was gray and cold, and the walls were rough and chill, in the dismal place henceforth to be the life-long abode of the young, brave knight Guarinois. When he had entered the dungeon, he turned and saw Marlotes standing at the entrance.

"This, sir knight is to be your resting-place. Once more, I offer you your freedom, if you will but embrace the faith of Allah."

Guarinois turned away, saying:

"Close the door. Ay, bolt and bar it strong, and so destroy all hope."

"By the beard of Allah," exclaimed the king, "but thou art a stubborn knight."

The door closed, and the echoing tread of the soldiers was heard no more.

Seven years have passed in gloom and woe, and only three times in each long weary year had Count Henri Guarinois breathed the free air. Three festival days in every year had he been led forth chained and guarded, to be the sport and mockery of the assembled throngs. The seven years had slowly dragged on in hopeless misery, wearily, with no hope of change save by death.

An unusual bustle and clamor in the world without had aroused Guarinois from his apathy and despair, and when his jailer brought his food, he asked him the cause.

"Is it," he asked, "another feast day when I

shall be brought forth from hence to become the mark of scornful words and hate? or does some brave young knight wed the daughter of Marlotes, whom I scorned?"

The jailer replied:

"These trumpet sounds do not announce feast or bridal joy; rather hunger and sorrow. It is John the Baptist's day, when all join in jousts and tilts. The King Marlotes in his joy has placed a target as a spearman's mark, but so high in air that all have failed to reach it to pierce the ring, or throw it down. Marlotes in his fierce rage has proclaimed by heralds through the town that no man, woman or child shall taste food till the prize be gained."

Springing to his feet the pale Guarinois spake out:

"Now help me God! were I but armed and mounted on my own gray Trebizond, all would enjoy their food full soon, for whatever the height, I would reach the prize."

The jailer marvelled. Would this pale knight, who in chains had languished seven weary years, attempt what gallant practised spearmen had failed in?

"List to me, sir jailer. Give me my trusty steed, if he is not long since dead, all caparisoned as of old; give me the trusty lance I brought with me from home, and my good armor, and I will win the prize or die."

The jailer spake with wonder in his voice:

"Seven years of gloom and imprisonment have not robbed thee of thy brave spirit. I will repair to the King Marlotes, and report to him thy words."

What hope has sprung up in thy heart of steel, brave Guarinois? The jailer sought and obtained admittance to the king. The jailer found him seated in his listed ring, with a black cloud on his brow. He whispered to him the captive's boast. Marlotes laughed in scorn, then turning to his knights, he said:

"Listen, and you shall hear brave tidings. My prisoner Guarinois has this day made the boast that were he but mounted on his old gray steed, with lance in rest, he would win the prize ye all have failed to gain, or yield his life blood at my feet."

All assembled laughed, though the king said to them:

"Ye may laugh, but well he may boast thus, when all of ye have failed so shamefully."

Turning, he gave the order to have the captive and his horse brought forth.

"Ha, ha," he laughed, 'twill be a pleasing sight to behold the enfeebled lord who has borne gloom and chains, meet his old, ragged steed,

and armed cap-a-pie in rusty armor, charge in the brilliant sun right at the mark. Methinks the sun will blind him, and he will fail."

When Guarinois appeared, the king and knights laughed more loudly. His horse, old gray Trebizond, neighed and plunged so furiously, that he freed himself from the groom and rushed madly to his master, who stroked his no longer glossy neck, and whispered to him, and he was quiet by his side. They girded on his suit of mail and cuirass, all rusty as they had hung on the wall; they laced his helmet on his pale and shrunken face, and gave him his lance. The knights watched Guarinois closely, and laughed in anticipated scorn as he approached the steed to mount.

"Fit steed to be mounted by so gallant knight," they cried; but the laugh was hushed, for with all his former grace, Guarinois vaulted lightly into the saddle. Once he slowly rode round the listed ring, then halted before the king. Marliotes laughed.

"All hail, sir knight," he said. "Do thy best. Thy blood we long to see!"

Then Guarinois, with his lance in rest, slowly backed across the ring, paused one moment, then charged right at the breast of the scoffing, heathen king, and trod his turbaned head in the dust. Wild confusion followed this unexpected and signal act. Profiting by the confusion, and sparing neither lance nor rowel, he galloped, slaying, as he went. Forward he rode; before him lay the sunny land of France, his home, his wife—behind him, death.

Late one night a weary knight on a jaded steed stopped at a castle gate craving entrance.

"Unbar your gates, and up with your portcullis! I am a friend, and come in time of peace."

The warder shook his head.

"Our master, Count Guarinois, is a prisoner abroad, and our lady will admit no stranger within her halls."

"Then haste to thy lady and say, a worn and weary knight craves admittance."

For a few minutes the knight sat there faint and weary, but soon he saw a lady closely hooded, standing in the gate house, with several attendants and the old warder beside her.

The knight bowed, then raised himself and spoke in a clear voice.

"I pray you, gentle lady, open your gates to one who has travelled far, and is faint with fatigue, and unable to hold himself on his worn-out steed till he reach another resting-place, and who, for so gentle a deed will ever be your debtor."

"Pardon, me, gentle knight, pardon me if I seem uncourteous, but I must keep my vow, never to admit to the hospitality of my board any stranger knight till my lord returns."

"Lady," replied the knight, "I beseech thee to admit me within thy gates. I ask not to set foot within thy halls. I ask but leave to pass thy gate."

"Noble knight," exclaimed the lady, "I do trust thy word. Lower the bridge—raise the portcullis! Ride in, sir knight!"

The gates were thrown open and the weary knight rode in. The lady stood within awaiting him. He sprang from his charger.

"I thank thee for thy courtesy, dear lady. 'Tis the first time for years that I have received friendly word or greeting. Long years have I languished in the far off dungeon of the Moors."

The lady bowed her head, then raising it she said:

"My vassals are preparing a place of shelter for thee, and I must again crave pardon for my seeming discourteousness."

After a little hesitation, she asked in a low, eager tone:

"Thou sayest thou hast escaped from the Moors. Heardst thou then aught of Count Henri Guarinois? He is my lord, and he's among the Moors. I know he is not dead," she said, raising her head and gazing mildly at the knight.

With trembling fingers that knight unbound his helmet and disclosed his features, pallid from confinement and fatigue, but his lady knew him, and as he was about to sink fainting at her feet, her arms received him. They bore him tenderly to the castle. His strength returned, and he clasped his loved Lady Blanche in his arms. All his seven years of misery, were forgotten in this moment of bliss. His loved lady through long years had cherished his image, and faithfully kept her vow.

Lights blazed everywhere. The drawbridge was lowered, the portcullis raised, and at the gates a herald stood, inviting all who passed to enter.

"Ride in, ride in, and welcome back the brave Count Henri Guarinois! Seven years he laid in a Moorish dungeon. The day has come, the day of greatest joy and triumph. Ride in, all ye noble knights, ride in! Welcome to the hero's home!"

Guard, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you, lest they, by so doing, become your bitterest enemies, never forgiving the wrongs they have themselves inflicted.

AFAR FROM THEE.

BY MYRA LINDIE DONELSON.

Afar from thee, to-night, darling,
 My heart beats wearily;
 Afar, afar from thee to-night,
 How sad earth looks to me.
 The moon smiles gently down, darling,
 With many a silver gleam;
 But brighter smiles of olden time
 Are ever in my dream.

'Tis many a month ago, darling,
 Since last I met with thee;
 And the pure joy of those bright days
 Can ne'er return to me.
 I know thou art far away, darling,
 I know thou art estranged;
 But, though we may be friends no more,
 My heart can ne'er be changed.

O meet me once again, darling,
 And clasp my hand once more;
 And let me hear thy gentle tone,
 As in the days of yore.
 I miss thy sunny smile, darling—
 The glance of thy dark eye;
 O, meet me, dearest, once again,
 As in the days gone by.

JOE GRUMMET'S COURTSHIP.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

"Come, Joe," said I, as we were walking fore and aft in the waist, "spin some kind of a yarn to pass the time." It had been blowing a stiff gale for the last twenty-four hours, during which time we had gradually shortened sail, until no more could be taken off her, and the ship was now laying to, under close-reefed main-topsail and storm-staysail, a position in which she behaved splendidly, keeping her nose close to the wind, and rising and falling on the tremendous swell which was now running, as if she had been a duck.

There is no time when less is to be done on board a ship than when fairly laid to in a gale of wind; consequently, most of the watch had turned in for a snooze under the lee of the galley and long-boat. A landsman would probably have been thinking of something else than sleep in such a storm, but with a bran new main-top-sail of number one Russia duck, a trifle thinner than the palm of your hand, we felt as safe, blow hard as it would, as if moored head and stern in the safest harbor in the world.

"Come, Joe," I repeated, as he made me no answer, "how about that yarn?"

"O, you've heard all the yarns that ever I

knew, 'cept them as I've forgot," replied Joe, leaning over the pig pen on the fore hatch, and discharging a stream of tobacco juice directly into the eye of one of its unfortunate occupants, who commenced squealing as if its heart was broken, whereupon each of his brothers in captivity set up a sympathetic squeal, and commenced running against and poking each other over, with the evident intention of consoling their suffering companion, who was not gentleman enough to like tobacco.

"I never was shipmates with such another chap as you," continued Joe; "I never gets no peace of my life for you, all the time a chowzeing a feller for yarns, and never spins one yerself from one month's end to another. I don't know no more yarns, and I wont tell you none, so there's all about it."

I saw that I had taken Joe on the wrong tack, so, after a turn or two around the galley, I went down into the fore-castle, lit my pipe, and coming up, asked him "if he wouldn't take a pull?" This rather softened him, and we began talking of the weather,—about this storm, and other storms we had seen; this was precisely what I wanted, for I knew it would lead to a yarn. After talking for some time, and bewailing the hard life that sailors have to lead, "How is it," said I, "that so many go to sea? I never knew a sailor who commenced going to sea and followed it up because he liked it; they all seem to be driven to it for some reason."

"Wall, it's 'bout so," said he. "I've bin going to sea nigh upon thirty year, and I've got so used to it now that I s'pose I shall keep going for thirty year to come; but I might hev stopped ashore long ago, if so be I hadn't had disappointments." Joe here heaved a sigh that might have been heard half a mile in still weather.

"Disappointments, Joe?" said I; "what kind of disappointments,—did you expect a leg-acy?"

"No, I didn't expect no legersee, whatsum-ever that may be. I was what they call crossed in love, when I was a youngster, and so—what yer larfin' at, you thunderin' sea-lawyer?"

"I'm not laughing,—I only swallowed a piece of tobacco," said I, trying to hide the laugh which had been forced from me at the unexpected announcement; the idea was so irresistibly ludicrous, that our Joe, who boasted, and not without reason, that every hair of his head was a rope-yarn and every finger a marlin-spike, should own himself a victim to the tender passion. I should as soon have thought of a love-sick whale, for Joe's claim to the title of monster of the deep, both as regarded size and appear-

ance, would not have been disputed by any reasonable person.

"Well, Joe, but that was not the reason of your first coming to sea?"

"No, I come to sea in the first place, because I couldn't do nothin' else. I wasn't much bigger than a good sized monkey, when I come down from Connecticut, so I took the fust chance I could get, and that was aboard a little brig, up fer the West Indies, fer a cargo of larses. I went cabin-boy fust, but I kept a growin' so that the cap'n said as how it wasn't safe for me to go cabin-boy no longer, fer I might wake up some mornin' and find I'd growed too big to get out of the companion-way, and so have to pass the rest of my days in solitary confinement, in the larses trade. Arter that I went before the mast, I didn't hev no money when I started, and I've held my own ever since."

"So you are a Connecticut boy, are you, from the land of steady habits, eh?"

"Yes, that's what they calls it, and that's just the reason why I left it. The old shark as I lived with was in the habit of keeping me at work about sixteen hours a day, and he kept so steady at it that he used to forget when Sunday come."

"But how was it about the love affair, Joe? I never had any experience myself, and you might teach me enough, so that if ever I should happen to be cruising in those waters I should need no pilot."

"Wal, the way of it was jest this," said Joe, now fairly in for a yarn, as he settled himself into the bight of the fore topgallant halyards. "When I was about two and twenty, I was paid off with about one hundred and eighty dollars, and found myself adrift in Boston, with no one to call master. It was the first time that I ever had so much money, and I meant to take the benefit of it, so I started to look fer a boarding-house. I wasn't going to take up with none of your common jack-nastiface chain-lockers, for I felt as big as a dog with two tails, and was in for a reg'lar out and outer. Well, I kept back-ing and filling about Ann Street and North Square, but didn't find anything that looked just right for a chap with all that money; so I walks myself into a bar room, and comes to an anchor under the lee of the stove, to hold a council of war. I hadn't sot there long, afore a chap comes in, a reg'lar swell, you'd hev set him down fer a cap'n, at the very lowest count. He looks at me fer a while, but I didn't let on that I noticed him. Bime-by he hailed me.

"'Jack,' says he, 'wont you take a drink?'"

"'Yes,' says I, 'I don't mind if I do, at my

expense.' He wanted to pay fer it himself, at first, but I wouldn't let him; so we had our drinks, and I pulls out a hull fist full of suverings, half eagles, and sich like ballast, and throws ene on 'em down on the bar, as uncon-sarned as if I'd handled nothin' else but gold all my life. He grew 'mazin' civil to me arter he saw the money, and come and set down side of me.

"Wal, we set there a while, spinning cuffers to each other, he pretending to believe all I told him. If ever I lied, it was that identical arternoon; but no yarn was too tough for him, he would hoist in anything. I could see that he wasn't anybody's fool, so I made up my mind that he wanted something of me. Bime-by it comes out.

"'Jack,' says he, 'where are you stopping?'"

"'Nowhere, just at present,' says I, 'I don't keer about stopping in any of these chain-lockers, but I don't find anything much better.'

"'I know what you want,' says he; 'just you come with me, and I'll rig you out like a stu'nail boom.'

"So we took another drink, and laid our course about son' southeast for Fort Hill.

"We had a fine run all the way, with a leading breeze, only we were taken aback just abreast of a grog-shop on Broad Street, where they sold reg'lar chain lightnin', fer three cents a glass, that would kill a man at thirty paces.

"When we got to his place—for this chap was the boarding-master—and took a look round, I made up my mind that I'd found just what I wanted. It was a stunning place, now I tell you; they never took more than twelve at a time to board, and there was three sleeping rooms, so we wasn't all crowded up in a bunch, as in most boarding houses. Every morning the rooms was swept and new sanded, and all sorts of figgers wiggled out in the sand with a broom; then there was a looking-glass in each room, as big as the top of my chist, and a little, tall, spindle shanked table, with a hole in the top, and a big earthen bowl rigged into it for washing yer-self, d'ye mind, and a big jug of water, besides other kinds of crockery, for all the world like a gentleman's house. So I told him that 'I'd stop with him, and he might send fer my dunnage as soon as he liked.'

"Well, he went out to look after it, and I set in the bar-room smoking, and mighty busy thinking of nothing, when a dray stopped at the door, and rolled off a couple of barrels of flour. The chap that brought 'em looked in and axed 'If 'twas all right?' I told him I didn't know, but I'd find out. So I went to the top of the

cellar stairs, and hailed the gals that I heard talking and snikering in the cellar kitchen.

"O, yes," one on 'em sings out, 'everything is right that comes here.' Thinks I, that's a sort of overhanded compliment to me. She had a mighty nice kind of voice, too; it sounded as pleasant as the steward calling all hands to grog, after a reefing match. Bime-by, up she comes to look after the flour, and a nicer looking craft than that gal I never clapped my two eyes on to. She wasn't none of your milk and molasses looking gals, none of your clipper built affairs, but a reg'lar three decker; she was nigh about as tall as you are, and didn't weigh a pound less than a hundred and eighty. There was something worth falling in love with,—not like your little creeters, that you can't be more'n half in love with, because there aint half enough of 'em. Her hair was a little red, to be sure,—some chaps pretends that they don't like red hair, but I do, it makes a gal look spunky. Then she had an arm and fist that wouldn't have looked bad on a stevedore. I see that she was a mighty powerful young lady, by the way she mitted one of the barrels of flour. Well, I was struck all aback when she first come into the room, she looked so hartsome, in her bright yaller gown, with green sprigs on it, and a great long glass earring slung to each ear. As soon as she fisted one of the barrels, I jumps up and grabs the other, 'Sha'n't I help you, marm?' says I.

"Yes, sir," says she, as perlitte and lady-like as ever you heerd, 'I'd be much obleeged to you if you'd jest lend a hand with the tother barrel.'

"So I picks up my barrel and follered her. When we'd got the two of 'em stowed away in the cellar, all snug, I turned round and looks at her, and she looked at me. I knowed that I ought to say something to make myself agreeable, but I somehow didn't know what to say—sort of bashful like, you see. I hadn't been much in genteel society afore, so I stood there a minute or two, twisting my hat round and round, as if I was expecting to find something on the side farthest from me, like a pup after his tail. She began to giggle, so I up and says, 'Fine day, marm.'

"Yes, sir," says she, 'stunning weather, fine wind for outward bounders, too.'

"Yes, marm," says I, then I was palled again for something to say.

"You haven't been ashore a great while, have you, sir?" says she.

"No, marm," says I, kind of confused like, 'I haven't yet, but I calculate to be before long.'

"My words all come broadside on,—I couldn't get 'em into shape, no how,—there wasn't no more talk in me than a porpus; so I made one of my perlitest bows, and went up into the bar-room again. The boarding-master had come back with my dunnage, so I began talking with him about this gal. Her name, he said, was Nancy Smith, that she come from away down in the State of Maine, somewheers, and was going to work for him that winter, as a sort of pot-slewer. He allowed that he was proud to have her in the house, for she could lick any two gals that travelled round them corners, and a drunken sailor wasn't no more in her hands than a kitten.

"Has she got any chap sparking round her," says I, kind of innocent like.

"Hillo!" says he, 'so you've got a fancy that way, have you? you'll have to work your cards pretty smart if you expect to catch her; there's been more than a dozen chaps tried that on since I knew her, but they didn't make out much, she's so suspicious of 'em, because, you know, she's an heiress.'

"A which?" says I, for I didn't know what it was, then.

"An heiress," says he; 'that's what they call a single young woman what has got money of her own, and aint married.'

"O, is that all?" says I, kind of relieved, 'I thought it meant something else. How much money has she got?'

"Wall, it aint exactly money, neither. You see, soon after she come down here, her father died, and left her six or seven hundred dollars' worth of woodland down east, and she thinks all the chaps have got an eye to her property, as she calls it. She'd make a profitable wife for any man. I'd marry her myself, if I hadn't got two wives already, one here and another in England.'

"Wall, he promised to speak a good word for me, and put me up to the moves, and so he did; he couldn't hev done more for me, or treated me better, if I had been his own brother. He was a real gentleman, that chap, and as good hearted a feller as ever I run afoul of. When I heerd, a year or two after, that as how he'd got ten years in state prison, for hitting a chap over the head, and pulling his watch and money, I was as sorry as if it had been myself. I got a good deal better acquainted with Nancy that night, and we sat by the stove after supper, talking away like old shipmates, and she promised to go with me to the theatre. I thought that was doing pretty well for a green hand.

"The next morning I started to take a cruise

up into the town, to see the elephant. I'd heerd that he was to be seen, if you only looked in the right place; so after drifting about for a while, I fetched up in Washington Street. Now that's a street where a chap has to keep on the lookout all the time, and steer small, or he'll be run into and sunk, afore he knows he's in danger. I was spying round to find one of them nick-nack shops, where they keeps breast-pins, and sich like trumpery, that the women is always after. I wanted to get somethin' of the kind fer Nance to wear to she theatre that night; pretty soon I sighted a shop that had a figger-head of an eagle, I s'pose 'twas meant for an eagle, but it looked to me more like an albatros; anyway, whichever it was, it was all gilded off in great style, with his wings spread out, and holding an all-sufficient big orange in his fists. As I was standing there, peeking into the shop and thinking what I'd best get, a chap comes to the door and axed me to come in, as perlit as if I'd been the secketary of the navy. I told him what I was after, and he pulled out a box with an everlasting slew of trinkets. I poked 'em all over, but didn't see any that was just the thing; I'd seen plenty like them afore. Bime-by he lugs out something that took my eye in a minute,—it wasn't exactly a breast pin, nor it wasn't exactly anything else,—it was more like a watch. You had to wear it slung round the neck by about half a fathom of chain that was made fast to it. It opened edgeways, like a watch, for stowing away locks of hair, and such like traps. on one side of it was a picter of a little chap, that they had forgot to put any clothes onto, poking a harpoon into the ace of hearts; on the other was a man and woman, shaking hands, and a couple more of them little naked fellers, trying to jump over them. You may believe Nance looked pleased when I gave it to her.

"Along to'ards night, Nance rigged out in shape to go to the theatre, so I called one of those two wheeled coaches, that has a door opening abaft, right through the taffrail, and off we started. Now if ever you want to ride stylish, don't get into one of them consarns, for it's sudden death to a chap that aint used to 'em. The one that we were in had seats running fore and aft, not much wider than your hand, and there was no use trying to keep steady on 'em; first the old craft would give a lurch to starboard, and pitch me over on to Nance's seat, then it would settle away to port, and Nance would come over on my side, all in a heap; so we kept on, till we got abreast of the theatre, when the coach slewed round, and getting stern-way on, backed us right square into the door.

"After some scuffling on the stairs to get through the crowd, we gets in, and found a pair of seats close to the bulwarks that runs round the front of the boxes. I guess most of the people there knew Nance, for they kept looking at us and larfin', as if they were glad to see us. Right in front of us was a big squaresail, of green canvass, that shut in the part of the deck where they played, and right in front of that again, was a sort of cuddy, for the chaps that played on the fiddles and things. I didn't see but what they made good music enough, but there was a sort of bo'sun standing up in the middle of 'em, with a heaver in his hand, who didn't seem to be suited, no how; he kept flourishing his stick round, and making as if he'd hit the chap that didn't happen to suit him. They all seemed affear'd of him, too, the cowardly lubbers; for sometimes, when they were going along smooth and nice, he'd make an extra clip at some of 'em, and frighten 'em so that they'd crack on and make noise enough to stun ye. If I'd been one of 'em, I'd have hit him a punch in the head.

"There was an everlasting lot of gals at the theatre that night, and what took my eye was their top hamper; a'most all of 'em had little three cornered mats on top of their heads, like as you'd make a mat for chafing gear, only instead of being made of spunyarn, they were made of blue and white, and red and white twine or marline.

"It was surprising how much cold them gals could stand,—you'd hev larfed to see how short waisted their dresses were at the top; one poor creeper in particular, that was in the next box, needed a jacket awful. I was thinking about offering her my reefing jacket, but just then they clewed up the green squaresail that I was telling you about, so I forgot it.

"I haven't got time to tell you about the play now, for I'll have to go to the wheel in a few minutes, but I'll tell you about that some other time.

"Nance and I kept on going to theatres and things o' nights, and riding about in that two wheeled consarn day times, for five or six weeks, and if we didn't have good times, then nobody ever did. Wall, Nance and I made it up together, that after I'd made one more voyage, we'd get spliced, and so cruise in company the rest of our lives. You see I was getting pretty well cleaned out of cash by that time, so I wanted to make one more voyage, to raise the wind, that we might start a boarding-house when we were spliced.

"There was a ship laying in the stream, wait-

ing for her crew. She was bound for the East Indies, to be gone about eighteen months, so after taking leave of Nance, I went down and shipped aboard of her. We had a good passage out, everything went on as nice as you please. I bought a heap of presents when we were in Canton; 'mong other things was an Injy shawl. I remembered that green and yaller gown that Nance had on when I first saw her, and I wanted to get one that had the same colors. After hunting all over Canton, one day I lit upon one that was about the tastiest thing I ever saw. It was as big as our mizzen to' gallant sail, green, with great yaller sunny-flowers on it, and I got one of them China women to work an anchor with red silk in the middle of each sunny-flower.

"We got our cargo sooner than we expected, and in less than eleven months from the time that we left Boston, we were homeward bound. I could think about nothing else but Nance, and getting home, getting spliced, and sich like. But it wasn't to be so, for, as one of them great play writers says, you never can lay a smooth course in love affairs.

"When we got within about three weeks' sail of Boston, the ship was hove down in a squall one night, and we had to cut away the masts to right her; but 'twas no use, she'd got so strained that the pumps wouldn't keep her free, and we had to abandon her. We were picked up in a day or two, as ill luck would have it, by a ship bound for the Sandwich Islands; so instead of getting home in eighteen months, it was nigh upon three year before I saw Boston, and no chance to write to Nance all that time.

"When I did get there, I made a straight wake for the boarding house, and the first one I seed was her, but I'm blowed if she didn't hev a baby in her arms as big as a dolphin. She squealed right out when she saw me, and would hev dropped the kid if I hadn't caught it, but I set it down again as soon as I could, for it kind of went agin my feelings to handle it much. You see the way of it was, she had heard of the loss of our ship, and as I didn't turn up, she s'posed that I'd lost the number of my mess; so when the old boarding-master was put in prison, as I was telling ye, she thought it was a pity to let the house go down, and so took up with a little square rigged long-shore man.

"Hillo, there goes four bells, and it's my trick at the wheel."

"Hold on, Joe," said I, "haven't you ever seen her since?"

"Blast your eyes, you never gets enough of a yarn;—see her, yes, I seed her the last time I was in Boston, but she has growed old and fat,

nigh about as big round as one of them water-casks, and a trifle cross or so, I guess; she don't look no more like she did when I fust saw her, than I look like the Joe Grummet that used to be sparkin' round her."

KATHLEEN.

BY L. M. TENNEY.

Thou art fading, swiftly fading,
From my yearning gaze away,
E'en as fades the crimson cloudlet,
That crowns the dying day.
And I know, the cold, far heavens
Soon will be a veil between
Thy form and me, my truest one,
My beautiful Kathleen.

I stand beside the window,
Gazing forth upon the snow,
And think how very chill it is,
Within the ground below.
O, would the summer time were here,
With flowers and grasses green;
How can I lay thy fair, slight form,
Beneath the snow, Kathleen!

Yet, in the solemn twilight,
I know thou'lt come to me,
For thy gentle, gilding footfall,
I shall hearken breathlessly.
And, where the moonbeams linger,
I shall see the beauteous sheen
Of thy heavenly raiment, glisten,
Spotless angel—dear Kathleen!

Faint and weary, ere the night-time,
I shall come and share thy rest;
For round thee twines the vital chain,
Whose links beat in my breast.
Its loving clasp can ne'er uncloze,
Though death shall intervene;
O hidden is my life in thine,
My beautiful Kathleen!

RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

I had heard of fine horses in Russia, but I complacently said to myself, 'Whatever they are, they cannot be equal to English.' However, I went to Russia, and seeing is believing. Their artillery and cavalry are far better mounted than ours, and their horses are immeasurably superior in those qualities which constitute the fine war-horse; namely, courage, constitution, vigor, strength of limb, and great power of endurance under fatigue and privation." Of English cavalry he says, "Decked out in showy trappings, their riders decorated with feathers, and plumes, they look well to the superficial observer; but the English cavalry are not what they should be. If brought fresh into the field of battle, the speed of the horses and the pluck of the men would doubtless achieve great things for the moment; but they could not endure, they could not follow up, they could not come again.—*Capt. Nolan.*

The best physicians are Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet and Dr. Merryman.

MY YOUTHFUL HOME.

BY C. MORRIS.

Home of my youth! how my heart swells toward thee,
 My soul on the wings of love flies to thy shrine;
 Your bright fields in fancy still blossom before me,
 And all the loved spots which so fondly were mine.
 Upon my mind's eye gleams the vine-covered dwelling,
 Alive with the dreams of life's earliest part;
 Above its low portal the oak-trees swelling,
 And with un fading verdure, still blooms in my heart.

With visions of pleasure my spirit oft quivers;
 Sweet visions which nothing but death may destroy,
 When the full flood of time on me flows, like a river,
 Filled with lofty barks richly freighted with joy.
 Bright, bright on life's sky, gleam my childhood's sweet
 dreaming,
 Like the west, when the sun has in sleep closed his eye;
 Through the halls of sweet memory flash brilliant gleam-
 ings,
 While all the dull clouds of reality fly.

Forever in my bosom will live these sweet phantoms,
 The souls of old joys buried long in time's grave;
 Forever my soul they will sweetly be haunting,
 As on life's dull shore like an ocean they lave.
 I'd not have them again to be clothed in reality,
 For fear all their heavenly sweetness should fall;
 No, still let them blossom in sweet ideality,
 And gleam with their love-light on memory's halls.

BARON STEUBEN.

Of this brave officer, to whom the American army of the Revolution is so much indebted for what little of discipline it attained, nothing is known, until we find him serving as aid in the army of Frederick, King of Prussia. His birth-place is supposed to have been at Suabia, in Germany, where he inherited an estate from his father. Becoming dissatisfied with the services of the Prussian king, he resigned his commission in the army, and after spending a short time in Paris, he embarked, under an assumed name, and with the avowed purpose of serving the cause of liberty in America, on board a French ship at Marseilles, and landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the first of December, 1777. He made the most liberal offers to Congress, which were accepted, and he was immediately ordered to join the American army, then lying in winter quarters at Valley Forge, bearing the commission of inspector general.

Baron Steuben found the army in a most deplorable condition; the soldiers destitute of clothing, arms, and almost everything which constitutes an army. It was enough to strike dismay into any heart less stout than his. His utter ignorance of our language rendered his situation only the more hopeless. On the first parade confusion was worse confounded, from the soldiers not understanding the orders, and being utterly unused to the new movements of the baron, who was also fast losing his patience, when Captain Walker, of the New York Fourth, tendered his services as an interpreter of his orders.

"If I had seen an angel from heaven," said

the baron, years afterwards, "I should not have been more rejoiced."

Walker immediately became his aid, and was rarely from his side afterwards. From this time the discipline and tactics of the army began rapidly to improve. Every fair day the troops were mustered at daylight, and underwent a most thorough scrutiny and severe drill. Every defect was noticed and rebuked, while every effort to do well received the baron's smile and approval. As almost a matter of necessity, he sometimes censured his men when they deserved it not. Whenever he discovered this, he always made frank and manly reparation. Having ordered a lieutenant of Colonel Jackson's regiment to the rear in disgrace for a fault of which he deemed him guilty, and shortly after learning his innocence, "Desire Lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front," said he to his colonel.

"Sir," said the baron, when he appeared, "the fault which was made by throwing the line into confusion, might, in the presence of an enemy, have proved fatal. I arrested you as its supposed author. I have learned my mistake, and believe you blameless. I ask your pardon. Return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable."

During this speech the baron uncovered his venerable head, on which the rain fell in a continued torrent.

Having received the sanction of the War Department and Congress, Steuben entered upon a more enlarged plan of improving the army, the importance of which was soon manifest in the success of our arms at Monmouth. His selection of his aids evinced great forecast and discrimination. They made a happy family—all of whom loved the baron as a father; and although, when on duty, he allowed not the slightest approach to familiarity, yet, while in barracks, the youngest could approach him with the utmost freedom.

In 1778, Baron Steuben prepared his admirable treatise on military training, at the request of the commander-in-chief, which, for many years, was considered the standard in the army and the states' militia.

Baron Steuben took part in most of the movements of the army during the remnant of the war, rendering such important service as to receive the approval of the governor and legislature of Virginia, as well as of Congress and Washington. At the close of the war, he, in common with other officers and soldiers of the Revolution, found great difficulty in obtaining payment for their services; and the baron built him a log house on land granted him by New York, where Utica now stands, where he died on the 28th of November, 1794. "The highly-polished manners of the baron were graced by the most noble feelings of the heart. His hand, open as day to melting charity, closed only in the grasp of death."—*U. S. Journal*.

There never was any heart truly great and generous, that was not also tender and compassionate: it is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind; for every man would be a distinct species to himself, were there no sympathy among individuals.—*Burke*.

"PENSEY A MOL."

BY R. A. STEWART.

"Pensey a mol" is thy request,
Alas, I need it not;
Long have I struggled with my fate,
Yet art thou not forget.

I do not ask one thought of thine,
While friends or fortune smile;
For I can bear my lonely fate,
Yet love thee all the while!

I would not that the eyes I love,
Should shed one tear for me;
Nor let mine own dark sorrows come
One hour of grief to thee!

But should a cold and evil day
Cast its shadows o'er thy heart,
And, chased by fortune's frowns away,
Thy summer friends depart—

Should grief and sickness change that brow,
And thou on earth feel lone,
Perchance 'twill soothe a pang, to think
One heart is all thine own!

Know, should those days of darkness come,
That one does yet survive,
Who'd spurn the present, happiest lot,
To soothe and share thy pain.

THE HEIRESS.

BY MRS. M. R. ROBINSON.

"CAN you tell me anything about the village of Ashford, in the town of L—?" asked a respectable looking, elderly woman of a young gentleman, who had just taken a seat near her in a railroad car.

"There is not a pleasanter locality in this part of the country," was the courteous reply.

"Healthy?"

"Unquestionably so."

"No low land?"

"Very little, madam."

"Nor east winds?"

"No more than usually falls to the lot of any place. I believe ladies are not fond of an east wind," he added, smiling.

"No, it makes 'em cross—at least it does me," said the old lady, opening a large workbag, from which she took a silk handkerchief, and leisurely wiped her spectacles.

"Good kind of folks in Ashford?" she continued, after concluding a steady survey of the young man's countenance.

"I shouldn't like to express an opinion on that subject, as it might be a prejudiced one. I live in Ashford."

"How lucky! Now I can find out all about the place beforehand; that is, if you'll be obliging enough to tell me?" she added, in an interrogative tone.

"Certainly, certainly, madam. Any information I may possess, will be cheerfully given," was the prompt reply.

"I s'pose Rose wouldn't think it worth while to ask any questions, but I'm of a different mind. Forewarned, forearmed, you know?"

Rose? then there was a lady in the background! A new interest was immediately awakened in the young man's mind; therefore he nodded affirmatively to the last remark.

"Ashford people mind their own business?" resumed the female at his left, jerking the strings of her bag together, and swinging it dexterously over her arm.

"In a good degree, I am happy to say."

"Any tattlers there?"

"No more than you will find in any place, especially a country village," he returned, a good deal amused at her peculiar mode of questioning.

"For my part, I like the city best; you can do as you like there, and nobody interferes with you. But Rose has taken it into her head that she'll spend the summer in Ashford, so there's nothing to do but fall in with her plans."

"Rose is your daughter, I presume?"

"Bless you, no! She's Miss Rathburn, the heiress. I'm only housekeeper. A favored person, perhaps, because I've been in her family so many years. She has a great many suitors, as might be supposed; but I dare say they don't suit her, or she wouldn't be so anxious to get away from 'em."

There was a moment's silence. The young man obviously wanted to learn more respecting Miss Rathburn, but he was too well-bred to make the desire manifest.

"I'm on the way to Ashford, now, to get the house in readiness for my young lady. She says she wants to leave the smoke and dirt of the city, and be where she can see green grass and flowers, and hear the birds sing. But, dear me," added the speaker, looking up suddenly, as if just conscious that she did not even know the name of the person she was addressing,— "Miss Rose would call me dreadful thoughtless if she was to know how I'd been running on before a stranger."

"You may rely upon my prudence, madam. I will not repeat what you have been kind enough to tell me."

The tone and manner of the young man convinced the matron that she need have no fears.

"I hope you won't. My name is Eldredge—Mrs. Eldredge. What—"

"You may call me Fletcher," he interrupted, anticipating her query. For the next five minutes there was nothing said on either side. The train gradually slackened speed, and finally stopped.

"The next station is Ashford, Mrs. Eldredge. I am obliged to stop at this place, or I should be happy to offer any assistance in my power. Permit me to wish you good morning."

The young gentleman rose, bowed respectfully, and stepped from the cars, thinking, it must be acknowledged, more about Miss Rose than her talkative housekeeper.

The people of Ashford had plenty to talk about. Miss Rathburn had resided in the village some two months, and they knew no more respecting her than they did on the day of her appearance. She went to church occasionally, and walked in the fields by herself a great deal. Nobody felt acquainted with her, although she was at all times courteous and polite to those who addressed her. Young gentlemen who had the good fortune to get sight of her face, declared her a beauty; and as she enjoyed the reputation of being an heiress, it was certainly no wonder that she became an object of interest, especially to the younger portion of the community. To be a beauty and an heiress combined, were quite sufficient to excite the envy of many of her own sex, who unhesitatingly pronounced her a "sentimental schemer," "an affected pretender," laying her plans to entrap some unsuspecting young man.

The new comer was undoubtedly independent in the matter of dress. She wore simple white most of the time, with a pretty gipsy hat placed coquettishly on her beautifully formed head, secured by long blue ribbons. She had fine hair, too, which fell in jetty curls over her swan-like neck, thereby shocking the sensibilities of staid matrons with plain daughters.

Among the number wishing to make the acquaintance of Miss Rathburn, Fletcher Gale was one of the most anxious. His conversation with the loquacious Mrs. Eldredge in the railroad car had been carefully treasured up, though never repeated. Rose was a sweet name. Should he ever be on friendly terms with the fair owner?

After much persuasion he prevailed on his stately sister Marion to accompany him in making Miss Rathburn a neighborly call. The young lady met them at the door, and Fletcher, after introducing himself and companion, was soon made quite at ease by her lady-like manner

and ready conversation. Without making any pretension, or displaying affectation, she convinced him that she was not a boarding-school automaton, or a parlor appendage. A refined, cultivated mind was hers, now and then sending forth a fresh, glowing thought, clothed in language totally unlike what he had been accustomed to hear from young ladies of fashion.

Marion Gale sat stiffly in a corner, once in a while dropping a monosyllable, but principally engaged in taking note of every article in the room, which was neatly, though plainly furnished. Her lip unconsciously curled as she marked her brother's enthusiastic tone and admiring glance. She wished she had stayed at home, and discouraged all attempts at acquaintance. It was quite unlikely that Miss Rathburn was an heiress. There was nothing to evidence such a supposition, either in the latter's appearance, or the aspect of her surroundings. It was probably all a ruse of that politic young lady, to gain a husband; and, moreover, having learned, no doubt, of Fletcher Gale's large expectations, she deemed him a proper subject to experiment upon.

The effect of these unjustifiable thoughts was not to make Miss Gale appear more amiable or agreeable. She rose to go very soon, asking Miss Rathburn to return the visit in such a constrained, and withal condescending tone, that Fletcher felt a flush of anger mantle his face at his sister's rudeness. Repeating the invitation in a way to suit himself, he added, "that he anticipated much pleasure from her society, and should take the liberty to show her some fine walks in the vicinity."

A smile from the young hostess assured him that his words were rightly construed, and that Marion's haughty leave-taking would not be considered his.

"Well, Marion what is the report?" asked Mrs. Gale, as her daughter entered the room, with more than usual dignity, followed by her brother.

"Simply that I wish Fletcher had made this call alone."

"My sentiments, exactly," he could not help retorting.

"Why, how is this?" exclaimed the mother, turning toward Fletcher. "I thought it was by your express desire that Marion accompanied you."

"So it was, but I thought her mannerly enough to treat a stranger, and a thorough lady, with common urbanity."

"It is just here, mother," interrupted Marion. "Fletcher is vexed because I would not play

the hypocrite to Miss Rathburn, who may, for aught any of us know, be something entirely different from what she professes."

The young lady emphasized the last clause of her sentence strongly, exchanging at the same time a significant glance with her mother.

"I was not aware that Miss Rathburn had made any professions. She certainly deputed herself in an exceedingly becoming manner, and I regret to say, my sister did not," rejoined her brother, calmly.

"I flatter myself, sir, that I know how to conduct properly, on all occasions!" responded the young lady, nettled by Fletcher's quiet reproof. "I do not intend to lower myself by associating with every upstart that may choose to palm herself off for an heiress, whatever a member of my family may choose to do!"

Fletcher bit his lips. He forced himself to silence lest he should express himself too strongly, but it cost him an effort to do so.

"Then you shouldn't judge her to be an heiress?" said Mrs. Gale, with an air of deep interest.

"An heiress! Think of straw matting, flag-bottomed chairs, pine tables, and bungling lounges covered with eight cent patch, in connection with an heiress! Doesn't it look probable?"

"Was that all you saw in the room?"

"I believe there was a piano in one corner," replied Marion.

"An old-fashioned, second-hand thing, I presume?"

"No, it was a handsome, richly-carved instrument, and looked strangely out of place, I can assure you. But don't imagine for a moment that it's hers; by some nice management she has probably got it in her possession to help advance her well-laid schemes."

"How was she dressed?" asked the mother.

"White, virgin w-h-i-t-e!" drawled Marion.

"Curly?"

"Frizzles, mother, frizzles—hanging like bunches of strings down her bare neck!" replied Miss Gale, with a toss of the head.

"I dare say she thinks it looks girlish," said the mother, who always followed Marion's lead.

Fletcher's brow darkened, but he did not suffer himself to speak, feeling certain that indignation would overcome prudence.

"I wonder what her first name is?" resumed Mrs. Gale.

"Rose," she calls herself. "Rose Rathburn. Selected from some novel, I presume. Rebecca is more likely to be her true name."

And so Marion Gale put all her envy, spite and jealousy into words which placed the subject of her remarks in as disadvantageous a light as possible. Her woman's penetration having discerned the bent of his inclinations, she hoped by a little timely ridicule to weaken his half-formed purpose. But she was no diplomatist. The very means taken to prejudice him against Miss Rathburn, only strengthened his resolve to know the latter better. Marion was conscious that her influence over Fletcher was on the wane. Her proud, imperious temper and haughty manners repelled him; they were in disagreeable contrast to the graceful dignity and unassuming deportment of the lady-like stranger.

The next morning Fletcher Gale met Miss Rathburn at the village post-office. He had the satisfaction of walking home with her, and did not refuse her invitation to walk in and sit awhile. Rose was a good talker. She had read much, and to advantage. The fine play of her features when speaking, and her soft, lute-like voice, added to the charm of her conversation. She sang for him, also; not screaming, shrieking operas, but touching ballads, which rarely fail to appeal to the better part of our angular natures.

Fletcher was a very good vocalist, and before the young lady rose from the instrument, they had performed several duets together, which the former fancied could not be executed more creditably. But suddenly bethinking himself that his call was getting to be an unfashionably long one, he took leave, feeling quite confident that whether Rose Rathburn was an heiress or not, she was certainly a very lovely girl. Fletcher Gale could appreciate a highly cultivated mind. He had a horror of simpering misses, and bowing, brainless fops. Taking a common-sense view of life, he looked upon woman as something more than a doll, made for ornament rather than use—therefore judged that mere personal beauty and showy accomplishments did not go far towards making the true female character.

Visit succeeded visit, until each day saw him in Rose Rathburn's presence. To be brief, he found himself on the eve of falling in love. He felt a satisfaction in being near her; in hearing her speak, in listening to the songs she repeated so often at his request; in watching the varying expression of her speaking countenance. He knew but little about her, it was true, and cared as little whether she were rich or poor. Rose had treated him just as she treated everybody—kindly and respectfully. So Fletcher had no particular reasons for supposing that she looked

upon him with more favor than others of her gentlemen visitors.

Meanwhile Marion Gale was "taking notes." Her brother rarely saw Rose without her knowledge. The houses being near together, by sitting at an upper window, she could plainly see when his visits commenced and terminated. Excessively annoyed at his obstinate foolishness, as she termed it, she held frequent consultations with her mother as to what should be done.

"There was no doubt but Fletcher would be silly enough to be entangled by the girl's arts, and put the climax to his folly by a marriage which would disgrace the family. It was too bad, really too bad! Fletcher was talented, good looking, and might marry a fortune, if he chose, instead of throwing himself away," Marion exclaimed, after watching a full hour for his re-appearance, to take her to ride.

"Not a minute does he spare for me now," she continued. "I can drive myself out, or walk alone, I suppose. It'll come to that before long. I wonder how long he intends to make me wait? Miss Rathburn first, then perhaps he'll honor me."

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Gale, "that we might find out something about this girl through that Mrs. Eldredge, her housekeeper. Throw her off her guard a little, and she might let out the truth; for I am well enough convinced that this scheming creature has laid plans to deceive the Ashford people."

"I haven't a doubt of it, mother. But we can't do anything with the housekeeper, for there can't be a word got out of her. I know of several who have tried the experiment. It was all arranged beforehand, probably."

Mrs. Eldredge had become entirely non-committal, evading all questions relating to her young lady, by reason, it may be presumed, of hints given by the latter after her arrival.

"I hope you haven't been waiting for me, Marion?" said Fletcher, entering at the moment. "Unluckily I forgot your request until a few moments ago," he added, in an apologetic tone.

"Of course you forgot it! It isn't to be expected that you will take any interest in matters relating to a person of so little consequence as your sister," retorted the offended young lady.

"You are unreasonable, Marion. I own to carelessness in forgetting your request, but not to a desire to deprive you of a ride. Shall we go now?" he asked.

"No, I am not in the mood for riding. If you want company you can get Miss Rathburn to go with you. I dare say she'd be glad of your society the rest of the day!"

Fletcher frowned and abruptly left the room, as he had latterly been in the habit of doing when Rose was mentioned. He was annoyed by Marion's interference in a matter concerning only himself. Why were not all females like Miss Rathburn?

"I've got an idea," said Mrs. Gale, as the door closed after him.

Marion was glad of it.

"You see nothing can be done with Fletcher, he's so obdurate. Now wouldn't it be a good plan to go and see this Rose Rathburn and request her to discourage his visits? If she has any sense of propriety, Fletcher won't trouble us much longer in that direction. What do you think of my suggestion?"

Marion liked it, but she could not think of demeaning herself before that "artful piece."

"Of course not. I shall go myself. Perhaps I may give her a little good advice, as she don't seem to have any mother. I shall tell her that Fletcher is young, and don't know his own mind yet," rejoined Mrs. Gale, with a complacent air.

It was a week before the anxious mother found a convenient opportunity to go on her benevolent errand. She rang, and was shown into the room which Marion had described to her. Her quick glance rested on a couple of books which she recognized as Fletcher's. "And there's his flute, too, if I've any eyes! I missed it the other day from Marion's piano. Well, it's high time something was done. Ah, here comes madam, white dress, curls and all!" she soliloquized, as she found herself in the presence of a lady answering the description of Rose.

"Perhaps you don't know me, miss," observed she, bowing frigidly.

A polite negative reply.

"I'm Mrs. Gale—Fletcher Gale is my son."

The young lady bowed, remarking that it was a fine day.

"Very fine, miss. What may I call your name?"

"Rathburn."

"Ah, yes, I remember now. Well, as I was saying, it was such a pleasant morning, I thought I would step in," resumed Mrs. Gale, not knowing exactly how to commence the engagement.

Miss Rathburn expressed her pleasure, adding, that as she contemplated spending some time in the village, it would be desirable to form an acquaintance.

"I am a good deal older than you, Miss Rathburn, and I feel sure that any thing I say will be taken in good part."

The younger lady looked a little surprised, but promptly said, "yes."

"I've a girl about your age, and I know she often needs motherly advice. All young girls need advice, Miss Rathburn."

The preface was getting longer than she intended. She wasn't a step nearer than at first; so courageous Mrs. Gale boldly faced the difficulty at once.

"My son's conduct displeases me," she said, looking her hostess steadily in the face.

"How can I help it?" asked the latter, wondering.

"By forbidding him to visit you!"

"But I never saw your son, to my knowledge," replied Miss Rathburn, with a still more perplexed expression.

"Never saw my son! Never saw Fletcher Gale! What assurance!"

"I beg, Mrs. Gale, that you will explain. I do not understand what you are talking about."

"Don't understand! I didn't suppose you capable of such unblushing falsehood!" exclaimed Mrs. Gale, striving to be very calm, while her voice trembled with excitement.

"Falsehood, madam!"

"Yes, falsehood, for it is nothing less!" added the indignant woman, jumping from her chair, and speaking very fast. "It is shameless effrontery for you to sit there, looking so innocent and surprised, and deny that you know anything about my son! You, that have come to Ashford to deceive people, to pass yourself off for an heiress—to catch a husband—to disgrace a family of undoubted respectability! I'm going, Miss Rathburn—you need not try to smooth it over. I shouldn't believe it if you did. But of one thing you may be sure; Fletcher Gale will never be your husband! I wish you a very good morning, Miss Rathburn!"

Mrs. Gale sailed out of the room, through the hall, and into the street, leaving the young lady sitting in the same position which she had first taken, quite as much astonished as the former was angry. She realized this much; that a torrent of angry words had been uttered, and that a highly incensed woman had just left the house. As for the rest, we will leave her to think upon it at leisure.

The irritated mother poured into Marion's ready ears an account of what had occurred. Could it be possible that Fletcher knew what he was about? Such bare-faced prevarication! Marion suggested that he should be informed of the perverted state of Miss Rathburn's principles, but the more prudent Mrs. Gale thought such a course might be instrumental in bringing about an understanding between the parties, which was the very catastrophe dreaded. So they kept the

affair to themselves, in the meantime relaxing no effort to throw obstacles in the way of the consummation of Fletcher's intentions.

The latter was in a state of nervous uncertainty. He experienced sentiments for Rose Rathburn which no other female had been able to awaken. Whether they were reciprocated, was the all-absorbing thought of his mind. The suspense was painful. Rose had said that she was expecting company, and another occasion might not offer so favorable as the present. He was alone with her, at the twilight hour. What better opportunity.

"Miss Rathburn," he commenced, drawing his chair nearer hers.

"I think I said you might call me Rose," she remarked playfully, observing that he made a full stop after the two words.

"Thank you, Rose, I like it much better. And your kindness gives me courage to say what has been in my thoughts a long time."

Fletcher paused. Rose looked down at the straw matting.

"It is perhaps needless to say," he resumed, "that your society has many attractions for me. Your purity of mind, elevation of thought and refinement of manners are fascinations that I have not been able to resist. Your kindly, gentle influence gives me higher aspirations, stimulates me to nobler purposes and purer motives of action, and prompts me to value the real more than the artificial. And Rose, you have learned me to love you. Will you be my wife?"

The young man spoke low and earnestly.

"And you are content to take me as I am—fatherless, motherless and poor?" she questioned, in her own quiet way.

"Just as you are, Rose—I have said it."

"Report has called me an heiress, but report meant my cousin Ruth. The name sounds much like my own. I am frank, you see. I would willingly give no wrong impressions, much less to the one who has honored me by the offer of his hand."

"I am not mercenary, Rose. It is immaterial to me whether Fortune has smiled or frowned upon you. Believe me capable of loving you for yourself alone, can you not?"

"I can—I do! Many professions I am not in the habit of making; but if this is worth your acceptance, here it is."

As Rose spoke, she placed her small hand in Fletcher's, who had the audacity to immediately raise it to his lips, as a suitable way of expressing his thanks for the gift.

Perhaps our young people were not as roman-

tic in their love-making as many, but they were certainly as sincere. Fletcher was very happy.

What cared he now for his mother's opposition or Marion's malice? They were but trifles, yet he had not the heart to add one drop of bitterness to his cup of pleasure, that evening; he would speak of the disagreeable subject some other time. He lingered long by the side of Rose, almost fearing lest the blissful present might prove a delusive dream, and the hopeful future an illusion.

It was a late hour when Fletcher Gale sought his own home to think over the events of the last few hours. He could not sleep—his mind was too active for that—but he could reflect. Rose had told him her history, or at least such portions of it as would interest him to know. Her parents dying in her infancy, she had been educated and maintained by the liberality of a kind aunt, who was herself childless. This relative had recently deceased, leaving her a sufficient sum to place her above want, bequeathing another niece a legacy, which, in the opinion of the world, constituted her a girl of fortune. So Ruth was the heiress, not Rose.

Fletcher was not conscious of a throb of disappointment at hearing this. Rose was a treasure in herself. Gold and silver were not worthy to be weighed in the balance with her beauty of mind and person, and natural goodness. He had money enough for both, and so he told her. They would have a nice little home in some quiet spot, and be very happy. Rose was content.

One day later found our friend Fletcher walking in at Miss Rathburn's front door without ceremony. Depositing his hat on the hall-table he stepped into the tidy sitting-room, holding carefully a choice bouquet of flowers.

"I have brought my Rose some roses," he said, in a gay tone, presenting them with much gallantry.

Rose did not bid him welcome as was her wont. She bowed as though he had been a stranger instead of an accepted lover, looking embarrassed all the while. What did it mean? Had she repented her words of the night before, so soon? Was she playing him a trick? Fletcher stopped back.

"Rose—Miss Rathburn," he began.

"Ah, sir, excuse my impoliteness. You wish to see Rose. I will call her," said the lady on the lounge, interrupting him.

Fletcher was still more confounded by her words than her strange deportment. Was that Rose's shadow that had just disappeared? Evidently not, because shadows were never known

to speak, and he distinctly remembered hearing a human voice. He was getting deeper and deeper into a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity, when Rose and her exact counterpart came in to solve the problem.

"Ruth," said the former, "this is Mr. Gale, whom you have heard me mention. Fletcher, let me make you acquainted with my cousin Ruth."

The motion of lips told who was speaking, else he would have been puzzled to know which was cousin Ruth. Fletcher was confused—there is no denying it; but he made as good a bow as he could, under the peculiar circumstances.

"Pardon my dullness, ladies," he stammered, "but I assure you I never was more bewildered in my life."

"You are not the first one in that dilemma," rejoined Rose, laughing. "Ruth and I have been the innocent means of puzzling a great many people. We usually pass for twin sisters."

You are very like—very like. An extraordinary resemblance! Hair, eyes, complexion, height, everything," exclaimed Fletcher, still gazing at the two ladies with undiminished wonder.

Rose placed a chair for him, and he sat down and tried to make himself agreeable; but his eyes would wander from Ruth to Rose and from Rose to Ruth, causing those young ladies to smile involuntarily. Laughter is contagious, and a hearty fit of it by all parties, put them quite at ease.

As the novelty of the singular resemblance began to wear off a little, Fletcher's thoughts recurred to the bouquet. He had held it tightly in his hand since his entrance. Now, he carefully untied the string which confined the flowers, and dividing them into two equal parts, presented one to each, observing that "cousin Ruth deserved half, as the whole had once been offered her."

The personal resemblance between Rose and Ruth Rathburn was striking; there the likeness ceased. Their temperaments were different, their tastes and dispositions decidedly unlike. This Fletcher discovered during an hour's conversation with the latter. There was a dissimilarity of voice, too, which he wondered he had not at first remarked. Ruth was a girl of discretion. She knew there were particular seasons when three is one too many; so she left the room on some pretence, and was thoughtful enough not to return. Fletcher didn't doubt she was an excellent young lady, yet he had no desire to exchange his Rose for her, although she might be an heiress.

When they were alone, the laughable mistake of the evening was again alluded to, and led to the mention of Mrs. Gale's visit. Rose did not intend to particularize, but a little persuasion induced her to tell the whole. Fletcher was surprised and sorry that his mother should have so far forgotten herself.

"I was a little in fault, I fear," Rose added. "I had casually heard of your mother's dislike to myself, and having never spoken with her, I prevailed upon my frolicsome cousin, who had arrived only that morning, to take my place; she being wholly ignorant that such a person as yourself existed. I did not know your mother's errand, but I told Ruth not to call me unless I was explicitly asked for. She, however, was quite as much astounded by the warm language and determined manner which she encountered, as your mother could have been by her prompt denial of your visits here. It was intended as a joke, but it terminated rather seriously for both parties, I believe. I don't think Ruth will be persuaded to personate me again. But you look repair, Fletcher. If I did wrong, I will try and repair the error."

"No, my dear, I have nothing to condemn. My mother only was in fault; she was too hasty. She is blinded by prejudice, as well as Marion." And reluctantly he went on to speak of the feeling which prevailed at home.

Rose grew thoughtful.

"Do not let me be the means of bringing trouble and discord into your family," she said. "Say but the word, and you are as free as—"

A look of reproach prevented Rose from finishing the sentence.

"I should like to please my mother and sister, could I do so consistently. But in this matter I must be my own judge; no one can choose for me. Let us talk about something pleasanter, Rose." And they did.

It was rumored in Ashford that Mrs. Gale was soon to have the handsome stranger for a daughter-in-law. That lady stoutly denied the truth of the report, while Marion tossed her head proudly as if the matter was entirely beneath her notice. But when Fletcher voluntarily spoke of his engagement to them, things took another turn. The mother stormed, declaring "that the impudent, unprincipled mixx should never enter her doors,"—and Marion haughtily assured him, "that he need not flatter himself she should acknowledge Rose Rathburn as sister;" while his father, an easy, good-tempered man, inclined to the opinion that Fletcher "was old enough to manage his own affairs."

Mrs. Gale was greatly incensed at this lack

of sympathy on the part of her husband—who had not interfered with his son's love affairs, except to advise him never to marry solely for beauty or wealth—affirming that had he proper spirit, he would disown him on the spot; to which suggestion the old gentleman smiled by way of reply.

Fletcher expected just such a scene. He was even prepared to listen patiently to the details of his mother's interview with her she had supposed to be Rose—her "unbounded assurance and unblushing falsehood." When she had finished her version of the story, Fletcher gave him, which, in the estimation of Mr. Gale, absolved the young lady from the worst charges preferred against her. His wife looked rather ashamed of her mistake, and moderated her words perceptibly; but when her son left the family circle an hour afterwards, her brow was clouded, and her "good-night" was spoken shortly and sharply.

Three months from that time, Rose and Ruth Rathburn became brides. The ceremony was performed in the neighboring city of B—, at the residence of Ruth's father, an eminent counselor-at-law, well known to Fletcher by reputation. He was unaware of the relationship, however. In the evening a party of select friends assembled to congratulate the newly married couples, among whom Rose seemed to be perfectly at home, receiving marked attention in a way that showed her accustomed to the best society.

"Let us steal a few moments to look at the house which the heiress is to occupy, before callers come in," suggested Rose, the following morning.

Fletcher acquiesced, and the carriage being soon in readiness, they were set down at the door of an elegant free-stone front building in a fashionable quarter of the city. It was all ready for occupancy, lacking nothing in the way of comfort or luxury that could be desired.

"How do you like it?" demanded Rose, after they had inspected every part, and returned to the drawing-rooms to rest.

"O, very much, very much indeed. Whoever supervised the furnishing of these apartments was a person of taste. Ruth will be very happy here. I wish it were in my power to give you a home like this," Fletcher responded, in a tone slightly regretful.

"Then you would prefer this to the more modest one we spoke of?" she queried archly.

"Only for your sake, Rose, only for your sake!"

"Unselfishness never goes unrewarded," she added, growing more serious. "This is my home, and henceforth, if you wish it, yours."

"Your home! Why, I thought that Ruth was—"

"My cousin will not reside in this city. I used her name to cover a little purpose of my own," said Rose, laughing at Fletcher's surprise.

"Your uncle is very generous," he added.

"He never gave me ten dollars in his life," was the prompt response.

Fletcher Gale looked at his bride steadily; there was a lurking smile about her mouth, and a twinkle in her eyes that he did not understand.

"Ruth is an heiress, so am I. Did it never occur to you that there might be two?"

The young husband gazed at the fair speaker with increased astonishment.

"I have referred to an aunt who left me a sum large enough to prevent my becoming dependent upon others. I did not mention the amount; it was fifty thousand. Sufficient, is it not?"

Fletcher's answer was not recorded; it must be imagined; but it is certain that he found no fault with his wife's aunt, his wife's legacy, or her device to get rid of fortune-hunters. The expedient had succeeded well, although it came near being spoiled by her housekeeper's loquacity. Rose had hired the house in Ashford, ready furnished, taking nothing from her city residence—which her relative had owned for many years—save her wardrobe and piano—the same instrument which Marion Gale insisted was hired for the occasion.

Mrs. Gale concluded to be reconciled to her son's marriage when she found that he had really wedded an heiress; and the stately Marion was finally more anxious to "acknowledge" Rose as a sister-in-law, than she was formerly desirous of denying the proposed relationship, but as the latter was neither revengeful nor unforgiving, their weaknesses were overlooked and their faults forgotten.

AN EVERY-DAY FACT.

The convexity of the earth interposes to prevent the sight of distant bodies; thus at six hundred yards, one inch would be concealed, or an object an inch high could not be seen in a straight line; at nine hundred yards, two inches; at fourteen hundred yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet; so that at that distance a man would be invisible; four miles, ten feet; five miles, sixteen feet; six miles, twenty-four feet; ten miles, sixty-six feet; twelve miles, ninety-five; thirteen miles, one hundred and twelve; and fourteen miles, one hundred and thirty feet. In levelling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile, for convexity.—*Transcript.*

A good education is a better safe guard for liberty than a standing army or severe laws.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY PERMA S. LEWIS.

He had wandered mid the mountains,
He had trod the desert-sands,
And had heard old ocean's surges
Break on many a distant strand.
He had drank its music-anthem
From the blue Pacific's shore,
And its hoarser, wilder murmurs,
Where the northern breakers roar.

Mid the glowing tropic-islands,
Lone and bright in southern seas,
He had watched strange, starry blossoms
Tremble to the perfumed breeze.
Where soft sunsets piled the west
With clouds of purple and of gold,
And had watched the blue heavens nightly,
In many a region old.

But his heart was wildly yearning,
For the sights and sounds of home;
Deep within his soul were burning,
Dreams that clustered round that dome.
And he felt, that never, never,
Would the white and shining wings
Of the dove of Peace be folded,
But amid home's sacred things.

There, beside the dear old cottage,
Stood the mourned and wandering one;
In the soft and silvery moonlight,
As in boyhood he had done.
Still the green old woodbine clustered
O'er the gray and mossy eaves,
And the old white rose-tree showered
Down its wealth of snowy leaves.

And he gazed within the casement—
Lights were softly shining there,
On the old familiar hearth-stone,
And that blessed old arm-chair.
But how sunk the bounding pulses,
For strange faces were within!
No familiar voices chanted,
Soft and sweet, the evening hymn.

Where were they, the loved and honored,
And the sister, young and fair?
And his wild heart asked the question,
Only echo answered, where?
But the long grass greenly waving,
Distant from the humble dome,
Told the wanderer but too plainly,
All he now might claim of home.

QUEER MATRIMONIAL FREAK.

A letter from a citizen of Livingston county, Kentucky, to the Danville Tribune, relates the following bit of family history in that neighborhood: "A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen she married him, she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being ninety-six years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being sixty-eight years old, and she eighteen."

LUCIE LA MOOR:

— OR, —

THE ARTIST'S INSPIRATION.

BY FRANCES M. CHESBRO'.
~~~~~

THERE was a new picture to be exhibited in the Art Gallery, in the renowned city of Florence. It was the production of an obscure artist, unknown yet, save to one noble patron of art, through whose influence the work obtained its place among the choice collections of the country.

"What is this new picture on exhibition?" inquired one of another of the hurrying multitude, as each pressed on his own way through the busy streets.

"It is much talked of," said others.

"Let us go and see for ourselves," said one of the group of young artists, who had stopped to exchange the morning salutation.

Thus, at an early hour, the staircase, leading into the magnificent hall, shook beneath the tread of heavy footsteps. Here were seen lovers of art, old and renowned artists tottering under the weight of years; young and beautiful women, themselves more lovely in their youth and freshness of being than the most delicate Titian face that ever entranced the soul of the enthusiast and devotee to beauty.

The design of the work was Shakspeare's Cordelia. It was indeed a picture of rare merit. As you looked at it intently, you seemed to hear the words, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low." The beauty of the face lay not in its brilliancy, but in it one might read the personification of his highest ideas of woman's devotion and gentleness.

There was a universal hum of applause running through the vast hall, as one group after another pressed forward, or backward, to obtain a view of the work in different lights, as their taste or fancy dictated.

Gliding along noiselessly as a shadow, under the disguise of the heavy drapery of a cloak, might be seen a pale student, restlessly moving here and there; his eyes flashing with excitement, as he threw their strange light among the crowd, piercing the vast concourse of faces, as if to read the soul of each one who gazed upon this, his darling work. He wore over his forehead a student's cap, and this, with the heavy masses of brown hair that hung about his neck, wrought an admirable disguise, and concealed the noble brow, white as a young girl's, with all that expression of delicacy that gave the finest

touches to the figures that had sprung into life at his bidding.

By-and-by the audience became thinner, and only a few quiet groups remained, loitering about the hall, engaged in low conversation, pausing now and then to discuss, for the hundredth time, the fresh beauties that haunted them in the choice paintings.

The young student withdrew himself into a recess that commanded a view of one of the loveliest of gardens that surrounded the eastern side of the building. Here, for some time, he watched people walking under the trees, conversing merrily, or laughing in pleasant glee. At the end of an hour, every sound of footsteps had ceased, and a perfect quiet settled upon the hall that had so recently been busy with the hum of voices, and the tread of many feet.

As the student turned his eyes from the scene without, that had absorbed his entire attention, he started to find himself alone in the midst of those wonderful works of art. A heavy screen placed before the recess concealed his figure, and when he hastily arose and appeared in the middle of the apartment, he noticed, for the first time, the presence of a young and beautiful woman. She was standing directly by his own work, and had evidently been too much engrossed to be aware of his presence.

Having convinced himself that he had not yet been observed, the artist again retired into the recess, and placed himself in a position that commanded a full view of the lady's face, with all its varying expressions. She was indeed beautiful enough to attract the gaze of a young enthusiast in art, and he stood for an half hour looking out from his concealment, scarcely daring to breathe for fear lest he might betray himself.

Henrie thought, as he followed with eager eye each shade of thought that stole over the fair countenance, that he had never seen any creation half so lovely as the being who now appeared before him. She seemed to him like the imaginings of his own brain when fired by the glow of inspiration; something that he had prayed he might be able to embody on canvass when at the height of his attainment. He had dreamed of the face in his sleeping and waking hours, but never had dared to hope to find a realization of so rare a beauty.

Not until the lady arose and quietly passed out from the hall, did the artist move from his hiding-place. A sudden impulse seized him to follow her. His brain half wild with the previous excitement of the exhibition of his work, with the after delirium of passion that had taken pos-

session of him, had wrought him up into a state of mind far beyond the practical life that lies about us. It seemed to him in his heated fancy no strange or improper act to steal after the lady, and trace, if possible, her footsteps to her own place of abode.

Drawing his cloak more closely about him, Henrie was enabled to pass through the crowds unobserved, and for a time was successful in his object.

The lady was of medium height, and her fine form lost none of the grace and dignity of bearing that had been observable in her sitting posture in the hall. After walking rapidly for some time, the lady suddenly stopped, and turning around, in evident confusion, seemed to be anxiously seeking some one to whom she could address herself.

Henrie was so near to the lady that he could observe every expression upon her fair face, and longing to be of service to one so beautiful and attractive, he half stopped to give her an opportunity to make what inquiry she might be then seeking.

The lady noticed the movement of the gentleman near to her, and his student cap and cloak denoting his profession, inspired her with confidence to speak, which she did in a low, half-frightened tone.

"I think I have missed my way, sir. I had thought to go to —, but find I am far from my destination."

"You are, indeed, far from your residence," answered Henrie; "too far to retrace your steps without exposing you to great fatigue. Will you allow me to call a carriage to take you to your home?"

The lady nodded assent, and giving her address to the coachman in a low voice, that escaped Henrie's ear, she thanked her guide for his assistance, and soon passed out of sight.

Henrie was then content to return to his lodgings. He had heard the lady speak, and the tones of her voice convinced him that the fair body was but a fitting temple for a more beautiful soul. The human voice gives us deep revelations of nature, and is, perhaps, the truest test we have of gaining knowledge of the hearts of those with whom we daily come in contact.

The student sat in his small studio until a late hour of the night, striving to recall the features, the form, the grace, and all the delicate graces of mind the few spoken words had revealed to him, and strove to fix them in his brain as a living picture that would at some future time spring into life from his canvass. He should be a greater artist from having seen one so lovely.

Already had he begun to worship her as a "thing of beauty;" selfish even in the first dreamings of love, as we all are in our highest aspirations. The more refined and cultivated the mind, the more subtle the selfishness that unconsciously pervades our whole being.

On the following morning, Henrie walked rapidly from his lodgings to the exhibition hall. Again the apartment shook beneath the crowd of spectators, who on this day had been attracted to the gallery by extravagant reports of friends the day previous.

The young artist looked on his work now with less satisfaction than he had been wont to view it. Cordelia was no longer to him the ideal beauty; he had thought to embody in this work his highest conception of female loveliness. Now, how did the old ideal vanish before the new glory of the later revelation. He wandered about the paintings, disappointed, scarcely looking at his own work, watching each new comer, hoping to see the fair being of yesterday.

Nor was Henrie forced to look in vain, for after the crowd had begun to disperse, this same beautiful woman entered the room from a private entrance, and without heeding any one, passed directly to the painting of Cordelia.

Henrie saw her approach with a transport of delight that could hardly be restrained. He resolved to keep himself so near to the fair stranger that her attention would be attracted to him, hoping thus to engage her in conversation, and learn from her own lips her idea of the work.

Henrie soon had opportunity to do this, for on changing her position to take in the picture from another point of view, the lady was surprised at finding herself face to face with the person who had rendered her service the day previous. After a moment of confusion on her part at the unexpectedness of the meeting, the lady modestly extended her hand to Henrie, saying:

"I have again to thank you for befriending me. One hardly knows whom to trust when bewildered in a city like ours. Your service has made me more grateful than I find it in my power to express."

Henrie, with his usual gentlemanly demeanor, replied to this address, and wishing to extend the conversation, said to her:

"You are viewing the new picture on exhibition; will you favor me with your own idea of its merit. What is it that attracts you?—for you seem to be regarding the work with much earnestness."

"I am indeed deeply interested in the picture," answered Lucie La Moor (for this was the name of the lady). "It seems to me a rare work of

art. The artist has personified the quality in female character most lovely and worthy of admiration; that sweet womanliness that combines gentleness with strength and fortitude. The framer of this work has looked deep into human experience, and has a fine perception of spiritual beauty. Is it yet known who is to claim the honor of the work?"

"It yet remains a secret," answered Henrie.

A few moments more of conversation relative to the picture followed, and the lady bowed to the artist, and left the room by the same private entrance.

For many succeeding days Henrie and Lucie met in the same hall to talk over and over the wonderful works of art on exhibition. Other subjects were touched on—subjects relating to literature, or life. In all of these conversations the lady showed a culture of mind, and an appreciation of art, as rare as it was delightful to the young student. But all this time he could gain no information as to her history. She never asked him to visit her, nor never seemed to expect or desire gallantry, or any degree of attention from him.

There came a time at length when Henrie looked in vain for the coming of the fair stranger. He had been wont to look for her approach as the one great event of his life. His days were passed alone in his studio with his busy pencil and basier brow, and the one hour of morning intercourse with Lucie La Moor, gave him a new inspiration wherewith to bring out from unshapely canvass embodiments of beauty and art.

Now the days were long and weary. The pencil had ceased to do the bidding of the mind that prompted it. His soul was as full of images, but his mind was restless and dissatisfied.

Weeks and months passed, and nowhere, neither in the street, nor in the accustomed place of meeting, did Henrie see the face that had haunted his waking and sleeping hours since the first moment he had looked upon it. At length tired out and dispirited, Henrie conceived the idea of placing on his canvass the impressions remaining on his memory of Lucie's loveliness.

This was no slight task. It called into action every faculty of his mind, and required all the excellence he had attained in art; but he threw his whole soul into it, and found in his work a relief for the disappointment that had seized him.

Day by day, slowly did the hand of the artist trace the lines that made up the lovely features, and throw over them the faintest and most delicate shades of feeling. Never had a work ab-

sorbed him like this. Never before had he stood in awe of his genius; but now, as he bent over his canvass, and met there the smile, the same soft expression of eye that had so shortly since beamed on him, spoken to him, smiling as it spoke, then indeed did he tremble before the mystery of that wonderful creating power.

A year passed. The work was completed and placed beside the former one in the Art-Gallery, on exhibition. Fresh applause greeted the ears of the artist, as he stood again in the hall now swarming with memories, and sacred as Heaven to him.

Henrie looked about among the crowds of faces around him, but the look of approving delight that met him did not satisfy him. There was one smile wanting, one word, or even the presence without the word, of one being, was worth all the enthusiasm of applauding crowds. He withdrew himself into the recess, and sat for a long time, his eye listlessly wandering among the multitude of faces; and sitting thus, did he first notice the approach of a lady, clad in weeds, who entered unattended, and pursued her way to the two works of the young artist.

An electric shock could not have aroused Henrie more sensibly than the appearance of this lady in the garments of mourning. Her face was turned from him, but there was no mistaking the grace and dignity of demeanor of the person before him.

It was Lucie La Moor. Henrie knew it, felt it, although he had not yet caught a sight of her face. Heavens! there she stood before the representation of her own beautiful self. Would she recognize it? Would she remember him? Query after query of this nature passed through the mind of Henrie. It seemed to him impossible to resist the impulse that urged him forward to her side. He did not seek to restrain it; he had thought of this one being, dreamed of her, lived in the memory of her, and she had become to him so much a part of his life that he forgot how few the actual words that had passed between them, or how slight the intercourse had been. He only felt that something indescribably dear and beautiful had been restored to him, something that had been long lost, and separated from him, instantly brought back to him.

In a moment Henrie stood by the side of Lucie La Moor, who saw him at once and uttered a low cry of mingled surprise and joy, at the same time extending her hand to him as a pledge of her former friendship. Thus they stood for a long time together before the painting, and at length Lucie La Moor spoke:

"There is a strange influence coming out of



this new face that looks down upon us. I do not understand it. I seem to be looking at something familiar, and yet far off, and when I think to catch some memory, the recollection vanishes, and I grow confused. Who is this wonderful artist, and what is the secret power of this work?"

"Lady," said Henrie, "fair lady—beautiful and more lovely than dream of wildest poet—thou hast inspired the hand that traced the face. Thou art looking on *thyself*, and the artist stands by your side."

"Then is my life more than blessed, glorious again in being recreated in art," cried Lucie La Moor, giving her hand to Henrie, who clasped it so vehemently in his excited passion that it extorted a low cry of pain from the lips of the lady.

"Let us seat ourselves, for I have much to say to you of the past;" and Henrie led Lucie La Moor to the same recess that had been the scene of so many of his hours of meditation.

Then the lady spoke to the artist of her own life. She was the only daughter of a distinguished artist in Florence, many of whose works now adorned the walls of the gallery wherein they were seated. Lucie was in fact the only child, and inherited all her father's love of art, with a delicacy of perception that surpassed not only her parents, but many who had arrived at greater excellence in the profession.

The father hoped to make of his child an artist of rare merit, but in this was he disappointed, for Lucie's power lay wholly in the conception of the work. She had no gift to trace the lines that brought out the features on the canvass. In fine, she was unable to perform the common work of drawing with any degree of accuracy, but her ideas and images furnished her father with subjects for his pencil.

This employment was Lucie's life and happiness. We can imagine the bond that existed between the parent and child. But the artist died, and Lucie was now bereft of all. Crushed by the suddenness of the blow, she lingered herself at death's door for many weeks, longing to go out after the precious life that had departed, but was compelled to remain behind. Health again came, and brought with it the same absorbing love of art.

How desolate were now the lordly halls of the family mansion to the orphaned Lucie! How lonely the gardens, the library, the studio, and the dear old chamber where expired the life so sacred to her! How disconsolate, how more than bereaved, was Lucie La Moor!

Then Lucie heard of the new painting from the author of *Cordelia*, and summoning all her

resolution, she repaired to the Art Gallery. Much more of her family history Lucie La Moor related to Henrie, but enough has been revealed to satisfy our purpose.

The narrative ended, Henrie took again the hand of Lucie La Moor, and bending low his head, whispered to her of his love and idolatry; he told her of the past year of his life, of the new inspiration that had come to him from out her life.

Lucie La Moor listened to Henrie, and as he ended the recital of his passion, she said, in the same soft tone that had first thrilled the artist's soul with indescribable emotions:

"The perfection of art is when the mind in its search for beautiful forms, finds, and fastens upon some higher creation than has ever before been conceived in the soul. Tell me, Henrie, do you thus love?"

"Even thus do I dare to say I love."

"Then shall Lucie La Moor be your bride."

\* \* \* \* \*

In after time the halls of the family mansion again awoke with the sound of joy and merriment. Merry hearts and tiny feet danced through the desolate rooms, and the walls of the old studio again beamed anew with life. Henrie and Lucie, with their children, lived therein a happy life.

#### THE ROYAL BARON OF BEEF.

The baron of beef, which from time immemorial has formed the principal Christmas dish of the sovereign of England, was this year supplied by Mr. Milton, of Peascod Street, Windsor, butcher to her majesty. It was cut from the carcass of a fine highland ox, fed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, at the Model Farm, in the Home Park. The baron weighed precisely sixty stone, or eight hundred and forty pounds, and judges pronounced the meat to be of a very superior quality. The baron was put down before an enormous fire on Saturday afternoon, and for fourteen hours was watched and basted by relays of assistants, under the superintendence of a head roasting cook. After the baron is taken up and allowed sufficient time to cool, comes the operation of paring and trimming, which materially improves its outward appearance. Placed on a dish as large as an ordinary sized table, it is then decorated. The royal cipher is traced around the edges of the dish; the holy mistletoe apparently sprouts from the outside fat of the meat; the baron is then duly placed on the side-board of the dining-room of Windsor Castle, where her majesty the Queen, and the royal circle, partake of the Christmas banquet.—*London News*.

Men are so employed about themselves, that they have no leisure to distinguish and penetrate into others; which is the cause why a great merit, joined to a great modesty, may be a long time before it is discovered.

## ONE YEAR OLD TO-DAY.

BY MISS. B. T. SPRADGER.

A tender bud burst into life,  
 One year ago to-day,  
 To cheer a mother's longing heart,  
 Along life's toilsome way.  
 She nursed that bud with tender care,  
 Her opening charms sweet life seem fair.

Sweet blue-eyed, laughing baby-girl,  
 Just one year old to-day,  
 Would that no rude and chilly winds  
 Might ever round thee play;  
 May tender arms e'er round thee twine,  
 May constant friends be ever thine!

I clasp thy tiny hand in mine  
 With trembling, sweet delight;  
 Smiling, yet fearing some rude touch  
 Thy tender heart may blight!  
 O will those dimples love to play,  
 As sweetly round thy mouth for aye?

## THE MILITARY SCHOOL OF ST. CYR.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

On a cold morning in February, 1806, fifty of the pupils of the Military School of St. Cyr were grouped around a man of tall stature, with grayish hair, whose uniform, cut in a somewhat antique style, was trimmed on the cuffs with the lace of a sergeant. It was said, at the school, that this coat dated from Marengo. This subaltern officer, whose hard features announced at once severity in command and the fatigues of military life, was commissioned to teach the pupils destined to the artillery the theory of pointing, that theory without which the cannon is but a useless and noisy instrument of terror.

The sergeant instructor, one of the most skillful pointers of artillery of the foot-guards, where he had served before entering the school, had just explained to his auditors the method of making a bullet reach its destination with the greatest possible certainty, that is to say, of killing the greatest number of the enemy; he had interrupted for an instant the demonstration of this art, which he placed far above all others, and was resting himself by relating some episodes in his historical cannonades, the narration of which did but establish the excellence of his doctrines on the subject of bullets,—it was example after precept. The pupils were listening with interest, although the sergeant was not on his guard against repetitions; but these were willingly pardoned in him, for his services were honorable, and his little manifestations of pride were readily overlooked, in consideration of the excellence of his character.

The old sergeant was describing, by words and gestures, the history of his last cannon-shot, that which he had fired at Friedland, that last adieu to the Russians, and, by his account, it had cost them dearly; but, as he had not perceived that the sun had begun to fall, he was continuing his recital, when the pupils who were listening to him, warned him that the position was no longer tenable. Some of them were trying to warm their benumbed fingers with their breath; others were stamping their feet, to counteract the influence of the freezing atmosphere. This was not to the sergeant's taste; so he suddenly interrupted his narrative, and, wounded in his self-love as a historian, his susceptibility broke forth in somewhat hasty exclamations.

"What is all this, gentlemen?" exclaimed he; "is this the bearing of officers of artillery?"

"We are not yet such, sergeant," replied a pupil.

"But you will soon be so, and if I may judge by what I see, will make only spring campaigns, unless the emperor permits the use of foot-stoves. Is it cold?"

"Faith, sergeant, it is not warm, and by standing thus in the same spot and without moving—"

"You run the risk of taking cold, do you not?" interrupted the sergeant. "If you had, like myself, fought in Poland, I do not know what you would have done."

"When one is in the presence of the enemy, one is never cold," said a pupil, who had approached the sergeant, the better to plead the cause of his comrades.

"It is true," replied the latter, "the observation is just, but you should early accustom yourselves to cold, heat, rain, and snow, and more than that, to hunger and thirst, because an artillery officer should not, above all things, blow his fingers."

This advice, accompanied by words found only in the dictionary of the barracks, made a vivid impression upon the pupils. Their sport ceased, and each resumed, calmly and silently, his place near the sergeant.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, "by way of warming ourselves, let us take another short lesson in pointing before dinner."

And preparing to re-commence his demonstrations, he shook off lightly the snow which covered his breast and his foraging-cap, then placed himself before the cannon which stood there for the instruction of the pupils. But scarcely had he taken this position, when Captain Davillie approached and whispered a few words in his

ear; the sergeant seemed struck by the communication; he was about to divulge it, when a gesture from the captain prevented him. At the same instant the drum recalled the pupils to quarters; this signal, anticipating the usual hour, gave rise to a variety of conjectures.

"Gentlemen," at last said the sergeant, who had followed the company as far as the stairs which led to the study rooms, "remember that to-day, especially, you are not to be cold. So much the worse for those who forget the coun-ter-sign."

This simple recommendation, addressed in the form of advice, announced to the pupils that they were to prepare for an extraordinary inspection; but was it the commandant of the school who was about to review them? Was it an inspector chosen by the Minister of War, to judge of the state of the school and report on those who deserved the epaulet? The question became singularly complicated; they would have been glad to have interrogated the sergeant, and even Captain Davillie, on the meaning of his last words, which were an enigma; but time failed, and, besides, the sergeant was on his guard. It was therefore necessary to wait the event.

The pupils returned to their quarters, and the sergeant, somewhat uneasy, took the road to his room to prepare himself; for he knew the name of the inspector, whose approaching arrival had occasioned such a commotion among the officers of the school.

The companies were under arms; the captains threw around them, from time to time, anxious glances, to assure themselves that no adventurous foot passed the line, or an awkwardly held gun announced the inexperience of a raw recruit. But old and new pupils vied with each other in *aplomb* and precision. Even Captain Saget himself, particular as he was, appeared satisfied; his physiognomy had lost that severity of the morose instructor, which had often wearied the patience of the pupils, and made them despair of attaining perfection. General Bellavene, surrounded by his staff, seemed to be meditating the harangue which he was about to address to the mysterious visitor whose arrival was awaited. At a little distance from the commandant stood the old sergeant, dressed in a new uniform; his eyes were fixed on the companies, as if to remind the artillery-men of the lesson he had given them on temperature; and such pre-occupation on the part of the veteran will be easily imagined, for the snow, which had been for him the occasion of a severe admonition, threatened to fall to such a degree as to justify some anxiety

in the professor of pointing. He was scarcely aroused from this pre-occupation by the sound of the drums, suddenly beating the march, and Napoleon had already appeared, while the sergeant was still gazing on his pupils. At last he decided to accompany the staff, which was advancing to meet the emperor. The latter was accompanied only by the Prince du Neufchatel and an aid-de-camp. He did not allow General Bellavene time to address him.

"Have you any officers to give me?" he asked, somewhat bluntly.

"Sire, all the young people here are impatient to serve your majesty."

"I know it, general; but I wish well-informed officers. How many have you?"

The general hesitated to reply; the question embarrassed him a little. The emperor appreciated the motive of this hesitation, and came to the aid of the commandant.

"Ah! ah!" said he, smiling, "I see, general, that you wish to allow me to judge for myself of the instruction of your pupils,—well, so be it. It is a long time since I have paid you a visit. But are you satisfied? Are your young people docile and studious?"

"Sire, I have some troublesome ones, but the greater number deserve only praise; they know that on leaving the school they ought to be able to command."

"And they must commence by learning to obey," interrupted Napoleon. "It is well. How many pupils have you under arrest at this moment?"

"Two, only, sire."

"Two! What fault have they committed?"

"They were weary of the discipline; they found the time of their noviciate too long, and one fine morning these two gentlemen left the school without permission: I had them pursued, and they were brought back."

"That is to say, they deserted," replied the emperor. "But, Monsieur Commandant, this is very serious; had these two young people previously behaved well?"

"Sire, they had until then been regarded as among the best pupils of the school."

Napoleon remained silent; then, advancing rapidly in front of the companies, he passed before them, examining them attentively. This was a critical moment for the captains. The august inspector, nevertheless, addressed no observation to them, but, making a sign to the Commandant Coteau to cause them to execute the manœuvres, he placed himself a little behind, in order to be able to judge better of their movements.

The management of arms left nothing to be desired; only a little precision was wanting in the second company, and this defect drew from the emperor a slight gesture of impatience; but the pupils of this company soon caused it to be forgotten, and Napoleon said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"Well done!"

After the manoeuvres, there was an interval of rest; then the general and the officers who composed the staff surrounded Napoleon, who spoke in praise of the appearance and behaviour of the pupils.

"Come, gentlemen," added he, "I see that the time has not been lost with you; have you any advanced pupils?"

"Sire," replied General Bellavene, "there are very few who have studied more than fourteen or fifteen months."

"I congratulate you and your officers, general. You will say to your pupils that I am very well satisfied with them, without exception. Now let them defile."

At the roll of the drum, they fell into a line. The defiling was executed, and all the companies, as they passed before the emperor, saluted him with the most lively acclamations, and returned to their respective quarters. The staff officers of the school alone remained with Napoleon; the last shouts of the pupils had just died away, when the old sergeant presented himself before the emperor.

"Ah! is it you, my old comrade?" said Napoleon, who had known him for a long time, for he had remarked him at the siege of Toulon; "have you anything to ask of me? Is not your son placed in a lyceum?"

"Sire, I thank you; but will your majesty allow me to remind you that there are here cannons and cannoners?"

"I know it as well as yourself. What then?"

"Does not your majesty wish to know whether the pupils of the school understand the manoeuvres of the artillery as well as the sword exercise?"

"Ah! I understand you; this must be for another day, my brave man. I have not time now. But tell me, frankly, can I take twenty-five officers of artillery from among your pupils?"

"Fifty, sire. Perhaps they will need a few more lessons in pointing; but they know their business; I will guarantee it, on the word of an instructor."

And as he said this, the old cannoner laid his large hand on the decoration which shone on his breast.

"Well, I will take them."

"Sire, may I not go with them? I am beginning to weary of this life, it is so monotonous."

"Are you joking? You will remain, because you are much more useful to me at St. Cyr than you would be elsewhere. Continue to educate good officers for me, and your services will be as glorious here as where you wish to go."

"I will remain, sire; nevertheless, I should like to send a few more bullets at the Russians or Prussians."

"I believe you, my old comrade; but each must have his turn. And then the pupils will teach the enemy the name of their master, and it seems to me that will be not a little flattering."

"For them, sire, but not for me."

And the old sergeant, after having given the military salute, withdrew. He was not entirely satisfied, but he seemed to be so.

General Bellavene, seeing the emperor preparing to quit St. Cyr, asked him what number of officers he wished to take from the school, saying:

"Sire, since your majesty has deigned to express your satisfaction, you will excuse the question I address to you."

"You are right, general; your pupils must be impatiently awaiting the result of the review."

And he looked at the windows, through which heads could be distinguished, whose eyes were fastened to his slightest gestures, which each pupil interpreted in his own fashion.

"General," resumed Napoleon, "my school of St. Cyr will furnish to the army two hundred officers, of whom fifty will be for the artillery. You will confer with the Minister of War respecting the selection to be made. But, apropos, you have spoken to me of two prisoners who are expiating their fault by an arrest; I think they have been sufficiently punished. Let us use clemency towards them. I shall not be sorry to see them, for I wish to believe that they have been only impatient. Let them be summoned."

The general immediately made a sign to Commandant Coteau, and, a few minutes afterwards, the latter returned, followed by the two prisoners, who approached with as good a face as possible. When they were before the emperor, he said to them, giving to his voice a tone of severity:

"Ah! ah! gentlemen, it was then you who deserted the school, who forgot the first duty of a soldier? Reply,—why did you abandon your flag?"

"Sire, we are not deserters!" said one of the delinquents, blushing deeply.

"You are not deserters? Then where were you going when you left here?"

"To the army, to take our places as simple soldiers."

And the pupil who had thus replied to Napoleon, took, as he pronounced these words, the hand of his comrade, in token of the fraternal bonds which united them.

Napoleon was struck with this reply; but he could not ostensibly accept it as an excuse. Nevertheless, softening his tone, he replied:

"And you think to justify yourselves thus?"

"Sire, we are guilty, but we have hope in the clemency of your majesty. Will you deign to permit us to take arms, and pardon us, without longer delay, for my comrade and myself have each a father to avenge."

"You are the sons of soldiers?"

"They were officers of the guards; both were killed on the field of battle."

Napoleon turned towards the commandant of the school; then, addressing the two pupils, continued:

"I will pardon you, young men; but it is in consideration of the services of your fathers. Return to your comrades, and give them, in future, an example of submission. You will remain three months longer at school, to teach you to have patience. Go."

The two young men gave the military salute, and took the road to their quarters. At this moment, shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* uttered by all the pupils, issued from the windows. These brave young men were thus thanking their protector for his clemency, and celebrating the return of their comrades.

"General," said Napoleon, as he withdrew, "three months of waiting for two youths of this stamp are too much, indeed; we must not do things by halves. I include them in the promotion."

Such were the last words of the emperor before quitting the school.

A week after this visit, two hundred officers left St. Cyr, to repair to Germany. Among them were found the two pupils whose imprudence had so seriously endangered their prospects; and, two years afterwards, both were made captains, on the same day, on the same battle-field.

The danger of the great is like to them that be on the top of high and sharp mountains, whence they cannot descend but fall. Wherefore prove unto yourself such faithful friends as shall rather stay you from falling than such as will reach unto you their hands, to help you up when you be down.—*Schiller*.

## CHEMISTRY OF A HORSE'S FOOT.

Muggins, a comical Cincinnati correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, relates the following story, touching a certain chemist of Porkopolis, who believed that his favorite science could accomplish anything and everything:

"Well, this scientific gentleman is the owner of a fine horse, which horse was so unfortunate as to run a tennypenny nail in his foot, of which fact your humble servant undertook to inform the chemist, in something like the following manner:

"My dear Jones, I am very sorry I have to inform you that your horse has a nail in his foot."

"Pooh, that's nothing! I can take it out."

"Yes, but it's broken off up in the hoof."

"Don't make any difference; I can easily take it out."

"How?"

"Why, by putting the foot in a large crucible and heating it to a white heat; as soon as the iron reaches a state of fusion it will run out of itself, and be found in the bottom of the crucible."

"But, my —, you'll carbonize the horse's foot."

"O, that's nothing; I can easily decarbonize it."

"Yes, but, my dear sir, you don't mean to say that after the horse has had his foot and leg burned to a cinder, he'll ever be of any earthly use, do you?"

"Of course I do; to be sure he will. After I subject his leg and foot to the operation of decarbonization, I shall re-fluidize the contents of the baked blood-vessels by injection; then all I have to do is to vitalize the fluid so injected, when natural circulation will ensue, all the parts will receive their proper nourishment, and in half an hour the horse will be as well as ever he was."

"It sounds all right enough, how do you think it will work?"

## WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.

More than nine thousand different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The races of genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth. The *Megatherium* (Great Beast), says Buckland, from a skeleton, nearly perfect, now in the Museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of the Sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of the Armadillo and the Ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant; and its tail, nearest the body, was six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it generally fed.—*Hitchcock*.

## THE RIVER-SIDE.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Up by the river-side,  
Hear I a moaning,  
Where low the willows bend  
Over the stream;  
Soft sephyrs dying,  
Through the leaves sighing,  
Is it a dream?

There Dorothea lies;  
Sweetly she sleepeth,  
Where the sore heart-trial  
Comes nevermore;  
Peaceful she slumbers,  
Ne'er the hour numbers,  
Sorrow is o'er.

Fiercely may tempests rage,  
Shaking the earth;  
Kings of the forest fall  
'Neath the rude blast;  
Quiet she lieth,  
To none replieth,  
Hence she hath passed.

Off the sun's golden ray,  
Bosy in light,  
Smileth above her mound,  
Genial and warm;  
Neither she heedeth,  
Neither she needeth,  
Sunshine or storm.

By the sweet river-side,  
Hear I a moaning,  
Where low the willows bend  
Over the stream.  
Zephyrs are sighing,  
Zephyrs replying,  
'Tis not a dream!

## THE FOUNDLING OF THE PONT NEUF.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

It was mid-winter, and night hung heavy over the city of Paris, while the whirling snow blinded the eye of the traveller who was so unfortunate as to be without a sheltering roof. The wind howled and swept round the deserted streets, and the numerous bridges that spanned the swift, darkly flowing Seine, loomed through the black darkness in their pale robes which the hurrying night winds spread, like unearthly visions, or phantoms of a disordered mind. While the wild blast shrieked, and the storm howled, wilder blasts of passion and deeper storms raged within a dwelling near the Pont Neuf.

It was a singular, gloomy-looking building, of dark gray stone and heavily-moulded casements, which were grated, while upon the iron

balconies were emblazoned the arms of some ancient family, but nearly obliterated by the ruthless hand of time, and shining forth dimly from the weather-beaten walls. A high courtyard surrounded the chateau, and was invariably locked, giving a double gloom to the whole premises; until within a few months it had been uninhabited for years, and even now no one knew who were the occupants, what their number, or even what sex. The grim outside presented the same aspect as in former days, but heavy shades guarded the inhabitants from prying eyes. Thus was its aspect outwardly; but it is with the interior we have to do.

In a large, square chamber on the second floor were four persons, as different in appearance as in rank; they were taciturn and anxious, which, with the singular apartment, gave the impression of an important event hourly anticipated. The chamber itself had evidently been unaltered since the chateau was built, and that was in the reign of Louis XIV. The walls were wainscotted, and divided into emblazoned compartments, the brilliant colors of which had mellowed and mingled with the rich dark hue of the oak, and the heavy carved cornices and ceiling. The chairs were all large, square, high-backed, and richly cushioned, although the tinsel fringe and tassels were worn and somewhat, and the massive bed stood in the centre of the room with its high foot and head-board rising in an arch, and crowned with a coronet from which depended curtains of purple velvet, in accordance with the rest of the furniture. The only modern article was a large square table, covered with a rich, dark cloth that swept the floor; this stand was drawn to the fire, and a heavy, chased silver salver, encrusted with gems, and extremely old-fashioned, together with a cup, or rather small basin, in the same style, and a vase of dark-colored liquid stood upon it. The fireplace was of huge dimensions, and finished off with a great amount of carving, while a number of blazing fagots, supported on large brass fire-dogs, gave a dark crimson glow to the room and its occupants, which, as before stated, were four in number.

The principal figure was a lady, evidently of high rank, habited in black velvet, with rich gems sparkling from amid the folds of her robe, which became her tall, commanding form; her countenance was expressive of strong passions, firm, unyielding will, and many a dark secret. Although nearly fifty years of age, her charms were well preserved, and her raven hair was banded back from a high, bold forehead, while large, fierce eyes of intense blackness flashed from beneath heavy arched brows. Her com-

plexion was nearly bronze, and her features strongly marked.

The second personage was a small, spare man of about forty-five, with thin gray hair and sinister countenance. He was clad in black, and wore spectacles, while his whole air and manner indicated him to be a physician.

The third person was a stout, thick-set peasant matron, who was raised to the office of nurse and waiting-woman, and her good natured countenance was sun-burnt, yet pleasing. Her gray woollen dress and white linen head-dress contrasted oddly with a rich furled tunic she had thrown over her shoulders for warmth, yet she looked far more deserving of fine array than her mistress.

But beneath those heavy curtains lay a fair young creature, scarce entered upon her eighteenth year. She was slender, fragile, and beautiful, with long, light hair, and soft blue eyes, that were now half closed, and shaded by pencilled brows and lashes; young as she was, the feeble wail of a tiny infant declared her to be a mother, and this it was which cast such a shade of anxiety and gloom over the faces of those present, for the child was not one of that favored class which are received by a bevy of doting aunts, and smothered in the embroidered garments that have been lavishly provided. This little infant was to be a citizen of the world, and no glad hearts rejoiced that it seemed likely to live and thrive; the nurse taking it in her arms, drew up to the fire yet closer than before, and after wrapping it carefully in warm, stout garments, proceeded to heat a few drops of the liquid in the vase.

But ere she administered the draught, the dark, fierce lady came to the side of the table, and bending slightly, placed her fingers lightly on the infant's throat, saying in low, threatening accents:

"See! one slight compression, only, and the work is done—it would be much easier and hardly less sure than to expose it on such a night as this. What do you say?"

"O, madame, it is a dreadful thought! I should never speak freely, or sleep peacefully again if it were done—it will die soon enough in the river, and the sea tells no tales."

"Out upon thee for a craven-hearted fool!" exclaimed the first speaker; "but let it be so since your conscience is so tender—the doctor will have sense, at least." And she took up the cup in one hand, while with the other she fed the infant with the liquid. The effect was soon visible, for with a long, quivering, gentle sigh, the large bright eyes closed, and it sunk into a

state of unconsciousness. Immediately a wicker basket was opened, the babe placed in it, the cover tightly fastened, and the unsuspecting object of all these precautions given to the charge of the physician, the haughty dame whispering in his ear: "Remember, doctor—one swift, sure plunge, and the reward is yours!"

Nodding significantly, the physician left the apartment, and as the heavy-toned clock on the staircase struck the hour of two, the stern-hearted woman grimly smiled as she muttered:

"Two o'clock—that deed is done!"

It was in the gray light of a winter's morning that a female figure, enveloped in a blue cloak, crossed one of the bridges leading to the city. It was too early as yet for the numerous classes of artisans, with which Paris abounds, to be stirring, and the solitary woman kept on her way, meeting with no one, occasionally throwing back her hood to catch the fresh morning breeze, or shifting a bundle which she held beneath her cloak, from one arm to the other. Entering the city, she plunged into a narrow labyrinth of dark, tortuous streets, and finally paused at the door of a tenement more respectable and tidy than its neighbors. Knocking in a peculiar manner, it was speedily opened by a lad of about eleven, who exclaimed:

"Ah, mother, is this you! Why, I did not expect you before to-night."

"Madelon is better, and it is a mercy I came as I did, for see what I found. Poor thing, it it would have perished in a short time with the cold and hunger."

As she spoke, she produced a basket from her cloak, and hastily opened it, displaying to the boy's astonished gaze, a sleeping infant. To his inquiries, the good woman replied:

"As I stepped upon the bridge, I saw a dark object lying in the footpath, and taking it up, found it to be a basket. I peeped under the cover, and lo and behold! this little babe greeted my eye—but make haste, Tobie, and warm some milk, for it will be hungry when it wakes."

The boy hastened to execute the order, while the good woman laid the babe before the fire and rubbed its limbs. She was at last rewarded by its returning to consciousness, opening its large dark eyes, and wailing feebly. Catine, as the woman was named, was enraptured with her prize, and began feeding it, while Tobie knelt down beside it, and asked?"

"What are you going to do with it? Shall we keep the babe?"

"I should like to so much."

"And I also. I tell you mother what I will

do; it shall not cost you a franc for its support. I will work the harder, and we will keep it, for I should so like the pretty plaything; and then, I have no sister."

"Very well, Tobit; it will go hard, but we'll give the little one a home and a bit of bread. Yes, we will keep her."

At this moment the door opened, and the head of the family entered. He was tall and slender, dressed in drab clothes, a pea jacket, with a black cravat knotted in sailor fashion around his neck, and his head enveloped in a striped handkerchief; his eyes and hair were dark, his features good and firmly marked, and a pair of short whiskers gave a hearty, good-natured expression to his sunburnt face; his eyes were dark, quick and keen, while his whole appearance halted between a sailor and a fisherman; his age might have been thirty-five, and he was an intelligent, prepossessing, quick-witted fellow.

"Why, Catine, what have we here?" he asked, in surprise, as he caught a glimpse of the infant, which she roguishly attempted to conceal.

The good woman explained, and Tobit urged the privilege of retaining the babe, to which Gaspar Fabien consented. The child was named Teresine, and as she grew older endeared herself to the hearts of all who knew her, by her beauty, grace, and lively good nature. She was a brunette, and her sparkling black eyes, and close-curling hair, gained her many a penny from the purchasers of the fish which she sold, standing beside Catine on the Pont Neuf, with her little basket before her fall of the proceeds of Tobit's morning labors, and her straw flat placed jauntily on one side of her shining, clustering curls.

When she was about eight years old, as she was standing one summer's afternoon on the bridge, watching the sunlight play upon the waves, and the white sailed vessels at anchor, a gentleman passed along, and apparently struck by the child's beauty, stopped to chaffer for some fish. There was a quiet drollery in his eye as he vainly endeavored to drive a hard bargain with the little maiden, and she could not help laughing at his odd fancies concerning herself. At last he exclaimed:

"Come, come, little woman, you ought to sell your fish cheaper; it's all nonsense pretending to be a mortal like other children, nothing but a sham, which I see through clearly, having on the spectacles given me by Algoraddin the wonderful wizard, which enable me to see through disguises, and even to the uttermost parts of the world!"

"What do you take me for then?" asked the little girl, with a demure look.

"A little mermaid, to be sure. All you have to do is just to jump over the railing there, dive down, call the fishes with a morsel of bread on those sweet lips, and they'll flock round like bees to a honey-jar. You then catch the gudgeons, and your business is done. But let me tell you, *ma mie*, to rise out of the water under the bows of some large vessel, where no one will see you, or you'll be taken up for a witch!"

Teresine glanced up at the odd figure before her. A large black coat enveloped a tall, spare figure, and straight, lank hair fell on a forehead of great breadth, while curious flashing eyes peered from beneath green spectacles. Again the stranger spoke:

"What is your name, mer-maiden?"

"Teresine Fabien, monsieur."

"And your age?"

"Eight years last Christmas."

"Come, tell me about your palace under the waves, little sea queen."

"O, it's very beautiful, sir," replied the child, entering into the spirit of the matter, "with coral couches, and fishes' eyes for lanterns. I'll bring you a wreath of sea mosses, sir, if you'll come again some day."

"But I want you to go with me now," said the stranger. "You would make a charming little ballet dancer. Come, we'll put you in the ballet of 'La Sirene.' What say you?"

"O, monsieur! I a little dancer! Why, I don't know a step, but I should like to be dressed like a Christmas angel, and sing so prettily."

"Well, you shall be a Christ child, too; but you must be a little *danseuse* likewise."

The child clapped her hands and whirled round in glee. The stranger watched her motions, which were graceful in the extreme, with a critic's eye, and resolved she should use her abilities to some advantage, so asking the little one where she resided, he took her hand to go and ask her parents' consent. But she broke away and ran to a young friend, begging her to attend to the fish-stand during her absence, and giving very particular directions in such a wise, comic, independent little way, with such an infinite variety of important gestures, that the stranger gave himself up to a fit of laughter.

Catine was at home, and greatly surprised by the entrance of Teresine at that hour with a stranger of such singular appearance, but the cause was soon explained, and the gentleman added:

"I am the manager of the first theatre in Paris, and will fit your little girl for the stage free of expense. She will make a fortune without doubt, and raise herself and family thereby."



Catine replied that she would consult her husband, and Teresine should tell him their decision the next day; with this answer the stranger was content, and Teresine returned to her station on the bridge. The next afternoon, true to his agreement, the stage manager accosted the child, who, dancing with joy, replied that she was to go with him, and learn the pretty plays she had heard so much about.

In a short time Teresine had entered upon her lessons, and impatiently looked forward to the time when she should have so many bouquets thrown to her as would enable the little apartment at home to assume a summer-like aspect all the year round.

Let us turn to the persons introduced at the commencement of the story, and explain their positions in regard to each other. The dark, slim woman was the parent of the frail young creature who lay hovering between life and death. The mother, the Countess of Bergenheim, was the leader of fashion in Paris, and a haughtier spirit never existed; but it was destined to be humbled. Her only daughter, Emilie, whose beauty she gloried in, and who was the envy and admiration of every one, was early brought forward in the fashionable world.

Among her many suitors was one whose name she kept carefully concealed from all ears, for he was of too humble birth and fortunes for even hope to delude with false expectations. The son of an obscure author could not aspire to the hand of a countess's daughter, with a long line of ancestors leading back hundreds of years.

Yet it so happened that the lovers found the courage to confess their mutual sentiments, and this was followed by a private marriage. When the haughty countess discovered this, her anger was fearful; but hiring the lonely chateau by the Pont Neuf, with great privacy, and giving out that she intended to travel for a year or two, Madame de la Bergenheim conveyed her daughter thither, where she was kept a close prisoner. On the birth of the infant, who was entrusted to the physician's care with strict orders for its destruction, the countess and her drooping, sad-hearted daughter again took their stand in the world, without a suspicion of this dark page in their lives.

Henri de Montreval, determining to win a name ere he claimed his wife, enlisted in the army, acquired a title, and gilded with glory returned to Paris. No objection was made to his claim by Madame de la Bergenheim, and six years after the private marriage their union was publicly celebrated with great splendor. But

although Emilie was assured the infant must have perished, she would never give up the hope of one day finding it, and she often fancied it growing up in beauty and loveliness, and endeavored to paint the probable portrait of her lost child; but as the years passed on, and brought no tidings, she began to despair and to doubt the fulfilment of her hopes, and the birth of another daughter, named Adelaide, supplied in a measure the aching void in the mother's heart.

Two years passed swiftly away, and Teresine was to make her debut in a ballet written expressly for herself. It was evening, and in the side scenes promenaded a slender child in a silver gauze dress, with brilliant wings, and a wand surmounted by a dove of carved silver. A lovelier *sylphide* never trod or rather floated across the boards of a theatre. She was leaning on the arm of a beautiful boy about thirteen years old, dressed as a shepherd, and whom she addressed as Hermann, while Catine and Tobit gazed with proud delight upon the beautiful creature. Presently the curtain rose, and the little Teresine bounded upon the stage like a fairy. A general burst of admiration greeted her, and the child inspired by this applause, which lent wings to her feet, floated lightly through her part, calling out the long desired shower of bouquets.

From that evening Teresine's fortune was made; she rose rapidly, and a childish love grew up between Hermann and herself. They were always to be seen arm-in-arm, and were universal favorites. The first real grief Teresine experienced was when Hermann bade her adieu for three long years, in order to become the pupil of a celebrated singer. The lovers in miniature exchanged promises never, never to forget each other, and a little locket glittered on Teresine's neck, which contained a miniature Hermann.

"You will be sixteen when I return, dear Terese; do not let any one persuade you into loving them better than me during my absence." Teresine promised, and thus they parted.

Three years glide away very swiftly, and the little danseuse was nearly sixteen, but Hermann had not yet returned to Paris; as he had predicted, however, the lovers were not wanting, but Teresine turned a deaf ear to their soft speeches, and thought of a certain dark-eyed youth some thousand miles away. One evening as she was executing a brilliant figure, she caught the gaze of a young exquisite in one of the boxes; he was very handsome, so far as mere features went, but his expression was vain, vapid,

and dissipated; his light brown hair curled about his face in ambrosial clusters, his large blue eyes were half closed with an indolent languor, while he surveyed the audience through a glass.

Indignant that any one should show such indifference to her dancing, as hiring a stage-box to survey the audience to better advantage would indicate, Teresine exerted herself with complete success. A universal burst of applause ensued, and even the young *ennuyee* was sufficiently roused to clap energetically, and throw a bouquet with inimitable grace; but what was Teresine's amazement on leaving the theatre, when some one brushed by her and left a billet in her hand. Opening it, with surprise she found it to be from the young gentleman who had so roused her indignation, and signed Hyacinthe d'Aubin; but she was deeply mortified to find that he had noticed her sudden improvement, and far from divining the true cause, had flattered himself with the belief that the lovely danseuse had wished to attract his attention.

"The contemptible, self-conceited fool!" exclaimed Teresine, amid tears of mortified indignation. "I, Teresine Fabien, who might have the whole city of Paris at my feet; who have refused lovers by the dozen; even scorned them, until I am called 'the inaccessible,' I strive to gain the notice of any living man—the contemptible puppy!" and the little creature consoled herself with a fresh burst of tears. "If Hermann were only here I'd teach the odious creature to know his place! A bank bill, too, as I live!" she continued, while a bank note, hitherto overlooked, fluttered out of the envelope. "Insult upon insult! I suppose he takes me for a greedy lawyer, who only wants a retaining fee to undertake any fool's case; but he's mistaken his person;" and Teresine immediately enclosed the whole billet and contents in an envelope, addressed to "Monsieur le Oison," and sent it by one of the machinists to the young gentleman the next evening as he was watching her dancing in light feather.

Just as he received it, there came a pause in her part, giving the opportunity of watching his motions. Hurriedly reading the superscription, and glancing at his own letter inside, he crumpled it with ill-concealed rage, and casting a wrathful look at Teresine, rushed from the box amid the merriment of several of his companions whom he had selected to witness his triumph. But swallowing the bitter pill, to the danseuse's astonishment, he became more attentive than ever, and in proportion as she was annoyed, and repulsed him, he continued to advance until he was an actual nuisance.

About this time Hermann returned, and after the first joy of seeing Teresine was over, he became jealous of the young exquisite who dogged the danseuse's every step with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. In vain did Teresine assure Hermann that she despised the fop—her lover invariably declared D'Aubin would not be so resolute if she had never given him any encouragement, and Terese, deeply wounded by these accusations, suffered a coldness to grow up between Hermann and herself, which the former saw with pain; he devoted himself to his profession the more earnestly, however, and endeavored to solace himself with it, but in vain.

One evening a party in a private box attracted the attention of Teresine, and with an irresistible impulse she turned her gaze to them again and again. The party consisted of three persons; a gentleman of striking appearance, and a fair, gentle lady, about thirty-five, in the front of the box, while a child, about ten years of age, leaned over the railing. This little girl was the perfect counterpart of Teresine at that age, and the lady seemed to touch a chord in the heart of the danseuse; why, she could not explain to herself. At the conclusion of the ballet she was told a gentleman wished to speak with her in the green room, and glancing at the name on the card he had sent, she read "Monsieur de Montreval, Comte D'Epinay."

As she entered the green room, the gentleman who had occupied the box with the lady whom Teresine had admired, rose to meet her, and in gentle accents said:

"Pardon the intrusion, Mademoiselle Teresine, but a lady of my acquaintance is very desirous of an introduction to yourself."

With a thrill of delight, the danseuse replied that she should feel but too much honored, and the gentleman left to bring the lady. Expecting, she knew not what, the young girl awaited in breathless suspense for his return; and when he re-entered, and presented the lovely woman to her as Madame de Montreval, for the first time in her life Teresine was unable to speak. Her agitation seemed to communicate itself to the lady, who at last faltered:

"Will you have the kindness to relate your past history—or rather your birth place and parentage?"

"Ah, madame! that is a secret unknown even to my adopted parents. I am a foundling, and Catine Fabien picked me up at the end of Pont Neuf one cold winter's morning, sixteen years ago."

"What was the exact date?"

"The twelfth of January, 1824."

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the lady, as she sunk half fainting on a lounge, while Teresine flung herself beside her, and implored but one word of explanation.

"Emilie, my love," said Monsieur de Montreval, "guard yourself from this excess of emotion, for we may be mistaken."

"O, no! no! A mother's heart never deceives itself in such matters—there is an unerring intuition—she recognizes the fragment of her own soul however parted by time, distance or alteration. No! no! *a mother's heart never sleeps!*"

"The truth can easily be proved—the physician, to whose charge she was entrusted at her birth with directions for her disposal, must be forced to divulge his knowledge of the matter."

The anxious party succeeded in finding the person they sought, and by means of threats and bribes, extorted the fact that he had placed the babe in a sheltered position at the end of the bridge, and watched to see what should take place. When Catine Fabien passed by and took charge of the infant, the physician followed her, ascertained that she would adopt it, and intending to extort money from the haughty Madame de Bergenheim by threatening to expose matters at some future day, he had never lost sight of the child. Owing to circumstances, this plan had never been put in execution, but hoping Teresine would disgrace herself in her new career, he was waiting to dart like a spider on his prey; but the striking resemblance of Teresine to Adelaide had first arrested Emilie's attention, and an earnest desire sprang up to learn the past history of the danseuse.

Teresine was now surrounded with every luxury heart could wish, yet there was a void unfilled by all this, and she never listened to the rich, thrilling voice of Hermann, who was now the first tenor of a brilliant opera troupe, without a deep sadness, even agony, for an impassable barrier was now raised between them, and sometimes in her wild grief she wished she had been his wife ere her parents claimed her, but the next instant she would reproach herself bitterly for the thought. And this while her parents knew nothing of this struggle which Teresine could not find courage to tell, or she would have been spared hours of sorrow, as they had suffered too deeply themselves from a similar cause to allow another to pass through the same ordeal.

But this darling new-found treasure, beloved through years of separation, was drooping before her parents' eyes; in vain did they question her as to the cause—the canker was silently eating the very heart of the rose, but accident befriended the anxious mother.

One morning as Madame de Montreval was reading the news of the day, she commenced a paragraph as follows:

"We regret to announce the dangerous illness of Signor Hermann, whose severe exertions and devotion to his art have rendered his recovery doubtful, and—"

But here Emilie paused, for Teresine had faint ed. This incident opened her eyes, and she pleaded to know if her daughter's heart was irrevocably engaged, which, with much reluctance Teresine confessed to be the case. M. de Montreval promised to ascertain the condition of Hermann, and discovering the newspaper reports to be exaggerations, invited the young artist to visit at his house, while the sudden glow that irradiated the face of the young man told the count one cause of his illness.

The results may be imagined. Hermann dared to lift his eyes to the lovely Teresine, and at last requested the prize from her father's hand; this was granted, and in the same stately cathedral where Emilie had repeated her vows, Teresine now moved down the aisle of the thronged church, the happy bride of her first and childish love, Hermann Luvrier.

#### SONNET TO MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BY L. R. WILLIAMS.

America's sweet poetess art thou;  
Who here hast won imperishable fame,  
Immortal laurels will adorn thy brow,  
And unborn millions learn to breathe thy name.  
Whose gifted harp is e'er attuned in love,  
For all who mourn or shed the bitter tear;  
And many now in realms of light above,  
By thee were blest, when sorrowing pilgrims here.  
But more endeared unto the chosen few  
Who share thy friendship, and who know thy worth;  
And when life's varied journey shall be through,  
And thou shalt close thine eyes on all of earth—  
May thy pure spirit find a rest above,  
Where nought can weary more, where all is joy and love.

#### "HE'S CUT A DIDO."

The origin of this phrase is thus given in history. Dido, a queen of Tyre, about 870 years before Christ, fled from that place on the murder of her husband, and with a colony settled on the northern coast of Africa, where she built Carthage. She bargained with the natives for as much land as she could surround with a bull's hide. Having made the agreement, she cut a bull's hide into thin strings, and tying them together, claimed as much land as she could thus surround. The natives allowed the cunning queen to have her way, but when anybody played a sharp trick they said he had "cut a Dido."

Nothing is more common than to throw away our pity on persons much happier than ourselves.

## THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Out upon life's troubled ocean,  
Where the waves, in wild commotion,  
Sing the dirges of the lost,  
See, a little bark is riding,  
Over crested waves is gliding,  
By the billows rudely tossed.

Though the vivid lightning flashes,  
Onward still the frail boat dashes,  
Till a wave engulfs the whole!  
Look again, 'tis re-appearing,  
In its course 'tis onward steering,  
For its freight 's a priceless soul.

Bound for lands of earthly pleasure,  
With his never-dying treasure,  
And a deeply furrowed brow;  
Sin the frail boat now is guiding,  
O'er the billows that is riding,  
With the tempest at the prow.

Hope's delusive star is beaming,  
In the distance now is gleaming,  
Glides the boat the waters o'er.  
Look again! Hope's star has faded,  
And the boat, no longer aided,  
Lies a wreck upon the shore.

## A TROUBLESOME CARGO:

—OR,—

## GHOSTS AT SEA.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the spring of 1837, I had command of the old ship *Leonora*. She was a staunch, stout craft, and had stood many a knock that might try the metal of a better looking ship. I cleared from New York with an assorted cargo for Liverpool, England; and at the latter place I took on board a load of all kinds of merchandize. There were bales of carpeting and cloth, boxes of machinery, cutlery of various kinds, and other things which it were useless to mention. Suffice it to say, that the ship's hold was well filled, though, from the nature and bulk of much of the cargo, it could not be stowed so snugly as I should have liked. However, the season of my return to the States was a favorable one, and I had no fear of much rough weather, so I let the stowage go as it was, not being particular about chocking everything in its place.

After my cargo was all on board, and the hatches on, I waited at the dock four days, for some passengers who had partly arranged with the agent for passage, but at the end of that time

we received notice that one of the party had been taken very sick, so I sailed without them.

During the first week the weather was fine, and the wind favorable, but at length a storm came on, and we had promise of a few days of rough weather. The wind blew from the north-west, and much rain came with it. Towards the close of the first day of the storm, I found it necessary to place the ship under close-reefed topsails, fore-staysail, and storm-mizzen. At night, when the first watch was set, the ship was hove-to, and in that way she rode safely till morning, at which time the wind had lost much of its force, and the rain had ceased falling.

"Captain," said my first mate, a noble-hearted sailor, named Leander Thomas, "this wind seemed to be going down some, but I don't believe we've seen the last of it, by any means."

"Perhaps not," I remarked, casting my eyes about.

"You see it has a tendency to veer now," he continued, "and I believe it'll settle down in the northeast, and come at us again."

I placed much confidence in my mate's judgment, for he had spent almost a whole lifetime in those latitudes, and he knew all the signs of weather perfectly. At any rate I made up my mind to expect another blow, and a harder one than that which we had already experienced. It was now about half-past five o'clock in the morning, and the wind was lulling every moment, but the clouds did not seem inclined to break much. While I stood there with the mate, some of the other watch came up from the fore-castle, and I thought they looked nervous and uneasy. One or two of them I noticed looked very pale, and I saw them whisper together. I naturally supposed they were unwell, and at once went forward.

"What's the matter, Ben?" said I, addressing an old foretopman, and the best working seaman I had on board the ship. "Arnt you well?"

"Yes, captain," he replied. "O, yes."

His tone sounded strange to me, and I fancied it was tremulous.

"You are not afraid of the old ship, I hope," I added. "She is good for a tough blow, yet, Ben."

"I know that," said Ben, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Then what is it?" I asked, with considerable earnestness. "There's something the matter with you—all of you. Now out with it."

The old foretopman twisted himself uneasily about, and looked into the faces of his companions, and then he turned once more towards me,

and having given his trowsers a hitch, he said : "Well, captain, I'll tell you; and as true as my name is Ben Hall, what I tell ye is the gospel truth. There's ghosts aboard the ship!"

"Ghosts?" repeated I, in surprise.

"Ghosts?" echoed the mate, smiling.

"Don't laugh, for it's surely truth," the old sailor uttered, earnestly.

Now Ben's very manner was proof enough to me that something had happened out of the usual line, and I saw, too, that he was not alone in his fears. I asked him for an explanation. He hesitated a moment, during which time he appeared busy in thought, and then he said :

"You know, captain, our watch went below at four o'clock. It was dark then—as dark as pitch, an' we had no light, for the candle that the other watch left had rolled off over the chest, an' we didn't stop to light it. My bunk is right agin the bulkhead. I hadn't more 'n got fairly turned in afore I heard a deep groan from the hold. It was the most deathly groan I ever heard—loud, deep, an' terrible. I lifted up my head, an' asked Jack if he heard it. His bunk is right under mine. He said he did hear it, and he asked me if it wasn't dreadful."

"Pooh, only some of the cargo on a bout," interrupted the mate. "Some of the boxes rubbing together, Ben, that's all."

"You wait, Mr. Thomas—just you wait till you hear the whole," returned Ben, regarding the mate with a pitying look, as though he needed sympathy for the state of ignorance he had manifested. "After Jack Wales said that he heard it too, and after some of the rest said the same, we made up our minds that it must have only been the grating of some of the boxes; so I laid down and supposed I'd go to sleep. But afore I'd fairly shut my eyes, that same groan come again—only this time it was twice as loud, an' there was more of it. It was groan—groan—groan, half a dozen times, an' more 'n one of 'em, too. I whispered to Jack an' asked him what he thought of it, but he only said, 'hark!' I harked, an' may I never set ashore agin, if I didn't hear a voice speak these very words:—'O God! I'm dead—dead—murdered!' And then I heard a hissing noise, an' a rumblin', an' then more groanin'. I crawled out of my bunk and came on deck, and Jack followed me. But we made up our minds that we wouldn't say anything about it then, but that we'd go back an' see if we heard any more. We turned in agin, an' went to sleep; but just now, afore we come up, we heard it once more—another groan, an' no mistake about it. Now what d'ye think about it?"

In truth, I knew not what to think. Of course I imagined there must be something, and that that something might be strange. The mate tried to laugh the men out of it.

"It was only the moving and rubbing of the boxes," he said.

"But boxes can't speak," retorted Ben.

"That was your own imagination, or else some of your watch were talking in their sleep," was the mate's explanation.

But that would not answer. Not only did Ben swear positively to the facts, but the rest of the men backed him up, and I resolved to take a peep into the hold. Accordingly I had the hatches taken off—both fore and main—and then I went down. I found the cargo all in order, and no appearance of anything out of the way. I called out several times to know if there was anything there, but without effect. The hatches were put on again, and I tried to make the men believe that they must have been mistaken; but it was of no use. They were sure there was something out of the way, and the result of my search, so far from allaying their uneasiness, rather increased it, for they were now sure that there were really ghosts on board the ship.

"Somebody's been murdered in that ere hold," muttered Ben, "an' now his ghost is about."

Ben's ideas I found had more influence with the crew than did mine, and I resolved to let the matter rest for further developments.

The wind continued to abate, and by eight o'clock it only blew a fair top gallant breeze, but of course we had a heavy sea. Through the day the wind varied but very little, being out from the northward, and blowing steadily. At eight o'clock in the evening, when the first watch was set, I had the ship put under close-reefed topsails, and fore-staysails and spanker again, and then I turned in. Just after midnight the second mate, whose name was Bailey, came into the cabin and told me that the noise had commenced again in the hold. I quickly arose and threw on my coarse jacket, and then followed him on deck, where I found Ben Hall waiting for me at the wheel, and the rest of his watch with him.

"Now, captain," he said, "just you come down into the fore-castle, and see for yourself."

I told him to lead on, and I followed. There was yet quite a sea, and the ship rolled considerably—so much so that I had to seize hold upon several objects to keep myself on my feet. I found a candle burning in the fore-castle, suspended from one of the beams by a wire frame, but there were none of the men there save Ben, who had just gone down ahead.

"Now just you put your ear agin the bulk-head, an' listen," he whispered to me; "an' mind that you don't make any noise."

I followed his directions. There was a chest lashed against the bulkhead—and of course it will be understood that this bulkhead separated the hold from the fore-castle, being only a partition of inch boards neatly matched together. I sat down upon this chest and placed my ear to the partition. At the end of some moments I thought I heard a sort of shuffling sound—but then that might only be the movement of some of the bales or boxes. At length, however, I heard a different sound. It was a sort of low moan, and did most surely have a human tone. I became interested now, and listened attentively. Soon another moan broke upon my ear, and on the next instant I heard these words spoken:—"Don't for heaven's sake make such a fuss, or you'll have the whole ship's crew down on us!"

I do not think it strange that this startled me. I heard after this a murmur of voices, but I could not make out distinctly the words that were spoken; but I made myself sure that there were a number of men concealed in the hold. Who they were, or how they came there, I could not imagine. I sat there half an hour after this, but could hear no more, save occasionally that low moan, and once in a while a buzzing sound, as though people were whispering.

I went on deck and beckoned Ben to follow me. I proceeded at once to the wheel, and by the time I reached it, my crew were all about me, and I could see from the countenances of those who stood within the rays of the binnacle lamp, that they were full of anxiety.

"Now, my men," said I, "I have heard the noises that have troubled you, and I can tell you what they are. Somebody, or some number of bodies, have secreted themselves in our hold, and one of them has got hurt in some way. Of course I have no more idea of what it all means than you have. All is, there are men secreted there—perhaps to escape paying their passage, and perhaps for something else. They may be criminals escaped from justice, and they may be—"

I had almost said "pirates," but I kept that thought to myself.

"However," I added, "let the matter rest to-night where it is, and in the morning we will attend to it. There is no danger, for we may be assured that they have too much fear of exposure to attempt any harm."

And thus at length the men agreed to leave it, and I could see that they were much relieved

by my discovery. After having looked to the position of the ship, and given directions to my mate, I went to my cabin again.

As soon as it was fairly daylight, I went on deck, and I found the whole crew there, those of the mid-watch not having turned in at all since they were relieved. I had loaded my pistols, and Mr. Thomas had done the same. Again I ordered the hatches to be taken off, fore and aft, and as soon as this was done, I went down, my mate following close behind. The cargo forward was mostly boxes of cloth, the greater part of the heavier articles having been stowed aft. I crept forward close to the bulkhead, and then for the first time I found that some of the boxes had been moved up, and there was evidently quite a space thus made down among the bales.

"Halloo," I cried. "Who's down here?"

But I received no answer; and I repeated the question with the same success.

"Come on," I cried to my mate. "Come on, Mr. Thomas, and we'll have 'em out at some rate."

Upon this, there was a hurried whisper not far from where I was then crouched, for the boxes came so near the beams that we had to crawl on our hands and knees. I knew I could hear voices, though I could not understand a word. But soon there came something that I could understand.

"Now look here, my fine fellows, whoever you be," cried some one from among the boxes, "you'd better let us be in peace. There's five of us here, and we'll shoot the first one that shows his head. And more too; we'll shoot every man that comes, for we've got pistols and powder enough!"

"Who are you?" I asked, without moving.

There was a hurried whisper, and then the same voice said:

"We are escaped convicts, and we are going to America for safety. We've got provisions enough, and if you'll let us alone, you shall not be harmed, but if you attempt to touch us, or if you even come where we be, you shall die as sure as death!"

This was spoken in a deep, powerful tone, and with an air of reckless determination which left no room for doubt. I hesitated a moment, but I quickly made up my mind that it would be foolish to venture further at present, for the villains had every advantage on their side. In fact, they could have held an army at bay where they were; so I turned about and told my mate that we would return, and he said—"Of course." But before I left the place, I said:

"Look ye, fellows, and mark one thing—let it be storm or sunshine, starvation or suffocation, these hatches don't come off again."

"That wont trouble us," was the only answer I received, and then I returned to the deck.

I soon informed the men of what had transpired, and after the hatches were replaced and battened down, I went down to my cabin. I was in a situation which I did not like at all, and I was determined, if it was a possible thing, that those villains should not remain long with their liberty, for in the first place the very idea of having such rascals holding me continually at bay was repugnant; and then there might be danger—they might concoct some plan for murdering us, and robbing the ship; and again I would like to deliver them up to justice. One thing puzzled me exceedingly. How five men could get on board unnoticed, was not very wonderful, seeing that the ship lay in the dock four days after she was loaded; but how they could get their provisions on board and stow them, was the puzzle. As for water, they were right on one of the great iron tanks, so they would not want for drink.

But these matters were nothing. How to capture the scamps, that was the question—and upon that I pondered. When I went on deck again, I found my men all earnestly engaged upon the startling subject, and it took me but a few moments to see that they all looked to me for guidance, and for action too. I merely told them to wait with time and patience, and that I would do the best I could.

At noon the wind chopped round to the north-east, and I knew we were going to have a blow, and in half an hour more it came—the same one we had been expecting. By three o'clock the ship was under close-reefed topsails again, and with courses furled. The sea was high and chopping, and the ship rolled and pitched lustily.

"Thank heaven, we've got sea-room enough," uttered my mate, who had come and stood by my side.

At that instant a thought struck me. My mate's remark sent the idea of a plan through my brain like a shot, and I started with the impression. If we were running on rocks those fellows in the hold would make for the deck!

I reflected for a few moments, and my plan was formed, and having called my men about me I made it known. They were pleased, and seized upon it quickly. My first movement was to get at all the arms we had on board, which we found to be ten pistols, two muskets and two harpoons. But the muskets and harpoons we left, and having loaded the pistols, I distributed

them to those I thought the best calculated to use them to advantage. This done I next had a lot of seizing stuff made ready and placed where it would be at hand. Next I furnished four of the stoutest, coolest men with handspikes, and stationed them at the fore-castle companion-way, for I knew that if I could frighten the villains sufficient to start them up, they would easily break down the light bulkhead of the fore-castle, and come out that way, as the hatches were impassable.

My plan was all arranged, and the men were instructed.

"Let her off into the trough of the sea," said I to the helmsman.

The wind was now blowing furiously, and as the ship fell off, she heeled over frightfully and pitched rather more than I should have liked under any other circumstances. But we had life-lines rove, and the men kept their feet easily.

"Breakers, breakers, breakers!" yelled Ben Hall from the bows, with all his might.

"Let go everything!" I shouted through my trumpet, without the least regard to the applicability of my orders—and of course nothing was let go. But the men thumped about the deck uproarously, and the water came dashing over and in torrents.

"Lost, lost, lost!" shouted Ben, like the voice of a young hurricane; and at that moment half a dozen of the men began to rattle the chain cable upon the deck most vigorously.

"Hark!"

There came a crash from the fore-castle, and in a moment more a stout man came half rushing and half tumbling up the ladder. He reached the deck, and as a lurch of the ship carried him into the lee-scutters, he was pounced upon and secured just as a second man made his appearance. This second man came up just in time to feel the touch of a handspike which one of the men happened to let fall at that moment, and the consequence was, that villain number two fell upon the deck, and was being bound up with some of the seizing stuff, just as Ben Hall tapped villain number three with an iron belaying-pin, and placed him also upon deck. The fourth man followed his companions up the ladder, tumbling and leaping, half crazed with fear of being wrecked; but at the combings he made a lurch and rolled into the scutters just as the first man had done, and of course he was easily bound.

According to the statement that had been made to me, there was one more, but I dared not wait for him now, for the ship was taking the

sea a little too roughly for safety, so I had the helm put down and the yards braced up again, and soon we were safely on the wind. Then I went back to look for the other man, for I had been told there were five of them, and I believed it. I asked one of those we had bound about it but he would not speak. He had not yet got over his astonishment. Just then I remembered the groaning we had heard, and I supposed this fifth man might be unable to help himself, so I took some of my men and went down into the forecabin. A large portion of the bulkhead had been torn away, and through the opening I could see a man stretched out upon some bales of carpeting, and when I reached him I found his leg was fractured, and perhaps broken. We carried him on deck, but he groaned piteously with pain on the way. Mr. Thomas was considerable of a surgeon, and he examined the leg. It was so much swollen that it was difficult to determine whether the bone was broken or not, though it was most probable that it was not wholly broken off. However, he was cared for, and then I turned my attention to the others.

It was sometime before I could get anything out of them excepting curses and imprecations upon us, because we had served them such a trick. At length, however, I made out to get at their history, though I did not do it until the next day, and then not until I had fairly driven them to it by thirst, for I assured them that not a drop of water should pass their lips until they had answered all my questions.

Their story was this:—They were five of the worst villains in London, and there they had been apprehended for a most daring burglary. From some words that they spoke more than they had intended, I knew that on that occasion they had committed one murder at least, but they would not own it when asked, though I knew they lied. They made their escape and fled to Liverpool, where they were recaptured; and again they made their escape. They came down to the dock at night, and found that my ship was all loaded save a very few boxes that were then on the wharf, and that she would sail for the United States directly. During the night they knocked down the officer in charge of the dock, and having secured him they emptied two of the boxes into the dock, and filled them up with bread, keeping back enough of the cloth to place around the bread so that it should not rattle, and also placing stones with the rest of the cloth, so that it should sink. They knew of course that they should find water enough in the hold, and as soon as they had made these arrangements they crawled into the hold and secreted

themselves. On the second night from that they had to crawl out from their hiding-places and go on shore for food and drink, for they dared not search for their boxes, though they knew they had been put in the hold. They managed to leave the ship, for the night was as dark as a closed dungeon—and satisfy their craving hunger, and get back again without being detected. As soon as we were at sea, and while noisy work was going on upon the deck, they managed to move the boxes so as to make quite a comfortable berth. By the help of candles that they brought with them, they found their two boxes of bread, and thus they settled down for quite a comfortable voyage. But an accident betrayed them. When the storm arose, and the ship began to pitch, one of the heavy boxes they had moved fell down, and struck one of them on the leg, either breaking or cracking the bone. This caused the groaning and exclamations which had first startled Ben Hall, and which finally led to their capture.

We rode out a gale of eight-and-forty hours, and after that we had fine weather. When we arrived in New York, I delivered my prisoners up to the proper authorities, together with a full statement of all the facts. The rascals begged, and prayed, and cursed, and swore, and threatened me with all sorts of terrible fates if I exposed them to justice, but they made no impression upon me. They were walked on shore to a prison from which their villainous wit could not free them, and in due time they found their way back to England, where I afterwards learned they were convicted of murder and executed. So I had no more fear of their ever carrying out the awful threats they made against poor me.

#### MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of one third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs fast to try the truth of his love, she will,—without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed—pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or the end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and that is the cause that in this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.—*Customs of Nations.*



## A WINTER STORM.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

The shades of night are falling around,  
And clad in snow is the frozen ground;  
I hear the voice of the wailing blast,  
As the ice-king's car goes whistling past.

He breathes o'er the sea, and the storm-king dreads  
Is up from the caves where makes he his bed;  
And they lash the billows with frenzied breath,  
And are flinging afar their shafts of death.

Death to the mariner, braving them now—  
When the mad waves kiss his vessel's prow;  
Urging him on where the breakers roar,  
Chilling the heart with a fearful power.

And together they meet in the dwelling of want—  
Where poverty stalks like a spectre gaunt;  
And through crevice and broken pane they go,  
Where croucheth the beggar amid his woe.

The storm-winds teach us a lesson grave,  
That death is lurking on land and wave;  
Here, alternate joy and pain are ours,  
But heaven hath never dying flowers.

## A REVOLUTIONARY DOG.

## AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

A LONG time the young man knelt upon the sunken grave, striving to decipher the almost obliterated letters chiselled upon the low, gray and mossy headstone. But at length, just as his own and the patience of his companions was exhausted, he raised his flushed face, and a look of triumph shot from his dark eye, while a roguish smile lurked in the corners of his lips, as he exclaimed:

"I have it—I have it, and what guess you it is? A revolutionary—what!"

"Soldier, hero, officer," exclaimed the party, in a breath.

"Wrong, all of you," and he laughed right merrily. "A capital story this. After weaving a whole volume of legends about this lonely grave, and after my playing Old Mortality for an hour or more, it turns out that he whose voice is now forever hushed beneath this grassy mound," and he assumed a tragic air, "once gave vent to his noble thoughts, and his blessed sympathies, by a loud or a low—bow-wow."

"You joke us," said one. "You profane the sanctity of the cemetery," said another; while the third, a young and gentle girl, bent down to the stone, and after some trouble, spelled out the very words her brother had uttered.

"It is dog," said she, earnestly, "but I do not feel that we have wasted our time here, for there must have been some thrilling story connected with his life, or he would never have been buried thus. At any rate, the wreath of wild flowers which I wove, shall be hung upon the stone;" and she took from her fair brow a budding chaplet of the blended hues which the summer sunset wears, and reverently laid it upon the mossy monument, and then taking a white rose from her bosom, cast it upon the low, green grave.

"Do not laugh," whispered she, earnestly, as looking up, she marked the merriment that struggled on every lip for a gay expression. "I cannot bear you should, for I know that when the story of that dog is told us, we shall feel proud to know that we have stood beside his burial place. But see," and she pointed to the western sky, "the sun is nearly down and we are far from uncle's. We must hasten, and to-night, when we are gathered around the hearthstone, I'll ask him about this revolutionary dog. I'll warrant he can tell us all about him. Such a singular fact as this could not have escaped his antiquarian researches."

And it had not, for when Annie, in giving him a narrative of the day's ramble and adventures, came to the lonely grave in the corner of the deserted cemetery, he stopped her at once, with the exclamation—"the revolutionary dog! O, and since you have found his grave, I must tell you his story; that is, if you would like to hear it."

"Yes, yes, uncle, do, we are impatient to know why he was buried thus."

"You shall know—you shall know."

"It was early in the spring of 1777. The evening had set in cold and gusty. The heavy clouds that hung in straggling masses about the gray sky, portended a violent storm, while the wind went sobbing about like an unquiet spirit in search of rest, rattling the dry boughs of the still naked trees with a fearful violence, and wheeling through the patches of snow which still lay scattered about with such force as to drive the crusts of frozen flakes far over the brown and ridgy ground. The moon gave only a ghostly light, while the stars were entirely hidden, and a general gloom seemed to pervade the whole outer world.

"But it was not the brewing of the coming storm that saddened so terribly the hearts of the Merselis family, as after the untasted supper had been cleared away, they gathered about the broad old hearthstone. Nay, in their human trouble,

the war of the elements was scarcely heeded. But that some deep grief rested upon them, was evident at a glance.

"Upon the left of the fireplace, where burned and crackled as merrily as usual the old back-log and the generous splinters, sat a gray-haired man. The family Bible lay on his knees, and the fingers of one hand were carefully held between some leaves of the New Testament. In the other he held his spectacles, every other moment putting them to his eyes and then taking them down and rubbing them against his coat-sleeves. Opposite him, upon the right, sat his aged wife, her knitting-work for almost the first time lying idly in her lap. Oftener than usual did she stoop to brush away the embers from the dark and labor-polished stone, and each time as she bent one side to hang up the black wing, her only duster, she drew her hands quickly across her eyes. About midway between the venerable couple sat a young and lovely girl, over whose fair brow eighteen summers had lightly passed. But the rose of her cheek had faded, her mirth-loving lips were strained into fearful composure, while her light, hopeful blue eye wore a saddened look. On the one side of her, upon a folded camp blanket, sat or rather reclined a young man, some two or three years her senior, a glance at whose profile, could you have obtained it, would have revealed to you the fact that he had a brother's right to nestle his head so confidently in the maiden's lap. Occasionally he would lift his face to hers, and then with a deep drawn sigh bury it again in the folds of her dress. By her right sat another young man, with a towering manly form, a noble brow, over which waved rich masses of dark hair, a flashing black eye, and a finely carved thin lip, whose very contour told that a brave, high-souled heart lay beneath that breast, whose tumultuous throbbings could almost be heard in the silence of the hour. Something more than a brother he seemed, as he held so firmly, yet gently, the young girl's hand, now folding it to his heart, and then pressing it so fervently to his marble-like cheek. Before her, stretched at full length, with eyes closed as in a heavy sleep, but with ears pricked up at the least unusual sound, lay a large, shaggy-looking dog, in the depths of whose brown sides rested one of his fair mistress's feet, and as that stirred gently or uneasily, so did the position of the canine friend vary, and whenever her breath went and came with a stronger pulse, he would rouse himself at once and thrust his fore paws on to her knees, and look earnestly into her face till she smiled on him and whispered 'poor Faithful.' Back of all, so far in the

gloom of the large room that they seemed but huge shadows, crouched on low seats, sat a sable-faced couple, whose heads had grown gray in the service of the master and mistress that were now plunged in so deep a grief, and their attitude, unconsciously taken, betokened plainer than words the warm sympathy of their honest hearts.

"The old clock that ticked so unceasingly behind the door, had twice struck since the group seated themselves, and the pointers were fast approaching the hour of eight. Yet not a word had been spoken, save when Lizzie addressed the dog. But now the brother raised his head and looked pleadingly around, saying earnestly, 'for the love of life, do some of you say something. This death-like stillness unnerves me. Have you no parting word of counsel or advice, mother, father?' The lips of the aged ones trembled, but their hearts were too full to speak. 'Well, then, sweet sister, sing to us—anything—anything, but this terrible silence.'

"A low, plaintive melody was breathed out, rather than sung by the maiden, but with the close of the first stanza, her brother's fingers were upon her mouth: 'Not another note, Lizzy, of that mournful lay. Soldiers on the eve of battle for their country's wrongs should have some warlike air, some spirited, thrilling song, something to drown the cries of the heart, and make the ear ring to the thunders of cannon and the plaudits of the brave. You are not fit to be a soldier's sister, nay,' and he whispered, 'or a soldier's bride!'

"'But I will prove myself to be one, when you are away,' said she, 'striving with the heroism of a true woman to subdue her grief. 'I will pray night and morning for victory to your arms, and I'll defend with my little hands, this old homestead, against Indians and Tories, as only a soldier's sister, and,' she blushed, then added firmly, 'and bride could do.'

"'Now you talk rightly, Lizzie; now my blood begins to boil and my nerves to quiver; only keep up this spirit, and we shall go forth to-morrow like brave men.'

"'Yes,' said Lizzie, 'like brave, true-hearted, noble men, fighting not merely for the honor's sake, but for your holy rights—not for a king, but for a country. Father, mother, rouse up! Let us put aside our sadness—let us speak only cheering words. Let us forget that captivity or death may come to them, and think only of the hard blows they'll strike for freedom. We have done wrong to yield up to private feelings so deeply. I, for one, will be to-night not a Roman, but a Mohawk maiden, and bid them go and stay

till they have conquered the foes of our beautiful valley. And since duty keeps me at home, since I cannot go with them to nurse them if they grow sick, to heal their wounds if they be wounded, to bury them if they die, I'll send one that will do perhaps more than I could myself; who will go where I cannot, who will protect them when other friends should fail. Faithful,' and she took hold of the dog's paws, as he placed them on her knees, 'Faithful, listen to me, and remember every word your mistress says. You are to go to-morrow morning to Fort Stanwix with these two soldiers, and you are not to come back without them till you know that they are dead. You are to be as faithful to them as you have been to me, and when you come to die, brave fellow, you shall be buried with the honors due to a revolutionary dog. Remember, now,' and she patted his head. The intelligent eyes of the animal seemed to sparkle with added light; he licked her hands, gave a low, affirmative growl, and stretched himself again before her.

"That is well done for a Mohawk maiden," said her brother, with a soldier's halloo, 'but it must not be. Faithful must stay with you. He will guard you better than a dozen men. He can scent an Indian or a tory when miles away, and tell by an intruder's look whether he is bent on a friendly or evil mission. He must stay.'

"He shall not stay," said the sister, firmly, "and now that I have told him to go, he will not stay," continued she, to her lover, who now put in an interfering word, 'we do not need him. We shall always be on the guard for foes. And if they come, why Ben and I will care for them,' and she glanced towards one of the black masses in the corner.

"Ay, ay, Missus Lizzie answered it bravely," shaking at the same time his brawny fists, 'not till dis nigger's heart stop jumpin' do dey tak' dat chil'. Let de dog go, massas; we no need him. Let 'im go, dat's what I say.'

"And so said the aged father and mother, and the next morning, when the two young soldiers, the betrothed and the son and brother, girded on their swords and swung their knapsacks and shouldered their guns and parted with those dearer to them than life—parted and went their way to fight the long, fierce and tedious conflict for freedom, the dog went with them, and well was it too for the brave young captain, or his bridal day had never dawned.

"Six months had passed, and many a hard blow had the young men dealt, and many a hard one too received in return. But new the

youngest of the two, the stripling brother, lay pale and sick upon his hard camp bed. A fever, the consequence of an inflamed wound, had worn him to the bones, and though now pronounced convalescent by the surgeon, it was evident that more tender care than could be given in the fort was needed to restore him to health and strength. Every moment that his brother-in-love, and soon to be in-law, could spare from martial duties, was spent at his bedside, and every delicacy that their rude stores could furnish, was brought forth to tempt the sick and weary palate.

"Can you think of nothing, William, that would relish?' asked the young captain, one morning, as he marked how the invalid turned loathingly from the camp soup he had brought him.

"Yes," said he, 'there is one thing, but it is of no use to mention it here.'

"Tell me," responded the other, eagerly. 'We may procure it.'

"I remember a year or two since, when recovering from a fever, old Ben shot some pigeons and Lizzie broiled one for me, and from the moment I tasted the first morsel, strength seemed to return. But though it be the season for them, not for worlds would I have one of my comrades expose himself for me,—and he strove to swallow the soup.

"Captain G— said nothing, but in the course of the forenoon, with two of his soldiers, sallied from the fort, in quest of some birds, large flocks of which had been seen flying about a few days before. He did not apprehend the least danger to himself or them; for several weeks their foes had been very quiet, and none of them were supposed to be in the neighborhood. He forgot those savages were a wary set, and that their quiet is like the awful calm before the hurricane bursts forth.

"They had not gone farther than a mile into the dense woods that day to the south of them, ere a party of Indians started up suddenly from a tangled thicket, where they had lain in panther-like ambushade, and surrounding the unhappy men, they shot them all down, tomahawked and scalped them, and left them for dead.

"Perhaps three hours had elapsed from the time of their leaving the fort, when William Merselis was awakened from an uneasy slumber, by the howling of the dog Faithful, and opening his eyes, beheld him on his bed beside him, uttering the most piteous moans, and begging for something with all the importunity his intelligence could muster.

"In vain did the thin, white hand of the invalid strive to soothe him; in vain did his low,

weak voice essay to quiet him. He still kept up the same pleading noise; he still kept his forepaws on the bosom of his sick master. Almost worn out with his efforts to hush him, and put him one side, William called at length to a passing soldier, and begged him to take off the dog, for he wearied him, adding, 'he seems possessed. I cannot imagine what ails him.'

"I think, sir," said the man, 'he wants to go after the captain, who sent him back and told him to stay with you.'

"After the captain? And where pray has he gone? He has not left the fort without a guard?"

"Yes sir, he and two others have gone out to shoot pigeons."

"That's it—that's it," said the sick man.

"O if I were only well. Hark, ye, my brave friend. Open the gates, and let that dog go. There's something brewing, or if not, 'twill do no harm. Faithful,' addressing the dog, 'go find the captain, and don't come back till he comes with you, or you leave him dead.'

"Faint, stiff, and suffering excruciating agony from his many and fearful wounds, the captain at length opened the eyes which his savage foes had fancied were closed forever—opened them, it seemed, only to bid the world adieu, for far from his brave men, with no hope of rescue, there seemed nothing left for him but to die. After many efforts, he dragged his weary limbs to the side of one of his comrades, and laid his bleeding head on the pulseless bosom, and the flickering life that yet glimmered in his own seemed fading out entirely.

"But at that moment a rustling in the dry leaves arrested his attention, and ere he had time to fancy what it might be, a low, familiar whine reached his ear, and in less than no time the faithful animal, whom his promised bride had charged to care for him, bounded to his side. But what did the dog in an emergency like this? He did what he could. He licked the sore and crimson wounds, and thus relieved him for awhile from the exquisite torture, and then looked into his eyes as if for some directions.

"Faithful," said the captain, 'upon you depends my life and Lizzie's happiness. Go and find some one to care for me.'

"The dog bent once more tenderly over him, and then started off on a race that was like to that of a sudden wind. He cleared the woods quickly and fled down the bank of the river. He had gone about a mile, when he perceived at a distance two fishermen, just putting off in their boat. With a velocity that almost capsize

way pleaded with them to turn back. They resisted awhile and strove with blows to beat him off. But like a martyr he bore them all, still continuing in mute, but expressive language to urge them to go with him. His whining, piteous cries at length moved their hearts, and they pushed the boat to the shore and followed him to the woods. But when they saw him rush into its sombre depths, they hesitated, and turned back, fearing he was but a decoy to some Indian danger. But no words can describe the agony of the animal when he perceived this. He seized them by their clothes, and howled so furiously that from fear of being torn to pieces, they finally went with him, and thus were led to the bloody glade, where groaned the helpless and sorely wounded captain.

"They were not long in constructing a rude litter, and in bearing from the fatal spot his weary body, and ere nightfall the fort again sheltered him and his wounds were dressed. But a frightful spectacle he was. The whole of his scalp was removed; in two places on the fore part of his head the tomahawk had penetrated to the skull; there was a wound on his back with the same instrument, beside one in his side, and another through his arm by a musket ball.

"His long and tedious sufferings can only be imagined. But as by a miracle, in spite of all, he still recovered, and as his surgeon says, 'appeared well satisfied to have his scalp restored to him, though uncovered with hair.' And in the latter years of the revolution, when health and strength had again given vigor to his constitution, the right arm of the 'scalped captain' dealt many a vigorous blow for his country's freedom. And never was bride prouder of her groom, than was Lizzy Merselis, as while the bells were pealing America's victory and the bonfires of triumph flashing all up and down her native valley, she placed her hand in that of her warrior lover, and spoke her nuptial vows.

"Once, my sister," said the now rugged brother, 'I said you were not fit to be a soldier's bride. I take it back. All honor to the Mohawk maiden, who severs her own ringlets from her brow to wave them on her bridegroom's head,' and from his lips there burst a grand, triumphal shout, which the guests were only too proud and glad to echo."

"A twelvemonth afterward, one sunny afternoon in June, a little group were seen following a bier to the then almost graveless cemetery, which lay hidden in the depths of the forest. There was an aged man and woman, so feeble that they tottered at every step; there was a married

pair in the bloom of life ; a soldier in full military costume and two old negro servants. Reverently was the corpse lowered into the grave and gently were the clods thrown in, and with tender care were the green sods piled above the mound. And then a headstone was set up, and when all was finished the youthful wife hung over it a laurel wreath, and as she turned away, clinging to her husband's arm, she whispered : 'Green forever be the memory of Faithful—a revolutionary dog.'

#### PLAYS IN OLDEN TIMES.

There was once a very popular game, which consisted in one of the company being seated on a stick which was placed over a pail of water, and was by no means steady ; the candidate for honor held in his hands a taper, which it was his object and his glory to light at another fixed at the extremity of the said stick, and which he could only reach by a delicate and well-balanced shuffle towards the object ; it frequently happened that the other end would be uplifted, the stick roll off, the actor be thrown, the light be extinguished, and admired confusion ensue, accompanied by the erowing of lungs like Chanticleer. This lively amusement, it must be confessed, would not suit the velvet carpets of Belgravia or elsewhere ; but in the days when it most obtained, the floor was probably strewn with sand or at best with rushes. If the game of pail was lively, what was that of the bucket ? This was played by our long-haired ancestors ; a youth that nourished locks of sufficient length, or that wore a wig of the proper dimensions, placed himself on a board over the bucket of water prepared. At a given signal, he ducked backwards without losing his balance, and managed to dip the tip of his long locks into the pure element, and instantly recover himself. As he seldom accomplished this feat without a variety of failures, the comic incidents attending his struggles delighted the audience. Cherry-hob and orange-bob were both considered as charming games, and one which held its own to a late period, was thus performed. A gentleman put the end of a coil of string into his mouth, gallantly presenting the other end to a selected young lady ; the duty of both was to absorb the string with their lips, till by degrees they approached each other, as if attracted by a magnetic influence, and a kiss, if one could be accomplished in spite of the mutual impediment, concluded the affair.—*Household Words.*

#### GENERAL BLUNDERS.

Among the sentences uttered by celebrated men, which seem to partake of the immortality of their authors, the "hasty plate or soup" of Gen. Scott, and "all the world and the rest of mankind" of Gen. Taylor, stand conspicuous ; and now, as though emulous of this distinction, Lord Raglan has succeeded in placing himself in a niche by the side of these great generals. In his despatch from the Crimea, dated Jan. 6th, he says, "The ground is thickly covered with snow, though not very deep." May he wear his honors meekly !—*N. Y. Herald.*

#### APRIL DAYS.

BY E. M. ROBERTS.

Sweet, changing days of sun and shade,  
Of violet bright and blue ;  
Along your path the woody glade  
Is bright with flowers and dew :  
So like the sunny April days,  
My wayward childhood knew.

They come through years of darkness back,  
In all their glad array ;  
When evening's early star comes out  
Above the dying day :  
And o'er the mountain's darkening brow  
The twilight fades away.

Round memory's long unburied joys,  
A thousand fancies start ;  
Back to the shade of other years,  
Ye wilding dreams, depart ;  
And leave me, as in days gone by,  
A simple, trusting heart.

The fields were covered o'er with bloom,  
My father's cottage nigh ;  
Hard by a grove of shadowy elms,  
It met the traveller's eye :  
And near, a gentle, gurgling stream,  
Went wandering sweetly by.

When spring was o'er the hills, and when  
The gales were glad and free,  
The swallows twittered on the eaves,  
And in the threshold tree ;  
The robin sat amid the leaves,  
And carolled merrily.

And when the early Sabbath bell  
Woke in the vale below,  
Came out upon the morning breeze,  
The silvery chime, and low,  
Sweet as the softened memories  
Of music, long ago.

O, visions of departed years,  
Of childhood's mirth and song,  
How strangely bright your hue appears,  
Life's darker scenes among ;  
Like incense on the gale, ye flood  
My lonely path along.

The spring brings back its warbling birds,  
Its banks of green and gold ;  
But not, O not unto my heart  
The joyousness of old ;  
Amid the chilling blasts of life,  
Its gladness hath grown cold.

**AUTHORSHIP.**—As a man embraces the determination to become a soldier and go to the wars, bravely resolved to bear dangers, and difficulties, and wounds, and death itself, but at the same time never anticipating the particular form in which those evils may surprise us in an extremely unpleasant manner—just so we rush into authorship.—*Goethe.*

## WILD FLOWERS.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

Ye tiny gems that o'er the meadows green,  
 Called by the Spring-time's merry voice, arise,  
 And here and there amid the grass are seen,  
 Like scattered stars that shine in night's dark skies—  
 I love to see ye, when the Spring's light tread  
 Has passed upon the gladdened breast of earth—  
 When o'er the fields she hasteneth, to spread  
 Her robe of green, and give the Summer birth.

There is a freshness in your fragrant breath,  
 Far sweeter than the artificial bloom  
 Of flowers, that, saved from Winter's dreaded death,  
 Within a hot-house breathe their faint perfume.  
 For ye are Nature's jewels, by her hand,  
 From out her golden casket freely thrown,  
 Ye rise in untaught beauty o'er the land,  
 And have a balmy sweetness all your own.

Ye peep from out the woods' green bed of moss,  
 Where fluttering leaves their changing shadows throw,  
 And o'er the playing stream ye hang across,  
 And prattle to its laughing waves below.  
 Along the fields in beauty fair, ye spring,  
 To meet the zephyrs wandering through the air,  
 Until the merry country maidens bring  
 Your gathered stores to deck the May Queen's hair.

How do ye hold to heaven each tiny cup,  
 Rivaling the tints of its cerulean blue;  
 The grateful offering of the skies to sup,  
 And fill your vessels with the pearly dew.  
 From whence, if the old legends say aright,  
 The woodland fairies sipped their moonlight draught,  
 Where, mid their revels in the dim midnight,  
 The heaven's nectar from the flowers they quaffed.

I love to meet ye at the early morn,  
 So brightly blooming by the dusty way,  
 Or, gladly rising o'er the grassy lawn,  
 With the first beams of the awaking day.  
 Ye are like golden thoughts cast here and there,  
 Which, in the wilderness of life, we find  
 Sweet gems of beauty, visions bright and fair,  
 Thrown from the shining treasures of the mind.

Nature is ever beautiful—her crown  
 Is gemmed with jewels, with the Summer's leaves;  
 Or when the Winter shakes his snow flakes down,  
 Or Autumn yields his coronet of leaves;  
 But meet I love the starry flowers of Spring,  
 Innocent offspring of a heavenly birth;  
 Visions of unseen loveliness to bring—  
 And make a dreamland paradise of earth!

The horse is eaten in some parts of South America, especially in the southern portion, and its flesh is esteemed a great delicacy. Horseflesh is, among these people, considered as necessary at the festive board as the sirloin of beef amongst ourselves; the less that is said, however, about their mode of preparing it for the table, the better.

## THE IRISH CONQUEST.

BY FRANCIS P. PERRELL.

TOWARDS the close of the twelfth century, Ireland, once the repository of arts and sciences, had waned from its brightness and sunk into a state of mental degradation, pitiable, even when compared with the least civilized of the nations then existing. It was divided into five separate principalities, governed by their respective kings, and as one of the monarchs led in war, he was considered sole sovereign of the island, and in the year 1172, Roderic O'Connor was at once King of Connaught and lord of the isle. At the same time Dermot M'Murrough, an unprincipled man, somewhat past the prime of life, was King of Leinster, and father of Eiva, the Celtic beauty of the French court.

Eiva had been sent to France early after the death of her mother, which occurred during her childhood, and remaining among the accomplished French princesses until her nineteenth year, had seldom seen her father. Of a tall stature and full figure, floods of straight, long, yellow hair, dazzling blue eyes and a snowy skin, she was one whose beauty astonished without commanding love. Some called her the Celt; others the giantess; all declared her superb; no one pronounced her lovely. But in fact, no one knew her, for she kept herself locked up within her own heart.

There was a grand tourney proclaimed for St. Mark's day in Paris, and all the nobility of France and the adjacent kingdoms were called to the jousting. Tents were pitched, banquets spread, seats filled, trumpets blown, combatants summoned, and the royalty of France by courtesy crowned victor in the first strife, when Richard the Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, entered the lists, slow and automaton-wise, and confronted the prince, who wore white lilies on his shield. The Earl of Pembroke was a powerful, heavy man, gloomy and fierce of aspect, sitting like a statue on his black, steel-trapped steed. A moment from the loud clanging of the trumpet, from the eager onset with the flashing weapons, and the pride of France's chivalry lay in the dust, and with a shout, the concourse rose, and as no one else appeared, proclaimed him victor. The ladies, a moment since, scorning the stalwart Englishman, leaned smilingly towards him from their balconies, showering sweet words and fragrant flowers down upon him, while three times he rode round the ring to choose the Queen of Beauty. In a balcony somewhat higher than the rest, sat the Queen of France, the two Prin-

cesses Helene and Agathe, and the Princess Eiva of Leinster. Half the golden flood of hair of the latter was pinned up with ebony bodkins, and a rose-colored gauze, woven in and out with silver threads, at once concealed and displayed the symmetrical contour of her perfect form. A mantle of a fine, silver fabric, thrown up in wrought brocades of incredibly rough splendor, was half resting on her shoulder, half hanging over the balustrade where she leaned with a proud disdain.

The victor knight lifted his long spear and lightly touched her shoulder, proclaiming her the Queen of Beauty. A shout of applauding assent arose from the beholders—"Toss him thy scarf," murmured the queen; but Eiva, remaining motionless, only threw down a glance of infinite contempt. At this instant, a herald once more entered the lists, daring to battle Richard the Strongbow with Roderick of Connaught, and by the grace of God, Ireland. The earl, wheeling his horse, threw him on his haunches, and his herald accepted the unexpected summons. Three times was the challenge given, then the curtains swept aside, and the adversary, bare-headed, and on foot, came upon the field. Behind him a saffron-clad squire led a large, white horse, trapped with gold and crimson, who arched his neck and gayly caprioled in accord with the stirring music of the clarions; and a page by his side bore shield, and lance, and helmet. Bowing low to the fair throng above him, and turning, with a proud, dark eye from the nobles, he bound on his helmet over long waves of blue-black Connaught hair, took his shield and lance, and lightly vaulted in the saddle, never so much as glancing at his opponent, who beheld with angry heart the equal stature and superior agility of O'Connor. One instant they held their impatient steeds, the next, the trumpets sounded the charge. Lance leaped from rest, plumes streamed behind the horsemen, steel shivered into sparks at the shock, steeds staggered, riders reeled, broadswords swung in a great circle, as they rushed impetuously together. There was a crash of dark greaves and cuirass, an unhorsed rider, and the golden armor of O'Connor flashed up in the sun. He doubled the trebly won glory of Pembroke, because he had vanquished the victor.

"Pembroke was premature, madam," said Eiva, as the Irish prince rode slowly round the ring. Her parted lips were glowing crimson, her eyes sparkled like stars, deep rose hues flashed upon her cheek, and genial smiles lit up her face, as this time the cold point of the spear again touched her bare shoulder. Taking her scarf of

silver tissue, Eiva wound it laughingly around the spear and tossed him the flower from her bosom.

Three months more in the gay halls of Paris, and Roderic O'Connor returned to Connaught the betrothed of Eiva, while Richard, Earl of Pembroke, suing for her hand, had been haughtily refused by the princess returning to her father. But Strongbow was not thus to be repulsed.

On her arrival at Leinster, Eiva and her retinue found all in confusion; her father, for the theft of Tensia, Princess of Meath, having been expelled from his kingdom by the united strength of the Kings of Meath and Connaught. Acting with his usual high idea of honor, and in accordance with his regal oath, Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, had espoused the right, unheeding, in his contempt for the weak, licentious Dermot, any result of the indignation Eiva might have a right to feel. But Dermot, with a blinded and savage revenge, had recourse to the English king, Henry II., promising him the whole kingdom for present assistance. And Henry, then in Guienne, gave the *ci-devant* King of Leinster letters patent, enjoining the English to help him, and Dermot had already effected a league with the haughty Pembroke whom his daughter had scorned. In this treaty, Richard the Strongbow swore to aid Dermot M'Murrough, with the sole condition that Eiva, the king's daughter, should be given him in marriage. And Dermot had returned secretly and hidden himself with his new wife Tensia, in the Convent of Ferns.

Being secretly apprised of her father's abode, Eiva dispersed her suite, and with only Kate Murphy, a tall, fair-haired attendant, privately sought the convent. A day's intercourse with her sensual father and her young, hard-hearted step-mother, completely disgusted the fastidious Eiva, and she longed bitterly for the sunny home in France, and her bold, noble lover; already she respected Roderic O'Connor for his conduct, and many an unwonted tear gathered in her large, blue eyes, as she looked over the long waste from whose summer growth the convent derived its name.

"Eiva," said her father, who, notwithstanding his coarseness, was possessed in an eminent degree of that beauty which is independent of expression, as he suddenly stood before her. "Thou'rt growing sad! Perhaps wouldst like a lover. A month, and one comes to wed thee in haste and woo at leisure. Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. Thou hast perchance heard of him?"

"Ay."

"Thou wilt prepare thyself to obey our command!"

"Nay."

"How? What sayest thou? What meanest thou?"

"I have once refused Pembroke's hand. I shall not reconsider my determination."

"But thou shalt!"

"Canst thou force me?" she asked calmly, but elevating her figure to its loftiest height, and her eyes blazing upon him.

King Dermot gave a long whistle, indicative of some dismay, and said:

"Well, child, we will not disturb the matter. We can wait."

"And so can I," said Eiva.

The gloomy winter ended, the smell of April came upon the air, the streams slipped from their chains, and the King of Leinster never once recurred to the subject; but with spring, Fitz Stephens, Pendergast, and Fitz Maurice had landed their forces, and the queen and Eiva were removed to the castle of the Banshee that stood on the centre of a mountain lake, its black walls builded up from the very wave. And here in a short time they were joined by Pembroke, whose easy assumption of authority and surety was not at all displeasing to Eiva, for joined to the hate she felt, she vowed to foil him and sooner die than wed him. Meanwhile, O'Connor had not been tardy in tracing Eiva.

The red radiance of a storm-foreboding sunset streamed into the great banquet-hall of the castle of the Banshee, where sat Dermot and his queen with their suite, and on a couch raised by steps to a level with the other thrones, reclined the Princess Eiva, with Pembroke at her feet. Her dress was of some rich cloth of gold, bestudded with sapphires, and a net of gold and sapphire but half confined her luxuriant hair; a dress conceived in the barbaric fancy of the age for magnificence, softened only in the more refined taste of Eiva by a square of delicate cobweb lace pinned across her bosom. Her eyes were half closed, and in the sudden pause of a drinking song, she dropped her light fan, which Pembroke proffered her in turn with a courtly compliment. Oblivious alike of action or word, Eiva beckoned a slave.

"Yon fan! give it me!" she said.

The servant kneeling, received it at Pembroke's hand and returned it to the princess, just as a page, entering, exclaimed, having knelt to the king:

"There is an harper without in a skiff, who

beggeth that he may satisfy his eyes with feasting on the wonderful beauty of our princess."

"How knew he we were hither!" cried Dermot, angrily. "He shall not enter!"

But the harper had already forced his way, and stood silently in the centre of the hall, his enormous harp across his shoulder, and long, gray hair falling forward, as he hung his head with eyes bent on the ground.

"Begone!" roared Dermot.

"Prithee, kind father," said Eiva, rising and coming forward, with a wave of her majestic hand, "it is long since we have had like entertainment. Suffer this old man to soothe thy wan and plot-worn heart with melody! This is the princess," she added, turning to the minstrel. "Look at me!"

The harper raised his head slowly, and bold, black eyes flashed broadly on the superb being before him, who, flushed with hope and apprehension, and gorgeously arrayed in her stiff, full drapery, bent slightly towards him, with one hand extended to her father, and the other pressed upon her bosom. With an imperious manner the harper threw back his hair, and slowly lifting his bent figure to an almost colossal height, unsling his harp and stood a moment before it. Sweeping his fingers across it, and never once taking his eyes from the princess, he sung, by way of prelude, in the wild Irish tongue:

"Sing ho! sing ho! for the castle gate!  
The boat is rocking on the sea—  
To tie thy girdle to thy waist,  
But come, my avournaen, come with me!  
Here, long waves lap the rocky ledge,  
Ever with wild and angry motion;  
But there, where rushes lean a-hedge,  
My keel shall part the tangled sedge,  
And warriors round the water's edge,  
With crossbows strung in rare devotion,  
Shall guide thee safely!  
Come with me!"

Changing the key with singular adroitness, he sang again one of those long Scandinavian legends, that by turns excite the passions and lull the whole soul in a dreamy, slumberous emotion; then again bending his form to the old, shrunken semblance, he shouldered his harp and wandered from the room.

"His hand is o'er smooth for so old a man," sneered Pembroke.

But Eiva still stood in her first attitude, wrapped in her own thoughts. Aroused by his speech, she gazed haughtily a moment at him, and then glided gently down and went out a different way from the harper; but wending a circuitous hall and corridor, Eiva found herself in the court-yard and at the open gate, unheeded by the porter gathering a handful of gold which



the harper had thrown behind him. The boat was swaying to and fro, just grazing the wall, and the harper sat at the helm.

"I am here, Roderic, hasten!" she murmured, standing erect in the frail skiff that rocked unsteadily beneath its impetuous burden, as she threw the porter's torch from its bracket into the hissing lake.

Had the harper risen from the keel? A tall form stood beside her; she put her hands on his shoulders, saying:

"Is it thou?"

"Nay, my sweet, it is I," said the harsh voice of Pembroke, and encircling her waist with his great hands, he leaped within the court-yard, giving the skiff a thrust, and flinging the great gates together. "Not this time, your highness," said he, still bearing her, till they stood in an inner room together. A large fire was blazing in the huge chimney-place, and releasing Eiva, they stood in the light of the flame. Anger and exercise were a glow upon her cheeks, and the rain beaded her shining hair, which, bursting from its enclosure, rolled a golden flood far down her back.

"What meaneth this? Have I not had the Princess Eiva's word of honor!" said Pembroke, in harsh, low tones, like brooding thunder.

"Never!"

"Thou playest me false, madam, but I do not love vainly. I cannot be thwarted. Thou shalt be my wife. No Pembroke forswears himself!"

"I will never be your wife!" she answered, her eyes smiting him with fierce jets of flame. "Eiva of Leinster, whose ancestors feasted in the Fes at Tara, wed a vassal, forsooth? Thou art already forsworn!" and slowly drooping the long-lashed lids, she stood calm and still once more.

"Thou canst not live and be otherwise," he murmured.

The rain was beating in at the open lattice, she moved gently to close it, and lying below within its light, she saw a large boat full of men; hastily tearing off her lace kerchief, she threw it forth unperceived by Pembroke, but the helmsman caught it as it fluttered down, and the boat still lay by, floating slowly into the shadow. She came back to the fire on which Pembroke was moodily gazing.

"So thou swearest it?" said he, looking up to her, where she stood silently before him.

"I swear," said she, "if in any ill-fated hour I become your wife, in that same hour may my right hand wither, may madness consume me, may my soul—"

"Cease!" he said, hoarsely, laying his cold hand upon her arm. "All my hopes in life have been blasted, all my joys crossed. Motherless, sisterless, friendless, in the dark twilight hitherto I have sat alone, yearning for thy love to fill my heart, thy gentle influences to soften my ruggedness. Now, I am not yet old, but all my life is gray behind me—lies hoary and eternal before me. I have lost such hope of mine. Do not, therefore think I relinquish thee. Revenge and glory come now. I beg no one. I implore never. I command—I enforce! What shall part us?"

"Death!"

She had not raised her eyes, and her tone rung out like the toll of a clear bell on some distant air. He stepped angrily, took her quickly in his arms, and opening a small door, wound up a long flight of stairs that led into her private apartment.

"To-morrow thou shalt wed me," said he; and parting the hair from her face, with gentle force he pressed his lips in a long, impassioned kiss upon her forehead, last seal of his love's expression, and left her.

"Kate Murphy," said Eiva to her astonished maiden, "Go thou below, dear child, to the banquet-hall!"

And quickly barring the door after her, the princess took a torch and held it at the lattice. The boat, obedient to the signal, pulled near, while Eiva tore away the lattice and stood aside. A moment, and a stone weight, attached to a strong rope thrown from below, whistled past her through the open space. Hastily seizing, she fastened it with strong knots round a large beam, and binding her hands in soft cloth wrappers, mounted the sill; the boat lay close below, the rope was taut, and grasping it she sprang into the darkness and slid swiftly down till an arm impeded her. The rope was flung away, the uplifted oars fell with a measured beat into the black water—the rain fell fast around the lovers wrapped closely together in one boat-cloak, and they sped rapidly away into the obscurity, while the loud revelling in the banquet-hall was still undisturbed.

After reaching the shore, Roderic O'Connor and his party mounted waiting steeds, and cautiously, in separate bands and along unfrequented ways, next day at noon reached Dublin. Meanwhile, King Dermot and Pembroke thought their treasure still safe in her turret chamber, and collecting their armies, marched on to besiege Dublin, the last city of the enemy, for Wexford and Waterford were already taken. Thus the few but well disciplined and all-conquering

forces of the English encircled the sole stronghold of the rude nation within a day.

Pacing the roof of a distant palace, Eiva saw in the mists of the early morning, the stealthy, hostile bands surround the city, the white camps spread, the horrible engines of war erected, and hastened to alarm O'Connor, whom she had not seen since their arrival. Guided by a trusty page, she found him defending the Daingean, and cheering his men at the work of repairing the fortifications, trowel in hand.

"What is it?" he said to the brave maiden beside him, still enveloped in the great boat-cloak that hid her magnificent robes. Speedily she numbered the forces to him and told what she had seen.

"Thou art late with thy news," said he, smiling pleasantly, and pointing to the chosen sashen-vestured archers. "Yet I would it had chanced a day later, since we are poorly provisioned for a siege. A train of sloops well laden from the north, the villains captured, and two relays, a herald brought me word, they surprised in the night's march. My men are superior in number, equal in courage, but they lack discipline. Now do I repent of my jousts and sports. Dear, brave Eiva! We fight now for all. If I fail, I have no crown to offer thee!"

"Do not think of it," answered she. "Have I no love—no endurance? Sooner than leave thee, I will follow thee barefooted and in rags!"

"Let us mount the parapet. Meath! station the bowmen along the wall."

A moment more, and with Roderic unhelmeted by her side, Eiva, throwing off the boat cloak, stood with her splendid beauty and attire, in the full view of the army below and its two astonished leaders. The phalanxes for battering were already in motion, and the ponderous engines were crashing on beneath. With a low inclination, Eiva recognized Pembroke, who stared in undignified amazement.

"Has thy bird flown, my Lord Richard?" said she.

"O hussy!" cried her disregarded father, "come down from thy shameless pedestal!"

But Roderic raising his hand, the archers let fly a dreadful shower of deathly missives upon the bands below, and the beautiful goddess of war vanished from the wall. All day the conflict raged in vain, for the place was full of Connaught men, who were far before the other Irish; but so slow as was the progress of the hated foe, so sure was it. Only a fortnight they worked patiently and stubbornly, as those with teeth close set, and the noon of the fifteenth day saw the wall naught but a shell, and mines of infer-

nal skill everywhere breaking up around the besieged. Then Eiva and her most noble lover convened the faithful of their remaining friends, and instructed them in few words of their duty; and within an hour, from the high wall that opened on the river, full five hundred divers plunged, dived, and coming up far distant from the enemy, sought the castle of the Banshee, as Roderic had directed them, leaving Roderic and Eiva with a chosen few, behind.

A loud crash, and fearful shrieks resounded in an opposite direction, as "the breech yawned into ruin," and springing to their steeds, Eiva still being beside her lover, the gates were thrown wide open, and pouring one after another, the small, devoted band issued after their leaders, madly forth into the face of the victorious enemy. With cheering words from their king, the shouting Connaught men dealt havoc and destruction; but for once the English outnumbered them, and swarming like bees over an intruding foe, they stung the little band to death at their sharp spears' points. There was not one man left of the soldiery, and his heart swelling with despair, forgetful of his plot, intent only on revenge, Roderic swung his flashing blade above his head, searchingly for his first enemy, that he might grapple him, slay him, and die. But Eiva, not even second in the fight, was at his rein.

"Remember," she cried, and striking spurs to her horse, she pricked her lover's with an arrow, and headlong, over dead and living, with flying leaps, the two, skirting the army, fled away. Behind the hill, across the plain, and into the bosque beyond they fled, chased by Pembroke and King Dermot with their followers. Then suddenly Eiva slackened her speed, and wheeling her charger, confronted the pursuers, while Roderic, throwing off his golden greaves and cuirass, his shield and helmet, dashed onward. Pembroke seized her rein.

"Thou art trapped again," he said.

"Ay, indeed, as thou thinkest!" she answered, with a laugh that was too full of suppressed glee to express itself.

"Your majesty," said Pembroke, with a sudden touch of nobleness, "yon king has, ere this, eluded us, for he knows the country well. Pursuit is vain," and he turned about.

"This hour, Eiva," said her father, drawing near to where she stood, "shalt thou be Pembroke's wife."

"Where is thy own wife, Tensia?" she asked.

"In the castle away—the castle of the Banshee," said the king.

"There only, then, will I be wed. No elsewhere!"

"And I?" said Pembroke.

"Thou too, be wed there!" Why askest?"

"To-morrow then, at dawn," said the knight, "we will leave this discord for the Banshee's. When once this bird is caught, we can attend to our conquest, O my kingly sire!"

During this momentary conversation, a spearman in the dark English armor, with his visor drawn, had joined the few around Pembroke, and when, next night, Dermot, Pembroke and their prize entered the castle of the Banshee, he was, with two English guards, behind them. It was Roderic, the dethroned King of Connaught.

As the three noble personages passed through the great hall—"Send Kate Murphy to my bow-chamber," said Eiva to a page, and the king left her within, stationing himself, Pembroke and the guards without the door after the damsel Kate had passed.

"Kate," whispered Eiva, when they were alone, "how wouldst thou like to be Pembroke's wife, and Queen of Ireland?"

"A pleasant fate enough, dear lady," said she.

"Wouldst thou dare face that dark man's displeasure?"

"What should I fear?" answered the girl.

"Thou art full my size," said Eiva. "List; if thou sayest yea, I will tell thee my thoughts, dear girl. Thou shalt don my rich apparel, and my long, close, lincn veil. I will say to my father, that thou desirest to wed the servitor without. Thou shalt personate me. I thee. Thou shalt wed Pembroke—I the servitor, who is—thou art faithful? the King of Connaught. Thou wilt?"

"Ay, will I. I do not fear him. I am full his equal in rank. Let him dare speak me ill!"

Eiva opened the door, and going out, with Kate's hand in hers, said:

"My father, thou knowest this Kate is my foster sister, and we have always purposed to be wed on the same day. She telleth me that she hath long loved, silly child, this servitor. Prithee, after my Lord Pembroke and thy daughter, suffer Kate and her lover to be wed!"

"Ay," said Dermot, with half a sneer. "Ask-est aught more?"

"Let James the priest confess us!" she replied, relapsing from her air of sweet persuasion, into her former majesty; and taking care that they should see the tall figure of Kate Murphy, the princess and her attendant re entered the room, followed by Priest James, who soon returned.

"Heaven help me that I err not in the names," said he, wending his way to the chapel.

Presently the door opened again, and a tall woman, arrayed in a glistening, silver brocade, a veil of white lincn falling to the feet on either side, and completely veiling the face—as was the custom—bound on by a tiara of blazing diamonds, glided out and placed her hand, white and covered with jewels, in that of Pembroke.

"Thou hast so changed in thy dear submission, that I could find it in my heart to forgive thee!" said he, as they succeeded the priest. "Where is thy oath?"

Another woman, with not half so queenly an air, dressed in fine cloth, but likewise veiled in lincn, taking the servitor's hand, followed the throng.

The marriage ceremony being performed in Latin, if Kate Murphy was pronounced the bride of Richard the Strongbow, he was ignorant of it, and the other two came forward to the altar. When the brief ceremony was performed, the priest, raising his voice, said, as Eiva had previously wished him to do, in the intelligible tongue:

"I pronounce Roderic O'Connor and Eiva of Leinster, man and wife! Amen!"

Dermot sprung forward, but the supposed waiting woman threw aside her veil, and stood quietly on the altar step with her lover, who, unbinding his helmet, displayed the wild Connaught beauty of King Roderic!

"Ay, King of Leinster, I am Roderic O'Connor's wife!" said Eiva. "And thou, Pembroke, who didst think to snare me—art snared. Come hither, Kate!"

The superbly dressed countess moved to the altar, and Eiva, drawing aside her veil, said:

"Is she not comely, Pembroke? She will be a better wife than I, for thee. I do not see that thou canst do aught in the affair. Cease thy raving, father. Look not so white, Earl of Pembroke! I here solemnly relinquish all right to the throne and crown of Leinster. I swear it by this holy crypt!" and she placed her hand above the pall that covered a chest of dead men's bones, thus taking the most dreadful oath of all those civilized nations. "And I promise Earl Richard to throw away mine identity, content to live in peace as Kate Murphy, O'Connor's bride, and suffer my foster sister to be known to the world as Eiva the Princess. I will never trouble thee! Be content. Thou art king through Kate's inheritance the same!"

All this time Roderic supported her, and now they would have moved away, when simultane-

ously Pembroke and King Dermot dashed forward, crying, "Thou shalt not thus escape us!" But the voice of Roderic rose like a clarion—and the five hundred divers, who had gained entrance to the castle, suddenly lined the chapel. So confident had the king and Pembroke been, that not thirty guards were in the castle. They were fairly mastered, and biting their lips fell back. Kate knelt, sobbing, at Elva's feet, who, kissing her again and again, went with Roderic away. At the gates, the divers plunged into the wave again, and Roderic and Elva, once more sitting in the same skiff, rowed gaily to shore, where the divers awaited them.

"Go," said Roderic, "if ever ye hear the warcy of O'Connor, echo it, follow it! Know that till then, ye have no king!"

Many centuries ago, coming through ways inaccessible to all save him who knew their secret, leaping chasms and skirting precipices, climbing jagged peaks of rock, one suddenly dropped on a valley, the gem of all the land; a valley, rich in fragrance, bloom and fruit, in fields of grain, chequered with shadows of sailing clouds, in miles of quaking heath, and forests of vast extent, unscathed by the tempests of the cold Atlantic. Here lived the outlawed Connaught and his bride.

And though history may record that in one last, fierce struggle, Roderic O'Connor and his night-trained forces fell to rise never again, save on the ghostly wings of tradition, one dauntless one, who bore O'Connor's name, was left to chant his Ulala—and to this day, bold, lawless tribes, noble tribes, noble and virtuous in heart, of a glowing and seducing eloquence—brave, enduring and inflexible, claim descent of the Connaught king.

#### CUT BEHIND.

When General O'Hara was Governor of Gibraltar, he was said to be perfectly crazy on matters of military discipline. He went so far as to have the shoes taken off his mule on purpose that he might go night rounds, and visit the guards in the most silent manner, without being heard until he was close upon the sentinel. But to our story:

As had been the long established practice, O'Hara always attended the grand mounting parade on the sands, at six or seven o'clock in the morning; and he took so much notice of the officers of the several guards that he could generally, during the remainder of the day, name them all. One day he was proceeding out of South Port in his carriage, when he passed an officer going into the town, and whom, at the instant, he remembered as having passed in review before him that morning, as commanding the south guard. Upon this, the general immediately determined on satisfying himself as to

the fact, and so convict him of the heinous military crime of quitting his guard; and ordered the coachman to drive with speed to the south guard. Away they went, at the rate of ten to eleven miles per hour, along the saluting battery; and in a short time the horses, out of wind and covered with lather, reached the south guard, a mile or more from the place where the general had passed the suspected officer. At the usual distance, the running sentinel called the guard to "turn out," which was obeyed with all the alertness desirable; and the officer advancing, unobserved by the general, at a quick pace from near the carriage, drew his sword; then, opening ranks, presented arms, and saluted in the best manner. At the sight of this officer every doubt had been removed. "By Jove, it is he himself!" thought the general, as he ordered him to turn in the guard, and beckoned him to come up to the carriage.

"Pray, sir," impatiently inquired O'Hara, "did not I see you but a very few minutes ago walking very deliberately into the town near South Port?"

"Me, sir!" exclaimed the officer, pretending the greatest simplicity, and extreme surprise at the question. "I am guard here, sir."

"Well, well, I know that; you need not have supplied me with that valuable piece of information. Did I not, sir, I ask you again, did I not see you going into town as I came out by South Port?" his excellency said, raising his voice, and his face reddening with anger at the offender's attempt to conceal the fact by evasion.

The officer, after a moment, in no way disconcerted, or showing any symptom of timidity, looked the general full in the face, and then, with great politeness, said:

"Will your excellency have the goodness to state to me whether that question is put to me by his Excellency, General O'Hara, Governor of Gibraltar, or from yourself in the capacity of a private gentleman?"

The off-hand manner in which this question was put to O'Hara struck the right chord; and, after a few minutes' hesitation, he replied, with a smile on his countenance:

"Well, sir, as a private individual I wish to obtain the information."

"Then, sir, I freely confess that you did meet me at the South Port."

"Well, sir, that is honest. Now, sir, I want to know how you could get here on foot as quickly as I did in my carriage, and that, too, without any discoverable fatigue?"

"Sir, I shall conceal nothing from you in the private capacity you have selected. On meeting you I strongly suspected that you knew me; and when you stopped the carriage to speak to your coachman, I guessed your motive; so, feeling that if my conjecture were correct, I had no means of arriving at my guard at the same time as yourself, I got up behind your carriage, the only means left me of securing that object."

"By Jove, sir!" exclaimed O'Hara, "I like your candor, and still more, the dexterity and readiness you have displayed in extricating yourself from a position of the greatest danger. You must dine with me, sir, to-morrow," giving him a most hearty shake of the hand. "But, take care! You must never leave your guard again, or, by Jove, I'll break you!"—*Tribune.*

## MORNING.

BY PHILIP EDGAR HANDTIDE.

Now has the mounting sun's all-ripening wings  
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dark breast;  
And from the couch, whence Memory's scorpion stings,  
Have harshly chased the gentle dove of rest;  
I slowly steal to watch the wondrous things  
That Nature spreads upon her varied vest;  
When sleepy Night her faint farewell is taking,  
And morn upon the misty hills is breaking.

There is a solemn silence in the night,  
That well may calm to peace a troubled heart;  
There is a sound of gloe—a vision bright—  
When Darkness throws her widow-weeds apart;  
To don Day's bridal dress of dewy light,  
That with the arrow's fleetness well may dart,  
O'er gloomiest bosoms, thoughts of Hope, once dead,  
Reviving like shut flowers, 'neath morning's tread.

But there are darker spirits, like deep caves,  
That in the womb of mountains, swart and wild,  
Exchange the sunlight for the shock of waves,  
Hiding from day their waters world-delled;  
And memory's beams to them are as the graves  
That, veiled in night, in daylight are beguiled  
Into the horrified view—before the eye,  
Raising the ghosts of pleasure long gone by.

The breath of morning—all its fragrant dews—  
Its budding boughs, its singing birds, its bees,  
Its skies, vermillioned o'er with blush-like hues,  
Its sunshine, laughing o'er bright tinted trees;  
Its voice of many tones, whose sounds transfuse  
Through hoping hearts a thousand ecstasies;  
To blighted spirits, like grave-strewn blooms—  
Of the death-work within these painted tombs.

For morning's breath, though sweet and softly blown,  
May reach the tempest's force before the moon;  
Rude drifting rains may quench the fragrance thrown  
From dewy buds—and carmine skies may soon  
Be wrinkled o'er with angry clouds—the tone  
Of Pleasure's voice may alter to the croon  
Of rushing waves, and furious winds, and all  
The glorious earth be wrapt in Rain's pall!

The withered heart hath but one resting-place,  
The silent solitude where sleep the dead;  
Yet, from the gentle radiance and sweet grace  
Of Nature in her quietude, where tread  
Of noisy man disturbs not with rude pace  
The harmony that slumbers o'er the head,  
A fleeting rest its tortured thoughts may win  
From sights and sounds that have no taste of sin!

At a trial in England, recently, the noted serjeant Wilkins called on the jury in the most touching terms by their verdict to restore the prisoner to the bosom of his wife and family, and dwelt on the effect the result of the trial would have for happiness or misery on those who are so dear to him. When the learned serjeant sat down, wiping his forehead after his effort, he was a little surprised to learn that this touching allusion to wife and children had been made on behalf of a "bachelor!"

## ANECDOTES OF TRIALS.

In the autumn of 1821, a man, named Desjardins, was tried in France, as an accomplice with Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri. Desjardins confessed himself guilty of the crime; but, on his defence, contended that his confession ought not to be used against him, because he was so notorious a liar that no one would credit a word he said. He then brought forward a group of friends and relatives as witnesses to prove this. They all testified to his bad character in this respect, and the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Irish criminal history furnishes a case almost identical. A man on trial for highway robbery, cried out from the dock that he was guilty; the jury, nevertheless, returned a verdict of "not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Good God! gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare that he was guilty?" The foreman replied: "We did, my lord; and that was the very reason we acquitted him; for we knew he was so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

We may mention in this connection, a cutting remark of Webster to a witness, who stated that he might have said more in his testimony, but thought he had done well in keeping it to himself. "It was of no consequence," said the great man, "the jury did not believe a word you did say."

Levinz reports a case in the King's Bench, "wherein the jury, not agreeing, cast lots for their verdict, and gave it according to lot; for which, upon the motion of Levinz, the verdict was set aside, and the jury were ordered to attend next term to be fined."

Cooke cites a case wherein the prisoner, accused of murder, appealed, and rested his defence on the ground that the deceased had highly provoked him by mocking him in his gait and speech. The opinion given by the bench was, that the crime was murder. The jury deliberated for some time, and, finding they could not agree upon a verdict, came to the following understanding: "that they should bring in and offer their verdict not guilty, and if the court disliked thereof, that then they should all change their verdict, and find him guilty." Accordingly, they returned a verdict of "not guilty." The astonished court refused to receive it, and sent them back; whereupon they rendered a verdict of "guilty."

"The faithful Boswell," in his anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, relates that, during Johnson's visit to Scotland, a person was executed to please his laird. "Before the heritable jurisdictions were abolished, a man was tried for his life in the court of one of the chieftains. The jury were going to bring him in 'not guilty,' but somebody whispered them, that 'the young laird had never seen an execution,' upon which their verdict was 'death;' and the man was hanged accordingly."

This deference to the authority of the head of the clan is only equalled by the story of the highland dame, who reproached her "gude man" with a want of respect to his chief, because, having been condemned, he naturally displayed some reluctance at sight of the halter. "Git up, Donald," said the "gude wife" to her "ain guid man," "git up, Donald, and be hangit, an' dinna anger the laird."—*The Prisoner's Friend.*

## THE BRIDGE ABOVE THE BROOK.

BY FRED. W. TRAVEL.

How many fond remembrances  
Does that rude old bridge call back;  
With the arms that bounded on each side,  
The hard and well worn track.  
The boards that lay with rustic grace  
Upon the stones below,  
And the noble willows overhead,  
Ever waving to and fro.

'Twas here the lowing herds were brought  
On summer days to drink;  
'Twas here I came when all was still,  
On sadder things to think.  
At eve, this was a hallowed spot,  
And hither I did stray,  
When all was peace and quietness,  
To while the hours away.

And what a glorious scene it was,  
On a lovely summer night,  
When the silver moon came forth to us,  
With all its lustrous light.  
And lone and tranquilly it lay,  
While every glistening beam  
Reflected back the bridge again,  
From the gently flowing stream.

How cool it was to lie at noon,  
Beneath that bending willow,  
When a mound of sweetly smelling grass  
Made a rude but pleasant pillow.  
To watch the water flowing by,  
The stones with moss grown o'er,  
And gently rising over them,  
With a low and mimic roar.

Of all the scenes of boyhood,  
This one I love the more,  
For the stream flows by as merrily,  
As it did in days of yore.  
The fine old willow greets me  
With the old accustomed nod,  
As it used in hours of childhood,  
When I underneath it trod.

## THE SEA-SHELL.

BY MARTHA SAWTELL.

On a terrace of the Faubourg St. Germain, a young man was contemplating with a melancholy glance some articles arranged beside him on a table of island wood. Suddenly the sound of the bell aroused him from his reverie. He went to open the door.

"Is it you?" exclaimed he in a tone of agreeable surprise, caused by the arrival of a friend.

"Myself; at your service, excepting to become an academician."

"Do you bring me nothing new but this epigram, Monsieur Academician?" continued the young man, smilingly.

"Better than that. See this letter covered with seals: *Monsieur Julius de La Pointe, Quai Voltaire, Paris.*"

"Amiable doctor! How I thank you! It is a letter from Martinique. I recognize the writing of my sister, and the seal which she has adopted since the period of our separation—*L'absence est le plus grand des maux!* My good Julia! I had a presentiment that I should receive news from her to-day. Just now, as I was looking at the sunset, and thinking of the sky below there, where the habitations of men do not conceal the view as here, I thought of her."

Julius de La Pointe opened the letter with emotion. His face beamed with pleasure, and a tear of tenderness trembled on his eyelids. Fearing to disturb by his presence these pure and ineffable joys of his breast, the doctor retired discreetly to the terrace. Julius rejoined him almost immediately, being transported with happiness.

"My sister is married!" exclaimed he; "she has espoused him whom she has loved from her infancy!"

The man of science pressed the hand of his young friend with emotion, manifesting the sympathy he felt in his joy. Then, after the congratulations usual in such circumstances, he said:

"You find me in admiration before your collection of shells. What cares! what solicitude for these shells of the mollusca! With what art have you lavished upon them varnish in order to enhance their brilliancy, and reveal their most delicate shades! A painter is not more skilful. I am sure that you have placed them in the rays of the sun, to remind them of the sky of their native shores."

"Yes, doctor; and I never fail to give them this fete every fine day."

"But," continued the savant, "my curiosity is singularly piqued. How! a conchologist of your science deficient to this degree in all the rules of good classification! Why does this dull, broken, deformed shell occupy the centre of your collection? Why is it in the place of honor, while you banish to the second rank those tritons, casques, and purple porcelain shells, which reflect the tints of the rainbow? Either I understand nothing of the art of Linnaeus and Lapeyre, or I should have placed on this throne, to which you have raised this disgraceful conch-shell, this *strombus* which reflects the prismatic colors."

Julius, with humid eyes, regarded the humble shell with an indefinable expression of happiness and gratitude.

"Doctor," said he, "is that which shines the most always the most valuable? Do not believe it. Do not you, a botanist, prefer to the brilliant dahlia and the purple poppy, the violet hidden under the grass? God keeps in secret all that he has created most valuable on earth. It is for the man who enters into possession of these sacred objects to give them the place which they deserve. This shell, which excites your disdain, has saved a family, has secured the happiness of my sister."

"Explain yourself."

"I will do so. Let us approach the fire, and listen to my recital. *It is the truth of the good God*, as our negroes say in their picturesque language."

"You have often told me you are acquainted with the island of Martinique. Then you have heard speak of La Caravelle. It is an almost savage island, which sailors call thus after a Spanish ship which was wrecked there. The sea there is always furious, and the sound of the waves is heard incessantly dashing against the jagged rocks, throwing their white foam into the air, and falling back in rain, to recommence their perpetual flow. It is there that the habitation of my father is situated. But farther inland the country changes its aspect; it becomes enchanting, and the two sides of the isthmus resemble two lakes. So the Count de St. Croix, the proprietor of these places, has surnamed them *Le Beau Séjour*. The family of St. Croix and mine were united by a friendship so intimate that they constituted, so to speak, but one. Francis, the only child of the count, was a brother to my sister and myself. You may judge of Julia by the portrait which you see above the mantelpiece. She has the same jet black hair, lips opening like the corolla of a rose, the same forehead, the same arched eyebrows; it is her, all but the ravishing expression of her large, black eyes, which the pencil cannot copy.

"As for Francis, he had nothing of the Creole but the grace and sensibility; his eyes were blue and limpid as our sky; his hair, naturally curly, was of a blond, like the ears of corn which gild our fields. We were nearly of the same age. Whoever had seen the three running over the sand of the beach, with hands interlocked, tresses lifted by the breeze, mingling our babble with that of the waves which broke at our feet, whoever had seen us, I say, would have comprehended true happiness here below. Our greatest pleasure was to go upon the *cayes* (reefs left dry by the tide) in search of shells. We started at sunset, with willow baskets on our arms, and little

spades in our hands. The songs of the negroes, who were fishing along the coast in their canoes, hollowed out from the trunk of a tree, gave us the signal.

"The negro has not the land,  
The land is the white man's;  
But the negro has the sea,  
The sea is not the white man's."

"The negro has not the canes,  
The canes are the white man's;  
But the negro has the shells,  
The shells are not the white man's."

"One evening in winter, we were returning from a walk on the *cayes*; the weather was threatening, vivid lightnings were flashing along the horizon. Julia had been detained by attempting to secure, on a little hillock, a shell attached to one of those marine plants called *sea-plumes*. The tide rose and surrounded the hillock, which became an island. The unfortunate child raised her hands towards heaven, uttering cries of distress; the long braids of her hair, seized by the wind, which blew violently, were wound about her neck like the stalks of the cane.

"The blacks ran in crowds from their hats and canoes; but when they reached the shore, Francis had already crossed the arm of the sea, and was disputing with the waves her whom he loved more than a sister. They carried Julia beneath the cocoa-trees which bordered the beach. She wreathed her arms about the waist of Francis, as the vines twine around the stems of the palm-tree, but looked with regret at the hillock of sand that was disappearing along with her shell in the whirlpool of the waves.

"Who will restore it to me?" said the child, in her passion for the pearly shells, which are the flowers of the ocean. "Who will restore to me the shell which the sea has taken from me?"

"And as if she had ordered it of the rising element, a hoarse voice was heard issuing from the abyss:

"Here! here!"

"A man with copper complexion, keen eyes, thick eyebrows, waving hair all streaming with salt water, emerged from the wave which was rolling on the shore. This man held in his hand the shell so much regretted by Julia, not because it was beautiful, but because it was rare on this coast, and the species did not yet figure in our collection.

"Pere Sassa!" exclaimed at the same time all the negroes.

"Pere Sassa was neither a white man, mulatto nor negro. He was of the indigenous race—he was a Carib. His family, the last remnant of those natives whom the Spaniards found on the island in the fifteenth century, had escaped

the massacres of civilisation, and, retired to the rocks of this almost savage island, had passed through centuries without mingling with new generations. But, under the last English occupation, this family was decimated, and Sassagari alone survived. He assumed the title of cacique, although he had no tribe to govern. His name was Sassagari, but the blacks, in their childish language, formed only of diminutives, called him Pere Sassa.

"At the cries of alarm uttered by Julia, the Carib had rowed to her assistance; he had plunged in and brought her the shell so ardently desired.

"Ah, the ugly shell!" exclaimed I, on perceiving a blackish mass in the hand of the Carib; "threw it into the sea, Pere Sassa."

"To the sea! to the sea!" repeated all the negroes.

"But the Carib, deaf to these murmurs, advanced to us beneath the cocoa-trees.

"Little white children," said he, "you love shining things; then do not throw away this shell. It has no colors on the outside; the sun has painted its face, but its brilliancy is within; the stars of night have marked its heart."

"What do you mean, Pere Sassa?" said we all, in astonishment. "Can you see through the shell?"

"The cacique stretched out his hand toward the last rock of La Caravelle, where his little hut shone by the glare of the lightning like a tortoise shell beneath the phosphorescent foam of the waves.

"Come there," replied he, "you shall know more."

"And he entered his canoe, which disappeared in the trough of the waves.

"Pere Sassa is right," said Julia, after a few moments of surprise. "Why disdain this shell? It is true it is not beautiful; but it is original; we have none like it; we must place it on our shelves. It will remind us of that stormy day when Francis threw himself into the sea to save me!"

"The lightnings were redoubling in intensity, large, warm drops announced one of those sudden storms so terrific in the Antilles. We then hastily returned home.

"On the morrow, the bananas prostrate in the fields, the trees uprooted and borne away with their green foliage by the overflowed torrents, were the only indications of the hurricane of the night. The heavens and the sea were reposeing calm and limpid from their violent agitations. We set out for the cabin of Pere Sassa. We found the Carib seated on a large stone before

the entrance of his hut, preparing his nets for fishing.

"On seeing us, his thick eyebrows were elevated, his greenish eyes shone with a wild light; he seemed pleased with our confidence, and with the remembrance we had retained of his words the night before.

"Who gave me this thread to weave my net?" said he.

"It was I, Pere Sassa," replied Julia.

"Who gave me this knife to cut the thread, to fashion my wooden needles, to cover my house, to dig my canoe?"

"It was I, Pere Sassa," replied Francis.

"For this," continued the cacique, "Sassagari followed you on the beach, and on the cayes. Sassagari would have given himself to the sharks of the coast rather than that the sea should have harmed a hair of your heads. Sassagari saw last evening little master and mistress struggling against the rising tide, he plunged in under the water and saved the shell."

"But what then is this shell, Pere Sassa?" asked I; "and what signify those soceries of the Zombi, which you told us last evening under the cocoa-trees of the shore?"

"Look," said the Carib, pointing to the remains of similar shells piled up near his house; "those were left there by Sassagari, my father, the first on these shores to manage the canoe and to dive."

"We recognized shells of the same species with ours.

"The white strangers who drove our fathers from the country, caused these ravages. We are not negroes; to avoid slavery old Sassagari embarked his family in his canoe; but he would not leave to the jackals the shells which bring good fortune to the fisherman, and keep off the evil spirits of the water. This good sentiment ruined him. For the whites were suspicious of these shells, and broke them against the stones. When they saw fires like the moonlight on the white crests of the waves, their eyes were inflamed. They became furious and threw themselves upon us like hungry beasts. It was in vain that we rowed, their guns reached us. I escaped by diving. Alas! I was alone; the sea demanded not my bones. I have fished since then more than they destroyed, the blood-suckers! The rock alone, beside Sassagari, knows the place of their concealment. But, little white children, keep the sea-shell of last evening; when it speaks Sassagari will reply. Believe the cacique. *He who sings in the sea-shell the plaints of the sea, and who paints them with the sunrises, places in their depths the stars of heaven.*"



"So spoke the Carib. He remained immovable, his glance fixed on the horizon. The sad fate of his family, and his superstitious belief, left in our souls I know not what vague presentiment.

"Not daring to exact the secret which he would not yet deliver to us, we regained, silent and dreamy, the tufted shade of the tamarinds, beneath which we passed the burning hours of the day in playing before the house.

"Meanwhile this happy life of our childhood approached its termination. We were about to quit this paradise where God had placed us to enjoy and love. Francis and myself had grown up. Our parents talked of sending us to France. At this name Julia trembled, the serenity of her brow was overclouded, and sighs swelled her breast.

"My father arrived one evening from the city, and informed us that our passage was engaged in a ship that was to set sail in a fortnight. Poor sister! I see her still on hearing the fatal news. She passed the hours, seated beneath the great palm tree before the door, in looking at the blue sea. Francis noiselessly advanced towards her, took her hand, and said, in his softest tone:

"My lily, what is it you are looking at beyond the waves?"

"I am looking," replied she, "for the white sail of the vessel which is to bear you far away."

"The count consoled them; and passing his fingers through the golden curls which covered the brow of his child, he said to him:

"You love Julia, then?"

"Yes, papa," replied Francis; "if I were never to see her again, I would go and throw myself from the rocks into the sea."

"Early one morning a boat came to carry us to the ship. We bade our adieus. Julia, pale as a shroud, came to us with her shells. She gave the first to Francis; and, taking me by the hand, said:

"My Julius, I give you this ugly shell; do not forget that I found it on the day when Francis saved me from drowning. Preserve it in memory of your sister and her attachment for Francis!"

"It was agreed that the French ship should fire a cannon on doubling La Caravelle. At the first shot, we saw on the highest ledge, a white handkerchief waved in the air. It was the last adieu of Julia, the mysterious benediction of an angel praying for her brother.

"Six years later, in the month of 1847, a handsome young man terminated his brilliant career in college, and made his entree in the aristocratic world of Paris. This young man

was the Vicomte Francis de St. Croix. His brown, tropic tint had grown clearer, his forehead shone like a white lily beneath his hair, and his rosy cheeks set off the limpid blue of his eyes. At his first debut, he obtained a position at the head of the most fashionable people of this noble faubourg. The belles of the drawing-rooms recognised but one defect in him:

"He is indifferent!" said they.

"This word will reveal to you that a long absence had not effaced in the soul of the young Creole the remembrance and image of his beloved Julia. Francis had left his heart on the rocks of La Caravelle; it was there that he hastened to reclaim it.

"After our departure the state of Julia's health had occasioned lively uneasiness. But Julia hoped; and to hope is to live. Each day that rolled away seemed one more the less to be furrowed by the vessel so impatiently awaited. She counted the circles which the fall of the leaves traced around the stem of the palm-tree. She went every evening to the rocks to follow with her eye the sails in the horizon, and to confide to the breeze the names of France and Francis. We often received letters from her; they were always on the pains of absence, the period of our return, or the memories of our past childhood.

"My Julius," said she, "have you taken good care of the shell of old Pere Sassa? Francis saved me from the sea on the day when I found this shell; it is the pledge of our affection; never lose it, my friend."

"The moment was approaching; our studies were finished. Nothing now remained but to cross the Atlantic. At La Caravelle and at Beau Sejour gayety had revived. There were preparations for a fete on our return, and for the wedding, which was to be celebrated a month after. With his exquisite taste, Francis had made the purchase of the prettiest bridal corbeille to be procured in the elegant warehouses of Paris. All was ready; we waited only the approach of spring. One month more and the wind of return would swell our sails. But, alas! how fragile are our plans before the finger of the Supreme Arbiter! Between this marriage corbeille and the vessel which bore us to our own country, we were destined to encounter an obstacle; this obstacle was a revolution! The enfranchisement of the blacks was proclaimed. We were compelled to postpone our departure, and to allow the first mutterings of the tempest to pass away.

"The Count de St. Croix had promised liberty to the slave who should signalize the vessel of his son. The vessel appeared, but without the

son; and all the slaves received liberty. Labor was suspended.

"The estate of Beau Sejour, which numbered three hundred blacks, saw its cane harden on their stems, like reeds, without being able to gather them. It was ruin. Some women only, with their children, and an old negro, who had accompanied us in our voyage to France, wept at the word liberty, and adjured their old master to keep them as in the past. The count, in the hope of saving a part of the revenue of the year, hired in order to harvest his crops. But laborers were rare, and the wages insufficient for their exigencies; the harvest was nothing, the estate became burdened with mortgages.

"This terrible news burst upon us like a thunderbolt.

"What will become of me, my friend?' said Francis, in a passionate, despairing tone. 'I cannot be your brother. I will never consent to carry desolation into your family. Let me go to a foreign land. I will labor, I will save the honor of my house. But Julia! Julia! to lose her when God was about to unite us forever! tell her, my friend, how I love her! tell her that a cruel necessity could alone—'

"Francis,' replied I, before he had finished, 'your place is with your father. Go and unite your efforts to his. You exaggerate the evil. One crop may restore to you your former prosperity. Think of Julia, if you forsake her, she will die.'

"No, no,' continued he, 'I accept the task imposed upon me. I must, by energy and perseverance, deserve the hand of Julia. These jewels, which were to have adorned her head at the altar, shall aid me to prepare for her in the future a new crown.'

"So much resolution overcame me. The next day, on a cold and starless evening, a post-chaise stopped before the porte cochere. Some one asked for me. It was Francis. He seized my hand and bathed it with tears.

"Adieu, my dear Julius,' said he, in a voice of emotion; 'I am going to New York. When I return I shall be thy brother.'

"We embraced each other, weeping; an instant afterwards the horses started at a gallop.

"Early in the autumn of the following year, I was one day occupied in visiting my shells. M. de St. Croix was announced. I was about to have thrown myself on the neck of Francis. A stooping and gray haired old man received me in his arms.

"The count!' exclaimed I.

"Alas! it was only the shadow of himself. Misfortune had sadly ravaged his features. We

embraced each other for a long time, our voices stifled with sobs, remembering the past.

"My dear child,' said the Count de St. Croix, at last, 'I cannot withstand so many trials. The fate of your sister and of my son has crushed my heart. I must find Francis, and save Julia. I will obtain an indemnity to redeem my sugar-fields, and we shall escape ruin.'

"But, alas! even this illusion vanished quickly. One evening (it is just a year ago to-day) the count re-entered, after having made a final and useless effort. He had thrown himself on the arm-chair where you are sitting, doctor, at the same spot, and before this same fireplace. I essayed to calm his despair. I enumerated with the tenderness of a son all that could re-animate his confidence;—'better times will succeed to these stormy days; Francis has courage, the future is his.'

"O, rather death than dishonor,' exclaimed the old man, in a tone which penetrated my soul. 'Francis! Julia! I shall die, then, without having seen you united.'

"Suddenly his eyes were fixed on the portrait of Julia.

"Dear child!' said he, rising and taking down the frame, 'come, let me contemplate thy features before I die! Let my last thought be for thee and for Francis!'

"But the hands of the old man, enfeebled by age and grief, could not sustain the weight of the frame. The portrait dropped, and in its fall overthrew a shell placed on the mantel-piece; this same broken shell which excited your curiosity, doctor, and which the Carib had brought to Julia during the storm.

"What passed in this room at this moment, God only knows. The portrait was unharmed. At the foot of the frame lay on the marble the fragments of the shell. A celestial light seemed to illuminate the features of Julia. I recognised the stars of the Carib; three large pearls, brilliant as diamonds, had come out of the shell.

"We are saved!' exclaimed I placing the pearls in the hands of the count. 'Return to Martinique, interrogate Pere Sassa;—if he lives we are rich: he possesses a treasure on his rock of La Caravelle.'

"God is just!' replied the old man, raising his eyes to heaven; 'bless him, my son!'

"The next day the first lapidary in Paris placed in the hands of the count, in exchange for the pearls, the sum necessary to redeem his estate.

"As a good fortune never comes alone, I received the same day a letter from Francis, giving me his address in New York. His noble heart had courageously accepted the struggle. He

had opened to himself by his intelligence the entree to an important commercial enterprise, and hoped in a few years to attain the object of his constant efforts. Dear friend, he was ignorant that one of our fishing excursions on the cays of La Caravelle had just abridged his trial.

"It was now the count's turn to make preparations for the wedding of his son. A corbeille, exactly similar to the first, was purchased at the same shop. I accompanied the count to the port, where he embarked for New York. He intended to take his son and proceed from thence to Martinique. We separated without sadness. We did not say adieu, but *au revoir*. Now, doctor, it is you who have brought me the *dénouement* of this recital. Permit me, then, to read you this letter from my sister.

"TO MY JULIUS:—You alone are wanting to our happiness, my beloved brother. After so many trials and sufferings, after the cruel anguish of separation, God has taken pity on us and united me to Francis. Prosperity has returned to Beau Séjour, and to La Caravelle. And all this happy change is the work of that poor shell,—the work of the poor Carib! Ah, my friend, let us bless the wonderful ways of Providence!

"On the day of our marriage we went, in the afternoon, to the hut of the Carib. He was seated on the same large stone as formerly, bent, broken down by years.

"Pere Sassa," said Francis to him, 'your words were sincere, our hearts alone were distrustful. We have found the stars of heaven in the sea-shell.'

"The eyes of the cacique gleamed with strange brilliancy.

"Who gave me the thread to weave my nets?' said he; 'who gave me the wood for my canoe, and the knife with which I hollowed it out? Therefore follow Sassagari!'

"He rose, took us by the hand, and descended with us to an enormous round stone, which chance alone seemed to have poised on the rock.

"Sassagari will soon rejoin his fathers,' said he to us; 'the sea demands his bones.'

"And he pushed away the stone, which rolled on the shore. This stone sealed the entrance of a grotto, and in the grotto were hundreds of pearl-shells.

"We would have taken the Carib by the hand. He had disappeared. By the last rays of the sun, about to be extinguished in the waves, we perceived his canoe; it was voyaging towards the immensity, never to return.

"We were in possession of a valuable treasure. Francis has sold the pearls in New York, and derived from them sums beyond what the revolution had taken from us.

"We have desired to perpetuate our gratitude to Pere Sassa. In the place of his hut rises a column of granite, on the summit of which gleams at night a luminous Pharos, which serves as a guide to navigators. On the granite is engraved this inscription: '*To Sassagari, the last of the Caribs of the Island.*'

"Return, my Julius, we await you. We will go often together, at sunset, to visit the Grotto of Pearls, and deposit, under the eye of God, at the foot of the column, the perfume of our eternal gratitude. — Thine, brother,

"JULIA."

"Well, doctor," added Julius de La Pointe, as he terminated his recital, "ought I, as you say, in compliance with the laws of conchology, to proscribe from its rank the broken shell?"

"O, no, indeed," replied the savant, "this shell should be for you and yours a sacred relic."

#### LORD NORTH.

This good humored minister was always ready with a joke, and always appreciated one, even though it was at his expense. One night he rose to deprecate the too great readiness to give and take offence which prevailed in the house. "One member for example," said he, "called me 'that thing called a minister!' Now, to be sure (patting his portly sides), I am a 'thing,' and he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added, 'that thing called a minister,' he called me the thing which of all others he himself most wishes to be; and, therefore, I took it for a compliment." A prosing old sailor, well-known for his lengthy orations, began to speak on an admiralty question. Lord North said to one of his supporters, "Now — will give us a history of all the naval battles, from that of Salamis to that of last year. I shall take a nap; wake me when he gets near our own time. After an hour's infliction the friend nudged Lord North. "My lord; my lord, wake up—he has got to the battle of Van Tromp." "O, dear," said the sleepy minister, "you've waked me a *hundred years too soon*." On his last night in office his antagonists had collected for a grand battle; Lord North rose in his place, and declared the administration at an end. Of course, the house adjourned immediately. It was an awful wet night, and in those days cabs were not; the members, expecting a long debate, had ordered their carriages at one or two o'clock in the morning; and Lord North as he passed through the baffled and imprisoned crowd of his opponents to his own chariot, bowed to the right and left, saying, with a smile, "Adieu, gentlemen; you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret." — *Home Journal*.

Egotism springs sometimes from self-admiration, but oftener from the want of it.

## THE LEAF IS OFF THE TREE.

BY W. L. SHREVEAKER.

The leaf is off the tree,  
And the fruit is off the bough;  
But as when first I saw thee,  
Even so I love thee now.  
It was the joyous summer;  
And the flowers were blooming gay;  
But thou, in thy young beauty,  
Wert lovelier far than they.

I saw thee 'mong them move,  
Than the summer-eve more fair,  
With the light of joy around thee,  
And a rose-bud in thy hair.  
The birds were sweetly singing,  
As the night mild twilight met;  
But the music of thy words, love,  
To me was sweeter yet.

The flowers dimmied the light,  
And the warm rays of the sun;  
'Twas from his kindly bounty,  
That their life and joy they won.  
But 'twas from thy bright eyes, love,  
Which mirrored thy pure heart,  
That love in me had being,  
Which shall nevermore depart.

Ah, it were sad, indeed,  
If the love that lights my hours,  
Should wane with the sun of summer,  
And perish with its flowers!  
Some love may be thus fleeting,  
But mine no change shall rue;  
And, as it cheered life's summer,  
It shall cheer its winter, too.

Thy cheeks may lose their bloom,  
And thine eyes become less bright;  
But to me thou wilt always be lovely,  
In memory's magic light.  
As, in that eve of summer,  
She will picture thee as fair,  
With thy voice of heavenly sweetness,  
And the rose-bud in thy hair.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

Those who "go down to the sea in ships" do indeed behold wonders. There are marvels even to the dwellers on the sea-side, but they who entrust their lives upon its bosom, behold, from the first day of their adventurous career to the last, enough to minister to the most craving desire for excitement. The desert waste of waters in a calm—the mighty majesty of old ocean when roused in the fury of a tempest, with the frequent lightning mocking the wild billows, the appearance on the surface of monsters of the deep, the starry phosphorescence of the waves at night, the appearance of a strange sail, an encounter with some fragment of a wreck, awakening a train of busy fancies, these are all incidents of an ordinary sea voyage. Irving has describ-

ed a sea voyage beautifully. Speaking of the view from the main top, he says: "There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving its huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors."

Without doubt, our gifted author, when he penned the preceding passage, had in his mind's eye, the sea serpent, that myth of modern, as well as the kraken, that fable of ancient times. At one time, every sea-faring man fully believed in the existence of the Norway kraken. The learned Bishop Pontoppidan, of Bergen, gives an account of the Kraken, Kraxen or Krabben, otherwise called the Horven, Soe-Horven, Ancker-troll and Kreuzfisch, "incontestably the largest sea-monster in the world." "The Norwegian fishermen," the bishop says, "see this enormous monster come up to the surface of the water. He then shows himself sufficiently, though less than his whole body does appear, which, in all likelihood, no human eye ever beheld. \* \* Its back, or upper part, which seems to be in appearance about an English mile and a half in circumference—some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty—looks at first like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. Here and there, a huge rising is observed, like sand-banks, on which various kinds of small fishes are seen continually leaping about, till they roll off into the water from the sides of it. At last, several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker, the higher they rise above the surface of the water, and sometimes they stand up as high and large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems these are the creature's arms; and it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to bottom. After this monster has been on the surface a short time, it begins slowly to sink again, and then the danger is as great as before, because the motion of his sinking causes such a swell in the sea, and such an eddy or whirlpool, that it draws everything down with it."

That will do for the kraken, against which

we presume no merchant thinks it necessary to ensure his ships. We are rather sorry the kraken is defunct—the expectation of seeing a monster, “Very like a whale,” a “mile and a half in circumference, some say more,” would add materially to the interest of a sea voyage. We have now to fall back upon the sea-serpent, a sad abatement, to which from the kraken, is surely the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. But there is enough of romance in the sea, without resorting to fable to enhance its wonders. Sometimes an iceberg is seen towering up above the waste of waters, darting forth a thousand prismatic rays as the sunbeams play upon its glittering sides. One of the Cunard steamships saw the same iceberg, both in her outward and homeward voyages. It was of vast dimensions, with a huge dome-like elevation in the centre, flanked by channeled towers, and the passengers with one accord, christened it St. Paul’s cathedral, so striking was its resemblance to that stately temple. But it would carry us far beyond our limits were we simply to touch upon the prominent features of the great romance of the sea. To read of them is always exciting—to witness them is to receive impressions, never to be effaced.

#### SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.

We passed an elephant working on a road, and it was most interesting to watch the half reasoning brute; he was tearing out large roots from the ground, by means of a hook and chain fastened around his neck with a species of collar. He pulled like a man, or rather like a number of men, with a succession of steady hauls, throwing his whole weight into it, and almost going down on his knees, turning round every now and then to see what progress he was making. Really, the instinct of the elephant in its domestic state is little short of reason in its fullest sense. There is no doubt they do think, and also act upon the experience of memory. The remarkable nicety and trouble they take in squaring and arranging the blocks of hewn stone when building a bridge is incredible, unless seen; they place them with as much skill as any mason, and will return two or three times to give the finishing touches when they think the work is not quite perfect. They retire a few yards to consider what they have effected, and you almost fancy you can detect them turning their sagacious old noddles on one side, and shutting one eye in a knowing manner, to detect any irregularities in the arrangement.

—*The Bungalow and the Tent.*

**FIRE IN EUROPE.**—There has not been a building destroyed by fire in the great city of Vienna, the capital of the Austrian empire, for more than thirty years, not even during the bombardment of 1848. On that occasion, the tower and roof of St. Augustin’s Church and part of the church was burnt.

#### LIFE.

BY J. E. PIERCE.

There was a time when every dawning hour  
Came bright upon me, and as brightly passed;  
Each thought, then, from my mind, like a young flower,  
Sprung purely forth, and o’er my life’s way cast  
Its tenderest beauty and its rich perfume!  
Embalming sweetest Nature’s every smile,  
Till earth seemed heaven in the fresh, endless bloom  
Of joys and pleasures flung around the while.

But like a dream, this summer-time passed by,  
And soon misfortune taught to me that life  
Is but a sigh—a short and deep-drawn sigh,  
Heaved up from Nature’s bosom, in her strife  
With Immortality; then quickly flung  
Across the heart’s most tender chords, to wake,  
In human voice, the sad and solemn song  
Of human sorrows—till the heart must break.

#### SHOOTING A DESERTER.

The deserters from the French have generally belonged to the Foreign Legion; the deserters from the English have generally been from the young draughts and from regiments just sent out. A soldier of the 19th was killed by his own comrades as he was escaping to the Russians from the third parallel. He had hinted to one of his friends in the same company that it would be a good thing to go over to the Russians. His suggestion was answered by a threat, “If you attempt to run, I’ll shoot you, as sure as you are a living man.” The fellow watched his opportunity, and, slipping across the parapet, made towards the Russian lines, but his friend had perceived the man and called on his comrades to fire. They did so and missed him, and he neared the Russian picket. “Here goes for you now, according to promise,” exclaimed his Achates, and taking a long aim, he stopped the career of the deserter and dropped him, writhing and bleeding in front of the Russian videttes.

#### A MODEL SPEECH.

The following is an extract from a speech of Gen. Buncom, in favor of 54, 40: “Mr. Speaker—When I open my eyes, and look over the vast expanse of country—when I see how the yeast of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization, and expand on either side—when I see it growing, swelling, roaring like a spring freshet—I cannot resist the idea, sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school-boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow-room—the continent, the whole continent, and nothing but the continent; and we will have it. Then shall Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm upon the Oregon and California coast, his left upon the eastern seaboard, and whittle away the British power, while reposing his leg like a freeman upon Cape Horn! Sir, the day will—the day must come.”

It is the will that gives worth to the oblation. The poorest giver, therefore, as to God’s acceptance, may be upon a level with the richest.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

BY J. S. FELTON.

When ruin hangs grim o'er our passion-tossed bark,  
And the future approaches all cheerless and dark—  
Or the past is o'ershadowed by errors and crimes,  
Resolve still to conquer, and "hope better times."

When vices allure us and evils assail,  
And good resolutions repeatedly fall,  
Resolve still to conquer, and nobly declare  
Independence of spirit, and "never despair."

We are acting our parts in the scenes of a play,  
Between two eternities, passing away;  
And the golden winged moments fast fleeting, shall tell,  
Down the vista of time, if our acting is well.

Let the past be forgotten—the future unfear'd,  
The present improved, and our spirits be cheer'd  
By hope, journey onward, and spite of the past,  
We shall "conquer our fate," and be happy at last.

## THE PEASANT'S COT.

FROM A SHIPMASTER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

ON my last voyage to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they also had a desire to travel some. Besides the three owners, I had four other passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy that I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms, but never before such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I run her into the Avon without losing a life or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her rudder damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers, and all, doing their share of work at the brakes.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week, at least, before she could be fit for sea, and that if she had all the repairs which she absolutely needed, it would take nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look around for some place to visit. I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous Stonehenge was there, and so were there other relics

of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly, to Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him, from his features and idiom, to be an Englishman. I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me that he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Devizes, and from thence to take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse, and travel where, and how, and when I pleased, and he liked the plan so well that he went immediately and bought him a good saddle horse.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which ran many miles out of the way. I found my companion most excellent company, and on the way he told me some passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I was led to infer that at that time he ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States, he had been engaged in Western land speculation, and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town, six miles southeast of Bath, and as soon as our horses were rested we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon, the sky began to grow overcast, and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Warminster we had taken the direct road for Amesbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when this storm had come close upon us we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed that we should stop at the first building we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross road turned off to the right, and where a guide-board said it was five miles to Deptford Inn.

I proposed that we should turn into this by-way and make for Deptford Inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily assented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but, as good fortune would have

it, we espied a small neat cottage, not more than a furlong ahead, through a clump of poplars. We made for this place, and reached it before we got wet. There was a good sized barn on the premises, and a long sheep-shed connected it with the house. Beneath this shed we drove, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. We told him that we had got caught in a storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us that we should have the best his humble place could afford, and that if we would put up with that, we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of, we followed the old man into the house. He was a gray-headed man, certainly on the down hill side of threescore, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks upon his brow than those of age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much of suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living-room, but yet free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered she arose from her work.

"Some travellers, wife, caught in the shower," said the old man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you're welcome," the woman said, in a tone so mild and free that I knew she spoke only the feelings of her soul. "It's poor fare we can give ye, but the heart o' the giver must e'en make up for that."

I thanked the good people, and told them I would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the woman, taking her tea-kettle from the hob and hanging it upon the crane.

"Stop, wife," uttered the old man, tremulously. "Let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare out o' their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as we to refuse the bounty."

I saw the woman place her apron to her eye, but she made no reply. The door close by the fire-place stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond a bed, and I was sure there was some one on it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

"Yes," he said, with a sad shake of the head. "My poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the little farm—and he's been sick now all the spring and summer, and I have not been well. I've taken care of the sheep, but I couldn't plant. It's hard,—but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the trial with me, and I think she takes the biggest share."

"No, no, John,—don't say so," uttered the wife. "No woman could do the work you do."

"I didn't mean to tell too much, Margaret, only you know you've kept me up."

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man then began to tell me, in answer to my questions; some of the peculiarities of the great plain, for we were on it now,—and I found him well-informed and intelligent. At length the table was set out, the clean white cloth spread, and we were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some fine stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies,—only the food was before us, and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved back from the table, a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been half an hour after this—it was not more than that—when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men. The old man had just come in from the barn, and it was not yet so dark but that we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle-aged men; one of them habited in a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned towards our host for the purpose of asking if he knew the new comers, and I saw that he was very pale, and trembling. A low, deep groan escaped him, and in a moment more his wife moved to his side and put her arm about his neck. She had been trembling, but that groan of her husband's seemed to call her to herself.

"Don't fear, John," she softly said. "They can't take away our love, nor our souls. Cheer up. I'll be a support to ye, John, when all else is gone."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, but when another started he wiped it away, and, having kissed his wife, he arose from his chair. Just then the two men entered. He in the jockey suit came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

"Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length they were fixed upon the old man.

"Well," said he, "how about that rent?"

"We haven't a penny of it yet, sir," answered the host, tremblingly.

"Not a penny! Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" murmured the old man, painfully. "Alas! I cannot pay it. You know Walter has been long sick, and every penny I could earn has paid the doctor. You know he was to have earned the rent money if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord, doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. "All I know is, that you have had the house and the land, and that for two whole years you haven't paid me a penny. You know I told you, a month ago, that you should have just one month more to pay me in. That month was up last night. Can you pay me?"

"No! no!—O, God knows I can't."

"Then you must leave the house."

"When?"

"To-night!"

"You do not mean that. You will not turn me out so quickly as—"

"Out upon your prating! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you haven't had time in a month to move, then you must look out for the consequences. To-night you move! If you want a shelter, you may go into the old house by the horse-pond."

"But there is not a window in it."

"Beggars shouldn't be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it hadn't been for hunting up the officer, I should have been here this morning. But 'tisn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house to-morrow. So there's not a word to be said. I shall take your two cows, and your sheep, and if they go for more than the twenty pounds, after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor old peasant gazed for a moment, half wildly, into his landlord's face, and then he sank down into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"My cows! My sheep!" he groaned, spasmodically. "O, kill me, and have done with it!"

"In God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife, "spare us them. We will leave the cot, and we will work with all our might until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die! O, you are rich, and we are poor!"

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man. "I'm used to such stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> paupers, you know where to go to get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go; to-night, unless you pay me the twenty pounds; and your cows and sheep go, too."

I was just upon the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would not help me make up the sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down, and she, too, had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look ye, sir," he said, to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

"And when did that amount come due in the year?"

"It was due just one month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man pulled out a large leather pocket-book, and from thence he took a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took out his purse and counted from thence twenty golden sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord, and took the bill.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm.

"Yes, sir," returned Vaughan, gazing first upon the man who had given him the money, to see if he was in earnest, and then turning to the window to see if the gold was pure. "Yes, sir," he repeated. "This makes it all right."

"Then I suppose we can remain here now, undisturbed."

"But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month is already run on an unpaid term."

"It is right you should have your pay, surely. Come to-morrow, sir, and I will arrange it with you,—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one more glance about the room, but without speaking further he left,—and the officer had to follow him, without having done anything to earn a fee. As soon as they were gone, the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," he uttered, turning towards Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?"

"Sometime you can," returned my companion.

"Yes—yes, John," said the wife, "sometime we shall surely pay him."



"Alas! when?"

"Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

Both the old-people looked aghast.

"Oh! You have only planted more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man. "We could have borne to be stripped of our goods by the landlord, better than we can bear to rob a noble friend. You must take our stock—our cows and sheep!"

"But not yet," resumed Leeman. "I have another way. Listen: Once you had a boy—a wild, reckless, wayward child."

"Yes," murmured the old man.

"And what became of him?"

For some moments the father was silent, but at length he said:

"Alas! he fled from his home, long years ago. One night—we lived then far north of here, in Northamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and, to escape the punishment, he fled,—and I have—not—seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he told me so afterwards."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you never hear from that boy?"

"Never," answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in the conviction. The quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire upon the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his head, and tremblingly she whispered:

"For the love of heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me—let me call you *Nathan*—*Nathan Leeman*!"

"And I should answer, for that is my name!" spoke the man, starting up.

"And what would ye call me?" the woman gasped.

"My MOTHER!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her long-lost boy. And then I saw the father totter up and join them—and I heard murmured words of blessing and of joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn, and when I got there I took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from my cheeks.

It was half an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of her returned boy was yet resting upon her shoulder, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all, as well as I can tell you," said he. "When we first stopped here I had no idea of finding my parents here, for when I went away, sixteen years ago, I left them in Kingshorpe, upon the Nen. I knew them, of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here," he added, in a lower tone, "for only think what curious circumstances have combined to bring me to this cot."

It did truly seem as though some power higher than our own had brought this all about. But at all events there was a higher power thought of that night beneath the peasant's humble cot, for God was praised again and again.

On the following morning I resumed my journey alone, but had to promise that I would surely call there on my return. I went to Salisbury, from thence to Winchester, and thence to Portsmouth, to see the great ships of war. I returned to the cot in eight days, and spent a night there. Money possessed some strange charms, for it had not only given the poor peasant a sure home for the rest of life, but it had brought health back to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salisbury had visited him, and he was now able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in that humble cot. Nathan Leeman told me that he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he should soon take his parents and brother to some luxurious home, when he could find one to his taste.

That was some years ago. I have received several letters from Leeman since, and he is settled down in the suburbs of Bradford, on the banks of the Lower Avon, where he has bought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories in that place, and I am under a solemn promise to visit him if ever I land in England again.

No one can gain the reputation of being charitable by a single act, however magnificent may be the donation. We have heard of a gentleman who gave the sum of five thousand dollars to a single institution, not long since; but the same sum, more diffused, would have been more extensively useful. There is no singular to the word alms, to show that a single act of money-giving does not merit the name of charity.

## TO WEEP.

BY W. S. BARRETT.

'Tis well to weep, and when  
The griefs of by-gone years  
Revisit memory's shrine,  
There is a balm in tears.

It is a noble trait  
Of the immortal soul,  
To weep when sorrows come,  
That we may not control.

When we have been deceived  
By those we once deemed true,  
We'd weep the falling off—  
'Tis generous nature's due.

And when the cold grave claims  
Those friends once loved, and dear,  
What tribute of the heart  
So holy as a tear?

## THE DANCING MASTER.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

WHEN I was in my seventh year, I was sent to an academy in the neighborhood of Boston. How vivid are my recollections of that period! Scenery, faces, forms, voices, rise round me from the past, startling me with their distinctness. I behold, perfect as of yore, the old mansion-house with its tall pilasters and ornaments in bas-relief upon the front, its many-angled cupola, the giant chestnut trees that sentinelled its lawn, the apple orchard on the hill side, a wilderness of bloom in May, a garden of the Hesperides in autumn, the clear stream that flashed and gurgled under the old willows, and the old barn, in the spacious chambers of which, fragrant with the piled-up hay, we used to frolic till tired nature could no longer endure the wild excitement. I sometimes visit the old place; but it is a tearful pilgrimage. It is not that the scene is so changed—indeed, I know of no spot where the hand of innovation has pressed less heavily,—the change is in myself. The world of my dreams is no longer confined to the area of a few acres. The creative power of imagination requires a more substantial basis to spring from. I can no longer picture the Alps in hills of moderate altitude; I can no longer transform, by the magic power of fancy, a duck-pond into the lake of Como; nor does a hassock assume the charms and dimensions of Isola Bella. Yet with how many visions that narrow space used to be crowded! The domain of the academy was the stage which my fancy crowded with all the events

of history and romance I had ever read or heard, and I asked for no wider avenue. Alas! if we only became happier as we grew wiser.

Thursday and Saturday afternoons were holidays, and were devoted to rambles in the woods, rides upon hay-carts, and netting expeditions, or skating and sleighing, according to the season of the year, until it occurred to our preceptor that it would be well to have his pupils instructed in the graceful art of dancing. The attendance was not obligatory, but nearly the whole school joined the dancing class. We were all very anxious to see the professor, and our curiosity was gratified one Wednesday afternoon by the appearance of a jovial, corpulent Frenchman, of the middle height, attired in a black coat and white pantaloons, with boots! He rejoiced in the appellation of Monsieur Jean Baptiste Jules de Merval. He could not have weighed less than one hundred and seventy, and he looked so ponderous that an incredulous smile circulated among the boys and girls—there were boys and girls in those days—at the idea of his being a dancing-master. He had walked out from Boston, and stood now bowing and smiling, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a scented handkerchief. With the keen intelligence of a Frenchman, he detected our incredulity as to his professional abilities, and perhaps perceived that our grave preceptor shared the sentiment, for, after a moment, he proposed showing us how the *Pas de Zephyr* was performed on the stage of the grand opera, Paris. Opera dancing was then totally unknown here—the nearest approach to it was the Sailor's Hornpipe, or a stately minuet. Our surprise then was prodigious when we beheld our fat Frenchman standing on tip-toe, and with his right leg extended horizontally, whirl round with the dizzy rapidity of a humming-top. Then he bounded up in the air, crossing his feet three or four times before he touched the floor again. In short, his feats of agility were perfectly marvelous. We therefore acknowledged our first impressions erroneous and surrendered at discretion. He labored at the formation of the awkward squad committed to his charge with infinite patience, embarrassed not a little in his operations by his almost total ignorance of our language. How often did I pretend not to understand him, and refuse to interpret for him, merely to enjoy his cruel distortion of the king's English.

I learned from his example to appreciate the cheerfulness and perseverance of the French character. Being too poor to hire a conveyance, he would walk out from Boston, six miles, to

give his lessons, labor for two or three hours, and then trudge gaily back again, regardless of the weather. Once in a while, if it was quite stormy, the "big brother" of one of the girls would give him a ride into town, and then his gratitude for the kindness would be overwhelming. Often, when perhaps he had been dining scantily himself, he would bring out a large paper of confectionary and distribute among us. Everybody liked him, and I even learned to love him.

One day, when on account of a severe storm he was obliged to remain at the academy all night, and was billeted in my room, just before we went to bed, he took a small case out of his pocket, and placing it in my hands bade me open it. I did so. It contained a sparkling cross attached to a bit of ribbon. Childlike, I was caught by its glitter, and expressed my admiration.

"Do you know what that is worth?" he then asked.

"O, a great many dollars."

He smiled.

"Money cannot buy a cross like that, François," said he. "To obtain that—to deserve that cross—men will rush upon batteries vomiting destruction; upon lines of deadly bayonets; into clouds of sabres in the hands of practised swordsmen."

"What is it, then?"

"The cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Ah!" I had heard of that decoration. "You have been a soldier, then—a real soldier!"

My love for him began to be mingled with awe.

"Yes, my friend. And do you know who bestowed that cross on me with his own hands?"

I was silent.

"The emperor Napoleon."

"Napoleon!" I exclaimed.

"Yes—he who now lies dead upon a barren isle in the Atlantic Ocean."

"He died of a cancer," replied I, proud of my historical knowledge.

"Bah!" replied the Napoleonist. "If it was only that trifle of a cancer, the great Napoleon would be alive at this moment. But he was poisoned by order of the British government."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes, my friend," said the dancing-master, through his clenched teeth. "That Sir Hudson Lowe was the assassin. He enters the chamber of the great man—"

"But," said I, "my father told me the emperor would never see him."

"That is equal. He was ill—he could not

prevent it. Figure to yourself that Sir Hudson Lowe enters, with his little air of hypocrisy, and a small glass, which he tells my emperor will assuage his dolorous sufferings. My emperor doubtless remembered that when Alexander the Great was warned against a design of his physician to murder him, he took a draught from his hand, looked him steadily in the face, and seeing that he did not quail, drank it off. So my emperor looked upon that imperturbable Englishman—see you—and swallowed his potion. It was all over with him. In twenty-four hours, the greatest man that ever lived passed away from this world, figuring to himself that he was at the head of his army, leading his eagles into the fire as at Lodi."

How many Frenchmen, besides poor De Merval, have believed that fable.

"But were you always a soldier?" I asked.

"No, my friend, I was a first subject of the grand opera, as you may have noticed from my artistic skill. But in the Hundred Days, when the aristos were falling away from the emperor, and only the people—see you—were true to him, I thought I would myself enroll under the eagles, and teach the accursed English, Prussians, Austrians and Russians how to dance. Ah! Waterloo! Waterloo! That was a day of fire, my friend. I was the only man that stood on my feet of a fusileer company. Napoleon saw me. In a lull of the battle he called me to his horse, and bestowed that cross on me. I rushed into the ranks of the Old Guard, when Ney dismounted from his charger and rallied the reserve to his white plume. The Bourbon dogs afterwards murdered the 'bravest of the brave.'"

"And you were in the last charge of the Guards?"

"Yes, my friend. And I heard Cambronne reply, when the English invited him to lay down his arms, 'The Guard dies, it does not surrender.' Wounded, ridden over on the field, I survived to learn that all was lost. I could have wished to suicide myself. But it is equal. I am here. Good night, François. Go yourself to-bed. I would meditate a while."

A few weeks after this, the dancing-master took me apart one day.

"My friend, give me your hand. I shall not teach the art of dancing after this quarter."

"Why not, monsieur?"

"The week before last, out of my economies, I presented myself with a ticket in a Maryland lottery. The numbers it bears are 88 66 99, which I dreamed were fortunate. I have just seen in the paper that it has drawn the highest lot—one hundred thousand dollars. I expect to—

morrow to receive the money, and next Saturday I shall announce to your respectable preceptor that I shall give him my dismissal. My friend, I shall not forget you. I, myself, shall do the honor to present you with a small horse, which you call the Shetland, and with a saddle and bridle."

I was wild with delight, and poured forth my thanks. A Shetland pony to a boy! Elysium, indeed to me!

"I shall purchase a large tract of land in the west. Thither I will invite my compatriots—survivors of the empire. We will cultivate the land, and talk over our old feats of arms, and the virtues of our murdered emperor; and when the time shall arrive we will join our arms to those of our gallant countrymen and place the young Napoleon, who is called the Duc de Reichstadt, on the throne of his sire, to rule over France. We will invade perfidious Albion, avenge Waterloo, and drive the leopard into the sea—do you understand?"

Of course I perceived that the plan was perfectly feasible—the bribe of a Shetland pony would have enlisted a much more intelligent judgment.

The ensuing Saturday, De Merval made his appearance on foot as usual, and cheerful and pleasant as ever.

"Ah!" thought I, "he must have received his hundred thousand dollars."

He took me aside.

"*Mon ami*," said he, "number 88 66 99 was a blank. I regret it on your account, because I shall have to defer the *cadeau* of a small horse until some happier fortune befall me. As for me it is equal. I have yet my classes, my protage, and my *pipe tabac*. Long live the emperor! Young meeses and gentlemen take your places for the coquette cotillon. One! two! three!"

Poor fellow! nothing could conquer his gaiety. Years have past, but I believe he is still alive, nimble as ever, and teaching dancing somewhere in the south.

#### ITALIAN WOMEN.

The women of Italy know but little of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue impose on American females. An Italian lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them on him with evident pleasure. She will gaze at him whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's: "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feel like sentiments, and ask "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "Yes, dear."—*Italian Sketch Book*.

#### COTTON BALES AND MOSCOW.

There are many historical mistakes—historical mistakes which no one will be permitted to explain. For instance, it was stated soon after the battle of Buena Vista, that General Taylor said to the commander of his artillery, "a little more grape, Captain Bragg." It was conclusively proved that General Taylor could not have uttered these words—that he was too far off to have been heard if he had uttered them; and besides, the gallant captain himself testified that they were never spoken at all.

The parade lately, the beating of drums and so forth, called to our minds the military hallucination which we have just mentioned, and also suggest to us two other hallucinations connected with war, which have but little foundation in fact.

In the first place we would mention that the belief is prevalent that our soldiers were fortified with cotton bales at the battle of New Orleans. We were not at that battle, but we have good authority for saying that there were no cotton bales used on that occasion. Our troops did not fight under any such shelter. A few bales of cotton goods were flung into the breastwork; but no breastwork was made of cotton-bags or bales. We make this statement in full and complete earnestness. General Jackson always denied the cotton-bale story, and one of his aids, as gallant and as truthful a man as ever lived, told us with his own lips, that if there was a cotton bale on the field of Chalmette, he never saw it.

The other delusion that we would mention, refers to the burning of Moscow. Most people believe that Moscow was consumed when the great Napoleon invaded Russia. This, too, is a mistake. That ancient city, the oldest of all modern cities, was hardly scorched. Things around and about it were consumed. In some places the suburbs were burnt, but there was no burning which deserves the name of a conflagration. Therefore, we say that Moscow never was burnt, and that there was no burning which deserves the name of a conflagration. Therefore, we say that Moscow never was burnt, and that there were no cotton bales at New Orleans.—*Baltimore Sun*.

#### SETTLING AN ARGUMENT.

Two argumentative characters were one day cruelly boring a third party with a prosy discussion upon the philosophical correctness of Pope's famous axiom, which asserts that "whatever is, is right." The debate had been spun to every length imaginable, embracing illustrations, "pro and con," derived from the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," and the bountifulness of a benignant Providence, when the individual who was patiently listening to the disputants brought the argument to a close by exclaiming:

"Tom, you say that Pope is correct?"

"Of course, sir," said Tom, glad to find a new contestant in the arena; "I will show you—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted his interlocutor, "and tell me if 'whatever is, is right,' how you come to have a left hand?"—*Boston Journal*.

An angel incapable of feeling anger, must envy the man who can feel and yet conquer it.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

Everybody has heard the phrase, the "South Sea Bubble," often applied as it is to gigantic commercial schemes with little bottom; but it was a business that, while it lasted, far outshone the Eastern Land speculation, the *Morus Multicaulis* mania, and the Hen Fever, which the Young 'Un is now engaged in delineating.

The South Sea Company's establishment, the famous "South Sea House," the last monument of this exploded bubble, standing in Threadneedle Street, London, is now about to be demolished to make way for city improvements. "This," says Charles Lamb, "was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul has long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices as roomy as the state apartments in palaces, deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of courts and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers, directors, seated on forms, on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long, worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt leather coverings, supporting massive silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscot hung with pictures of deceased governors—of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams—and soundings of the bay of Panama!—the long passages hung with buckets, appended in idleness to walls whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration;—with vast ranges of cellaring under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay—an 'unsummed heap' for Mammon to have so-laced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous bubble."

The South Sea Company was incorporated in 1711. It originated in an attempt to reduce the national debt into a more regular form. The first proprietors of the company, holding a large portion of the floating debt of the country, formed a joint stock company, and the privilege of trading to the South Seas was granted them.

George I. was chosen governor. In 1720 an act was passed allowing them to increase their capital, and take in subscriptions for financial and trading purposes. Everybody rushed into the speculation, and in June, of the same year, the stock reached the extraordinary price of 1000 per cent! One of Hogarth's caricatures represents the furious mania of the hour—a memorable chapter in the history of popular delusions. People borrowed, begged, mortgaged, and sold, to raise the wind for buying stock. A very few shrewd men, resisting the tide of folly, sold out when the stock commanded the highest price, and realized handsome fortunes. The fall of the stock was as sudden as its baseless rise. Universal panic followed. The banking houses, which had advanced large sums upon the stock, were subjected to so heavy a run that many of them failed, and the consequent financial crisis shook the country to its centre. The whole history is an instructive one. We may laugh at the follies of others; but while the same haste to get rich is manifested among us, we should be somewhat sparing of our ridicule, for we are as ready now to believe in the solidity of a promising bubble, as the good people of Great Britain were more than a century ago.

THE OPERA IN ITALY.—La Scala, in Milan, holds four thousand persons, and is so constructed that the lowest note is audible in every part of the vast house. Boxes are hired by the season, and to each box a little room is attached, where the occupants sup. Think of eating grapes and *confittieri*, and hearing Verdi at the same time.

DOGS.—Professor Mapes thinks dogs can reason. We doubt it. If they could, they would not make such fools of themselves as to do a mile in 2.40, just because a tin cullender is fastened to their tails.

AWFUL FACT.—There is a new doctor created about once every hour and a half in the United States alone. This includes only those turned out at the regular manufactories.

WILD CATS.—These amiable animals have been round in Massachusetts lately. Three were shot, not long since, in Easthampton.

**LIEUT. GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.**

This noble old soldier has at last received justice at the hands of Congress. The bill for conferring on him the brevet title of Lieutenant-General, increasing also his pay by sixteen hundred dollars a year, will be hailed with pleasure by men of all parties. General Scott never had any but political enemies, and now that he is no longer a candidate for civil office, he is only regarded by the nation as a peerless soldier, who has conferred undying lustre on American arms. His political speeches and political movements are forgotten by adherent and opponent, and he is only spoken of now as the hero of two wars. Long may he live to enjoy the laurels he has so nobly earned! "When I sat wounded and helpless on the field of Chippewa," said an officer of the war of 1812 to us one day, "General Scott, riding across the plain, espied me, and instantly checked his horse beside me. 'You are badly hurt, my dear fellow,' said he. 'I would gladly stay with you, but my duty calls me away.' He bowed, touched his horse with the spur, and dashed off. As I gazed upon him, his tall form surmounted by the floating plume, riding so gracefully a fine charger fully up to his weight, the ardor of battle animating every motion, I thought I had never seen so splendid a martial figure in my life."

During the war of 1812 Scott was distinguished by his fiery valor; but it was reserved for the war with Mexico to display in him those great qualities which mark the able general, and which the long interval of peace had ripened. His operations astonished the world. Their base line was more extended than that of any of Napoleon's campaigns. His victories were the logical consequences of his provisions; the demonstration of his propositions. It was true that he had under his command a cloud of brilliant officers, and an intelligent army, animated by a spirit of heroic valor, but it was the plan of that campaign that ensured its success. Did Lord Raglan possess half the military genius and the science of General Scott, the English army would not now be houseless, and ragged, and freezing before Sebastopol, without the means to transport its stores from the landing of the camp, and dependent on its allies for the very roads it traverses, and the ambulances which convey its wounded from the battle-field to the hospital.

The mind of Scott is both comprehensive and analytic; it grapples with masses, and is cognizant of details, and there is no arm of the service with all the minutiae of which he is not perfectly familiar; he is moreover as vigorous and fit for duty now as in the prime of his manhood.

**GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR.**

The useless expenditure of British treasure and lives in the East, from official mismanagement, has caused the greatest exasperation in the people and parliament of England; a feeling, which, as our readers are aware, occasioned the resignation of the Russell ministry, while the difficulties of the war sadly embarrassed the Earl of Derby in his attempt to form a new cabinet. Some of the statements made in debate were astounding. The materials for building wooden houses, to protect the army in the Crimea, were sent out, it seems, at a prodigious cost, and duly reached Balacava, but such was the want of foresight in the war office, that no wagon train had been provided for the army, though it was making war on so vast a scale. The fogies at home had calculated that the soldiers of Lord Raglan would drag the boards to camp. Even if this scheme were feasible, men enough could not be spared to do it. It was found that it would require 2400 men and six weeks to do the work, and Raglan needed every man at the batteries, in the trenches, or on guard. At last the transportation commenced by carrying two boards at a time on a mule—the wood being used for fuel as soon as it reached camp, for the stupidest soldier could see that it would take years to bring up the rest of the material at that rate. Meanwhile, as we have frequently remarked, the French are in good condition, and possess every article for camping and carrying on the war as it should be. To be sure, they have only six miles to traverse from their landing-place to camp, but to make up for that they volunteered and built a fine road for the English from their lines to Balacava.

---

**BASKET WILLOW.**—The cultivation of the European basket willow is strongly recommended in the New England Farmer as a profitable crop on many of our farms. We could as easily raise, cure, and manufacture willow ware as they do in Europe, if we only thought enough about Americanizing ourselves.

---

**COLLATERAL SECURITY.**—Banks in Arkansas manage business in rather a primitive manner. Some one writes from there, that before he could get a fifty dollar note discounted, he had to deposit as "collaterals" two cook-stoves and a crosscut saw!

---

**"LO! THE POOR INDIAN!"**—Mr. Tanner, a native Chippeway missionary, has been lecturing lately in Boston with good success. He is a genuine red man and well read.

## THE PRESS.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, the poet, in one of his recent lectures, ran a tilt against the newspaper, just as Don Quixotte couched his lance against the wind-mill. He thought the tendency of newspaper reading, as newspapers are now conducted, was to crowd the mind with trifles, and weaken its power, and seemed to regret the days when books were rare, and newspapers almost unknown. By the aid of some humorous illustrations, he made a very strong *ex-parte* statement.

But grant that a couple of centuries back there were a few better scholars and sounder thinkers than any of the present, were the masses so well informed and so generally intelligent as at present? Of what avail were the profound thoughts and the wisdom of a few men, if knowledge travelled in a narrow circle? Is it not better that all men should know something, than that a few should be deeply read, and the masses remain ignorant? Hundreds of thousands who read the newspapers would read nothing else if newspapers were not published. From newspapers they acquire the habit of reading, which demands books; superficial books at first, and more solid ones afterwards. A true history of the book trade in this country would show that its first impulse was derived from the publication of newspapers. When the journals became cheap and universal, there was a demand for cheap books, which produced an abundant supply—ephemeral publications in pamphlet form, not susceptible of preservation, and, generally, not deserving it. But appetite grew by what it fed upon. The taste for reading had been created, and better and nicer books were required by the public. And if now standard works of history, theology, belle-lettres find a ready and extensive sale—if more copies of the great English works of the eighteenth century are sold here than in Great Britain, we may safely credit it to the account of the newspaper press.

Much that is trivial certainly finds its way into newspapers; but arnot such trivialities the current coin of all society, whether newspaper reading or non-newspaper reading? The conversation of poets and philosophers themselves is rarely of a brilliant character. The literary lion is a very poor beast in company. Suppress our lightest newspapers, and you would find that quite as much time would be consumed in talking gossip, as is now spent in reading and writing. But no newspaper is made up entirely of dreadful accidents, runaways, elopements, and trivial occurrences. The poorest specimen discusses matters of high import to humanity—questions

vitaly affecting society, religion, ethics, the policy of nations, scientific discoveries, arts. Since, in this country the man who speaks through the press is always sure of a hearing, the brightest minds resort to it as a medium of communication with the popular mind. What is light and ephemeral in the press dies within the hour—what is worthy sinks into the public mind and there bears golden fruit. It will be an evil hour for the land when presses cease to operate. More than the liberties of the people—the development of their highest qualities—is linked with the existence of the newspaper press.

## THE ZOUAVES.

Many inquiries have been made as to the nature and character of this new military force brought into requisition so effectively in the war at present existing in the Crimea. The following account answers these inquiries. In 1833, Marshal Soult, then minister of war, ordered the formation of a battalion of Kabyles, under the denomination of Zouaves; but the lively hatred of the Arabians against the Christian invaders, and their natural repulsion to fight against their brethren in faith and in blood, prevented the orders of the marshal from being executed as he wished, so that only a few natives volunteered to enter the French service. But at the same time many young Frenchmen, desirous to go through the African campaigns, and seduced by the graceful and picturesque costume of the Zouaves, enlisted in that corps, which was completed by draughts from the regiments of the line. From one battalion they soon increased to three, and were then formed into a regiment under Col. Lamoriciere. Two years ago the emperor raised the number of regiments of Zouaves from one to three, of three battalions each. They are recruited, like all other regiments, by means of the conscription in all the departments of the empire. Those who have perused the list of killed and wounded in the French army after the battle of the Alma, must have noticed that all the names of the Zouaves therein mentioned were essentially French.

**SUNNY SIDE.**—The Neapolitans have an excellent proverb, that where the sun don't come a doctor must.

**DIVORCE.**—The rumor that Louis Napoleon is about to divorce Eugenie for the same reason that his uncle put aside Josephine, is false.

**JUST SO.**—Excellent for these hard times is the name of a St. Louis firm: Grinn & Barrett.

MISS JULIA DEAN (MRS. HAYNE).

The professional career of this lady, who has so finely personated *NORMA*, the leading character in Sargent's play of "The Priestess," at the Boston Theatre, has been a singularly successful one. She was born in the town of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y., July 30th, 1830. Her father, Mr. Edwin Dean, an actor, married Mrs. Fosdick, previously Mrs. Drake, the celebrated Western actress, whom we remember to have seen during a star engagement at the Tremont Theatre. She died shortly after the birth of Julia.

Miss Dean received a good education, and gave early evidence of talent. Her first appearance was as Julia in the "Hunchback," at Shiers's Theatre, Cincinnati, July 21, 1845, before she had completed her fifteenth year. She was completely successful, and followed up her debut by the performance of a series of characters in tragedy with equal good fortune. Popularity and "golden opinions" rewarded her efforts, and she became from that time a leading star in the theatrical firmament. Her acquaintance with Dr. Hayne commenced in Charleston, S. C., about two years ago, when that gentleman was on a committee, entrusted by a number of her admirers with the duty of presenting her with a splendid head dress, valued at fifteen hundred dollars. A mutual liking soon ripened into a warmer attachment. They met recently by chance on board the vessel in which both were passengers from New Orleans to Galveston. At the latter place, Mr. Dean was apprized by the couple of their attachment, and his consent solicited for their union. It was readily given, and the marriage was solemnized.

Miss Dean was under an engagement with her father, to expire about two years from this date, but although he generously consented to relinquish it, his daughter would not permit the sacrifice, and now remains upon the stage to carry out the agreement. We have heard that a professional tour in England formed a part of Miss Dean's plans. Her engagement at the Boston has proved a brilliant one, like that at the opening of the season.

**AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.**—There is enough wit and humor in the States to fill two or three papers like *Punch*, but the difficulty is to concentrate the comic talent. The country is too large for it.

**HORSE STEAKS.**—The French Zouaves cut stakes from the horses that are killed in the Crimea. We have heard of stakes on the race course—but never imagined they were eaten.

HUMOR AND MELANCHOLY.

Humorous men are generally melancholy. Tragedy was a large element in the life of Charles Lamb. They who make the million laugh too often mourn themselves. Every one remembers the story of the famous clown Grimaldi, who nightly kept London on a broad grin. He went to consult a physician to whom he was a stranger on the state of his health. "You need no medicine," said the man of skill—"but something to make you cheerful. Go and see Grimaldi." "Alas!" was the mournful reply, "I am Grimaldi."

GENIUS IN ADVANCED LIFE.

Francis was in his fortieth year when the sight of a picture, by Perugino, made him a painter; Cervantes was fifty when he wrote *Don Quixote*; Sterne was forty-six when *Tristram Shandy* made his reputation; Dryden was seventy when he composed his imitations of Chaucer; Michael Angelo was nearly as old when he finished his "Last Judgment;" Titian's portrait of Paul III. was produced at the age of seventy-two, and his "Martyrdom of St. Stephen" at eighty-one, while Rubens continued to improve after he had numbered sixty-four summers.

**EXTRAVAGANCE.**—We have heard of brainless boobies who inherited wealth using hundred dollar bills for gun-wadding. An English ambassador at Paris, once gave a dinner at which there was a dish of peas that cost five guineas. The Russian ambassador who was present returned the invitation a day or two after—and the Englishman as he passed through the courtyard of the Muscovite saw a servant feeding a paifal of peas to a cow.

**VANITY OF VANITIES.**—Lord Brougham has placed a Latin inscription over the door of his French chateau, which may be translated as follows:

The port is reached; fortune and hope, farewell!  
Enough you've duped me, sport with others now.

**TO THE GIRLS.**—Mrs. Swisshelm says:—The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret, one that will be likely to bring you sorrow.

**BOOKS.**—The National Library in Paris contains 1,400,000 volumes, mostly in handsome bindings. It is free to every resident.

**QUITE LIKELY.**—When a man is particularly pleased with himself, ten to one nobody else is.



## A LEADER ON LEADERS.

To prepare the leading article of a newspaper, technically termed the "leader," is in most offices the great editorial work of the day, or week, as the case may be, for custom has assigned a certain space to be filled in this way, though some of the fraternity dodge it with paragraphs, or fill it with a selection. It is to other contents of the sheet what the roast is to the soup and *entrees* on a well-regulated dinner-table, and we all know that Vatel, the celebrated cook, fell upon his sword because the roast had failed at his master's tables. In some daily newspaper offices, an individual is kept exclusively to do the leaders. There are able writers in this country who live on their leaders, preparing for several papers the "stunners" that stamp the character of the journals to which they contribute. The leaders in the London Times—the "thunderer"—reverberate through the world. The day after a Times leader declared that it was unbecoming for the sovereign of Great Britain, while her subjects were dying by thousands in the Crimea, to be sporting and frolicking at Balmoran Castle, away from the Cabinet, and the centre of intelligence, the queen arrived by special train at Buckingham Palace, with her prince and poodles, thereby tacitly acknowledging the power of the press.

The leader cannot be dodged—it is something that "must be did," as Fanny Fern would say; but we protest against the absurd system of measuring leaders by their length, of devoting an entire column to the leader, whether there be subject matter to fill it or not. James Russell Lowell remarked, in one of his recent letters, that one of the crying sins of American editors was their writing, not in obedience to a necessity of utterance, but to fill up a certain space. Now the necessity of writing a leader of a certain length, leads to diffuseness and prolixity, to the use of circumlocutions and synonyms, and is destructive of that terseness and point which belong to good writing. The maxim of the poet was, *Incipe, si quid habes*—begin, if you have anything to say; not expand the ghost of an idea to fill out certain dimensions, arbitrarily established, without regard to inspiration. The object of an editor is defeated by rigid adherence to custom in this respect. People cease to read stupid leaders, and his labor is thrown away. Another mistake is, to insist in keeping up dignity in a leader. If an editor feels happy—it is a barely supposable case—he should give way to his humor, and suffer his leading article to be sprightly. Variety is the spice of life, and a little folly, even, now and then, does not come

amiss in this hard work-day world of ours. Many a shaft, winged with wit, has reached the heart of an abuse, which, had it been tipped with the lead of gravity, would have fallen harmless to the ground. Leaden bullets are very well in their way, but a bright small sword often serves the purpose better.

We are pleased to notice that the practice of invariably giving long and serious leaders is falling into disuse, and that short, sparkling articles are frequently resorted to when graver matter fails. Those editors who persist in writing long leaders, without ideas, ought to be compelled to read them afterwards—a punishment about as severe as can well be imagined.

## PROFITS OF A DRAMATIST.

Mr. Scribe, the French dramatic writer, who has written several hundreds of pieces, is said to have three or four millions in his treasury. His annual income from his copyrights sometimes amounts to 180,000 francs. In France the author receives a certain per centage on the receipts of each night's performance of his play,—nor does the publication of a piece give a manager the right to perform it without remuneration to the author. Scribe's industry throws that of Lope de Vega far into the shade. Very many of the pieces on our stage, which have an English look, are only adaptations from this author. There are several English playwrights who live upon Scribe. One of his pieces, the "Ladies' Battle," was lately excellently played, and with brilliant success, at the Boston Theatre.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—These exhibitions have raged at the Brattleboro' Water-cure establishment. The "Loan of a Lover," "Lend me Five Shillings," and "Boots at the Swan," were performed lately. We hope no one will throw cold water on their amusements. Why don't they get up "The Cataract of the Ganges?" They are sure of overflowing houses.

COAL GAS.—The editor and all hands connected with the Milford Journal came near being poisoned the other day by the escape of gas from a coal stove.

DEAR RIDING.—They charge twenty-five dollars for a run of fifty miles on the Panama Railroad. Will this encourage our railroad directors to screw up their prices?

REVENUE AT LIVERPOOL.—The customs receipts at Liverpool are four and a half millions of pounds sterling annually.

## RUSSIAN IDEAS OF THE WAR.

A late letter from St. Petersburg to the Paris *Constitutionnel*, says that the hopes of peace which a few foreign journals entertain, in consequence of the asserted disposition of Russia to accept frankly the four guarantees, have caused a profound sensation in that capital. The Russian patriots, and principally the nobility, see nothing in the manifesto of the 14th (20th) of December, but a summons to Russia for a war similar to that of 1812. The correspondent of the *Constitutionnel* quotes, in proof of his assertion, an address to the emperor, signed by the marshal of the nobility, and by the nobles of the government of Nischegorod. This address is couched in the following terms :

"On the 20th of December, the nobility of the government of Nischegorod, united in assembly, took cognizance of the sacred words of their sovereign, the father of his country. Animated by a boundless devotion to the throne and the country, they adopted the unanimous resolution to supplicate his majesty to allow them to place their lives and fortunes, as in the past, on their country's altar, by organizing in their midst, and at their own expense, a general defence of the country, either like that of 1812, or on any basis that his imperial majesty may deign to command ; to authorize them, moreover, to rally, for the defence of their country, under the banner of Prince Poschareski, who has given such noble examples of self-sacrifice in the trials of our beloved land."

The correspondent of the *Constitutionnel* adds that, on the proposition of his minister of the interior, the Czar has just augmented the personnel of the levies in the respective circles, and that conscripts are received up to the age of thirty-seven. On the other hand, the emperor is transporting all the forces he can dispose of from Asia to Europe. It is thus apparent that St. Petersburg does not participate in the pacific illusions entertained by the rest of Europe.

**HORSES IN THE CRIMEA.**—The English troop-horses in the Crimea suffer shockingly. They die by hundreds, of cold and starvation. It is said their moans and tears (for horses weep), are heart-rending.

**RUSSIAN ARMY.**—The losses of the grand army of Russia for the past year are quoted at 111,152, from sickness, killed, wounded and deserted.

**SHIPPING.**—Twenty thousand vessels are annually admitted into the Liverpool docks, which occupy an area of about one hundred acres.

## ORIENTAL COFFEE-HOUSE.

The New York Herald says that a Turk, who has recently arrived in New York from Constantinople, has established a *kahve*, or Turkish coffee house, in that city, where one may procure a Turkish pipe, with the best quality of tobacco, a cup of coffee, sherbet, locoom (fig paste), or other oriental luxuries, served up in a style that makes one imagine himself under the shade of St. Sophia, expecting to be awakened from the delicious languor produced by the fragrant berry or the aromatic weed, by the musical voice of the *muezzin* as he cries, "To prayers! to prayers!" The house is fitted up in strictly Turkish fashion, and visitors seat themselves upon an elevated cushioned platform. They have around them books, newspapers, dominoes, and chess-boards. The pipe bearer gives them either the *chibouk*, with its long stem and amber mouth-piece, or the *narghileh*, the smoke of which is cooled by passing through water. The coffee is served in little porcelain cups. New York seems to be a kind of cosmopolitan bazaar, where one may find the peculiar customs, notions and characteristics of every people in the world.

**BOSTON POST-OFFICE.**—In 1832 there were nine persons employed in the post-office of this city ; now there are eighty. To show the enormous piles of printed matter—generally newspapers and periodicals, that are sent out of the Boston post office only, it may be stated that 300 canvass bags are despatched that weigh on an average 150 pounds each, thus giving twenty-two tons and a half a day. And the 400 letter bags, that pass in and out of the office daily, it is estimated, will weigh at least one-third as much more.

**BOSTON THEATRE.**—We have never had a theatrical establishment in Boston managed with more taste, liberality and energy than the above house by Mr. Barry. The stock company is admirable, and a constant fire of sterling novelties is kept up.

**THE BOSTON PICTORIAL PAPER.**—We have certainly reason for pride in having such a Journal as Ballou's Pictorial published in this city. With its immense circulation in all parts of this country, and the large number that are weekly forwarded to various parts of Europe, it conveys a most favorable impression abroad of the city of Boston. Its many original illustrations are making our prominent buildings, localities, and eminent men, familiar everywhere.—*Boston Transcript*.

**SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.**—Judge Roosevelt of New York has decided that the publisher of a Sunday newspaper cannot recover a claim for work performed on the Sabbath.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The fountain of Vaucluse is converted to the ignominious use of turning a paper-mill.

The Allies are going to establish a hospital for 2000 men at Smyrna, and an establishment for convalescents at Rhodes.

Large bodies of Russian troops have been ordered to concentrate themselves at Perekop, with a view of attacking Eupatoria.

The fifteenth anniversary of Queen Victoria's marriage with Prince Albert was celebrated by a public dinner at Windsor, the 9th of February.

A recent Odessa letter says that the Russians will shortly assume the offensive in the Crimea, having received the necessary reinforcements.

Five military marches for the piano, the composition of the wife of Omar Pacha, have just been published.

Nine hundred barrels of snails were exported from Switzerland for foreign consumption, in October and November last.

Dr. Pusey, the celebrated Oxford divine, was, at the last, accounts from England, suffering from an attack of paralysis.

The mortality of Dublin is increasing at an alarming rate, the deaths in one week being nearly 400 in number, out of a population of 260,000.

The Duke of Cambridge, upon arriving at Dover, from the Crimea, said that "the campaign had been a soldier's, and nothing but a soldier's campaign."

A stone mason of Reading, England, named Oliver Cromwell, and said to be a descendant of the Protector, enlisted into the Grenadier Guards a few weeks ago.

A house, altogether of cast iron, four stories high, is about to be erected in Paris, on the plans of two engineers, one French and the other English.

Two hundred and forty-three journals and periodicals are published in seventy different localities in Switzerland. Several of the newspapers have lately increased their size.

Louis Napoleon has published a decree, which went into effect on the first of March, exempting foreign emigrants, passing through France, from vexatious searches of their baggage.

A Constantinople letter says the French 80 gun ship, *Henry IV.*, which ran ashore November 14th, has been turned into a fort, and is now of great use to the Allies.

Four English steam propellers now keep up a regular and profitable monthly communication between Plymouth and the civilized settlements of Western Africa.

The London Watchman mentions the sudden death, in the pulpit, of the Rev. Joseph Beaumont, D. D., one of the most popular ministers of the English Wesleyan Church.

A new dock is to be constructed at Havre de Grace, and every ship entering that port from New Year's day is required to contribute 6 c. a registered ton towards the expense of keeping the dock.

The past winter has proved very severe throughout Europe.

The Paris Exhibition will not be opened before June, owing to the backwardness, on account of the weather, in putting on the roof.

During the year 1854, no fewer than 73,697 persons died in London, out of a population of 2,500,000.

An English editor, in criticizing Ruth Hall, calls Fanny Fern "the Charles Dickens of America," and hopes he may "have an opportunity of kneeling at her beautiful footstool!"

Advices from Zanzibar announce the death of the governor, the oldest son of the Sultan of Muscat. Business was suspended for five days in consequence.

The London Globe lately stated, in reference to the Register's report, that the citizens of London were suffering from a high rate of "mortality."

It is reported that there has been a mutiny among the Zouaves in the Crimea, and that 400 of them had been sent prisoners to Constantinople.

An English officer writes that the horses in the Crimea are so starved, that they have eaten one another's manes and tails completely off, and the men can scarcely keep them off the tents and clothing.

It is said that a new French admiral—Fournichon—is expected soon in the Pacific with five large vessels. Another descent on Siberia (Petropanulovski) is indicated.

A personage belonging to one of the highest families of Portugal, who desires to preserve a strict incognito, has placed 10,000 bottles of port wine at the disposal of the French government, for the army in the Crimea.

Workmen are at present employed in cleaning and restoring the fine dome of the church of the Sorbonne, built by order of Cardinal de Richelieu, and under which is his mausoleum, one of the finest works of the French sculptor, Girardon.

Two privates of the 99th regiment at Chatham were sentenced, one to 52 days and the other to 162 days hard labor in the military prison at Fort Clarence, for shooting at the emperor of Russia drawn on the bayrack table.

In the storm at Genoa, January 20, the U. S. frigate *Cumberland* having fired a gun, it was at first supposed she was in danger, but it afterwards turned out that an execution had taken place on board, a man being seen hanging from the yard arm.

The government of Great Britain is about passing stringent laws to check emigration from that country. The German governments will soon follow suit. They find themselves now needing their emigrant population to recruit and furnish their armies, and we shall not be troubled hereafter with emigrants from Europe.

Mr. Ray, Jr., a watchmaker at Sainte-Austerberthe (Seine Inferieure), has discovered a means of repairing the bells of churches, when cracked, without the tedious process, hitherto considered indispensable, of recasting them. The operation is said to be very simple, and does not necessitate the removal of the bell from its place.

## Record of the Times.

They are making an effort to suppress "betting-houses" in London. They can't do better.

In February, 1717, it snowed for seven days in Massachusetts. No such luck now.

"The Transcript" calls Graham, the lecturer, "a piece of animated moonshine."

One of Brigham Young's wives keeps writing to Boston that she is going to expose him.

The jail at Prince Edward's Court House, Va., has been burned. Painful event to convicts.

In Cuba they are arming the free negroes in anticipation of the arrival of filibusteros.

Hyson tea is so called from the name of the merchant who first imported tea of that quality.

Nine-tenths of the enlistments in the army, it is said, are caused by love and whiskey.

The big snow drift in Illinois is eighteen miles long, and eight feet high.

The United States Government pays over a million of dollars a year in pensions.

The adjutant-general of Pennsylvania estimates the militia force of that State at 300,000.

It is said that the late Gov. Dorr has left a manuscript biography, which possesses much political interest.

The total income of the Michigan state prison for last year was \$18,708 14; expenditures, \$24,729 81.

General Whitefield, the delegate in Congress from Kansas, stands six feet five inches in his stockings.

A bed of good coal, six feet thick, has been found on the northwest side of Table Mountain, in California.

The growing wheat crop of California is estimated at 8,439,533 bushels; number of acres planted 135,024.

The directors of the Albany Gas Company have reduced their rates from \$4 to \$3 per 1000 feet.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

The manufactories of Wheeling and vicinity during the past year employed 4646 hands, and manufactured articles to the value of \$6,478,900, against only \$2,126,200 in 1846.

Ohio is estimated to contain a coal field equal in extent to twelve thousand square miles, or one-third the surface of the State. The amount of coal now dug in the State is estimated at nearly 24,000,000 bushels.

The De Vaux legacy for the establishment of a college at Niagara Falls, is much larger than was at first thought. The domain of the institution is 334 acres of land, and the amount of real and personal property for its support is \$172,000.

The increase of new tonnage in the United States last year was over half a million of tons, one half of which was built in Maine, and the remainder principally in Massachusetts and New York.

Nicholas has no need of spices in London—the English prints blab everything.

The first tavern in Boston was opened by Samuel Cole in March, 1634.

Sentimental young ladies make the best wives. They may be pensive, but are never expensive.

Lonis Napoleon invites most of the crowned heads of Europe to the French Exhibition.

Melbourne, in Australia, is a gloomy-looking place, being built mostly of slate stone.

Miss Rogers, only sister of the Bard of Memory, died lately in London.

It is conjectured that the grape disease may arise from continued cultivation on the same land.

The Alta California, the oldest daily in California, has fallen into the composers' hands.

A couple were recently married on a cake of floating ice on the Ohio—a novel bride-cake.

Twenty-two new street-sweeping machines are to be used in New York. None too many.

A singular distemper, before unknown to the farriers, has made its appearance among the horses of Clark county, N. Y.

Green peas, corn, fresh turnips, and strawberries, are among the regular fares at the hotels in Florida.

The last autobiography announced is that of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, well known in the literary circles.

Potatoes were unknown in Europe previous to the 16th century. Queen Anne, wife of James I., of England, had them as a luxury. They cost 45 cents a pound.

Forty-seven million gallons of whiskey, rum, and brandy, and 35,000,000 gallons of strong beer, were made in the United States during the last year.

One of the Texas papers remarks, that "at the recent sitting of the court at San Antonio, thirteen gentlemen were assigned places in the penitentiary."

The Jews of New York, who always support their own poor, have taken up collections and forwarded subscriptions to the Mayor, for the relief of Christian poor in that city.

The last dodge of New York sharpers is to paint or dye the plumage of common pigeons, and sell them as "rare specimens of South American birds."

In trying to find a leak in one of the main gas pipes at Salem, a light was dropped into a water reservoir, when an explosion followed, which blew the searcher several yards across the street, without injury, except singeing his hair.

The annual steamboat commerce of the Great West is estimated as follows: Eight hundred steamboats, of nearly two hundred thousand tons, traversing thirty thousand miles of coast, and moving a commerce valued at three hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

An Irishman who was overpaid \$100 about a year ago, by one of the Indiana Banks, called at the Bank a few days ago, on his return from "out West," and returned the identical \$100, which he had kept sewed up in his pantaloons for a whole year.

## Merry Making.

Why is an empty discourse like a solid one? Because it is sound.

It is chiefly young ladies of narrow understanding who wear shoes too small for them.

When may two people be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

How extraordinary it is that the Czar should be in want of money after all the checks he has received?

A lady out West brags that none of her relations were ever sent to the State Prison or Congress.

A patent has been taken out in Boston for cleaning fish, by giving them snuff; when they sneeze, their scales come off.

There is a physician at Paris, whose "speciality" is, to cause stout people to become slight without losing their good health.

A writer in Sharp's Magazine says that next to suicide or marrying an opera dancer, starting a newspaper is the most rash of human actions.

"Old age is coming on me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.

The San Diego Herald thus hits: "The motto at the head of the Council Bluffs Bugle is—'Terms three dollars, truth though crushed shall rise again, if in advance.'"

A medical student wishes to know in what portion of the animal economy the *trom-bone* is to be found. He says that he has frequently heard of it, but cannot find it in the medical books.

An Unreasonable Order.—Scene—Dining Saloon. Polite Waiter—"Am, sir; yes, sir. Take anything with your 'Am, sir?' Crusty Old Gent.—"Yes; the letter H!"

Henry J. Finn, the actor, at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against it, for privates are illegal."

It is reported that the Czar is "disposed to treat." We are glad to hear it. Wonder what the allies will take—besides Sebastopol? The latter, of course, they will take hot, but with no sugar on the outside of their glasses.

When Mr. L. was discharged from the pastoral care of his church, an old lady, who was very fond of him, in attempting to offer consolation, addressed him as follows: "Ah! Mr. L., they may say what they will, but I think as I always did—I think you a good man—not equal to Christ, but fully equal to Antichrist."

A boy is very miscellaneous in his habits. We emptied Master Smith's pockets the other day, and found the contents to consist of the following articles: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one doughnut, a piece of curry comb, a paint brush, three wax ends, a handful of corks, a chisel, two knives, both broken, a skate strap, three buckles, and a dog eared primer.

Mrs. Partington says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they are always chanting their lays.

"Dreaming of walking barefoot, denotes a journey—that will be bootless," and *sodess*, the author might have added.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid of animals, yet always dies game!" Why shouldn't it, when it's made game of?

The person who "stole a march," is informed that, if he will return the same, no questions will be asked.

Soldiers, come what may, can never be at a loss for bread, as they always can fall back on the regimental roll.

Why should the kitchen be a delightful retreat in summer time? Answer.—Because it is a cool and airy (culinary) apartment.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

Wedlock without love is like a feast of diabol— a mere show and deception. We would sooner wed an almshouse than a female minus a heart. Well, we would.

An infallible remedy for redundancy of style, is for the diffuse author to form the habit of writing advertisements, and paying for their insertion.

Two fat noblemen, at a royal levee, were scolded by his majesty for their laziness. "Pardon me," said one, "I walk twice a day around my great cousin yonder."

The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the additional guaranty that "he will not move without whipping."

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

An Irishman in Worcester, Mass., who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, on Saturday night, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

Lord John Russell says that there is one bit of truth in the Austrian treaty, and that is at the end, where the name of the representative of England is coupled with the words "*Dem at Vienna*."—*Punch*.

In Jackson, Miss., a difference of opinion occurred between a lady and gentleman who met in the street. Unamiable words ensued, and the latter drew a revolver and fired several times, ineffectually, at the lady, whereupon she seized a brick-bat, threw it at his head, and knocked him down!

The following dispatch, says the Toledo Blade, went through by telegraph a month or two since:

"Charlie and Julia met at S——'s yesterday—quarrelled and parted forever—met again this morning, and parted to meet no more—met again this evening and were married!"

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, MAY, 1855.

No. 5.

## THE IRON LIGHT SHIP: OR, A WILD NIGHT IN THE GULF.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

AMONG the pleasant watering places that adorn the winding shores of the northern part of the Gulf of Mexico, are none more agreeable or picturesque than that known as "Pass Christian," or, as it is commonly termed, "The Pass." It consists of a single street, winding along the crescent bay, a league or more in length, on one side of which stand in tasteful array numerous beautiful villas, the residences of families of wealth and refinement. "The Pass" is a favorite resort for the citizens of New Orleans and Mobile, and a famous regatta ground for amateurs. Its situation is about midway between those two cities. Opposite is a long and low green island, at the extremity of which rises the white walls of "The Pass Light." About three leagues from the village-landing, south-westerly, is moored in a solitary and immovable position, an iron ship, supporting a lantern, which at night sends its brilliant beams not only to the town, but through a radius of twelve miles around it. From the shore it looks like the star Venus, in full splendor, just setting in the trembling sea.

Two of the chief attractions of the Pass are, besides its incomparable bathing, yachting and fishing. Many of the families keep, when it is not in use, a pretty little sloop anchored in front of their residence, and these "rocking lightly on the yielding tide," are picturesque objects to the loiterer along the oak-embowered street that disputes possession with the rippling, shore-laving waves of the lake, the shell-paved beach.

Passing a few days at the Pass to recruit my health, I was tempted by the sight of several sailing and fishing boats gliding about, at all distances from the town, under a light breeze, to accept a proposition made by a friend who had come to the Pass in a small yacht of his own, to go out to the light ship, and spend the afternoon in fishing.

The skies were propitious—as blue as turquoise, and as cloudlessly pure. "The wind was in the right direction to keep the weather fair," said my friend, who having once been on a voyage to Europe as a passenger, deemed himself an "old sailor," and weather-wise. At three o'clock in the afternoon, with five hours of the long summer day before us, we embarked, four in all, from the end of the bath-house pier of the villa, where my friend, whom I will, considering his nautical ambition, pleasantly call "the skipper," was for the time a guest.

The boat was sloop-rigged, about two tons burthen; and besides two jibs, one for service and the other for symmetry, there was set aloft a graceful gaff-topsail, above which, at the extremity of a slender amber-colored mast, fluttered in the warm south wind a blue and scarlet pennon, on which could be read at moments when it fairly unfolded itself to the eye, the words, "THE LITTLE GIPSY." Touching the omission of the "e" in this last word, I ventured a criticism to my nautical friend; but he protested that without the "e" the name looked more saucy; and that when he named his boat

he had in his eye a nameless maiden who *was* a little gipsy and nothing else; and as his yacht flirted with every zephyr, and danced to every wave that kissed her prow, so was she a desperate, wayward beauty, with mischief and waywardness enough in her to make a quiet young man as miserable as she pleased. The skipper, however, I thought was handsome enough, brave enough, and noble enough in all that makes true manliness of character and moral worth, to afford to requite her.

The third person of our party was a little boy of nine years, with one of the most perfect faces I ever saw—golden brown hair, musical voice, and all. He was the only son of his fair mother, a widow and sister of my friend. To this nephew he was devoted. The lad accompanied him in all his expeditions, hunting and fishing; and was already familiar with the sports of the forest and the lake, and entered into them with all the fearlessness and spirit of a naturally generous temper and frank disposition. Like his uncle, he was arrayed in sailor's dress, with a little jaunty tarpaulin upon his head, beneath which burst a cloud of more glorious sunny hair than ever tarpaulin essayed before to cover. His name was "Charlie," and he had for his companion a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a long, tawny, chocolate-colored coat, and an eye as intelligent in its large expression, as a thoughtful man's. Some *men*, so called, because they walk *ad sidera vultus*, have shown manifestation of less a soul than this noble creature, who did all but articulate words.

The fourth person in our yacht was Diego, a half breed French and Spanish native of the Pass, who could speak two languages—those of his parents and English; but after a fashion of his own, making use of the words of each for either tongue, as he happened to be at a loss for a word in either. He was a young man, with an enormous Roman nose, a dark face, and a thorough fisherman. He wore a cross upon his neck, and carried a small vial of "holy water" under his jacket. He composed "the crew."

Our yacht glided out of the little dock of the bath-house with a six-knot breeze; and as we increased the space between our stern and the shore, we went dancing forward with a delightful celerity to the music of the ripple of the water, that danced, in their turn, in countless circling waltzes and schottishes under the sides of the yacht.

Onward motion is always exhilarating. If the earth be a great animal, as some of the old Puntab priests taught, it must enjoy amazingly its tens of thousands of miles an hour, flying

through space. No motion is more pleasing than that of a sailing boat. It is noiseless, moves without effort, and its occupants are in perfect repose, and have nothing to do but to enjoy their "onwardness," as some of our modern word-makers would express it.

We were not, however, altogether idle, and given up to the enjoyment of the sensuous luxury of simple motion. We had our lines to get ready to "cast in Largo Bay," and to look after the trim of the boat, and to make "all draw," for the skipper was ambitious to leave everything behind him. His wishes were gratified. We dashed past lumbering yawls, rowed by amateur land-gentlemen, and half filled with "tremulous women-folk" and children, taking an airing on the water, and a possible fish! We flew across the bows of shore boats, with dirty lateen sails, that shore sailors in long-skirted black coats, and beaver hats, and tight pantaloons were desperately endeavoring to manage; and not knowing which side exactly they ought to keep their sail, compromised by letting it flap in the centre, and so, instead of advancing, they were incontinently illustrating the nautical mystery of "circle sailing." We overtook and finally went by two other yachts, who cheered our victory as heartily as if it were their own.

At length, in an hour's time, the villas on shore were diminished to the size of a row of children's pocket-handkerchiefs, extended on a clothes-line, to make use of a figure borrowed from the laundry, and the island, on the left, four miles off, and the iron light ship nearly ahead, three miles distant, constituted our seaward view. The wind held standing, and we were in another half hour close aboard the black ship of iron, which floats on an element that our forefathers never dreamed would bear up iron. Yet there she rode at her four strong anchors, moored by them stem and stern, as lightly as if she were made of trees of the forest. We admired her look of strength and of power to resist the storms of the gulf. We fished for an hour with great success within hail of her, and then being civilly hailed and invited on board by her lightkeeper, accepted the invitation. The light, or lantern itself, is elevated about twenty-five feet above the deck, and is intensely brilliant. Every night, as the earliest shade of twilight falls upon the water, it is seen from the windows on shore to rise from the sea like a planet, and remain all night a cheering object to the eye.

"You have a lonely life," I remarked to one of the two men that remain on board, scarcely ever relieved to the year's end; who see Orion

rise in the east in early November, and keep above their heads six months, for six months disappear, and then rise again in the east, having made the apparent circle of the universe; yet they remain immovable, the pharos light over their heads shining a fixed star in the horizon of the approaching mariners, or in the eye of the watching landsman.

"No—not very. We are used to it now," he answered, cheerfully. "Plenty of company; steamers go past us every day to and from Mobile and New Orleans; fishermen are always around us; coasting vessels are in sight from morning till night. It is true we speak to but few people; but a man gets used to anything—even to being silent! I have but one companion, but we scarcely talk now—we *talked each other out* long ago!"

While I was asking him one or two questions more, the other man said, rather as a general remark than to us:

"We are likely to have a blow before long."

"Yes," said the other, "it is a dead calm, and the thermometer shows ten degrees increase of heat in the last hour, late in the day as it is. We shall have a hard blow, if not a hurricane. I can feel it in the air!"

"I see no signs of high wind," said my friend, looking confidently at the sky, which was entirely free from clouds; but I observed that the heavens had lost their deep, rich blue tone, and wore a heavy aspect; and that in the south the horizon exhibited a dark line under a pale reddish streak—not of cloud, but of haze.

"You had best not delay your return very long, sir," the light-shipman remarked. "There has been a heavy under-swell the last half hour, and with the hot atmosphere, and the stillness of the wind, we are bound to have a night of it."

These appearances had all been observed by us and commented upon before we came on board. The wind had died away about half-past five o'clock, when the heat of the unfanned air became so insupportable that we had gladly gone on board the iron light ship for some relief. But neither of us anticipated a storm; on the contrary the cloudless heavens, the placid waters, the perfect calm, were to us tokens of peace and security. We had contemplated taking the sea breeze back, which blows landward after sundown, and sail home by the bright moon, which was then at its full.

But we were wise enough to be governed by the experience of these iron ship-men, whose life was to battle with the tempests, and to prepare for their approach; and so we immediately returned to our yacht. The close, dead calm

rendered our sails useless, and we took to our oars, and with our sail furled began to row landward, hoping that we should catch the sea breeze ere long to help us across the nine miles that lay between us and our homes.

All was calm and beautiful around us. A dozen boats, of fishermen, were also in motion shoreward, and my friend remarked:

"Those men are hastening to land before their usual time. There is, indeed, a storm brewing, I fear; and I would propose returning to the light ship, and receive it there rather than here, but for Charlie, whose mother would be greatly alarmed were we not to return to-night. She would, were there a storm, have every reason to think that we were all lost."

We continued rowing, taking turns, for about half an hour. The under-swell increased and tossed and tumbled our boat with a large undulatory motion. The sun descended in a red atmosphere, and rested for a moment on the sea before it disappeared like a globe dipped in a lake of blood. No cloud was about him. Alone, and in a threatening sky, he sank slowly out of sight. The moon at the same moment, while yet the sun was in view, rose round in the east, as large, as red, and looking like another sun, or the same sun, dipped in blood. They seemed like the red eye-balls of angry night, glaring upon the earth and sea, and arming herself with the helmet of the storm—for now every sign was portentous. The glassy, unruffled billows sighed and sighed as they rolled landward; the sky above was growing redder and yet gloomier. It had no stars—yet no clouds! The atmosphere around seemed a magnifying medium to our eyes. The iron ship was two miles off, yet looked close at hand; and the shore seemed so near that we should soon land upon it. Yet we were seven miles from land, with a heavy boat to row, and only two oars on board.

The moon gave no light, and slowly withdrew after rising into a murky veil that hid her disc, and her place was only visible by the fiercer glare, thereabout, of the crimson sky. Darkness came on apace, not the natural darkness of the absence of the sun, not the colorless darkness of nature and healthy night, but a sort of supernatural obscurity, as if the air was filled with the phosphorescence which was gleaming from the sea. The water was black, save when the oars struck it; then it would flash with a shadowy light, all unreal, and mocking true light.

We could see the starry pharos on the deck of the iron ship, sending its pencil of rays across to



our very boat, and it seemed to be company for us—for we began mournfully to sympathize with nature; we began to feel a gloom settle upon our spirits, and a fearful looking for of we knew not what! It was evident to us both that a dreadful tornado was gathering its dread powers somewhere on the horizon, soon to make the calm, dead, windless arena, across which our boat was fitting, the scene of a war of elements; and we began to have misgivings that our little boat would be annihilated beneath the storm-tread of the mighty warriors of this battle of sea and sky.

We bent to our oars with all our energies. We said but few words; we did not wish to alarm the dear boy, Charlie, who, unconscious of the danger which we saw menacing us, was delighting himself with the beauty of the phosphorescent sparks as they flew sternward in the gleaming wake of the yacht.

I felt that if it would only grow dark it would be a relief; anything desirable to a *claro oscuro* that reminded one of the twilight in Dante's *Inferno*.

"If we take it before we get to land," said my friend, "we shall be driven under, bodily."

"We must hope for the best," I answered. "If the boat is wrecked in the offing, we both swim and must save—"

"Save Charlie!" he cried, quickly anticipating my words.

The lovely boy had fallen asleep on the cushion of the seat, and near him lay the dog watching him, and occasionally howling in an under tone, and sadly, as if, brute as he was, he was conscious of the danger that menaced us.

With the profoundest solicitude, I now surveyed the whole sky and horizon to ascertain, if it were possible, from what quarter the *tornado* would burst—for that the threatened storm would reach that fearful character I was well aware from the recollection of precisely similar appearances preceding a tornado on the Mississippi, a few years previous. But the whole periphery of the horizon presented the same reddish and ashy hue, save one faintly bright spot in the west, about ten degrees above the sea. After watching this a few moments, facing it as we rowed, I noticed that it rapidly enlarged and grew brighter, and extended laterally above the horizon. Each moment it increased, and widened and grew brighter, emitting a wild, unusual light, while beneath it the sky became as black as ink.

"There it concentrates!" said my companion, in a low, impressive voice, while the phosphoric light from his dripping oar illumined his features with a ghastliness that was like the livid-

ness of a corpse. "Poor Charlie! poor Charlie's mother! We shall not survive it! We can do our best. The yacht will be blown over and over in the air before it like a feather. It will be a miracle that will save us!"

"We are in the hands of the God of storms. He who directs the path of the tempest keeps our pulses beating. Our breath and the stormy winds of His great power are alike given and commanded by Him," was my reply. "We are in His hands as much now as when six hours ago we joyously sailed in security and peace, unsuspecting of danger, out from the shore. His power is still with us to uphold us, and can be exercised as easily amid the terrors of a hurricane as in the security of a summer-day's calm."

"It is a great privilege to be able to reason thus calmly with death imminent; but I cannot make up my mind to die *now*! The idea appals me! My nature shrinks convulsively from it. If I perish to-night, I will die struggling manfully to live! *God! eternity! death!* What a fearful trinity enveloping the soul!"

He paused to listen to a distant sound like the remote roar of the ocean shaking a cliff. The noise was deep and heavy, as if thunder were rolling beneath the sea. The air felt like that in a furnace-mouth. The yacht began to rock and plunge so wildly that Charlie rolled off the seat and awoke. He looked around, and hearing the increasing roar, and seeing the fiery white and gray sky—for the bright spot had spread upward till it almost hung over our mast—his spirit was overawed, and he flung himself across my knees and clasped my hand, whispering fearfully:

"O, sir! is this the world?"

Well, from what he saw and heard, might he have believed that from his sleep he had awaked into another and most fearful world. Along the whole western and southern sky rolled a cloud as black as the starless abyss of deepest night, and marching along the heavens in advance came a squadron of white, electric clouds, driving across the zenith in swift waves, like the angry flashes of the polar lights. These advanced clouds were seen by their own terrible glare which they carried along with them. I never beheld anything so terrible as they appeared. Diego dropped his oar, and covered his eyes! and falling on his knees began to cry to the Virgin for protection—for it was now apparent that we should take the whole force of the tempest, and that only the mercy of God could save us from destruction.

"We can only keep the yacht away from the direct course of its approach," I said to my

friend, as he laid down his oar and came aft, where I sat at the helm.

"Yes," he said, solemnly, "it is our only chance; but I have no hope. Death rides in that white storm, advancing as upon the Pale Horse of the Apocalypse! There is no escape! I feel that we must perish! No mortal power can avail. We must ask God's forgiveness for the past, and die! I see no prospect of escaping instant death. Hark! what a knell!"

The sounds now grew terrific; the roar of the wind (high in the air above our heads while we were still in a calm below) was now mingled with the roar of the waters. The light of the iron ship became suddenly invisible. The sable cloud that had been rolling onward seemed to have leaped from the sky down upon the sea beneath and enveloped the light ship, and the whole horizon south, in its impenetrable darkness. The waves below roared louder than the winds above; and in a few seconds we could see a white shiny streak stretching far across the black waters. This was a bank of foam, heaved up by the broad and strongly-driven ploughshare of the storm.

Suddenly all was darkness about us, darkness and a confusion of noises, and a wild uproar of the elements that is not to be described. The tempest was upon us in its wrath and all its awful majesty! We had taken the precaution a few minutes before to lash ourselves to the thwarts of the yacht by the halyards—for we felt that our only safety, if the word is recognizable at such an hour, was in being with the boat, which, having an air compartment, could not sink, though it might be blown over and torn to pieces.

As the shining and glittering seas advanced upon us like battalions of charging cavalry, with flashing swords and snow-white plumes aloft, the wind also burst upon us with an explosive force and power wholly irresistible, and with appalling shrieks in the air. It caught our mast and bore it onward as if it were a lance sent by the hand of a storm-spirit, riding upon the swift wings of the wind.

We were in a moment overwhelmed! The yacht was driven like a feather for several hundred yards before the furious head of the tornado, and then being taken by the rolling wall of surges behind us, was overwhelmed and borne bodily down underneath the surface with the weight and force of the vast body of rushing water that rolled madly on with us in its cold embrace.

I retained all my consciousness as we went down. I thought from the time we were beneath

the surface that our last hour had indeed arrived. I had still a hold upon dear Charlie; and my friend, also, with one hand hard pressed upon his mouth, was clasping him about the neck with one arm, while with our disengaged hands we were using superhuman efforts to emerge from the depths! It is wonderful how clear and vivid, and infinitely comprehensive, the mind is in such a moment. The life, with all its incidents, is read in a moment; as the sum of a column of figures, however prolonged and large in amount, is read by a glance at the *single line* beneath them, comprehending the whole amount, so the mind is shown a figure at that moment which is the *sum* of the deeds done in the body! This is indeed marvellous, and is a psychological attribute borne testimony to by all persons who have been suddenly near death by drowning.

How long we were submerged under the weight of water I do not know. It seemed to me to be a period as long as my mortal life; yet it could not have been more than two minutes! The moment we descended beneath the over-rolling wall of waters, all became as silent as the tomb. The sudden cessation of the fierce roar of the hurricane was appalling. Yet, while silence reigned under the water, the thunder of the tornado was sweeping the surface.

All at once, just as I was experiencing a sense of suffocation, and my brain seemed filled with resplendent prismatic figures, the boat rose to the top of the water, and once more the shriek of the wild winds and the uproar of the waves filled our ears. The yacht was full of water, and every successive billow broke over us, and its impetus at the same time drove us onward, we knew not whither! The sea was like a seething lake of dull fire, and the low, brown clouds reflected its ghastly light as they drove madly along the stooping sky, close above our heads. There was no rain; only wind and water mingled in terrific combinations of horrors.

And so we were driven onward, our voices—when we would essay to speak—unheard. We were all nearly up to our necks in water, and the yacht rolled and tumbled about so that we were several times flung bodily out of it, and were only saved by the ropes by which we had secured ourselves to it. Not a hat remained to us, not an oar, nor sign of mast or sail. We were a helpless wreck with which the tornado played as the autumnal wind plays with a feather caught in its vortex. We could do nothing but cling to our places, and commit our spirits into the hands of Him who "holds the wind in his fists, and directeth the storm."

Occasionally, when my eyes were free enough

from the blinding spray, which flew upon us like rain, as the continued succession of billows burst over the stern (for by lashing the helm at the beginning we had been fortunate enough to keep the yacht before the hurricane), I looked round through the murky glare, and beheld a spectacle that chaos could only equal. Sea and sky seemed to mingle, and so low were the heavens that the circle of the horizon seemed not to have half a mile of radius. We had not yet been able to interchange a word for the fury of the winds. Charlie, by the presence of mind of his uncle, had not taken into his lungs any water, and was now perfectly himself, and being a courageous boy, he was not overcome with terror, and was quite as calm as a man of nerve would be in similar peril. But "*sin* is the sting of death," and to a pure, innocent boy, like Charlie, death had none of sinful manhood's terrors—because God had no terror for him. It is not death *per se* that men fear, but *the after-ward!*

The ~~not~~ dog, who also had been tied to the thwart, with his paws raised out of the water upon the gunwale, placed himself by the lad; while poor Diego, almost stupified by his fears, could hardly be made to keep his head above the water that filled the boat.

While we were all in this imminent peril, expecting each moment would be our last, for the hurricane abated not, but rather seemed to gather strength as it went onward, I saw a large object flying through the obscurity ahead of us. It was no sooner visible on one side of the bow than it rushed across into the thick mist of the night and became invisible. It was a mastless vessel. The next moment we were nearly overturned by the chopping billows, as we were driven across its white and foaming wake. So we were not alone! Other lives were in peril besides our own! Onward we were still driven; at intervals nearly submerged, and only kept from being turned over and over again by the weight of water that kept the boat deep under. Suddenly Charlie pointed into the obscurity astern. With horror I beheld a steamer battling with the storm, trying to make an offing, and her course was directly towards us and our wrecked boat. She was enveloped in spray; the wind roared terrifically about her, and from her leaning chimneys the sparks wildly flew along the sky; and the thunder of her engine, as she came near, and the hoarse roar of her escape-pipe, and the rattle of her machinery, as she struggled like a fear seized leviathan to save herself, added to the dreadful incidents of that wild and fearful hour. She came on, exerting every

iron limb and oaken arm, every tendon of steel and every muscle of her cordage; and we expected her to ride over us—for we could not be seen, nay, we could see no one on her deck, for in the darkness the volcanoes of sparks from her flue only enabled us to perceive her faintly by their reddish reflection. She was soon but her length from us! We clasped our hands in prayer! The next moment she went rolling and plunging by, her wheels within ten feet of us, and covering us with her falling fire. In an instant she had passed us, and was far away diving into the cavernous gloom of the storm; at her wheel, as she went by, we saw three men, looking like spectres in the glare of the blue-flaming gas, which at intervals poured out from the black chimney. It was a dreadful spectacle altogether, and to our imagination it seemed a fire ship from the realms of Pluto, rather than an earthly boat involved in like peril with ourselves and exerting all her energy to escape destruction. In two minutes she was no longer heard, and we were left alone to drive onward to our fate.

At length our continued preservation inspired me with hope that we might be driven to the land and saved. But the noise of the wind and sea prevented us from conversing upon the hope, and we sat or rather clung to the yacht in silence, each oppressed with his own thoughts. I could not help contrasting, in my reflections, our present danger of perishing each instant, with our security but a few hours before. I had dined with my friend that day, and a cheerful and happy family was around the board; the skies were blue and serene, the lake like a silver sea, and the air gentle enough for a hum-bird's wing to sport in. After dinner, my friend reclined on an ottoman, smoked a cigar, and talked of pleasure, of the proposed excursion to the iron light ship, and of returning by moonlight to give the ladies a sail upon the water; and they were afterwards to have a social evening party with the young folks; and altogether there was sketched out a delightful time! But how all was now changed! Instead of the silver lake, the waters were a terrific cauldron of mad waves! Instead of zephyrs, the atmosphere roared with a hurricane let loose from the cave of storms! Instead of returning for a moonlight sail, we were borne madly onward lashed to a wreck, the sport of the fierce tornado that threatened each moment to overwhelm us with destruction! Instead of anticipating the pleasures of the evening gathering, we were awaiting with awe an immediate summons before the bar of the great Judge of men!

All at once we heard a new and strange tone commingled with the deep base of the storm.

The sound was ahead! It grew louder and louder, and each moment became more appalling. I thought I could discover a dark mass close to us in the direction of this roaring thunder, and while I was endeavoring to make it out, the yacht was uplifted upon the crest of a billow and thrown forward with great velocity; and as we were thus being launched headlong forward, the dark mass before us took the indistinct form of trees. I could not observe more, for the yacht suddenly struck upon a beach, and with such violence as to throw us over into the sea, breaking our lashing. Another billow caught us, and bore us onward; and as we felt the bottom we succeeded with great efforts in reaching the land. Charlie was fairly dragged ashore by the strong and faithful dog. The wind was so heavy and strong that it pressed us down with our faces to the water, as we were struggling through it, and rendered our efforts to get to land almost fatal to us. But we did, *all* of us, finally gain the shore, and crawled—for we could not stand upright—out of the way of the surf, and got quickly to the shelter of a group of large trees. We made our way as far as we could into their depth. They were huge pines, and the wind swept over their tops with a loud wailing sound and savage roar combined, that impressed me still more with the dread energies and awful powers that belong to NATURE. The groans of a strong man suffering are dreadful, but the voices of troubled nature are indescribably solemn.

We succeeded in discovering a tree that had been overthrown, and crept under the shelter of its thick foliage, where we were comparatively protected. We had wonderfully escaped the dangers to which we were exposed in the yacht, and felt that our escape and present security, imperfect as it was, demanded from us the deepest gratitude to Him who had guided us with an unseen hand through the dangers that had enveloped us.

We remained five hours in our shelter, while the hurricane still roared and shrieked in the air above us. At length the wished-for dawn broke. But the tempest gave no signs of abating. We knew not where we were—whether on the main, or upon an island. It was impossible to stir from our place to go in search of a house, so fierce and strong was the wind, which bore down all before it. To add to our discomfort, the rain poured in sheets until noon. We could not see for hours a hundred yards in any direction. Our yacht had gone to pieces, and we were in danger, without food or refreshment, of perishing, if the storm continued for a day and night more.

Charlie was cheerful, and tried to bear up under his fatigue and suffering, but towards noon fell asleep, resting his head upon the soft pillow afforded by the Newfoundland's shaggy body, whose affection for the dear boy seemed to be almost like a paternal one.

At length, about two o'clock, the wind began to abate, the rain to cease; and in an hour more we left our shelter. The sea was yet wild with the dying strength of the storm, but in the sky the clouds were broken, and driving swiftly along; but all the tokens indicated that the gale was over. In another hour the sun suddenly broke through an opening in the western sky; and the black clouds sullenly sailed eastward in great masses, with isles of blue seen between.

We could discern the distant main, and now discovered that we were cast on the island which lay twelve miles from the Pass. We forthwith took our way in search of aid, but not forgetting first to turn our little shelter under the fallen pine into a Bethel of grateful prayer, and an altar of holy resolutions for the residue of our days.

After an hour's walk around the shore, which the impotent waves still lashed and vexed, and which ever retain the anger of storms longer than the placid sky, we came in sight of a fisher's boat rounding a point. This we hailed. The owner of it we had passed in the yacht the day before as we were so joyously and unsuspectingly gliding into the vortex of the unseen but coming storm. He came to the shore and took us in.

We reached the Pass just at sunset, over still rough seas. We saw that the hurricane had swept away houses, bridges, baths; uprooted trees and devastated the place. People from the bath wharves near the Pass had been blown into the water and drowned, and passengers, landed at the beginning of the storm from the steamer which we saw making an offing, had been caught up by the wind ere they could reach the hotel at the upper end of the long wharf, and blown bodily into the air, and dropped into the lake, where they perished. Such a tempest had never been known before. The shores of the gulf were strewn with wrecks for fifty miles. The steamer with difficulty escaped destruction. Our gratitude for our own preservation was deepened as we learned this sad story of lives lost, both upon the land and upon the deep.

As for ourselves, we were welcomed as if from the dead arisen! That we escaped, no one believed, and the frantic mother of brave little Charlie, who had "refused to be comforted because he was not," received him from our arms as the glad widow of Nain received back to life again the only son of her widowed heart.

## THE SENTENCE OF MIRZA.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

No more shalt thou meet with the lovely and fair,  
Nor listen to music, nor join in the dance;  
No more with thy followers victory share,  
Or lead thy brave comrades with sabre and lance.

Thy hours here are numbered—for soon thou must die!  
Prepare then to meet thy long merited doom;  
In spirit to answer thy Maker on high,  
And seek thine abode amidst gathering gloom.

Nought earthly can save—e'en the name of thy sire!  
Thy life's-blood alone can atone for thy guilt;  
These eyes may still gleam with an unwonted fire,  
But ere the sun sets, thine heart's blood shall be spilt.

The last of a race who were noble and brave;  
Though thou to all virtue hast recreant proved;  
No mother in sorrow shall weep at thy grave,  
No maiden e'er mourn the proud chieftain she loved.

When years shall have swept o'er the land of thy birth  
When thy dread name is breathed but in terror and  
fear—

Will thy spirit still haunt the bright places of earth,  
Which here in probation it cherished as dear?

Dark myrtle may wave over the graves of the blest,  
When Sharon's sweet roses expand in their bloom;  
But nought shall e'er mark the lone place of thy rest,  
Or madden weave garlands of flowers for thy tomb.

## VIOLANTE'S NECKLACE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THERE was at Florence a cloth-merchant, called Strambino. He was a little bandy-legged man, always busy and running about. "Good day, Strambino," his neighbors would sometimes say to him; "you are stirring early this morning! You are as active as a terrier; but where are you going so fast?" Strambino would wave his hand to signify that he had not time to stop, and would redouble his pace with new importance.

This amusing little man had married the daughter of a goldsmith, named Violante, a head taller than her husband, and who, in a family quarrel, would have defended herself against even Gerion, the three-headed giant, if Fate had given him to her as a husband. Judge how this good lady treated so insignificant a person as Strambino. So it is said that Madame Violante, in order to show the little cloth-merchant the danger of taking too much upon himself, gave him, now and then, a box on the ear; and yet, such was the obstinacy of Strambino, and his revengeful disposition, that nothing—not even the manual corrections of Violante—could

conquer his propensity to interfere with everything going on in the house.

Violante, as is the custom with Italian ladies, had a *cavalier servente*, an admirer and particular friend, who often visited her, and sometimes attended her in public. This was a youth named Guido, an apprentice with a furrier in the neighborhood. Being somewhat suspicious of his wife, and jealous of her intimacy with the latter, Strambino resolved to lay a snare for her.

His house, situated on the Place du Marche-Neuf, joined a garden, bordering on an unfrequented street, from which it was separated by a simple wall, breast high. One evening Strambino said to his wife:

"I am more than ever overwhelmed with business, and shall be compelled to set out to-morrow for Nocera, where I have a large sum of money owing me. My absence will last probably a couple of days."

"Very well," replied Violante, "return as soon as possible, and take care that your money is not stolen on the way, for it is said that the road to Nocera is not the safest."

"It is well-known in Florence that I am not afraid of robbers!" replied the little man, with a valiant air.

Early on the following morning, Strambino's neighbors saw him come out in a travelling costume, and walk off rapidly, wearing at his side a huge rapier, which greatly embarrassed his movements.

"Hallo! Strambino," cried some, "where are you going in that equipment? Is it true that you are going to fight the Turks?"

As we may suppose, Strambino was too much occupied with his project to reply to these jests. Having crossed the market-place, he stopped at a coffee-house, where he could distinguish the door of his dwelling. After an hour of observation, he saw this door open, and Violante come out, accompanied by the servant, bearing a basket on her arm. Strambino, concluding that the two women were going to market to purchase provisions, left the coffee-house, and made his way through retired streets to the garden, whose walls he hastily climbed, after having assured himself that no one was looking. From thence, having entered the house by a back door, of which he had taken the key, he mounted to a large apartment situated under the eaves, which was seldom visited, because it contained only some old furniture, a few empty chests, some salt provisions, and the bread for the family; so it was usually kept locked.

"I have provisions enough here," thought Strambino; "and there is a large broken pitcher,

which I will fill with water. I will remain concealed in this room all day ; and in the evening, coming out, sword in hand, I shall surprise my wife, who will not fail to appoint a meeting with Guido."

During the day, Violante, whether from some suspicion, or whether she really had business in the room where Strambino was concealed, ascended thither, and saw with a corner of her eye, her husband crouched behind a large chest, and holding his breath. She appeared not to notice him ; but immediately penetrating the stratagem, summoned her servant, and feigned to be very angry.

"Paula," exclaimed she, "am I then of so little importance here that you no longer deign to obey my orders ? You are extremely negligent, and my dear Strambino has good reason to complain and to say that everything goes wrong about the house. What did I tell you a fortnight ago ? Take away these two legs of dried beef, which are left here to be eaten by the rats. Lazy girl that you are, carry them quickly to the kitchen, and remember that my beloved Strambino shall find, on his return, his house as neat and orderly as he could desire."

While Paula executed the orders of her mistress, Violante pretended to examine the room carefully in every corner, and two or three times amused herself with frightening Strambino by brushing with her dress the chest behind which he was concealed. When the servant had returned, and Violante was satisfied that no other provisions were left for Strambino than the bread and the water in the pitcher, she said :

"Now go and get me the key of this room ; I intend that it shall be hereafter as carefully closed as the others. My adored Strambino wishes it, and he must find no change on his return from Nocera."

Having taken the key from the hands of Paula, Violante turned it in the lock, put it in her pocket, and quietly descended the stairs.

Imagine the uneasiness of Strambino when he saw himself imprisoned in this room, without knowing when he would be able to leave it, and having no food at hand but bread and water. He could not resolve to call out and have the door opened. It would have been necessary to have explained how he came there, and to have confessed that he had been caught in his own trap. While Strambino was reflecting thus, seated on the chest and ready to hide behind it at the least noise, Violante, as we may imagine, was highly amused at the predicament in which she had placed him.

On the evening of the next day Strambino

heard his wife's steps on the stairs ; the key turned in the lock, and Violante entered with the servant to take some bread from the chest.

"Paula," said Violante, "have you faithfully executed my orders ?"

"Yes, madam," replied the servant.

"You know that my dear Strambino is to return from Nocera this evening, and I wish to have a good supper prepared for him on his arrival. I told you to buy two partridges."

"They are below."

"I do not doubt that they are tender. As for fish, I think Strambino will be pleased with the trout I have bought for him. Ah ! my dear Strambino, I hope no misfortune will happen to you on your way. Go, Paula ; descend into the kitchen, and bestow all your attentions upon this supper. You will afterwards go to my mother's, and ask her for two bottles of her old wine to regale this dear Strambino on his arrival this evening."

"She is a good soul after all," said Strambino to himself ; "and the preparations she is making for my reception, prove that her husband is always in her thoughts, and that she is faithful to her duties. I was therefore in the wrong to suspect her. I, whom she calls her adored Stramboni, her idol. Alas ! why can I not do honor to this excellent supper prepared for my benefit ? My stomach, weary of bread and water, would relish those two partridges, the odor of which I now smell already, and that delicious trout. But how shall I escape from here ? If it was carnival time, I might persuade Violante that I had concealed myself in this chamber for a joke ; but I would rather die than confess my stratagem."

Strambino tried the door, to see if it might not, by chance, have been left open ; but Violante had closed it as carefully as the night before.

It is easy to guess for whom this succulent supper had been prepared, which had so awakened the appetite of the unfortunate Strambino. Guido and Violante ate it, and drank the wine to the health of the unfortunate traveller.

Meanwhile, the next morning, Violante thinking Strambino sufficiently punished, ascending to the chamber, took care, on descending, to leave the door open, as if through forgetfulness ; so that when night came, Strambino descended cautiously, reached the garden on tiptoe, climbed the wall, and returned by the same route he had previously pursued, to knock at the door of his house, that opened on the Place du Marche-Neuf. Violante suffered him to knock for some time ; then appearing at the window, cried out :

"Who is disturbing the rest of the household at this hour?"

"It is I," replied the merchant; "it is your Strambino, just arrived from Nocera."

"Alas!" said Violante, "*whoever* you may be, you have chosen a bad time for jesting. My husband was to have arrived last evening, and some misfortune must have happened to induce him to break his word. It is said that the road to Nocera is infested with robbers. Go your way, then, my friend, and do not disturb an unfortunate woman, who will purchase to-morrow her widow's mourning."

At these words, Violante closed the window, and Strambino resumed his knocking.

"It is I—Strambino—it is I, by all the saints! It is your husband, living, in flesh and bones!"

"No," said Violante, reappearing at the window, "you can be only the soul of my poor Strambino, come to ask masses for his repose. You shall have them, were I to devote to this purpose all the property left by my husband."

"Grief has unsettled your mind, dear wife," returned Strambino. "I demand masses! I ask, rather, for supper. Descend to open the door, and you will see that it is I who am speaking to you, though almost dying with fatigue."

Violante at last consented to open the door, and Strambino entered, scarcely able to walk, so entirely had those two days of fasting exhausted him.

"It is, indeed, you," said Violante; "but why did you not return last evening as you promised?"

"Business of importance detained me at Nocera."

"Business!" exclaimed Violante; "say, rather, pleasure. Do you think I shall be the dupe of your deceptions? I see in your pale countenance traces of the three days of dissipation you have passed away from Florence with your worthy companions. Why do you return home at midnight, after three days of absence, smelling of wine at a league's distance? Why not wash your face and hands at the fountain in the market-place, and drink a cup of water to drive away the fumes of drunkenness? But no, Strambino returns, staggering, and so little caring to conceal his condition that his first act is to make such a horrible noise at his own door as to attract all the neighbors to their windows."

"Compose yourself, Violante," said Strambino, confounded by this scene; "I declare to you—"

"And I declare to you," replied Violante, "that this scene is scandalous; I dare say you have spent in dissipation to the last sequin, the

money you were to receive at Nocera. Show it to me! Where is it?"

"I have not touched it!" stammered Strambino; "my debtor was absent—that is to say he did not happen to have the sum—or, rather, I granted him a new delay. His wife wept. Ah! if you could have seen *her*."

"I see," exclaimed Violante, "that you are lying! I see that you *have* received this money, which you have eaten and drank, if not gambled away. And, meanwhile, I was awaiting you, full of anxiety, and thinking that on your return you would use a part of the money in buying for me that pearl necklace which you have so long promised me; but I had not reckoned upon the wine, the play, and the worthy friends. I did not know that your debtor would be absent, that his wife would weep; I did not know you would return ashamed, stammering, drunk and penniless, for if I had known it, I would have left you to spend the night out of doors."

Strambino, finding that the story about the pretended debtor did not avail him, did not know how to appease the fury of Violante. He therefore asked her pardon for the anxiety he had caused her, excused himself as well as he could, confessed that he had indeed dined with a few friends, but honorably and in good company. Afterwards they had played some, but he had lost nothing. As for the sum which he had gone to collect, he called all the saints to witness that he had received none of it; but that should not prevent him from giving Violante the promised necklace; and he entreated her acceptance of it as a pledge of his repentance.

Violante, after having at first scornfully repulsed the offer of the necklace, at last consented to accept it, and to pardon her husband. Afterwards Strambino, who confessed that he had been smoking a little too much, humbly withdrew to his chamber, without daring to ask for supper, although he was half dead with hunger; and the chronicle adds that he never spoke of re-visiting Nocera.

#### OPTICAL DELUSION.

The eye may be curtailed of half its object. Mr. Abernethy and Dr. Wollaston were both often in this dilemma of a sense, so that only one-half of a person or a name, on which they were looking, was visible to them. Mr. Abernethy, in his facetious way, referring to his own name, said he could see as far as the *ne*, but could not see a bit of the *thy*. This illusion is at once explained by anatomy. The optic nerve, at one point, interlaces some and crosses others of its fibres; thus one nerve chiefly supplies one half of both eyes. Disease of nerve may thus paralyze one half of each retina, the other half only perceiving half the object or word.—*Bizarre*.

OLD ROGER JOHNSON.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

"TEN cents, ten cents!" muttered old Roger Johnson, fumbling the bit of silver in his palm. "Ten cents," he repeated, childishly, a feeble smile fitting over his blue lips, with a sickly glare on his haggard features; "'tisn't much; but it will buy my supper—breakfast, dinner and supper, all in one—and God be thanked for that—God be thanked for that!"

His words died away to an inaudible whisper, as, hugging his tattered garments around him, he tottered along the street.

It was at the close of a rude winter's day. The evening dusk had fallen, and a few fine flakes of snow fluttered down out of the dark gray clouds that lowered above the city. As old Roger picked his way carefully across the icy slabs, a gay young lamplighter, passing on his evening round, set his ladder against a post close by, mounted smartly, and touched with a match the eager jets of gas, which cast a yellow radiance all around the old man's feet.

"Ha!" said Roger, with the very ghost of a laugh fitting airily from his numb, cold lips, "that's a good omen. Light, light, golden light, too, all over my poor old ragged shoes! So, in my life, I've been groping, groping, though Heaven knows I capered as gaily as any school-boy once, and walked as proudly as any youth, afterwards—till now the cold winter night is setting in, and it's all-powering dark before me—so dark, and chill, and threatening! But there will come a gleam soon—just like this which brightens all around me—and—and—"

The old man was mumbling again—with a sort of childish, dreamy glee, when, setting his foot incautiously upon a clod of ice, he slipped, and fell helplessly on the frozen ground.

"Hillo, old cove—you hurt?" cried a merry schoolboy.

"He's down there looking after a pin," laughed another, sliding by, with a sled at his heels.

The boys passed on and the old man struggled to regain his feet. But he was feeble and rheumatic, and the fall had well nigh shaken the life out of him. When he came a little to himself, he observed that a kind gentleman was assisting him with cheering words.

"No, I am not much damaged," said Roger, gratefully. "Thank you, sir, 'twouldn't have been much matter if I'd broken my neck. I aint of much account in the world—nobody would miss old Roger Johnson."

"Have you far to go?" asked the stranger.

"Not to-night, thank Heaven. I live, or rather stay, right around the corner here, third door up the alley."

"Well, good-night to you. Mind and keep your legs under you," cried the stranger.

He passed on, and the old man, dragging his shaking limbs into a provision shop on the corner, purchased a loaf of bread with the bit of silver to which he had clung tightly all the while, then creeping with unsteady steps into the alley, entered a dark, dilapidated doorway with his supper under his arm.

As he was stumbling up a dismal old staircase, a sharp feminine voice cried out to him from the floor of the first landing:

"Is that you, Johnson?"

"I s'pose it is; though I sometimes more than half believe I'm somebody else," replied the old man.

"Why didn't you speak? I'd open the door, so 's 't you could see," cried the other.

"Where does that light come from?" asked Roger. "Do you indulge in lamplight, for it's hardly dark, Mrs. Stone?"

"Come in here, and you'll see! There, you didn't expect such a fire as that, did you, Johnson?"

"Bless you, woman, that I didn't! You're warm as toast in here! How jolly it is to see a stove all of a glow like that! Where did your coal come from?"

"O," said Mrs. Stone, "Sydney brought me three dollars to-day; and the children was all a shivering and chattering so on the stingy little wood fire, I took it into my head that these three dollars should go to getting us all warm once, if we was never warm again in our lives. So what did I do but go and order a quarter of a ton of coal; and the young ones have been as merry as crickets ever since. They're quite content to go without their supper, so there's a good fire for them to cuddle down by. Come in; it's a free warm, Johnson. As long as the coal lasts, I want everybody to enjoy it that can. You shall set with us this evening—your room is so awful dreary, Johnson!"

The frozen tears thawed in the old man's eyes; but his voice was so choked that he could not express his thanks. Seating himself in a rickety old chair, he warmed his cold shins and rubbed his shriveled hands over the stove; patted the children's heads; and ended by dividing the larger portion of his loaf among them, reserving but a scanty fragment for himself.

Mrs. Stone remonstrated against this generosity. But the children seized upon the food so eagerly, that the grateful old man declared, with



"Who is disturbing the rest of the household at this hour?"

"It is I," replied the merchant; "it is your Strambino, just arrived from Nocera."

"Alas!" said Violante, "whoever you may be, you have chosen a bad time for jesting. My husband was to have arrived last evening, and some misfortune must have happened to induce him to break his word. It is said that the road to Nocera is infested with robbers. Go your way, then, my friend, and do not disturb an unfortunate woman, who will purchase to-morrow her widow's mourning."

At these words, Violante closed the window, and Strambino resumed his knocking.

"It is I—Strambino—it is I, by all the saints! It is your husband, living, in flesh and bones!"

"No," said Violante, reappearing at the window, "you can be only the soul of my poor Strambino, come to ask masses for his repose. You shall have them, were I to devote to this purpose all the property left by my husband."

"Grief has unsettled your mind, dear wife," returned Strambino. "I demand masses! I ask, rather, for supper. Descend to open the door, and you will see that it is I who am speaking to you, though almost dying with fatigue."

Violante at last consented to open the door, and Strambino entered, scarcely able to walk, so entirely had those two days of fasting exhausted him.

"It is, indeed, you," said Violante; "but why did you not return last evening as you promised?"

"Business of importance detained me at Nocera."

"Business!" exclaimed Violante; "say, rather, pleasure. Do you think I shall be the dupe of your deceptions? I see in your pale countenance traces of the three days of dissipation you have passed away from Florence with your worthy companions. Why do you return home at midnight, after three days of absence, smelling of wine at a league's distance? Why not wash your face and hands at the fountain in the market-place, and drink a cup of water to drive away the fumes of drunkenness? But no! Strambino returns, staggering, and so little desirous of concealing his condition that his first step is to make such a horrible noise at his own door as to attract all the neighbors to their windows."

"Compose yourself, Strambino, confounded by this scene."

"And I declare to you that this scene is scandalous. I have spent in dissipation

money you were to receive at Nocera. Show it to me! Where is it?"

"I have not touched it!" stammered Strambino; "my debtor was absent—that is to say he did not happen to have the sum—or, rather, I granted him a new delay. His wife wept. Ah! if you could have seen her."

"I see," exclaimed Violante, "that you are lying! I see that you have received this money, which you have eaten and drank, if not gambled away. And, meanwhile, I was awaiting you, full of anxiety, and thinking that on your return you would use a part of the money in buying for me that pearl necklace which you have so long promised me; but I had not reckoned upon the wine, the play, and the worthy friends. I did not know that your debtor would be absent, that his wife would weep; I did not know you would return ashamed, stammering, drunk and penniless, for if I had known it, I would have left you to spend the night out of doors."

Strambino, finding that the story about the pretended debtor did not avail him, did not know how to appease the fury of Violante. He therefore asked her pardon for the anxiety he had caused her, excused himself as well as he could, confessed that he had indeed dined with a few friends, but honorably and in good company. Afterwards they had played some, but he had lost nothing. As for the sum which he had gone to collect, he called all the saints to witness that he had received none of it; but that should not prevent him from giving Violante the promised necklace; and he entreated her acceptance of it as a pledge of his repentance.

Violante, after having at first fully repulsed the offer of the necklace, consented to accept it, and to pardon afterwards Strambino, who had been smoking a pipe and drawing to his chin a glass of wine at supper.

## OLD ROGER JOHNSON.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

"TEN cents, ten cents!" muttered old Roger Johnson, fumbling the bit of silver in his palm. "Ten cents," he repeated, childishly, a feeble smile flitting over his blue lips, with a sickly glare on his haggard features; "'t isn't much; but it will buy my supper—breakfast, dinner and supper, all in one—and God be thanked for that—God be thanked for that!"

His words died away to an inaudible whisper, as, hugging his tattered garments around him, he tottered along the street.

It was at the close of a rude winter's day. The evening dusk had fallen, and a few fine flakes of snow fluttered down out of the dark gray clouds that lowered above the city. As old Roger picked his way carefully across the icy slabs, a gay young lamplighter, passing on his evening round, set his ladder against a post close by, mounted smartly, and touched with a match the eager jets of gas, which cast a yellow radiance all around the old man's feet.

"Ha!" said Roger, with the very ghost of a laugh fitting airily from his numb, cold lips, "that's a good omen. Light, light, golden light, too, all over my poor old ragged shoes! So, in my life, I've been groping, groping, though Heaven knows I capered as gaily as any school-boy once, and walked as proudly as any youth, afterwards—till now the cold winter night is setting in, and it's all-powering dark before me—so dark, and chill, and threatening! But there will come a gleam soon—this which brightens all around me—

The old man was in  
sort of childish, dreamy  
foot incautiously upon  
and fell helplessly on

" Hills"

"Not to-night, thank Heaven. I live, or rather stay, right around the corner here, third door up the alley."

"Well, good-night to you. Mind and keep your legs under you," cried the stranger.

He passed on, and the old man, dragging his shaking limbs into a provision shop on the corner, purchased a loaf of bread with the bit of silver to which he had clung tightly all the while, then creeping with unsteady steps into the alley, entered a dark, dilapidated doorway with his supper under his arm.

As he was stumbling up a dismal old staircase a sharp feminine voice cried out to him from the floor of the first landing :

"Is that you, Johnson?"

"I s'pose it is; though I sometimes half believe I'm somebody else," replied the man.

"Why didn't you speak? It was so obvious," said the man.

"Where does that ignorance come from, the way Roger. "Do you think a woman can be a tasteful hardly dark, Mrs. Somers?"

"Come in here, and you'll find I didn't expect such a thing from Roger himself. I was able to realize the

"How you want to live of such living even  
warm as that which is like a fairy story, or  
store all of your life in a few words, or

Save me, look here; this  
You ought to know me—  
I am rich enough to afford an

store in the morning."

...happiness found expression in deep, quiet laughter and tears.

"Now are you sure you are going to be perfectly happy?" asked Mr. Upton. "Three meals a day—all the world has that, but I don't

"I forgot my clothes," said Roger. "Can you lend me some?"

should like a good warm coat and whole trouse and shoes, for this cold weather; but then, if I have plenty to eat, I can manage to keep myself warm."

"The clothes you shall have," rejoined the other. "I had forgotten them myself. Wait."

tears running down his cheeks, that it did him more good to see them eat, than it would for him to sit down to the most bountiful feast.

The meagre meal was soon concluded, when heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. The poor woman's heart almost ceased to beat. She turned so pale that the old man observed her change of countenance, even in that dim light.

"Is it father?" whispered the children.

At that moment an angry voice demanded with an oath, "why she did not hold a light?"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Stone to the cowering little ones.

She opened the door and presently a shabby, frost-bitten, middle-aged man came blustering into the room. It was the woman's husband, who, always when he had money to spend, deserted his family for the grog shop, and who, invariably on finding himself destitute, returned to them for shelter.

He was a brutal, tyrannical man, though he had not been always so, in sooth—and his appearance was a signal for general trouble and fear. It made poor old Roger Johnson's heart burn in his bosom to hear Jacob Stone demand money of his wife, and curse her because she had that day spent all their oldest son's earnings for fuel; and when the unfeeling father snatched from the hands of a sickly child the crust that had been given it to gnaw, the old man spoke out his indignation. This led to a sharp quarrel, and he was driven with oaths from the room. Jacob slammed the door after him, and the feeble lodger crept darkling up to his cold and windy attic.

He sighed as he sat there in the gloom, on the uninviting bed. The comfort he had just tasted made the present desolation more bitter by its contrast. The old man huddled himself together with the tattered bed-covering wrapped around him, and resting his elbows on his knees, wept and sobbed like any little child. It seemed the darkest of all the dark, dark hours he yet had known. Always until now, he had seen some little ray of hope when the gloom was thickest; but in the present anguish, nothing was left him but to die.

Once the old man started up and cursed himself for a fool. He was half-famished, in a wintry garret; and the reflection that he had given away to the greedy ones of Jacob Stone nearly the whole of his last loaf, fired him with indignation at his own folly.

"I deserve to starve," he muttered. "The world is all selfishness, and he who gives anything is a dull dolt—let him suffer! But O, this hunger and cold! have I deserved so much?"

There were others well fed and warmed that night. Roger thought of them; he visited in fancy the houses of the rich; he saw happy families with shining faces sitting around glowing hearths. Then he wept again; not now with envy or remorse. He thanked God that there was comfort in the world, although his lot was to suffer. He thought of the man who gave him the money that purchased the loaf; of him who lifted him up when he had fallen, and spoken kind words to him; of the good and patient Mrs. Stone, the mother of the children he had fed; and for all his hunger pangs he felt richly compensated, in the consciousness of having done one self-forgetting, charitable act, which made him, in spite of his poverty and rage, a brother to all the good and noble hearts that throbbed in human clay.

The old man's limbs meanwhile grew chill and numb; and he was wondering if it would be possible for him to get warm if he went to bed, when he heard a step on the stair, and presently saw a light shining through the wide cracks around the door.

"Have you gone to bed, Johnson?"

It was Mrs. Stone's voice, and the old man aroused himself to answer.

"No; I thought I'd try a sitting-freeze first," said he, with sad, playful humor. "Anything wanting?"

"Yes," replied the woman. "There's a man down stairs wants to see you."

"To see me?" echoed the astonished lodger, starting up. "You don't mean me?"

Mrs. Stone did mean him, indeed; and he hastened to shake the coverlid from his shoulders, and accompany her down stairs. All was quiet in her room; Jacob having fallen asleep by the stove stupefied by the heat. The caller was waiting in the dark entry-way below; and the woman held the lamp while Roger went down to speak with him.

The old man was all tremulous with a vague apprehension that something was going to happen to him; nor was this feeling entirely dissipated when, in the person who took his hand, and addressed him with kindly tones, he recognized the man that had so lately helped him to regain his footing in the slippery street.

"I was afraid I should not find you," said the visitor. "But from the time I left you, your words, 'Old Roger Johnson—around the corner, third door up the alley'—kept ringing in my ears, and I was finally compelled to come back and look for you."

"God bless you, sir," articulated the shivering old man. "This is an honor—I don't know

how I have deserved—you must have made a mistake."

"None at all. I thought you might be very poor and in need of assistance."

"True, true—I am poor enough, but—but—"

Roger's voice failed him; and he began to shake again as with an ague.

"You are cold," said his new friend. "Come, let's step into yonder shop and talk over matters."

Roger hesitated.

"They turn me out, sir, when I go there to get warm."

"They will not turn me out," replied the other. "Come along."

They entered a common refreshment saloon, and by the countenance and protection of his new friend, Roger was permitted to enjoy a seat by the stove.

"You look like a man who has seen hard times," observed the stranger.

"I have suffered almost everything, sir," replied Johnson, in a subdued, unsteady tone. "I don't know why I am left to live."

"But you have some idea of happiness in store for you yet; no man is without that, you know!"

"I sometimes dream of such a thing. I have hopes, I have hopes, sir—rainbow colored, some of 'em are, too. But it's all delusion. My castles are built in the air, and they're forever tumbling down about my ears. I know what would make me happy, sir; but what's the use of talking? It's something I can't have."

"Speak it out, friend Johnson!" cried the stranger. "But be careful and not place your expectations too high. The gods love modesty, you know."

"Well, sir, it's just this—nothing more nor less than three meals a day."

"Three meals a day!"

"I knew you'd call it extravagant," said Roger, with a faint smile. "But I wouldn't mind your rich dishes; only give me plenty of bread and potatoes—with now and then a bit of cheese, or salt fish, or maybe a morsel of dried beef or smoked bacon; make me sure of that, day after day, as long as I live, so that I can keep clear of the alms-house, and you'd see me a happy man, if there is not another in creation!"

"And haven't you as much already?" cried the astonished stranger.

Roger replied that with his poor health he had found it so difficult to get work that winter, and it was always so painful for him to ask alms, that his subsistence had not averaged half a meal a day.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his friend; "in all this wasteful city, is it possible that one man can be found reduced to such extremes! One, too, whose happiness would be so cheaply purchased—three poor meals a day!"

"Cheap, if one had the money," suggested Roger.

"I have the money! and by all that's precious, I will devote so much of it to a pension that will afford you this royal bliss!"

"O sir, don't jest with me!"

"I'm not jesting, friend Johnson! To show you how much in earnest I am—waiter, cook this man the choicest steak you have. Or would you prefer mutton chops? or, anything else on the bill? Speak for yourself."

As soon as the old man had sufficiently recovered from his amazement to realize his good fortune, he made choice of some cold fowl, with hot biscuit and coffee, because these comforting items could be most readily produced.

The sympathetic stranger, who, by the way, was a fine looking man of forty, with a tasteful whicker and an exceedingly pleasant eye—seemed to enjoy the meal although he tasted nothing, quite as much as the famished Roger himself.

Still the old man was unable to realize that he was to have the luxury of such living every day. It seemed so much like a fairy story, or a dream!

"If you don't believe me, look here; this is my business card. You ought to know me—perhaps you do. I am rich enough to afford any little caprice of this kind—as you will see, by calling at my store in the morning."

Roger began to be convinced. By this time the stimulus of food was having its effect, and the happiness found expression in deep, quiet laughter and tears.

"Now are you sure you are going to be perfectly happy?" asked Mr. Upton. "Three meals a day—all the world has that, but I don't know two really happy men. Isn't there something else you would like?"

"I forgot my clothes," said Roger. "I should like a good warm coat and whole trousers and shoes, for this cold weather; but then, if I have plenty to eat, I can manage to keep myself warm."

"The clothes you shall have," rejoined the other. "I had forgotten them myself. Waiter, call a hack for me. You shall go to my house, friend Johnson, and I'll look over my wardrobe this very evening, and see if I can't furnish you with an outfit."

The old man's heart leaped for joy. Still, he seemed to be more than half-inclined to believe

that it was all a trick, even after Mr. Upton had taken him with him into the hack.

"I've made sure of my supper, at any rate," said Roger to himself. "There's no trick about that."

They alighted before a handsome brick dwelling-house, with a silver knob on the door, and a silver bell handle, and the name of "Upton" on a silver-plate—as the old man saw by a bright gaslight that burned before the just painted steps.

The merchant entered by means of a night-key, showing that he felt at home on the premises; and presently the old man was introduced into a snug little library, where, among other comforts, there was a fire glowing brightly in the grate.

The adventure looked more and more like reality; and when with his own hands the merchant brought from an adjoining room, coats, vests, pantaloons and shirts, all good and whole, some scarcely worn at all, and told him to choose what suited him best, Roger chuckled with a deep inward joy, scarce clouded by a doubt.

"But I ought to have a good wash and shave before getting into anything respectable in the shape of clothing."

"I thought of that, so I ordered a warm bath, which will be ready for you in a few minutes. I've sent for my barber, too, who'll be here by the time you come out of the bath. Now have faith, old man, and fear nothing. I'm determined to see if it's possible to make one man perfectly happy."

"You've chosen a promising subject," said Johnson, with a smile of quiet glee. "I'm a good natural capacity that way; and if any man is suffered to appreciate comfort, I can set up that modest claim!"

So the old man was put into a bath; then barbered by a fellow skilful with razor and shears; and finally clad in garments that would have been respectable on 'change.

Then Roger sat down in the easy chair which Upton placed for him before the grate, and wept like a child.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"This reminds me of my better days—it brings such strange things to my memory!" murmured the old man.

"Is that all? I thought there might be something else necessary to your happiness."

"Nothing—nothing!"

"Nothing at all? Are you sure?"

"Indeed"—a cloud passed over the old man's face—"there is one thing I would like to have mended a little, but I had no thought of asking the favor of you."

"Speak out, I tell you, old man! I knew there was something else."

"My lodging is cheerless and cold. I freeze there these raw nights; and I aint sure three meals a day and the warmest clothing will be sufficient to carry my happiness into that gloomy hole."

"What will you have, then?"

"O, I ask nothing; but the truth is, if I was able to rent a little more comfortable lodging—"

"What would you fancy? 'Twill do no harm to talk."

"I am well aware that the only genuine, civilized way of living, is to have a house of one's own—but that of course I am not foolish enough to think of."

"But supposing you were to have a house—what sort of a house would you like?"

"If you mean just such a house as I would like—why, I'd say some such a house as this of yours. Everything seems so comfortable here! A man ought to be happy as Adam, in an Eden like this."

"Now, I'll tell you what, old man," cried the enthusiastic merchant—"I can't think of turning myself out of doors, even for the sake of philosophy; but if you'll let me live here and have my own way a little, I'll give you this house to be your home as long as you live."

Old Roger Johnson opened his eyes wider with wonder.

"It shall be as if you were my father," said the eccentric Mr. Upton. "Everything I have shall be at your service. You shall sit with me at table, and enjoy your three meals a day; my tailor, my baker, my servants—all are yours. So you'll have nothing to do but be happy! 'Twill be worth half my fortune to have a happy man in my house. What do you say to that?"

"Now you are mocking me?" sighed the old man, deeply troubled.

"So you thought at first; but I'll teach you that I was never more in earnest in my life."

"But I can never pay you!"

"You will pay me, I tell you, by being happy!"

"It is too much—too much!"

"Not a jot too much, old man. And take my word for it, it won't be long before you will think of something else necessary to full and complete bliss. I see by your eye you have already thought of something; am I right?"

"Indeed," said the old man, letting fall a tear, "I can never think of being happy, until I know whether my child Edith still lives, or what has become of her."

"Ho, then you have a daughter?"

"I had a daughter—to know that I have one, and that she is fair, and good, and happy, would be worth more than all these blessings you so lavishly bestow upon me; to know that, is all I ask of Heaven—then I would be content to die."

"But how could you lose sight of your child?"

"O, it would take a long story to tell you that. The poor thing's mother married me against the will of her family, who hated me because I was poor. But I was fortunate in business; and in the course of time I was able to invite my wife's proud parents to my own house, and treat them as well as such people ought to be treated. Edith was our third child; and all the dearer, because she came late to fill the place of one brother and two sisters, who one after the other had been taken from our hearts and laid in the grave. When she was thirteen years old, a failure of a large firm in which my fortune and reputation were staked, swept away everything I had earned, and left me penniless. In the midst of the trouble, my poor wife died, and necessity compelled me to commit Edith to the care of her grandparents."

"O the sorrow of that time!" said the old man, weeping again. "To forget it, and to retrieve my fallen fortunes, I made a voyage to the East Indies. 'Twould take all night to tell you what chances befell me on sea and land. Let all that pass. It is enough to say that, after an absence of twenty years, I returned with broken health, poor as when I went abroad. Then commenced a search for my child; but her grandparents had been dead many years—she had been thrown upon the world. I could find no one to tell me what had become of her—no one who remembered her even!"

"And is it so necessary to your happiness that you should find her?" asked Mr. Upton. "Consider—how changed she is by this time, if indeed she lives!"

"I have thought of that," sighed Roger. "But O, she was the sweetest girl. If I could but find her as I left her—still a child—then—then my cup of happiness would be full!"

The merchant arose, smiling, noble-browed, radiant with the inspiration that filled him.

"Have faith," he cried—"have faith, and miracles may yet be performed. I have a power to do you good beyond anything you have yet conceived of. Speak the word, and it shall be done. Shall I restore your child?"

He looked and spoke like a prophet. The old man was thrilled and awed. His lips moved with a feeble murmur; and on the instant, open

flew a door at the merchant's touch, and into the full flooding light which streamed from the astral globe, stepped the graceful form of a young girl, fresh, and beautiful, and glad, with bright curls rippling all over her fair head and neck.

"My own child—my own Edith!" cried out the wonder-struck old man. "But—but—it cannot be," he faltered, sinking back upon the chair from which he had risen, in the excitement of the moment—"it cannot be!"

"Look at her," said the merchant, "and have faith."

The old man looked again. Those melting blue eyes, that sweet and cherry mouth, those dimpled cheeks, the fair, white brow, and demure chin—every feature was his child's, his Edith's! Yet it was not his child that stood before him; else she was something more than human; else she was an apparition that might at any time vanish into air.

"Who are you, darling?" he asked, in broken accents.

"I am Edith Johnson," said the child, with a bashful smile.

The old man took her in his arms, and bowed his face over that lovely head, and sobbed out his emotion.

"I understand it now!" he said, speaking with an effort. "This is my child's child—my Edith's Edith! And my Edith—the woman, the mother, where is she?"

Already a slender female form was kneeling at the old man's feet; affectionate lips kissed his hands, affectionate eyes bathed them in warm tears!

"Father—father!"

The kneeler looked up. It seemed his own lost wife that had come up out of the past to embrace him there again!

O time! O miracle of life! O wondrous divine law! ever working in the broad day and in the secrecy and silence of night—when we wake and when we sleep, the same—pushing forward the germ into the plant, from the plant producing flower and fruit, and from flower and fruit evoking new germs—creating all things new, each hour and each moment in the day—parent and child, parent and child, forever!

Such thoughts whirled and burned in the old man's brain as daughter and grand-daughter lay in his arms, and his hot tears rained down upon their hair.

"How is it that I never found you before, dear father?" asked Mrs. Upton—for she was the merchant's wife. "How I have longed to hear from you—to know if you were alive. I thought you must have died in some foreign

land, but when my good husband, here, came home this evening, and told me had seen an old man who called himself Roger Johnson, something said to me, deep in my soul, that it was you. I told him of this scar upon your cheek—he had observed it, and we no longer had a doubt but you were, indeed, my father. How I wished to accompany him when he went back to find you. But he said the truth must be disclosed to you carefully and by degrees, for he thought you ill and feeble; so I have waited patiently for this moment, when I could safely throw myself at your feet, and call you father!"

"It is not a dream? It is all real—you are, you are my child?" said the excited old man.

"O God be thanked! God be thanked!"

"Amen!" responded the generous-hearted merchant, looking on with glistening eyes.

"Don't weep, father!" pleaded Edith, weeping herself the while. "Your trials are all over."

"You have every wish of your heart, and all you have to do, is to be perfectly happy," added her husband.

"Yes, yes!" said the old man. "But why,"—he patted his grandchild's cheek with tender playfulness—"why did you tell me your name was Edith Johnson?"

"That is my name," replied the young girl—"Edith Johnson Upton. And if you are my grandfather, I am so glad! I shall love you so much!"

"I shall be afraid to go to sleep to-night," mused the old man, "for fear that when I wake up, I shall find myself in Mrs. Stone's attic, and this will be all a dream that is past! But if it isn't a dream, there's one thing more required to give me perfect peace of mind."

"I thought as much!" laughed Mr. Upton. "Speak it out."

"Poor Mrs. Stone and her children—something should be done for them. Protect her from her brutal husband, and procure her eldest son a good situation, where his time and his talents will bring comfort to that poor family."

"That shall be done if there's any virtue in money!" said Mrs. Upton. "Is there anything else?"

"Nothing; only let me know your history, my Edith!"

"You shall lie down, father, and I will talk to you about myself until you fall asleep. Don't be afraid," said the young woman, tenderly. "I will take good care that you do not wake in Mrs. Stone's attic!"

So the old man was conducted to a comfortable chamber; and when he was peacefully en-

sconced in the soft sheets of a luxurious couch, his daughter came to him and sat by his side, soothing him with gentle speech, until all this happiness dissolved, and entered, fantastically mixed and interfused, into the fancies of a dream. Then silently calling down blessings upon his head, Mrs. Upton softly withdrew from his side, and left the chamber.

"O God," she said, "may the dear old man never know earthly sorrow more!"

Late the following morning she went herself to awaken him. How soundly he slept! His thin hands were crossed upon his breast; his pale cheek rested calmly on the pillow; there was a smile on his wan lips; but not a motion—not even a breath. Edith touched his brow; it was cold. She felt his lips—they were rigid and chill. She did not shriek, or sob, or shed one tear, but with a feeling of awe, she turned her eyes upward, and with clasped hands murmured:

"O God, thy will be done!"

Her prayer of the previous night had been answered—not as she had hoped. No more earthly sorrow, indeed, could the old man know! A happy door had been opened to him in his last mortal hours, and through that his spirit had passed into the blessed country where alone perfect peace and happiness await us.

Edith felt this when her pious heart repeated, with earnest faith and trust:

"O God, thy will be done!"

#### TIED DOWN AT HOME.

A friend of ours, living not far from Pontise, was one day importuned by his wife to take her to a ride. The gentleman, being a man of business, pleaded his engagements, when the wife replied with the old story, that she must "be tied down at home." The husband replied that if any person would furnish him with clothing to wear, and enough to eat and drink he would be willing to "be tied down at home."

A few days after, the gentleman came home earlier than usual, and being fatigued, lay down on the sofa and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took cords and slyly tied his hands together, served his feet in the same way, and made him fast to the sofa. She then set a table with all that the house afforded, and placed an extra suit within his reach. This done, she started to pay a friend a visit. Upon her returning late in the evening, she found her subject of domestic discipline in the same position, except he was wide awake and very mad.

"What on earth does all this mean?" said he.

"Nothing," quietly remarked his wife, "except the consummation of your earthly wishes, enough to eat, drink and wear, and to be 'tied down at home.'"

They were seen riding out next day.—*Oswego Herald.*

Little boats must keep near shore, larger crafts may venture more.

## I'M GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

BY E. T. HARRIS.

I am going home to-morrow,  
And what joyous thoughts arise,  
At the hope of meeting dear ones,  
Whom my heart has learned to prize.

In my mind I see the cottage,  
Close beneath the mountain's brow,  
And the tall, old elms before it—  
I am gazing on them now.

There's the little babbling streamlet,  
Winding round among the hills;  
And the birds are sweetly singing—  
I can hear their echoing trills.

'Tis but visionary dreaming;  
Yet I would it might remain—  
Ah, to-morrow 'twill be real,  
For I'm going home again!

## SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

## A TALE OF BOSTON.

BY HENRY S. DOANE.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I HAVE a story to tell you with a true mystic flavor—one that is incidental in its scenes and character to our own city, its events having occurred not long since in that *outré* locality, known as Bleak Alley.

Any one can tell you where Bleak Alley is—just over there on the bleakest and most disagreeable portion of that bleak and disagreeable elevation called Fort Hill. It is a narrow street situated on the water-side of the hill, and exposed to the full current of the winter blasts that sweep in from the chilly waters of Massachusetts Bay; and hence it is a place that is peculiarly favored at almost all seasons of the year, with elemental music of various kinds and gradations—among which we need pause only to mention the howling of the wind, the clatter of clap-boards, and the slamming of doors and shutters. From time immemorial, people have looked upon it as an out-of-the-way, unfavored spot, where no good waits upon the inhabitants, where poverty is always the most severe, and calamity the most disastrous—and where it were worse than folly for any man, or woman either, to look forward to a life of happiness and luxury.

But for all that, Bleak Alley was inhabited, and pretty extensively supplied with a population, too. People had been born there, lived there, and died there, without doing any partic-

ular amount of good or evil, or attracting any particular share of attention; and they had followed out the old beaten tracks their fathers had trod before them, without any desire to change their lot or residence—living as if it had been intuitively settled in their minds that it was impossible for a man to fill any station other than that to which he was born.

And Bleak Alley had its light and its shade; its sunshine and its darkness; its December and its May; its old men and its young men; its matrons and its maid—and it is of one of the latter, the belle, *par excellence* of Bleak Alley, that our story will especially treat.

But I am getting ahead of my subject. It was just at dusk of a chilly day in winter, not many years ago—but yet so far back that the writer was a boy—that a fair but pale young girl of fifteen summers passed out of one of the business thoroughfares that intersected with Bleak Alley, and walked rapidly up the latter street. As she did so, a young man who had been standing in a doorway near the corner, evidently waiting for and expecting her, stepped out in front of her, attracting her attention and arresting her steps; and a look of recognition passed between them, while a blush crimsoned the pallid cheeks and neck of the girl.

The young man could not have been far from twenty years of age. He was dressed in a suit of costly texture and fashionable make; sported a watch and chain, several finger-rings, a diamond pin, and other evidences of being the possessor of wealth. His manner and appearance was that of a man who had mingled a great deal in society, and could be judged by the usual standard of a rich young man of the world—yet he evinced the accomplishment of a gentleman, and was scrupulously polite and refined in his deportment, especially to the opposite sex.

The indications of wealth that adorned the person of the young man, formed a striking contrast with the indications of extreme poverty that were visible in the garb and appearance of the pale young girl that stood before him. She was robed in a cheap calico dress that had evidently been a long time in use, if its scantiness might be taken as a conviction that it had been made for her before her youth had merged into womanhood. The shoes upon her feet were much worn, and had originally been of a cheap and ungainly pattern. The shawl she had drawn tightly around her fragile form, was very thin, of scanty size, much worn, and insufficient for the purpose to which it was applied, for she shivered from head to foot with the cold. An



old hood was upon her head, and thus, without gloves, dressed in old and tattered garments, and holding a large bundle under her arm, the pale-faced and shivering girl paused to learn the wishes of the son of pampered luxury that had crossed her path.

That the twain had met before, was evinced by their mutual salutations; and that there had been cause for distrust and dislike on the part of the maiden, was a fact that could have been easily read in the look of anxiety that flitted over her features.

"You know me, don't you, Ellen?" asked the young man, seeing that she checked her steps with evident reluctance, and looked wonderingly upon him.

"Yes, Mr. Norton, but I am in a hurry, and cannot pause to converse with you now. Some other time will do as well, if you have ought to say to me—good evening!"

She passed rapidly on; but Mr. Norton followed and detained her.

"Surely," said he, "you will not deny me the privilege of a few moments' conversation? I have waited here in the cold a long time in hopes of addressing you."

"My mother is waiting for me, and will become anxious for my safety if I am not soon at home. I have just been to the store, and am returning with some work, that I am in a great hurry to finish. But what have you to say to me, Edgar—Mr. Norton, I mean? I cannot pause here long in the cold," she added, shivering.

"Much, if you will but listen," replied the young man, walking along by her side. "I would tell you that the love hitherto expressed for you has increased every day and hour since last we met, and that I have found it impossible to obey the commands you laid upon me, not to see you again."

"Well, and now that we have met—?"

"I desire to renew my protestations of love, and assure you that I am more desirous than ever of making you mine!"

"By marriage?" asked Ellen, quickly, and with features half convulsed with anxiety and excitement, as she paused and looked earnestly up into her companion's face.

"No!" she added, as he hesitated, and the blood receded from her features, leaving them pale and rigid as marble, and, weak and heart-sick, she leaned against the tempter for support. "Honorable marriage is not in your proposition, nor in your heart; and yet you will speak to me of love!"

The poor girl burst into a passionate flood of tears, and fearing that her agitation might at-

tract attention from the passers-by, Mr. Norton conducted her into a side alley where there were few or none to observe them, and commenced making apologies and expressing considerations—but the maiden would not hear him.

"No, Mr. Norton," she continued, as soon as she could command her emotion, releasing herself from his grasp. "I will not remain to hear your idle excuses for such heartless conduct. You have said that your parents, your position in society, and a host of other considerations, forbade you to marry a poor girl like me; and so let it be. Never speak to me of love again, never, if you are a man and gentleman, persecute me more!"

Her voice was mournful and quivering as she turned away. It spoke of outraged feelings of honor, of propriety, of a keen and religious sense of right, and yet it spoke most thrillingly of love. Again she would have passed on, but her companion detained her by the hand.

"Think once more before you go," said he, "of my proposal. You are now struggling on as a poor sewing girl, surrounded by all the horrors of a poverty rendered more horrible by the inclemency of the season, and sickness in your family; you are the mere slave of those who employ your services in sewing; and as dark as your lot now is, it is very probable that it will ere long become worse. On the other hand, there is one who loves you devotedly, who would, if you would only be to him what he asks, take you from this position of illy requited toil and degradation, and raise you at once to a situation of ease and luxury! How, then, can you hesitate a moment in your decision? How pause between abundance and happiness on one side, and want and misery on the other?"

"And is this your love?" responded Ellen May, in a cold and hollow voice, as a look of agony passed over her deathly features. "Is it to hear such language as this from the cherished idol of my heart, that I have learned to love—to love with an intensity that amounts to adoration in its hope, and almost to madness in its despair! O, Edgar, it would have been far better for me had I died ere the fatal hour in which we met—ere you won from me the love and confidence of an innocent young girl, and then coolly sought to destroy—ere you taught me the utter fallacy of the expectations that are born of love's young dream, and embittered the little happiness with which my existence is fraught!"

"But hear me."

"No, leave me; I have heard too much already. Go!" and her voice was choked with emotion. "Yes, I forgive you, and may Heav-

en forgive you too. This has been our bitterest meeting—let it be the last until eternity !”

She turned away as she ceased speaking—a moment later and she was gone.

Mr. Norton gazed after her long and steadily as she tottered down the alley. There was an earnest look upon his features—something akin to moisture in his eyes.

“Libertine as I am,” he muttered, “I have learned a lesson from woman at last—that poor sewing girl is an angel, if ever there was one. Heaven bless her; and she and I shall meet again !”

And Mr. Norton walked thoughtfully home.

Such were the particulars of that scene which occurred a number of years ago, recorded exactly as they told it to me. Remember them well, and you will soon learn the moral of our humble story.

It was a haunted house! there it stood, in all its faded gentility, in all its gloominess and loneliness, and it was incontestably haunted! The neighbors said so; almost everybody said so, and what almost everybody said, especially about the greatest mystery in Bleak Alley, was not without its weight.

There it stood, in the most gloomy portion of Bleak Alley—an old, two story house, of antique fashion, and one that had evidently been built long before the Revolution had somewhat changed the times and the fashions, to say nothing of changes in men and governments. It had undoubtedly been considered quite aristocratic and genteel in its day; but its usefulness, not to speak of its glory, had well nigh departed, if it might be judged—as most things are judged—by its exterior. The arch that had been originally built over the front doorway, and the pillars that supported it, had rotted away from their fastenings and been removed. The rain worn shingles, the dingy clapboards, and the dilapidated blinds, seemed scarcely able to support their weight, especially when the wind whistled loudly around them, and the wind did whistle almost always in Bleak Alley. The hinges of the front gate had been broken years before by some rude freak of the blast, and the gate was lying on the ground in the yard. The greater portion of that part of the chimney that had originally appeared above the ridge-pole of the house had disappeared through the instrumentality of storms, adventurous urchins, or other domestic calamities; and the few bricks that were visible were very ragged and fragmentary in their appearance, and evidently bent on a speedy dissolution of whatever of partner-

ship remained. A number of the windows had been to a greater or less extent, broken in—how or when, was a matter that, it is presumed none of the neighbors could have precisely settled. For many years the old building had presented just about that one unchanging aspect, and preserved its time-honored representation of being haunted—how, or by what, was not generally stated; and during this period, such was its awe-inspiring character, and so closely was it watched, that it is fairly presumed that a brick could not have been removed from the chimney, or a shutter detached, but that the fact would have been talked about from one end of Bleak Alley to the other, and seriously commented upon. There were neighbors, who said they lived in daily expectation of chronicling some disastrous fate or other for the old house—who expected that it would tumble, that it would be struck by lightning and burnt up, or that some other calamity would eventually befall it. How far their expectations were met, we shall learn ere the end of our story.

Of course, like all other haunted houses, this particular haunted house had its tradition, properly embellished with the wild and wonderful, and, I must confess it, with something like reality. And of course you will desire me to repeat that tradition for your especial benefit, which I shall obligingly do; giving the story as it was told to a number of children of whom I was one, by my grandmother many years ago.

In the first place, I must surmise that I was born and reared in Bleak Alley, in a small dwelling that stood almost opposite the haunted house, and hence had opportunities to obtain correct information of the *locale*, the attending mysteries and rumors, and to hear a true and veracious statement of the tradition.

And this is the story told by my grandmother one evening, after a number of us children had been looking at the old house nearly all day, and importuning her to give us the veritable facts in relation thereto.

“I will tell you all about it,” said my grandmother, after we had seated ourselves before the fire, with grandmother on our right and the big house dog on our left; “but mind you, children, I do not tell you the story merely to gratify your curiosity, but to show you the evil fate that awaits those who are wicked, and do not act properly towards their fellow-men.”

“Yes, we’ll remember; but the story.”

“According to the last accounts,” commenced grandmother, looking unusually serious, “the house at which you have been looking nearly all day, was built a great many years ago by a

middle-aged man, a sea-captain, named Decker. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, as was proved by the fact of his commencing a sea-faring life as a boy before the mast, and gradually rising, from point to point, to the command of one of the finest vessels that ever sailed out of Boston; but I have heard it said that the immense wealth he had so suddenly gained in his profession was not obtained in strict accordance with innocence or honesty. That is neither here nor there, however; Captain Decker possessed plenty of money, and had built the house in question, in expectation that he would soon be married to the young lady of his choice, and make it his home."

"And did he do so?"

"Don't interrupt me, and you shall hear."

"The lady of Captain Decker's choice was named Miss Merwin. She was the only daughter of a wealthy man, and noted for the beauties of her person, and the graces and accomplishments of her mind. Nearly every one who knew that Captain Decker had proposed for her hand, and that her father had returned a favorable answer, said that it would be an excellent match; but as it happened, the lady herself was not willing to be thus disposed of. Long before she became acquainted with the captain, she had met and loved a poor but very worthy young man of the neighborhood, and had actually promised to be his bride; so you will see that there were two lovers to one object, and that the only one who could possess the prize, with her consent, was the poor young man, and not the captain, as he and her father very evidently desired.

"The true position of affairs soon came to the light, and then there was a stormy time—the father almost beside himself with rage, the captain swearing that he would possess the lady in spite of everybody and everything, and the lovers determined to do very much as they pleased. In fact, not only determined, but ready to act on that determination, and a few days after, they eloped into an adjoining town, and were secretly married!"

"And the captain—?"

"Swore terribly! But don't interrupt me. He said that the father of the young lady had positively promised her to him; that he had built a very splendid house to receive her; that he was determined to have her at all costs and hazards; and dropped mysterious hints in reference to abducting the bride, fighting a duel with his fortunate rival, and various other dark proceedings—all of which were treasured up in the minds of those who heard them, for they saw

that his disappointment had made him gloomy and sullen, and undoubtedly revengeful. Nothing really serious, however, was thought of his threats until it was discovered one day, that he had closed up his house and sailed in his vessel, and on the next day that the bride had disappeared, without leaving any trace or intimation of her whereabouts. Suspicion at once pointed to Captain Decker as having carried her off with him by force, and suspicion was right. Such was her fate!"

"What did the husband do—?"

"I shall not be able to tell you, if you interrupt me so often. He took an early passage for London, conjecturing that he would be likely to gain some tidings of the party in that quarter. After being gone about two years, he came home without his wife, and without having gained any information concerning her, and looking more like a ghost than like the robust man he had been before his troubles. He soon after took to his bed and became downright sick, and would have probably never got up again, had it not been for an extraordinary circumstance that occurred."

"And what was that?"

"Why, news was brought him that the captain's house, which had been shut up so long, was opened, and lighted up with great splendor, and that the captain himself had been seen to pass in and out of the door. This was in the evening. You may readily believe that, as sick as he was, the injured husband soon arose and dressed himself, placed a double-barrelled pistol in his pocket, and attended by several friends, set off towards the house."

"Well—"

"Sure enough, the house was lighted as if some important ceremony was about to take place therein. A number of the neighbors had gathered in the street in front of it, but none of them had ventured inside of the gate. The husband was almost distracted with excitement when he arrived at the spot, and especially when he saw the well-known form of Captain Decker appear for a moment near one of the front windows, and he soon made up his mind to enter the house. His friends tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Cocking his pistol, and holding it steadily in his right hand, he rushed in at the door, while those without watched the proceedings with most breathless silence, expecting that something terrible was about to happen; as sure enough there was. For a moment after the husband disappeared from view, all was silent in and around the mansion—then there was a single report, evidently that of a pistol, and every vestige of

light and life departed from the house. As quick as thought an inky blackness spread itself over the building, the lights that had been gleaming from within, instantly went out; the windows were darkened, the door swung heavily to its place; and since that time not a ray of light has been seen to proceed from the mansion. There it has stood, lonely and deserted;—and there it will stand in its awful loneliness, until the judgment of Heaven shall cause it to fall!"

"But did the husband find his wife, and what became of him?"

"Nothing is known to a certainty on that point. The next day, the dead body of Captain Decker was found lying upon the front steps, and somewhat bruised, appearing to have been thrown from one of the windows. It was quite cold; and the strangest part of the affair is, that he had been *shot through the heart*! Mind you, exactly through the centre of the heart; and that was all that was ever known of the manner of his death. Some of the neighbors took up the body and buried it, and there they supposed the strange series of circumstances would be at an end.

"As to the husband and wife, nothing certain is known of their fate. There was a story prevalent a number of years ago, that the former, when he entered the parlor, on the fatal evening when the house was discovered lighted, found the captain seated by the side of the lady he had abducted, and endeavoring to persuade her that her legal lord and master was dead. It was added that the injured husband instantly shot the villain through the heart, as before stated—but not until Captain Decker had drawn a heavy knife and mortally wounded the lady. To conclude the story, it was asserted that the husband took his dead wife up in his arms and buried her that night in the cellar beneath the house. Be that as it may, neither of the unhappy twain was ever seen or heard of after he passed in at the door; and as for the house, it has stood there ever since, in the lonely and deserted manner you have seen, and it is unquestionably haunted by the evil spirits of those who made it the scene of their wicked deeds."

Here my grandmother paused, as if she had finished her story.

"But you have not yet said anything about the ghost of Bleak Alley, that is said to live in the haunted house," said I, remembering a schoolmate's story about it, a few days before.

"That is because I did not suppose that you had heard of it," replied my grandmother. "But you probably know as much about it as I do; if not, I will mention the rumor. It is

said that the ghost of a woman has been lately seen fitting about the old house, and on one or two occasions, has been seen to enter at the back door. By many of the neighbors, who really believe in the existence of this reported ghost, it is believed to be that of the unfortunate lady who became the victim of Captain Decker."

"Ned Simmons told me that he saw her not more than a week ago," said I, bethinking myself of what one of my school-fellows had told me the day previous.

"He told me the same story," chimed in one of my companions. "I wonder if the house is really haunted by a ghost!"

"I don't know; let us go and see to-morrow!" I replied, with a spirit becoming the adventure. "I know where some of the boards are loose in the rear of the house, leaving a place large enough for us to get in, and—"

"Hush!" said my grandmother, with great solemnity. "You must not think of such an idea. Have you not heard the opinion of the Jones's—that every one who may venture inside of the house will be shot through the heart!"

"As Captain Decker was?"

"Exactly as Captain Decker was, and by the ghost of the man that shot him! So you must not think of hunting for this new ghost that is said to have been lately seen."

"Well, we wont, then—but I should really like to hunt her out," was my reply.

"And so should I," added my companion; and there grandmother's story and our conversation in reference to the haunted house and its mysteries came to an end, for the time being.

## CHAPTER II

### HUNTING THE GHOST.

The desires and resolutions of youth are often stronger than those of maturer age; and so it proved in reference to the desires aroused in our young minds for visiting the haunted house. In less than three days after listening to my grandmother's story, in conjunction with my companions, I had made up my mind to hunt the ghost of Bleak Alley at a very early date—if possible, the very next Saturday afternoon, when we expected to be dismissed early from school.

When I look back to that resolution, it seems to have been one of boyish curiosity, and yet, under the circumstances, I can look back upon it as one that evinced a considerable share of juvenile courage on the part of myself and companions. Our hunting party was to be four

in number, led by myself, and armed with an old dark lantern I found among the rubbish in the garret, and a well-worn copy of the Bible which I had purloined from my grandmother's shelf for the occasion—having remembered the statement of some story-teller that the presence of the holy book would prevent a spirit of any description from doing any harm.

Saturday afternoon came, and with it, the expected early dismissal from the irksome studies of school. It had been agreed beforehand that we should all hurry home and get some supper, and then meet as soon as practicable in the rear of grandmother's house—that being our rendezvous. By three o'clock we were all present, and all ready to start; and taking a circuitous route, and being careful to avoid observation, we soon arrived in the rear of the premises we were about to search.

I will confess that my heart beat somewhat quicker than usual, as we paused before the haunted house. Everything that met our eyes in the vicinity seemed to whisper of desolation and ruin. The well-sweep had fallen across a rotting wood-pile years before, and had broken into several pieces; and the well itself was so choked up with rubbish and stones that we could scarcely get a glimpse of the black and stagnant water therein. The boards and timbers of the house were loose and shaky, and in many instances, rotted entirely to pieces down near the ground, leaving apertures large enough to admit a man or an animal into the interior of the building. Weeds of all sizes and varieties were growing up rank and luxuriously on every hand, there being no other vegetation to oppose their growth. No traces of footsteps or of visitors were visible; and the silence that reigned over all seemed almost like that of the grave.

My young companions paused and looked attentively at each other, as if half determined to forego our hunt for the ghost. For my own part, I was determined to carry out the project, now that I had set about it, and grasping my dark lantern and Bible with a kind of desperate courage, I boldly crept through one of the several apertures into the kitchen, and threw open the back door for the admission of my schoolmates. My boldness was inspiring, and they soon followed, after which I closed the door, that none of the neighbors might see such a marvellous sight as to behold it open.

At this moment, as ill fortune would have it, the sun, which had been shining gloriously all day, passed behind a large bank of clouds which had suddenly gathered in the western horizon; and the consequence was, that as soon as the

door was closed, the kitchen became almost as dark as a cellar. We could scarcely see each other in the gloom, the only two windows in the room being pretty thoroughly hidden by cobwebs and dust; but we could read quite enough of the intelligence conveyed from face to face, to assure us that each and all were heartily sorry we had ventured so far on our heroic mission. The air of desolation and loneliness that rested over all things seemed to become more and more oppressive the longer we remained, and finally one of my companions motioned in a whisper that we all retire as quickly as possible—a motion I should have seconded at once, had I obeyed the dictates of my heart; but the thought of the mortification that would accrue from our failure, caused me to put in an instant and decided negative.

"No, we will remain—at least until we see something," said I, with as much firmness as I could assume. "Let us take up our position in the pantry here, on the right of the kitchen, and devote a few moments to a careful observation of the premises; after which we can proceed or retire, as we may think proper!"

I took my way towards the proposed retreat, and was instantly followed by my companions; but had scarcely entered the pantry, before I recoiled with a faint exclamation of alarm—for I saw before me, quietly lying on the dresser, not the ghost of Bleak Alley, but what appeared to be a loaf of bread!

There it lay, an awful object of dread and suspicion, in the shape of a loaf of bread!—a loaf of respectable size, white on the sides, brown on the top, and exhibiting the scars of the baker's fork! It was evidently a real, veritable loaf—not a phantom loaf, or a loaf of the imagination; but with what surprise we gazed upon it!

Several moments passed in silence, during which we gazed alternately on the dread object, and from one to another, as if at a loss how to dispose of the mystery of that loaf's appearance at such a time and at such a place. Finally I spoke: "It is nothing but a loaf of bread!"

Then I advanced and laid my hand upon it. Not receiving any kind of repulse, I proceeded further—I took it up, examined it, and passed it to my companions.

A further examination revealed a number of articles of a similar import. We found quite a variety of dishes and plates upon the shelves of the pantry, and various articles of food—the whole giving evidence that mortals had been in that vicinity before us, and at no very remote date prior to our own visit.

"It would be a funny adventure," said I, beginning to feel unusually bold, "if we should find out that the house is really inhabited by men and women instead of ghosts!"

"—sh!" said one of my comrades, in a thrilling whisper of terror, "look!"

I obeyed the intimation of his outstretched hand. A shadow had crossed one of the apertures in the kitchen wall, and moved on the floor, while a light step, and a sound like the rustling of garments, was heard without. A moment later, the latch was raised—the door opened—and the thin and fragile figure of a woman passed rapidly into the apartment!

"It is the ghost!" whispered one of the boys, as he looked imploringly and reproachfully into my face. "O, why did I come to such a place!"

"You remember what your grandmother said, that any one who ventured here would be *shot through the heart!*" said another, with a face expressive of the greatest terror. "We shall never see home again!"

The figure closed the door, crossed the kitchen floor, and entered one of the front rooms, and also closed the inner door behind itself, executing all these movements without turning to the right or left, or in any way seeming to be aware of the presence of the boy-intruders.

Some time had now passed since we effected our entrance into the house, and the darkness within and without was fast increasing, owing to the sudden gathering of a thunder-storm, the first intimations of which we had noticed as we entered. These circumstances, coupled with the mysterious appearance and more mysterious disappearance of the figure we had seen, caused my companions to advocate an instant departure for home; but I finally succeeded in influencing them to remain until we had learned something more definite in reference to the ghost.

"Hark!" said one of my comrades, a moment later, in a whisper. "I think I hear the sound of voices in the other room!"

We listened intently; but received no satisfactory proof of my friend's impression. Once or twice I fancied that I heard the subdued tones of a female's voice; but was not certain.

"It might have been your fancy," I suggested. "I hear nothing."

"—sh!" whispered our watchful comrade again. "There's more of the ghost!"

Another shadow had crossed the aperture and advanced on the floor—not such a shadow as is cast by the sun, for that was hidden, but such an one as ordinary light will cast through an interstice into a dark room; and this time it was the shadow of a man!

The sound of heavy footsteps succeeded, as we listened, and an instant later the door was opened, and a man entered—a man who is already known to the readers of this sketch as Edgar Norton!

The intruder closed the door and paused, as if debating in his mind what he should do next, while the boys, myself among the number, secreted themselves as much as possible behind a couple of empty flour barrels that stood near the door of the pantry.

I did not know Edgar Norton then, but I have since learned his connection with the ghost of Bleak Alley; and I much wonder if the reader does not already see more of the true position of affairs than I then had the ability to discover.

"She came to this house," he soliloquised, thoughtfully—and I shuddered as I thought of Captain Decker's victim. "She entered by this door," he added, after a pause—and I felt relieved, for I had no doubt but that Captain Decker's victim would have entered by the front. "And she must be in some one of these rooms!" concluded the young man—much to my joy, for I thought that he was a "child of a larger growth," in pursuit of the same ghost that had aroused the curiosity of myself and school-fellows.

I was just upon the point of leaving my hiding-place, and telling him that *she* was in the front room, when he moved towards it, slowly and without noise, as if he was duly impressed with the importance of his mission.

"There he goes!" whispered I, with a chuckle of delight. "He is also hunting the ghost! Isn't it capital! He will save us the danger and trouble of a search!"

My companions did not reply, but watched his movements earnestly, and I continued to employ myself in a similar manner.

Thus far I have followed out the individuality of the boy-adventurers; I will now partially sink that feature, and proceed with reference to the reader, Edgar Norton, the scene described in the first chapter, and such events as may come to light in the development of our story.

Edgar Norton paused before the door of the room into which we had seen the figure pass silently a few moments before. There was an anxious look upon his features—something like hesitancy in his manner. At last he raised his hand, opened the door, and listened—intently listened.

All was silent. No, not exactly silent. Above our own breathing, and the chirping of a solitary cricket upon the kitchen hearth, we could hear the breathing of some person within that room,

who was evidently asleep, to judge by the steady respiration. I thought of a story I had read the day previous, of a maiden who for some folly had been condemned by the Fates to sleep a hundred years; of an old legend I had somewhere seen, that told of a house wherein a man had murdered another as he lay sleeping, and which was always haunted by a sound like the breathing of a sleeper; and I listened; my companions listened; Edgar Norton listened; and yet *all* was as silent as the grave, save the steady respiration of that sleeper within.

A few moments passed, and then I saw Edgar Norton start suddenly, and place his hand to his brow, while a hot flush passed over his face. I saw at a glance that it was some object within the room that had affected him. My curiosity was excited, and I determined to move forward from my concealment, and learn what it was at which he was gazing so steadily and with such apparent interest.

"He will be shot through the heart!" said one of my companions; but I waited to hear no more. Leaving my position behind the flour barrels, I slowly and cautiously crossed the room, and stooped down behind him. His gaze had become more fixed, his agitation more evident. Could it be that he had become charmed, as serpents charm their prey, by some awful vision revealed in that dimly-lighted room, and was now gradually being drawn within its fatal precincts?

My excitement increased, and rising to my feet, I glanced over the young man's shoulder into the room. I expected to behold some terrible evidence of the Decker tragedy, or tradition, whatever it may be called, but quite different was the scene that met my eyes. Let me describe it to you exactly as it appeared.

The room was quite large, and gave evidence of having once been handsomely painted and papered; but its walls were now dingy and smoky, and left a bleak and repulsive impression on my eye and heart as I gazed. The floor was without carpeting, and the cracks between many of the boards half an inch in width, through which came up a damp and chilly air from the cellar. My eye first rested on an old bedstead in one corner of the apartment, and a scanty bed, on which was lying the form of the sleeper, whose breathing had attracted our attention—an elderly lady, whose pallid face, attenuated limbs and features, and sunken eyes, showed that she had long been a prisoner to disease and suffering. Near the head of the bed stood an old table, which had been worn out and ruined many years before, but still retained strength enough

to support the little the occupants of the room had to place upon it. To the right, stood a number of rickety chairs; and at the foot of the bed I noticed a small bureau, of antique pattern, and minus one of the drawers. The fireplace had been closed up with a cheap and ill-shapen fireboard, and in its stead, the occupants used a small stove, which stood exactly in the centre of the hearth. To the right of this, I beheld a wash-stand, which sustained a pail of water, a number of plates and pans, and a three-legged skillet.

I am free to confess that, young as I was, all idea of ghosts and things supernatural passed from my mind the instant I gazed upon these evidences of the most biting and grasping poverty.

But I have not yet described the principal object that met my eyes in that lonely room. I will do so.

Before the stove, in which a few embers were flickering, and sending a slight degree of warmth throughout the room, was seated a pale-faced, careworn young girl, engaged in sewing. My readers having already made her acquaintance, I may as well add here that this pale sewing girl was no other than the one already introduced in our story. She was dressed nearly as she was the day she met Edgar Norton in Bleak Alley, and was about the same in appearance, save that her form seemed somewhat thinner, and there was not so much color in her face. There were traces of tears in her eyes and on her cheeks, and a deeper expression of misery rested on her pallid features than when she had so nobly resisted the temptation of her lover. At times her eyes would close, and her head droop forward, while the needle would fall from her tired fingers; but she would rouse herself from the pressing demands of overtaken nature, and apply herself to her task with renewed energy. She was seated with her face towards the bed whereon her mother was sleeping, and did not observe that the door had been opened behind her, and that the two ghost-hunters, man and boy, were watching her every movement—yet there might have been a whisper of spirit intelligence given by the presence of Edgar Norton, for her murmurs soon revealed that her thoughts were of him.

The poor maiden often glanced at the pale face of her mother, and once or twice her eyes roamed about upon the evidences of poverty in the room, while something akin to an expression of commingled mockery and bitterness passed over her countenance. Her thoughts, too, became more and more oppressive, as her ability

to finish her arduous and long continued task became less; and finally she murmured, as she sank back in her chair, and gazed despairingly upon the garment she held in her grasp:

"And this is honesty and womanly virtue!—to make shirts for ten cents apiece, and live in a hovel, with a mother dying beside one for want of the commonest necessities of life! O, Edgar! could you have but known how I was situated; and O, mother! could you but know how terribly your child has been tempted!"

I glanced at Edgar Norton, and saw, dark as was the room, that tears were coursing down his cheeks, and that his manly form fairly trembled with the stormy emotions of his soul. For myself, I could not fully understand the scene; but I felt that it would all be explained in due time, and come out right at the end.

"But it is wrong for me to complain," murmured Ellen, after a momentary pause. "Our Heavenly Father knows what is for the best, and it becomes us not to murmur at his decrees. The darkest hour is just before day; and it may be that He, in his goodness, will find a way of redemption for us from this sorrow and distress."

The words were truthfully spoken, and at their conclusion, the poor girl knelt beside her mother's bed, clasped her thin hands fervently, and looked confidently up towards heaven. I saw that she was breathing a silent prayer—pouring out the noblest riches of her soul at the throne of grace; and the scene was so indescribably beautiful and touching—that sorrowing girl kneeling down in such a lonely and comfort-forsaken room to pray—that my eyes were soon dimmed with tears.

As for Edgar Norton, I venture to say that he did not move, scarcely breathe, for several moments. There was the noble being he had sought to ruin, after he had won the sacred blessing of her love; there was the long tried and sorely-troubled daughter of affliction, who had spurned his offers of ease and luxury, dearly as she had loved him, that she might remain true to her own womanly sense of honor and purity, to her mother, and to her God; there was the pale and fragile flower he, as a libertine, had sought to win and wear from the moment he discovered it growing up beside his path; and now she had knelt down in the gloom and coldness of her stricken home; now she was praying for the recovery of her mother, for their release from the pressing poverty by which they were surrounded, and for the welfare and reformation of her erring lover!

And her words were as coals of fire upon the head of her guilty lover, as he stood there and

listened! His face seemed convulsed with contrition and shame for the folly of which he had been guilty. A flood of repentant tears were in his eyes, a choking sensation on his heart and throat; and not long could he remain silent and motionless beneath the effect of such a scene. The strong man groaned aloud in the bitterness of his soul.

"Ellen!" he cried, in a voice of agony, as he started to his feet. "Angel that you are—my own! forgive me!" and rushing hastily forward, he sank down on his knees beside her, and then clasped her in his arms.

"He will be shot through the heart!" exclaimed one of my companions, as they rushed forward from their concealment; but I quickly closed the door, so quickly and silently that neither of the lovers observed the fact, or became aware of the presence of intruders.

"Yes, he *has* been shot through the heart," I replied,—"*by Cupid!*"

The boys thought I made use of a strange oath at the time; but I afterwards found means of explaining the matter to their satisfaction.

"Let us go home," said I, gravely. "We have found the ghost!" and I left the house, taking the Bible and dark lantern, and gravely followed by my companions.

My grandmother missed her Bible, and seemed, as I sat at supper, to suspect me of having been engaged in some awful jugglery; but I merely looked wonderfully mysterious, and said nothing.

The concluding events of our story are not very difficult to understand or describe.

The noise caused by the abrupt entrance of Edgar Norton was sufficient to arouse Ellen's mother from her slumbers. She saw her daughter clasped in the arms of a fashionably-dressed young man, and weeping on his breast. He was a stranger, and she not being aware of her daughter's love, her surprise knew no bounds.

"Ellen!" she cried, partially raising herself up. "Who is this man, and what is he doing here? Speak! on your *honor*—"

Ellen threw herself upon her mother's breast, while Edgar Norton sank into a chair. He had now become somewhat calm, but there were tears in his eyes, and a serious look upon his countenance.

"Speak! Edgar," added Ellen; "if you do indeed love me. Speak, and tell my mother all!"

The young man advanced to the side of the bed, and placed his arm around the waist of the fair being who was gobbling there.



"Madam," said he, "or mother, as I hope to call you soon, hear me with patience, and I will explain these occurrences to your entire satisfaction."

Ellen raised her head, and stole a glance at her lover's features. She saw their earnest expression; beheld the tears in his eyes; realized how tremulous, yet full of love, was his ever musical voice; and she nestled closer, closer to his manly breast.

And Edgar Norton went on:

"Here, at this noble shrine—here with your daughter's heart beating wildly in answer to mine—here, in this joyful hour of reformation and new-found love and confidence—let me speak to you as the mother of so noble a being should be spoken to! I love your child with no unholy love—I regard her with no unworthy passion!"

Closer to his heart nestled Ellen, as she listened to his words, until her warm breath was on his cheeks, and her lips pressed fondly to his own. Truly, it was something worth living for, the glorious consummation of such an hour.

"Like many others," continued Norton, "I have been a libertine, made such by circumstances and education, rather than by any natural depravity of the heart. As I have passed along the way of life, I have looked upon woman as a fair minister to our happiness, rather than a companion, or as the noble blessing she is. To say that I have sometimes sinned in this respect, and deeply, is but to confess the truth. Hence you will readily believe my frank confession, when I tell you that I first sought your daughter to make her my victim. She can tell you how I offered to take her from the lowly lot in which she was struggling, and raise her to ease and splendor, if she would be what I desired. She can tell you how often and how strongly I tempted her, not knowing that she was really in such straitened circumstances; but she refused all my offers, and even forbade me to ever see her again, or speak to her of love. This noble conduct challenged my wonder; it won my admiration; and finally a feeling of respect and affection I need not blush to acknowledge. I loved her for her worth, for her virtues, for that ennobling sense of honor and purity which could resist temptation under such circumstances; and I am here to tell you all this, to assure you that she has made me a reformed man; and to ask her hand in marriage!"

"And will you indeed make me your lawful wife?" cried Ellen, with a burst of joyful emotion, as she gazed fondly into his eyes.

"I will—so witness this kiss—so help me Heaven!"

"Then I shall be happy—so happy!" replied Ellen, as she threw her arms around his neck, and clung to his breast in a warm embrace.

"Bless you, my children!" said the delighted mother, as tears of joy coursed down her cheeks. "Wed, always be as loving and confiding as now, and you will be blest with every enjoyment the world can give!"

#### ANECDOTE OF DUDLEY MARVIN.

We have read and heard many anecdotes of this distinguished gentleman, who is well-known in this section. The following, which we have often heard repeated, we have never seen in print. Perhaps it is not worth publishing, but the reader can judge for himself:

Some years since, before the facilities for travelling were quite as good as at present,—when the lawyers were obliged to fill a huge pair of saddle-bags with "dry goods," and travel many weary miles on horseback to the "scene of active operations,"—Mr. M. came to Ellicottville, in a real "muddy time" to attend court. He put up at the "Irvin," and gave the horse in charge of the "honest hostler," who happened to be a keen emigrant from the Emerald Isle. Mr. M., by way of amusing himself a little, told Pat, in addition to feeding and "cleaning off" the nag, that he must "talk to him." Pat started for the barn, and had proceeded but a few steps, when he was loudly called by Mr. M., who again asked him if he would be sure to *talk* to the horse. Pat briefly and immediately informed him that his request should be attended to, and made his way for the barn.

Court proceeded, and was not brought to a close till several days afterwards. When it finally terminated, the reckoning was paid, and the horse ordered to be brought to the door. Pat led him out, saddled and bridled, and held him in readiness for his owner. He at length appeared at the door, and when ready to mount, asked Pat if he had *talked* to the horse.

"Certainly I did; as your honor told me to!"

"Well, did the horse say anything to you?"

"In course he did!"

"Let's know what the conversation was!"

"Why—he—tould me, that I had cared for him so well, his master'd give me a dollar when he came to lave!"

The crowd about set up a loud hurrah, while "Old Dud" "shelled out" a couple of halves to Pat, and the next moment was on his way home.—*Cattaraugus Sachem.*

#### TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers is, to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with great reserve towards them; which usually produces an ill-understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequence. And I think fathers would generally do better, as the sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom of friendship as their age and temper will allow.

*Locke.*

## I LOVE THEE.

BY ROSWELL FORNEY.

I've loved thee in sunshine,  
 I'll love thee in sorrow,  
 I've loved thee to-day,  
 I shall love thee to-morrow.

Never shall sun rise  
 In glorious light,  
 Nor sink in the west,  
 At the coming of night.

Ne'er shall come spring time  
 With buds and with flowers;  
 Nor summer in splendor  
 Light up the long hours.

Nor autumn in rich robes  
 Adorn the wild woods,  
 Nor winter in ice chains,  
 Embrace the floods.

But the sun and the seasons,  
 The night and the day,  
 Shall witness, I love thee,  
 For ever and aye!

## THRICE MARRIED—ONCE HAPPY.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

In two or three instances I have desired to change my situation from being a book-keeper to one of the "firm." I remember when I was first inducted into my desk, there was a very lovely young lady who opened an account at our store, who was the daughter of a rich man; but yet she was distinguished for the affability of her manners, and the pleasantness of her conversation with all with whom she traded. She seemed to know at a glance what articles would suit her, and could direct with great accuracy from a large pile of goods the very piece her fancy selected; this early made her "popular" among the clerks, who were accustomed to undecided, fastidious customers, who would turn and twist and pull the threads, and carry the articles to another light, and, after all, ask "only for a pattern to carry home." Not so with Miss Mixter. I distinctly remember when she first came to my desk to ask for a memorandum book, wherein all the varieties she purchased might be catalogued. With a mild, bland voice, she informed me that her father met his payments quarterly, when his dividends and rents became due,—that she had spoken to the firm, and they expressed a perfect willingness to open an account, and, that there need be no discrepancies between us, she proposed, upon purchas-

ing, every article should be inserted in her memorandum by myself, the book-keeper; for, added she, "my father is a very methodical man, who wishes everything done in a business-like manner." A dozen young ladies had that very morning expressed similar requests, yet no one made such an impression upon me as Miss Mixter.

I could not proceed with my daily work until I inquired her history. It was soon told me that her father was president of an insurance company, director of a railroad, besides being owner of several valuable stores, the income of which, divided and subdivided, left a large estate to each of his children. In about a week from my first interview, I was favored with another from the same young lady. She grew more and more charming. There was no boldness of manner, no words exchanged irrelevant to our business transactions, yet I felt as if I had been acquainted with her a year. I used to ponder over the meetings and wonder why they impressed me so. It was curious to note that I always made the entries in her memorandum in a fair, legible hand, the very best specimen I could give. When our new goods arrived, we always hoped Miss Mixter would soon see them; but we well knew no urgency on our part ever caused her to take a single article she did not wish, and we admired her firmness and marked independence.

In the course of three or four weeks, as I was hurrying up Washington Street, whom should I spy coming toward me but Miss Mixter. My pulse fluttered, and I had thought, as she probably would not recognize me, it was advisable that I should cross over on the other side; but omnibuses obstructed the street, and as I stood waiting, the young lady came up and uttered a "good morning, sir," with one of those sweet, gracious smiles, that in my fancy I still behold.

Well, I thought of that recognition all day;—yes, I went to sleep to dream about it, and when I awoke, and sober reason demanded of me why such thoughts gained a lodgment in my brain? It was only a good natured act,—a spontaneous expression from a heart overflowing with kindness; she was an heiress,—her father had very likely assigned her to some young man whose father was a millionaire; she moved in high circles, and I was only a humble book-keeper, at a salary of eight hundred dollars, with no money in the locker, and no pretensions to think of such a lovely creature. I had nothing but a fair character, and then I did wish, for the first time, that I was one of the firm. Heaven knows, such a wish would never have been cherished but for

this purpose; it seemed it might furnish a passport to a more intimate acquaintance with her who so filled my ideal of all that was lovely. I fancied there was something in the position of being in trade for one's self, which gave a dignity, an air of consequence, which no subordinate capacity could reach. I thought the father of Miss Mixter would so regard it, and if ever I wished for capital enough to be included in the "company," it was then. I say it was only to carry this purpose that I desired such a situation, for to one who was conversant with so many more notes which were made payable rather than receivable,—to so many subterfuges to preserve the credit of "our firm,"—to such a long catalogue which I had just condemned to the pages of profit and loss; such heavy importations at high cost, which were marked down at less than the original price, on account of changes in fashion; to chronicle the announcement of failures to whom there was a heavy indebtedness;—I add, whatever midnight vigils I might have kept in making up my "trial balances,"—whatever anxiety had corroded my peace that I might discover an error in the cash account,—all these I had borne with patience, never before coveting the name of being styled as one of "the firm."

Time passed on, and our three months' bill from Miss Mixter became due, when her father came in and settled the account. He was not what one would term a very approachable gentleman. He looked over the account with a keen eye, and remarking, "I suppose this is all right, sir," proceeded to count out the specie, while I receipted the bill. Just, however, as he was folding the paper, he remarked to one of my employers:

"If you please, my daughter will now open another account with you, sir. She finds you conduct your business with such accuracy, and your clerks and book-keeper are so obliging, that whatever she may find in your line of business, it suits her pleasure to take it here. My daughter indulges in no superfluities. I can safely trust her to select what she chooses. I perceive the larger part of the articles for which I have just settled were to aid the needy, or those whom the world supposes to be comfortably off; her heart is very much with the destitute. Your pay will be prompt, sir. Good morning."

Didn't I wish myself one of the firm just then? But a book-keeper often has his sympathies enlisted. He knows a few heart histories which only one in his position is allowed to know. Mrs. Tenpenny was an elegant, showy and agreeable lady. She had a large account, which remained undischarged, and she was so agree-

able that we never could approach her with a dun. She knew her liabilities, and she had two daughters, very accomplished, ladylike young girls, and they moved in gay circles, and attended fashionable parties, and new satins, and tissues, and lisses, and laces, and embroideries were often needed, and at length I was peremptorily requested to demand a settlement of that bill. I wished Mr. Tenpenny had been such a man as Mr. Mixter, but he was unlike him as the two daughters were unlike Miss Arabella Mixter. Nevertheless, the disagreeable office must be done. I was appointed collector. At first, I enclosed the bill, politely requesting a settlement immediately, as we were in a pecuniary crisis which made the demand necessary. No answer was returned! We wrote another note, and gave it to a collector. Mr. Tenpenny replied it was a matter between his wife and daughters and the firm; he had nothing to do with the adjustment. I was then delegated to wait on the parties at their own residence. It was a splendid dwelling, the appearance of wealth met you at every turn. The door was opened by a servant-man, who remarked that Mrs. Tenpenny was engaged with a dinner-party. We glanced into the dining-room, and saw the mother and daughter dressed in the very articles for which we had been clamoring the payment. But we modestly withdrew till the next evening, when we again made our visit. This time I was requested to walk into an ante-room.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Tenpenny, "we shall be overheard. Mr. Brittle and Captain Bush are in the adjoining apartment (they were engaged to the two young ladies); would I be kind enough to walk up stairs?"

I did so. Mrs. Tenpenny then related to me her trials.

"Mr. Combe," said she, "I am aware that my bill should be settled—it ought to have been, months ago;—but, sir my husband allows us each but two hundred dollars annually for our pin money. Mr. Combe, six hundred dollars is not enough to keep us in fashionable trim. I suppose, sir, some ladies are trusted with three times the amount."

"Yes, madam," I replied, "with ten times that sum."

Mrs. Tenpenny gained courage by such an assurance.

"Well, sir, my husband is somewhat peculiar—he won't pay bills of my contracting, and I wish to say to you that if your employers will let my account remain until after my daughters' marriages (they are both to be eligibly situated), if my account could remain, and a few

more additional articles in the housekeeping line could be added for the young ladies, I have an expectancy in the decease of my father, which will put your claim at rest at once. It shall be the first remittance from my portion, sir."

"Is your father ill, madam?"

"No, sir; but he is quite aged, and, according to the common course of nature, cannot survive long. He is upwards of sixty-five, sir. It would oblige me if such an adjustment can take place."

I promised to make the proposal, but the firm laughed at such a novel procedure, and refused further credit, and I was sent again to carry the message. One of the young ladies appeared to negotiate. She was so mild and chatty that I dreaded to deliver my errand, and asked for her mother.

"I am deputed to receive your reply from Foulblou & Favran. Are mama's terms accepted, sir?"

"They are not, but utterly rejected."

Little Miss wiped a tear away, and heaved a deep sigh. Her remarks startled me.

"I wish, Mr. Combe, I could do something for a living. You perceive we have the display of wealth, but, sir, it is all an empty show to me. I suspect my father is really bankrupt, and is only living on my mother's future fortune. It deprives us all of independence, besides giving us a false position, so that we have no sympathy in the world, and what we would cheerfully do, we are prohibited from doing. Mr. Combe, I envy my milliner, my dress-maker, my very seamstress their independence."

Again I regretted I was not one of the firm, for I would have cancelled the debt, and trusted to that fettered, trammelled devotee to fashion to have discharged it upon her eligible marriage, for she was noble, but could not assert it by her false position. My employers urged the claim, and it was adjusted by a legal gentleman, amidst Mr. Tenpenny's oaths and imprecations. It showed me one side of human nature which was opened to a book-keeper.

I would not have betrayed this confidence, only it again brought to light some other admirable traits in Miss Mixer's character. She knew Mrs. Tenpenny and her straits. She knew of her daughters' engagements, and she felt assured, should their lovers know these facts, it might impair their future prospects. She was sure the daughters were not responsible for their mother's outlays; but she was swimming on the tide without counting its ebb. Miss Mixer's three months' account at this time was principally for housekeeping articles, and her father approved the bill.

Various were the specimens of human nature which fell under my inspection. I used to think I would change my situation for one of less wearing toil, but since that lovely young lady had commenced her account, nothing would induce me to do so, unless I could become one of the firm. Her commendation for my "accuracy" prompted me to renewed fidelity, and my salary was raised to a thousand annually. We came now to know each other quite intimately in business relations, and my benevolent impulses were engaged to pursue just such a course as I knew her generous nature would love to contemplate. My leisure hours were devoted to such enterprises as enlist young men of the highest tone of morals. I hoped to gain a reputation for more than "an accurate book-keeper." In one of my weekly rounds of charity, I encountered a poor, pale seamstress, who told me about a ministering angel.

"O," said she, "wagt and sorrow, and slender resources, and all earthly privations, are lost by her holy influence. If you want to see her, come here at early twilight and you will be blessed with such a vision."

How my fingers flew over dates and sums total and cash accounts that day. And how long the day seemed. And yet when the books were closed and I took my keys of the safe and put on my overcoat, I almost feared to wend my way again to the house of the seamstress. But as I did so, whom should I find but Miss Mixer, busily employed in cutting out and assorting the poor woman's work! And how affectionately she greeted me. We did not talk about the "quarterly account" here. I felt there was a respect shown even to a book-keeper of unsullied character and benevolent life, awarded by one who looked over the varied employments of mortals, and only regarded the influence of labor as it affected character. But in my assiduity to become a standard of excellence, from the selfish motive of enlisting Miss Mixer's affections, my health declined, and I was ordered by my physician to spend a few months in recreation, to regain my lost strength. Not long after my departure from the desk, I received an anonymous note, enclosing an hundred dollar bill, upon which was only written "please accept this as a reward of fidelity." It was couched in a feminine hand, and I had a right to feel happy in accepting it.

In the course of the summer, I went to a fashionable watering-place. It would not reflect great credit upon my customers, whose accounts I had kept many years, were I to note how many I met there with whom I had adjusted their bills,

so that an extended credit might be given them, to show off their daughters and put them in the market among mere speculators, who were there eager to secure the best bargains; and diamonds, and India scarfs, and rich laces, and a great deal of imported finery, took wonderfully well. Full half a dozen were baited and secured for life; but which was the most deceived, time will tell. Some of those three hundred dollar scarfs remain charged to this day upon my old books; the "pin money" not coming in fast enough to give a surplus to pay for past purchases. Owing to some of these deferred payments, and other heavy accounts which remained over, the firm of Foublon & Favran became bankrupt, and I lost my situation while I regained my health.

One morning, however, while at the Springs, we heard much conversation respecting a bride that was expected to arrive the next day, as the happy pair were making a wedding tour. Some ladies were discussing in what sort of costume she would probably appear.

"Likely as not," replied one, "she will wear that everlasting old pepper-and-salt riding-dress, which was made the year after her mother died."

"Very likely," retorted another, "she will appear at table in a clean starched gingham, with a quilled ruffle,—she is so old-maidish."

And so they discussed the stranger's appearance, which really led me to be on the lookout for the sight which was to greet us. All eyes were turned to the coaches, as they landed the newly arrived at our fashionable quarters. At length a fair, graceful lady first alighted, with a Spanish count; then another, closely veiled, leaning upon the arm of one apparently a foreigner, and behind me ran the busy whisper, "that is she—the bride!" I heard her voice—it was enough; my head swam—my eyes became sightless—my blood curdled,—it was Miss Mixer, or, rather, Mrs. — who? I awoke to curse my fate, which made me a book-keeper, otherwise I might have been in a more enviable situation.

I did not manifest myself at table, but feigned illness in my room; but my friend, the bride, had looked at the register of arrivals, and saw the name of "Cyrus Combe, Boston," and she made no delay in sending for me to meet her in the drawing-room.

With what scrupulous care I dressed amidst my feverish anxiety and the destruction of all my future hopes, no pen can describe. And yet I had no reason to indulge such hopes. Miss Mixer had only been complaisant. I had never crossed her threshold, and had never been in-

vited to do so,—I imagined because I was a book-keeper. And I awkwardly made my way to call upon the bride whom I found sitting in a group whom she was entertaining with her pleasant, agreeable, humorous anecdotes. She was modestly attired in a silk we had sold her, and in the absence of all jewelry and every French gewgaw, she was yet the belle of the party. Everything is not conceded to dress,—but why postpone an account of that interview? Simply because we scarcely know how to describe it.

The bride at once recognized me, and with a hearty shake of the hand introduced me to her husband, as "Mr. Titus Combe, your brother, from Canton." Awe-struck, dizzy, sick, astonished,—one and all of these combined,—I looked, and looked, and looked again! "Titus,"—why I never knew him, but in letters. He was early placed in a commission house; then he left for an insurance company, of which Mr. Mixer was the president, and, after becoming duly engaged to Arabella, he went to Canton, where he established himself in business, and it was only occasionally he was spoken of, as our rich brother, since my mother's death. We did not know much of his history, and as he had been absent so long we scarcely knew whether he was living or dead, and, in fact, I had but little interest in him. But was I now dreaming? Had he married one whom I so ardently and secretly loved? It did not increase my affection for him, to feel he was my rival. What was a merchant more than a book-keeper, especially one of the same flesh and blood—only he was richer?

And now what reflections crowd my thoughts. Why did not Arabella tell me of her engagement? Why was she not more affable and civil, and why was I not invited to move in the same circle as herself? I asked for no explanation, but in a fit of rage and disappointment I returned back to seek a new employment in the city I had left. The day after my return, I met Mr. Mixer. We had a long interview, and he first recognized me as the brother of his son-in-law; "But," remarked the old man, "I have never forgotten the accuracy with which you kept my daughter's accounts. A good name is never lost, sir. As you are now out of employment by the failure of your firm, it is in my power to give you a situation in our insurance office as an accountant, at a fair salary."

It is needless to add I accepted it, and as my desk was in his apartment, we soon grew familiar. Titus had been his protégé—he was all in all to him. Every arrangement was made for the reception of the wedded guests, to make them happy on their return. But one morning our

porter returned from the post-office, bearing a letter with a black seal. We opened it, and read thus.

"DEAR FATHER,—*Titus is dead!* I am distracted and alone, at this hotel,—come to my deliverance.

"ARABELLA."

Mr. Mixter grew frantic, and deputed me at once to bear the crushed bride to his arms. Was there ever such an unexpected mission? What were my feelings, my hopes, my fears? Was I sadly grieved at this intelligence? I would never care to narrate what thoughts passed through my mind. I was truly thankful that I had acquired such a character as book-keeper to be entrusted with a more onerous charge now. Swift as the express train could carry me, I travelled in search of my friend and sister, now the widow Combe. I repeated it over and over again—"my sister, the widow Combe." A few hours brought me to her presence. Our interview was a tender one, yet she was not violent or passionate in her grief. She sat beside her dead husband, and directed with great firmness how I should proceed, and I complied with all her requests. Poor Titus was carried to our family-tomb and placed beside our parents. His widow returned to her father, and I boarded in the house.

It is perfectly understood by my readers what were my hopes for the future; but that long veil was always worn close to the face. The young widow ate with her father, in a private room, and it was seldom, except when I was requested to carry letters to the post-office, that I saw her. One letter early attracted my attention by its superscription. It was addressed to Marcus Belmont, Esq. In the course of a week or two, another was sent to the same gentleman. Who was he? I once made bold to ask Mr. Mixter if he were a relative.

"No," he replied, "only a particular friend."

This roused my suspicion the more, and finally the aforesaid gentleman arrived among us. To cure my jealousy, and make me ashamed of it, he proved to be president of a life insurance company where Titus had secured an insurance upon his life for the sum of ten thousand dollars. The widow Combe again became my ideal of all that was interesting, only she was quite too reserved and retiring. I was acknowledged as the friend of the family, but still the intimacies of familiar intercourse were withheld.

Once I heard Mr. Mixter tell a friend that "Arabella would never marry again." I was taken ill that day. Anxiety produced a fever,

and delirium followed, and it was only when I awoke to sanity the gentle nurse, Arabella, stood over me, bathing my temples. Had I really got to heaven? Strange hallucinations came over my fancy. I was weak, and spoke incoherently; but I said things I should never have dared to utter in health. Those days of convalescence were among the happiest of my life.

But a shadow came over me. Our clergyman, in one of his pleasant visits, one day asked me, "if I felt Mrs. Combe would be sadly missed by our household?" I stared wildly, when he playfully remarked, "You knew she was married yesterday, did you not?"

I knew the parson discovered my utter astonishment, and would gladly have turned the subject, when I tremulously inquired, "Is it possible that I have been again deceived?" I would not have expressed myself thus for the world, only in a fit of astonishment and weakness, one is scarcely responsible for what they say. The good man very briefly informed me that the favored individual was the very same Arthur Belmont whose letters I had so often carried, and who paid the widow a visit under the ostensible errand of passing into her own hands the life insurance which my brother had effected in his office. But hark! there is a rap at my door, and the servant reaches me a letter. You shall hear its contents.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—As a separation between us will now take place, in consequence of my marriage to Arthur Belmont, Esq., you will please accept this token of my affection for the kind sympathy and affectionate aid you have rendered me in my state of desolate widowhood. It may seem singular to you that I should again marry, especially one who is my senior by many years and a long experience; but remember the human heart is moved by sympathy to love, and Mr. Belmont has proved himself a most ardent and enthusiastic lover. My dear Cyrus, there are heart histories which eternity only will reveal. The peculiar restrictions imposed on our sex forbid an acknowledgment of the state of the affections, and delicate reserve covers over many a deep flowing fountain that dares not rise to the surface. I go abroad to-morrow, leaving you convalescent, and trusting that you will prove to my father a firm and faithful support of his declining years, for which you will inherit a reward. My dear brother, may we meet again; but how, when, or where, Heaven only knows.

"Very truly, ARABELLA."

What could I infer from the above letter? Might I not have been accepted had not my

timidity prevented me from proposing? How I cursed my fate, and how I clung to that diamond brooch which was enclosed in the letter as a "token of affection." Henceforth all women-kind were alike to me. I shrunk into my bachelorship, lived with Mr. Mixter till he died, buried him, and went abroad.

I had wandered for nearly six months in the old countries, and finally secured my winter lodgings in Florence. From my room, I often saw an emaciated man, and, as I supposed, his daughter supporting his tottering steps.

"They are Americans," said my fellow lodger.

"What name?" inquired I, somewhat eagerly.

"Belmont, I think," replied my friend.

The next week I might have been seen supporting Arthur Belmont, but it was the last week of his existence.

Heaven shapes our destiny. I know it does, or I never should have been permitted the second time to participate in the second grief of Mrs. Belmont's widowhood. And now I indeed acted the part of a brother, and was it not a delightful shield, as a brother, to bestow such loving and affectionate regard? We were saved the miserable gossip of American society, which would have surmised that we were too early interested in each other. I knew my position, and was respectful, tender and solicitous.

For weeks I made no proposition, and yet Mrs. Belmont and myself had intuitive perceptions of regard for each other, which a varied life and curious coincidences had revealed. Indeed, we never talked the silly speeches with which an ardent passion sometimes vents itself. We were calm, devoted, and sincerely attached to each other, and when we approached the hymeneal altar in distant Italy, we covenanted to lead no selfish lives, but, acknowledging that watchful Providence which had so strangely mingled our destinies at last, we would by worthy examples encourage those who in humble stations sought to preserve unblemished characters, feeling that all employment becomes ennobling, when dignified by manly worth, and that an unblemished reputation is the surest passport to an eligible marriage connection.

**INFANTRY.**—The term "infantry" is said to be derived from an event in Spanish history. An Infanta of Spain having assembled a body of troops, and marched to the aid of her father, by their aid defeated the Moors; the foot soldiers were in consequence held in greater estimation than before, and were distinguished by the name of the person who had thus led them on to victory.

## SLAVERY IN JAVA.

Recently we were witnesses to a touching scene. In the market-place of Grisee, a slave family, consisting of father, mother, and eight children, from three to fourteen years of age, were to be publicly and unreservedly sold at auction. They had been the property of a deceased Dutch widow lady, who had always treated them with the greatest kindness; thus they were deeply grieved at being obliged to pass into the hands of a new master, and they gave expression to their great affliction by tears and sobs. The public crier put them up at 6000 florins. Though a crowd of people had assembled, they kept a profound silence. The crier gradually lowered his price to 2000 florins, but none would buy. Then the father of this slave family, availing himself of the privilege granted by law to slaves put up for sale at a public auction, offered himself five florins, and, at the same time, throwing himself on his knees, he besought the spectators not to make a higher bid. Not a word was spoken; a silence of a few moments ensued, and the entire family was adjudged to have been unreservedly sold to itself. It would be difficult to describe the joy experienced by these slaves, on hearing the fall of the hammer which thus gave them their liberty, and this joy was further augmented by the presents given them by numbers of the spectators, in order that they might be able to obtain a subsistence until such time as they could procure employment. These are the acts of a noble generosity that deserve to be remembered, and which, at the same time, testify that the inhabitants of Java begin to abhor the crying injustice of slavery, and are willing to entertain measures for its abolition.—*Letter from Sourabaya.*

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

This most popular song was written by Samuel P. Woodworth, while yet he was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham Streets. Near by, in Frankfort Street, was a drinking shop, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draughts of pure, fresh spring-water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The teardrop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true," he replied, and shortly afterwards quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

How often laws have created the evil, which they are afterwards supported to check!

## MY HEART IS IN THAT AIDEN.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

To a little fairy dell,  
Near a brooklet sparkling,  
Where the cooling shadows fall,  
Mimic forests darkling—  
And the flowerets trail and fair,  
With their sweets had laden  
Gentle zephyrs floating there,  
In that lovely Aiden;  
Chanced my weary feet to stray,  
From the sun's fierce gleaming,  
And the swift hours sped away,  
In a peaceful dreaming.

O'er my heart there came a spell,  
Like some tuneful measure,  
Creeping to each secret cell,  
With a mystic pleasure.  
And I wandered at its touch,  
To a hidden bower,  
Whence there came, my soul knew, such  
A magnetic power.  
But with sighs I turned away  
From a sleeping maiden,  
And my heart has, from that day,  
Never left that Aiden.

## THE RED-BIRD:

— OR, —

## THE WRECK OF SPECTRE-CLIFF.

BY FRANK WORTHINGTON.

ON the northwest coast of England, near the Scottish line, below Carlisle, there lies a long stretch of rocks and reefs—several miles in extent—which is but little known, and seldom visited, except land-wise. The homeward-bound vessels from the north or west, “steer wide” of this forbidding location, and the weather-bound craft that is found there in a storm, enjoys small chance of escape from destruction, save by the most fortunate and experienced management.

During the latter part of November, in the year 1819, a terrific storm had set in, which lasted for several days after its commencement, and during which, more than thirty vessels, large and small, had found their watery graves along this terrible range of crags.

Along this line, at wide intervals, and at some distance inland from the extreme shore, may be seen a few humble fishermen's cots, occupied by hardy and adventurous Englishmen, who live by means of tilling the hard land, in part, and in taking fish, at times, in the appropriate season. Some of these men are owners of the small craft employed upon these waters, and others are wreckers, self-made “pilots,” and supernu-

meraries, who find occupation, now and then, on land or sea, as their services may be in demand, but whose subsistence there, at best, is precarious.

Among the ragged cliffs that line this rough ocean-edge, there is one more towering than the rest, which looms up against the sky like a huge iceberg, conical in shape, with a shattered peak, around which the lightning plays, occasionally, amidst the storm, but which still withstands the fury of the elements, and remains as it has for scores and hundreds of years, probably, the same unaltered, ghost-like spire, among its fellows. This part of the reef is called “Spectre-Cliff,” and there is a legend about that single peak that is common among the superstitious residents of the vicinity.

It is affirmed by the older inhabitants there, and the story is thoroughly believed by the younger portion of the poor people in that ilk, that upon a certain fearfully stormy night in mid-winter, many long years ago, a splendid ship, richly laden, and commanded by a gallant captain, was bound to Liverpool, from the north; and coming down across the head of the Irish Channel, she took the gale from the southwest-ward, which drove her towards this coast. In the midst of the furious blow, the wreckers suddenly beheld the noble ship, under bare poles, laboring on towards this fatal reef, evidently beyond the control of those who had charge of her. On she came—on, on! She was doomed! The shrieks of the passengers and crew could be heard, borne to the shore on the raving wind, but no aid could be afforded the perilled sufferers. As the gallant craft neared the rocks, the stalwart form of the intrepid captain was seen, and his thundering voice, as he strove to give the last orders he ever uttered, could also be plainly distinguished above the roar of the elements. The figure of the commander of the ship was very tall, and he appeared, to the anxious eyes of the shore-people, a monster in proportions, as he yelled, and chafed, and cursed his evidently approaching fate! The vessel struck! Her masts were snapped out of her like reeds! She heeled, and rolled, and struggled for a moment in the boiling, tumbling surge, and the yawning gulf that Fate had prepared for her opened, and she sunk forever, with captain, freight and passengers! The great ship's stern was found the next spring, embedded between two huge boulders that opened close to the base of this singularly tall promontory, and the spire that mounted thence straight upward towards the sky, some two hundred feet, had never seemed so prominent before, to



the eyes of the lookers on. They declared that it had grown up there since the wreck, and became the petrified representation of the gallant form of the lost captain of that ship! Such was the legend, and they called it *Spectre-Cliff*!

On such a day as this, in the midst of one of those terrible storms that the shore-people were accustomed to experience, a fine new barque from the westward, bound to England, with a valuable freight and some two hundred passengers and crew, approached this very reef, having been driven off her course three or four days previously, and drifting northward, took the most violent part of the gale towards nightfall, while within sixty miles of the barren coast referred to.

It was the *Red Bird*, of New Castle. For eight and forty hours she lay to in this hurricane, drifting and pitching and laboring, but no abatement occurred in the awful violence of the storm. No food could be cooked, and the passengers had been serving lustily at the pumps, relieving the crew and each other, in squads, an hour at a time, under the direction of her brave and faithful officers, for nearly two long weary days. And now as morning broke again, while the fury of the gale in no wise abated, the awfully ragged shore was in sight, towards which the *Red Bird* and her troubled crew were being borne, with frightfully certain rapidity!

In vain did the hardy captain shout and stamp the deck, as his crew and her perilled passengers deserted the pumps. Vainly did he beseech them to care thus for themselves and for each other. The bark was aleak—she was filling up—already five feet of water lay in her hold! All his endeavors to control his vessel or his crew were unavailing; and with a deep muttered malediction upon the heads of those who should have stood by and obeyed his orders to the last moment of time, amidst those fearfully threatening circumstances—he threw up the wheel, which he had grasped with the two chief men of the larboard watch, a little time before, and rushed in seeming madness to the door of the principal cabin, leaving the rest to take care of themselves (since they would not heed his directions), and look after their own fate, as best they might.

"Quick, Marston!" he shouted at the companion way, "quick! for your life!"

And at this summons there tumbled up the steps a score of passengers, men and women, of whom he took no notice, except to advise them "to the boats—to the boats!" while he still cried "Marston—Marston!" when a fine looking, but rather feebly-moving old gentleman made his

appearance, whose fair skin and silvery shock of long hair showed that he had not been used to this sort of rough business, reached the deck, and was instantly grasped in the stout arms of the still determined and really brave commander, who had been deserted by his crew and passengers at a moment when everything—vessel, cargo, life, all were at stake.

The gale continued in all its fierceness, the seas rolled heavily in shore, and the spray leaped high over the rocks, as wave after wave hurried on, to dash itself upon the flinty and frightful barrier it met. An hour after daylight, full fifty men could be seen, hurrying to and fro, along the tops of the cliffs. The doomed bark had been discovered, and the rude fishermen and wreckers—some for natural sympathy for their perilled fellow-beings, and others prompted by the hope of pecuniary gain—fitted about the tops of the rocks, as near to the verge of the hissing gulf beneath as they dared to venture, with ropes and buoys and small spars, which they had brought to throw over among the breakers when the *Red Bird* should strike, as they plainly saw she must.

"There's no hope for her, Charlie," ventured one of the foremost of the crowd, as he bent a stout rope around a huge buoy he had dragged down from the nearest hut.

"Not a shade, Tom. Can you see anything?"

"No—except that she is drifting, broadside on, mostly."

"Try the glass again."

"It's of no use, I tell you, and we'd a deal better spend our time in getting the floats ready. The spray and the sleet together prevent your seeing anything, I tell you, any way."

"Give me the glass, a moment," continued the other. "God!" he shouted. "Look, Tom, she's abreast of *Spectre-Cliff*, already. See how she comes down on the tops of the waves! The foremast is gone—isn't it a barque?"

"I think so," replied Tom.

"There, her foremast is gone, certain. Now—now—but I can't see anything now."

"So I told you."

"Now I see her. Lord! Lord! They're tumbling over—into the boats—into the surge—and the vessel is tossed about like an egg-shell!" Then laying down the glass, he went to work earnestly once more with the rest.

Every soul who attempted to leave the barque in the small boats was lost—the frail shells having been stove at the *Red Bird's* side, or swamped in a moment after they were filled with their huddling, shrieking, living freights. But the

captain clung faithfully to the white-haired old man, supporting him firmly, as he grasped the rigging with his muscular hand.

"Leave me, Albert, leave me," said the old man, faintly, and exhausted with the harsh exercise he had been subjected to. "Leave me, and aid the others."

"I can assist but one," said the captain, "and I will save you or die with you!"

An awful crash immediately followed this promise, and the Red Bird heeled heavily toward the shore, as a monstrous wave lifted her high above the sunken rocks, and then parting, stove her over the outer reef! Another wave succeeded this, and quickly, then another, and the Red Bird was dashed in pieces, within a hundred feet of Spectre Cliff!

"Over with the buoys! Down with the floats, now!" screamed Tom, the wrecker. "She's gone! Look to the lines and spars, there, lively, now—some of 'em may be saved, perhaps. Where are you, Charlie? Quick, this way! Give us the corks and the small lines, there. See, see, you! Isn't there a man and woman struggling below?"

"Ay, ay! I see them! No—it is two men."

"Cheer-ho! cheer-ho!" shouted Tom, lustily, to the two objects of their immediate solicitude. "Now, Charlie, away with it! That's it. Once more—slack out, slack out! He sees it—cheer-ho! Now—haul in! Haul in, Charlie—we've got 'em! Got 'em safe—haul in! Cheer-ho! Now, take care! Up with them—heave, heave-ho!" and the hands of half a score of sturdy men grasped the nearly lifeless bodies of the two sufferers, who were locked in each other's arms, while the youngest of the twain continued still to grasp with one hand the float which had saved them. They were the captain of the Red Bird and the old man, Marston, whom he had clung to, from the moment he reached the deck.

Not another soul was saved from the wreck. The Red Bird was never seen from the moment she finally rolled over the reef, having been dashed to pieces, while the ruins of the beautiful barque and her cargo were scattered far and wide upon the turbulent and riotous billows.

In the town of Leeds, Yorkshire County, England, there resided at this time a family who were highly respected, and who deserved the position that for a long period had been accorded them by all who had the honor of their acquaintance. The name of this family was Elworth. They had enjoyed a high reputation for integrity and probity, and the business character of the

elder male members had come to be proverbially noted.

The two eldest brothers of the Elworth family had been engaged in the shipping interests of New Castle and Leeds for many years, in company with their senior partner, Oliver Marston, to whom the Elworths were largely indebted, originally, for their capital in trade. The senior member of the concern had been absent from home for some months, and his partners were now anxiously looking for his return, when they suddenly learned that the *Red Bird*, one of their vessels, in which they supposed Mr. Marston to be a passenger, had gone ashore on the west coast of England, and was a total loss.

The deepest pain and anxiety were caused by this imperfect announcement, and it was some three or four days before the friends of Marston could learn any further details of the disaster, the location of the accident being out of the way, and indefinitely described by those who brought in the first information of the wreck. And thus the family relations, as well as the junior partners of the old gentleman, were at a loss to know what had been his fate, though they feared for the worst.

In the meantime, the captain of the Red Bird and old Mr. Marston had been rescued by the wreckers, when they had given up all hope of reaching the shore alive. But Mr. Marston was entirely unconscious of what was going on, having been so effectually chilled that life seemed extinct when he was raised upon the shore. The captain was more fortunate, however; and as soon as he could obtain a little rough exercise upon terra firma, his natural ruggedness was restored, and he instantly went to work upon old Mr. Marston, in the hope of resuscitating him, if possible. After a few minutes, his friend was joyed to observe a motion in the stiffened limbs of his aged passenger, and he directed him to be removed forthwith to the cot of a fisherman hard by, where he was finally restored entirely to consciousness.

"Ah, Albert! You here?" exclaimed the old man, blandly, as he first looked around him. "It's dreadful cold, Albert—are we safe, safe?"

"Yes, sir—thank God and our active friends here, we are saved."

"All saved, Albert—all?" repeated the old gentleman, sympathetically.

"I know nothing of the rest, and fear that we two are alone," responded the captain.

A sigh fell from Mr. Marston's lips at this intelligence, but he was a strong-minded man, and quickly rallied.

"Can we do nothing, gentlemen," he asked,

"for those who are not here? the unfortunate beings who were with us on board the vessel? I beseech you, let no efforts be spared, no exertions that money can command be lacking, to save any who perchance may find their way to or near the shore."

Mr. Marston was assured that every effort and care would be given to the remaining sufferers, if any appeared, and he finally became calm and resigned to the catastrophe, though the final announcement of the result nearly overpowered him.

Not a vestige of the wreck came ashore. Three or four bodies were found, a few days afterwards, among the rocks, and the master and his aged friend were the only two beings on board who outlived that fatal scene.

Besides the mourners for the supposed fate of Mr. Marston, a thousand other hearts were aching at the loss of friends and relatives who chanced to be on board the Red Bird; and when the startling news came to hand with some final show of accuracy, the people of Leeds and New Castle and Liverpool, especially, were in consternation at the sad and fearful intelligence. Among the rest, the chiefest of mourners was seen in the almost broken-hearted young wife of Captain Albert Lisle, whose family resided at the little village of Wheaton, below Carlisle, and who awaited with intense anxiety the future developments that would result, as soon as sufficient time could elapse to ascertain full particulars. During the fortnight succeeding this awful storm, no less than thirteen ships and bargues, and as many smaller craft, were found to have been driven ashore upon that fatal coast, amid the storm described, and hundreds of lives, with millions of marine property and freight, had been sacrificed amid the fury of the elements on that occasion.

No leisure or opportunity had yet been afforded the two survivors of the Red Bird's wreck to communicate with their friends, to relieve their anxiety and fears, as Captain Lisle had been fully occupied with nursing and watching with his old friend, Mr. Marston, and there was no readily accessible means for mailing letters in the remote spot where they were compelled temporarily to tarry; while Marston was too much exhausted to do anything personally for some hours after their rescue.

On the second morning after the accident, however, the old gentleman arose from his little bed quite refreshed, and declared that he was himself again.

"We should hasten forward, captain," he said, "as rapidly as possible now, and report our-

selves. The first imperfect announcement of the loss of the Red Bird will have preceded us, undoubtedly, and our families and friends will be troubled until we can happily show ourselves at home, unharmed. I trust, Albert, you find yourself personally uninjured?"

"Never better, sir, in my life," responded the unfortunate commander. "But my beautiful bark, and her crew and passengers, sir—this is an awful loss!"

"I see it, Albert, and no one can feel this blow more keenly than myself. The barque can be replaced, and the cargo is insured; but life cannot be restored, the widows and orphans that have been made by this terrible calamity, the hearthstones that are thus made desolate, will cause a world of woe to follow upon this shocking and fatal occurrence. Thank God that we have been singled out, in his overruling goodness, for escape from present death. And when we shall reach our homes again, Albert, we will take early measures to ascertain who has been lost from among us, and as far as may be, we will aim to assuage the wounds now inflicted. Let me say in one word here, that you have done all that a man could do, amidst this peril. I regret that your advice was not finally followed on shipboard by your crew; but the event could scarcely have been different. It was the Red Bird's fate, and we may not murmur when He chastises."

Together, Mr. Marston and the captain started for home at once; and the joy of the families and friends of the two more fortunate companions of the late voyage, upon their subsequent and sudden appearance among them, was intense in the extreme. Nothing satisfactory could be learned until the arrival of these two persons; and the feelings of those who took an interest in Marston and the commander had been fearfully tried, amid the suspense that succeeded the Red Bird's loss. The joy of the young wife, and the happiness of the Elworths was great, at last, however—and while they condoled with the bereaved who had thus lost their protector or friends, they had cause for heartfelt thankfulness that their own had been providentially spared to them.

Mr. Marston had had the opportunity personally to be a witness of the skill and merits of the man who had been in the service of his firm as a ship-master; he had seen how deeply he was indebted to his courage and energy in saving him from destruction, and he was not the man to forget the accomplished sailor, after the peril was over.

A splendid new ship was immediately pur-

chased by Mr. Marston, whose wealth was great, and he caused it to be christened the "Rescue," in honor of the gallant conduct of his noble friend, Captain Lisle, who was forthwith admitted a partner in the firm of Elworths & Co., upon an equal footing with the two brothers, of whose fortunes old Marston had already been the chief founder.

Mr. Marston lived several years afterwards to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his three friends accumulate money rapidly, and when he finally retired from business, he placed Captain Lisle in the position he vacated. The new firm continued to be prosperous, and from the fearful night when the Red Bird was dashed upon Spectre-Cliff, in all his voyages and wanderings, the noble-hearted Captain Lisle was never again so unfortunate as to experience any serious accident. He finally retired from his profession altogether, and in the midst of plenty and ease, continued to enjoy life, surrounded by friends, and highly esteemed for his uniform kindness, liberality and uprightness.

#### THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The following anecdote is related by Audubon, the celebrated traveller and ornithologist: "A man who was once a pirate assured me, that several times, whilst at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy notes of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the holiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through those plaintive notes and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a hasty visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be the noblest work of God—an honest man. His escape was effected amid difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him comparable with the danger of living in violation of human and divine laws; and he now lives in peace in the midst of his friends."

**SECRETS OF COMFORT.**—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

#### THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the authority of an emperor, said:

"Sir, I am a corporal."

"You are not, though, are you?" said the officer. "I was not aware of it," and taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority:

"Mr. Corporal Commander," he said, "when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck—for it was  
WASHINGTON!—*Revolutionary Anecdotes.*

#### ECONOMY.

"A slight knowledge of human nature will show," says Mr. Colquhoun, "that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little further." Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made. Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the laboring poor, declared that he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the parish. And he adds, moreover, "those individuals who save money are better workmen; if they do not do the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred men who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money, their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society." It is scarcely necessary to remark, that habits of thoughtfulness and frugality are at all times of immense importance.—*Widesspin's Early Discipline.*

**DELAYS.**—Inexperienced persons think when great plans only stand still, they must be going backwards. The truth is, however, that wise men are never in a hurry to force events. They know that patience works more wonders than activity.

## THE MOSS ROSEBUD.

BY MARIA GILBERT.

"DUM SPIRO, SPERO," was the exclamation of a young man, as he descended the steps of a pleasant house in one of our Southern cities, and with a lightened heart bent himself toward his place of business. He had been striving to conciliate where cause for offence from himself had never been given. "For," thought he, "she is unfortunate in this particular, only a little jealous now and then, which goes to prove her love for me, and if her trials are imaginary, mine, the result of them, shall be transitory, for what were life to me without Mary."

Scarcely had he thought thus, when a little flower-girl met his view, holding forth for sale a bunch of rich exotics, in which, with the heliotrope and japonica, were bound, side by side, two beautiful moss rosebuds, tempting the young moralizer to purchase at once. Arthur V. gave his address to the little girl, charging her to ask the lady with whom he was a boarder to preserve carefully the flowers until his return, and continuing his route, he congratulated himself as he thought of the pleasure his gift would afford the beloved one; for Mary loved flowers, and those buds were beautiful and rare. A few minutes after young V. had passed into another street, the person of fair Mary met in her daily ramble the girl with the flowers. Attracted by the uncommon beauty of the buds, Mary learned from the bearer the destination, which she rightly judged was, in the end, for her own enjoyment.

During this bright June morning, a merry, light-hearted, teasing girl set out on her tour for pleasure, and turning a corner, she espied on the ground a moss rosebud,—twin to the one in the purchased bouquet, and carelessly dropped by the flower-girl,—which she placed in her bosom, then took her course to the house of her cousin Mary, the betrothed of Arthur V., designing to chat a while with her, after she had spent an hour with a friend on the way. Meanwhile, young Arthur hastened with a lover's earnestness to present his floral offering in person, where it was only equalled by the bloom and freshness of her to whom he had devoted his best gifts of a true and ardent spirit, a loving and faithful heart.

While admiring the fragrance of his bouquet, Mary suddenly exclaimed, "But where is the other bud?"

That there had been more than one was a fact which had escaped his notice, and while the lady frankly told him of her previous admiring scru-

tiny, he as frankly assured her that he had presented his gift entire, as he found it. That there were two buds on the bouquet a short time before, Mary was right in asserting; that she saw but one then, was an incontestable truth, and the only dark impulse in Mary's bosom rose up to doubt. This was the spot that, like the heel of Achilles, was destined to receive the arrow which poisoned all her peace. To doubt. So with this feeling smarting in her heart, concealed by a smiling lip, she parted with her friend, whose engagements prevented a protracted stay.

It was nothing wonderful that Rachel should wear a rosebud in her bosom, or that, on being questioned during her call on her cousin, she should decline satisfying a curiosity as to whence it came.

It was natural for Mary to doubt herself, and for that reason her faith in others was weak. It was from mirthfulness alone that Rachel concealed the truth of having found the bud, and without dreaming how deeply her words stung the ear that received them, she left her cousin impressed with the belief that Arthur had deceived, and Rachel had triumphed. It was in vain Mary reasoned with herself. The token of regard so plainly worn by Rachel was enough to satisfy even a mind less suspecting than her own, so when Arthur V. made his next visit, he found the following note awaiting him:

"Unwilling to share your gifts with another, or to accept a divided heart, and feeling myself to be more arbitrary in my requirements than can possibly coincide with your *honor and truth*, I write to release you from an engagement that will leave one of us free, and the other, I trust, happy."

Springing from his seat like one pierced through the heart, he left the house forever, and engaging a situation as supercargo on board an India ship, embarked for an indefinite length of time, after leaving a note as follows for his unjust, though still loved and never forgotten Mary.

"What is he to Hecuba?" nothing,—an unsightly excrescence to be shaken off. Farewell, my dearest Mary. Peace and happiness attend you. I will not thrust myself upon your attention, will not weary you with my presence. Thank you, gentle one, for *past* favors; for beguiling many a weary hour,—for that benevolence that prompted so great a sacrifice for one who now feels that he had no place in your heart, and can therefore better appreciate your kindness in yielding him your grace and countenance, purely for his own good. May he on whom you

next condescend to smile be more worthy of you, more like you, and better able to make you an adequate return for all you give. Many there are, whose endowments will commend them to your respect and love,—who, having gained, will be able to retain their place in your affection. May it be yours to find such friends. Think sometimes, will you not, of the ruptured tie? When new ones cluster around you, think of him who gave *his all*, and had no more that he could give,—whose offering was rejected."

It was said by those who knew him, that Mr. V. would return at the end of the year; but twenty years rolled by, and with them came no news from her lover to Mary, nor did they give any outward signs of relenting; but Time, as he brought his annual offerings for the acceptance of his child—each season a thread of silver for her hair, or a richer experience in the discipline of life—Time always found her single, true to him.

Twenty years—it was a long while to remember, but Mary was just seventeen at the time of her engagement, and she was one of those whose heart never grows old.

Late in a gloomy autumn, while the husband-man was feeling that, while he wiped his brow at the gathering in of his harvest, he was being baptized and purified in the approval of his Master's smile for his industry and toil, while an Indian summer proclaimed itself more beautiful than its predecessor and the spring beside, our single sister Mary found herself seated one day at the end of a long table, at dinner with several friends, who had requested her to accompany them to I—— Hall, a fashionable resort for strangers of leisure, and where, at the opposite end, sat a group of dark complexioned gentlemen, merrily engaged in discussing some point of great interest.

"And what kept you single so long?" said one, with his untasted glass upraised, as he addressed his *vis-a-vis*, the face of whom Mary did not see.

"Me?" was the reply, in a voice that went to the ear of Mary through that long hall with a cadence never forgotten, now melting into her heart, "Me? why a rosebud made me a bachelor."

"Then let us drink to the rosebud," said his questioner; and reaching forward to fill his glass, the eyes of Arthur V. rested on those of Mary, who had sat almost paralyzed by that voice she had never thought to hear again.

It is needless to attempt describing the meeting, which was soon followed by marriage.

#### THE VINTAGE IN HUNGARY.

At length the anxiously looked for day arrives, and long before dawn, a general emigration from the town takes place. Vehicles of every description, laden with vats, casks and noisy children, jolt over the rough stone pavements, their rattle informing us that the campaign against the myriads of elfin spirits in every bunch of grapes has commenced. The houses one and all send forth their fall contingent, armed with baskets and provisions to swell the number of combatants. At sunrise, an endless caravan, loud with laughing voices, overflows the mountains, leaving a wave of the mighty tide at every opening in the hedges; the remainder dashing on and on, till at last hill and dale are deluged with busy collectors. The divers streams receive a considerable afflux from the mountaineers, who, owing to their elevated position, have no vine gardens of their own, and at this juncture, all the women and girls pour down to offer their labor for a few pence daily and their food. Wrapped from head to foot in a large white sheet, they form a striking contrast to the towns people dressed in their gaudy-colored apparel. In this way the vintage is heralded in, the sky spreading bright and blue over the rich hilly landscape that reverberates with the merry sounds of the vintagers; a tinge of the first breath of autumn adding new charms to the luxurious and picturesque scenery. The moment a party enters a vineyard, there is a general rush upon the grapes, amidst shouts and huzzas, and the luscious fruit, peeping in dark blue clusters from out the indented leaves, is culled with childish glee and excitement. And not until a fair quantity has been consumed does the joyous task really commence. Grape picking is the especial business of the women and children, who cut off the bunches with a knife, collecting them in wooden vessels, and laying aside the finest for winter use. A number of men are employed in carrying the grapes in huts to a vat near to the hut, where other men are engaged in bruising them with prenged poles, and loading the wagons with the mash to be carried off to the pressing houses. Wandering gipsy musicians tarry round the vintagers, rendering the scene still more animated by their lively performance. They are plentifully rewarded with grapes, which their wives and children gather in their baskets. Neither do the beggars neglect the favorable opportunity, being well aware that men are in general inclined to be charitable when surrounded by plenty; and accordingly take up their position where the several roads meet, and chant in plaintive accents some holy song to awaken sympathy in the hearts of the passers by. The stranger strolling over the mountains during this protracted festival, will be invited to enter the vineyards, and partake of the aromatic muscadine or the high-flavored rosebud grape; or if it is noon, to join in the dinner of the vintagers, spread upon the grass in goodly dishes, containing mutton boiled in millet, and roasted pork with *Sour Kraut*. At nightfall the mountains glow with countless bonfires and sky-rockets, and various fire-works sparkle and explode in company with the boisterous jokes of the groups encamped around the blazing fires. Thus the night is spent.—*Gleanings from Europe.*

## BRUNET ST. DENIS:

—OR,—

## TWELVE ROBBERS FOR ONE WIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

BERNARD VENDEL lived in the *Rue Vivienne*. He was a commissary of police in the *Quartier Palais Royale*, of the second *arrondissement*. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about fifty years of age, bold as a lion, and very quick and shrewd. He had been connected with the police of Paris for many years, and somehow he had managed to scrape together quite a fortune. M. Bernard Vendel, as a commissary, was very much respected—few men in Paris were more so.

The commissary had a daughter, named Louise, and people who knew her said she was one of the prettiest girls in the city. She was only seventeen, small in frame, plump and rosy with health, cheeks dimpled with good nature, and a smile almost continually playing around her lips and sparkling eyes. To M. Vendel, this daughter was the light and joy of his house. And there were other people who set a great deal by her, too; and this latter circumstance sometimes gave the commissary great uneasiness.

At the end of the *Rue Vivienne*, close by the Bourse, lived a young butcher named Brunet St. Denis. He hired a little store close by the street, and there he used to sell some of the nicest bits of meat to be found in the great city. Brunet had just entered upon his one-and-twentieth year, and this was his first essay at doing business for himself; and he did much better than he had even hoped. The distance to the young butcher's was so short that Louise used often to run up there after meat for dinner, and at length she became so well acquainted with Brunet's good qualities that she used to stop and talk with him a while.

The commissary at length noticed that he had meat now very much oftener than he used to have it, and he asked Louise why she had left off having fish. She told him the butcher's was so much nearer! But he was satisfied.

One day when Louise remained longer to talk with the butcher than she ought to have done, there came up a smart shower and caught her in the young man's shop. How was she to get home? She could take the *favorite*. But that would not be along for half an hour. St. Denis had an umbrella, but it was a large one, and the wind blew. It was now after two o'clock. What should she do? Brunet left the boy in charge of the place, and told Louise to go with him. He did not ask her, or she might have

refused. He simply stepped upon the pavement, opened the great umbrella, and bade the pretty girl "come." She obeyed him, and he escorted her home, laughing and chatting on the way.

At length Louise stopped going to the butcher's, and Brunet found himself very much lost at first, and finally he felt very unhappy. He found that he loved the pretty daughter of the commissary. She still bought her meat of him, but she sent the servant for it. Brunet was a bold fellow, especially when he knew he was right, and he determined to go and see Louise; so one evening, after he had closed his stall, he went to M. Vendel's house, and it happened that the commissary was out. The young man asked to see Mademoiselle Vendel, and he was ushered into the front room. When he was left there alone, and while waiting for Louise, he began to wish he had not come. The show of wealth about him made him feel out of his element; and now, too, he began seriously to think of the thing he had undertaken. He just now remembered that Louise had a father—that said father was a man of influence, and a man of wealth. He wished he had not come, for surely he should only make a fool of himself. "Why should I have let my foolishness run away with me so?" he uttered to himself. "Why, in the name of reason, didn't I stop to think?"

But before he could fairly make up his mind to run away without being seen, the door opened, and Louise entered. She started upon beholding St. Denis, and the color forsook her cheeks.

"There," whispered the butcher, to himself, "I knew it. See, the very sight of me has frightened her."

"Monsieur," uttered the maiden, "the servant said you wished to see me."

"Ah—yes. I did call for you—ahem. I did come to—to—see you."

"To what do I owe the honor?" she asked, still standing in the middle of the floor.

Poor Brunet was posed now. He called him self all the hard names he could think of, for having allowed himself to get caught in such a foolish trap. But his ingenuous nature came to his assistance. He knew that Louise was a good, true-hearted girl, and that she would not trample upon him when she knew the truth. So he resolved to speak plainly—tell the whole truth—and then ask her to forgive him, and thus honorably quit the field.

"Mademoiselle Vendel," he said, in a low, tremulous tone, but gaining calmness as he went on, "I am going to tell you the whole truth, and I know you will forgive me. You used to come up to my stall and laugh and talk with me, and

I was charmed. You were the first maiden I had ever become acquainted with who could reach down into my heart. I became so at length that I was anxious for your coming, and your face at my door was like the sun to the benighted traveller. At length you stopped coming, and I was unhappy. That was three weeks ago. To-night I determined to come and see you, but I didn't realize what a fool I was making of myself till I got here and was ushered into the room. I was blind. I forgot that M. Vendel was the commissary, and that I was only a poor butcher, just trying to lift my head among men. Of course you'll forgive me; and I won't trouble you again."

St. Denis took his hat as he ceased speaking, and moved towards the door. He was calm now, but not so, Louise. She had become very much agitated.

"Monsieur will stop a moment," she uttered, sinking into a chair.

"Certainly."

And Brunet turned.

"Monsieur will take a chair."

Brunet did not say "certainly" this time, but he did take a chair.

After this there was a long silence; but Louise at length broke it:

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"Have I not told you?"

"No."

Brunet reflected a moment, and he remembered that she was right.

"You will not laugh at me," he said.

"No."

"Then, when I found that you did not come any more to my stall, I knew that I loved you, and I feared that I had given offence in some way; so I determined to come to night to see you."

"You never offended me, monsieur."

"Then I am very thankful."

"Never," repeated Louise.

"But why did you leave off coming to trade with me?"

"I did not stop trading with you."

"I know; but why did you not come yourself?"

"Because (Louise had grown quite calm now, and a rich color had come to her face) I thought you might have some maiden among your acquaintance you were going to make your wife."

"And—and—why should that make any difference?"

"Would you have come here to-night if you had thought I was going to be married to some one else?"

"Surely not," uttered Brunet, with a start. "But you do not mean that—that—my marrying would have made any difference to you?"

"Yes."

"But could you love me?"

"Yes."

"And do love me now?"

"Yes."

St. Denis started to his feet, and then sank back again. He gazed a moment into Louise's sweet face, and then he burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" whispered the maiden.

"Because I cannot help it. I am very happy."

For over an hour the two young lovers sat there and talked, and Louise explained all about how she had loved the youthful butcher, and how, when she had found out the truth, she had feared to trust herself near him any more. All this pleased Brunet very much, and it was not until an hour had passed away that he spoke of the commissary.

"But your father?" he said, in a lower tone, and with some doubt; "what will he say to all this?"

"I don't know," returned Louise, in a dubious tone. "After you get a little further up in business, and have some money laid away, you can speak with him."

"I will."

So that was settled. Upon that point they were both willing to procrastinate.

All Paris was in excitement. I mean all that part that can be thrown into excitement by such a thing. For some time there had been a succession of the most daring burglaries going on, and now the very house of the prefect of police had been entered and robbed of over a million francs which that official had received for paying out to his various *sous-prefets*. For a month the police had been upon the watch, but not the slightest clue could be found to the robbers. It was known that there must be quite a gang of them, and that at times they must be together; the forty-eight commissaries were called together, and the prefect gave them strict charges about having every part of the city under the strictest surveillance. It was after this—on the very next night—that the prefect's own house was robbed. A reward of five thousand francs was offered by the prefect, and the council of the prefecture offered ten thousand more, for the knowledge that would lead to the apprehension of the villains.

A week more passed away, and ten more houses had been entered. It was astonishing. The police did their utmost, but without effect.



The robbers selected the dwellings of the richest men, and they had already killed nine persons in their course of depredation. If a man, woman or child stood in their way, death was sure to come.

But during all this trouble, Brunet St. Denis was happy. This very affair which gave concern to so many, made happiness for him, for it kept the commissary away from home most of the time. But this state of things was not to last always. One evening M. Vendel came home in a hurry, and he found the young butcher with his daughter.

At first he bowed very politely, for he thought the youth was some one who had called to see him.

"Have you business with me, monsieur?" the commissary asked.

Brunet blushed and stammered, and having cast his eyes towards Louise, he hung down his head. M. Vendel was not blind. His very business made him directly the opposite.

"Perhaps you have not come to see me?" he said, sarcastically.

"I have wished to see monsieur, certainly," stammered Brunet.

"But you came particularly to see monsieur's daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who are you?"

"Brunet St. Denis."

"Ah—I remember. You got a license to open a butcher's stall. Yes, yes—now I see. And Mademoiselle Louise has bought meat of you. So I have had meat every day. Now may I ask you how far this has gone?"

St. Denis was not the man to cringe nor to lie. He saw that the quick-scented commissary smelt the whole game, and he determined to tell the truth at once.

"I love your fair daughter, sir, and I want her for a wife."

"Then why didn't you ask me?"

"Because I was not ready to support a wife as she should be supported. But I am doing well now; my business is increasing, and I shall—"

"That will do, sir. I thank you for your frankness, for it has saved us both a deal of trouble. You need not trouble yourself to come here again."

"But, monsieur—"

"Never mind, now—I am busy. I want to hear no more, and you may be assured I have no explanation to make. You cannot find a wife here; be assured of that."

M. Vendel then turned to his child, and ordered her to leave the room, and when she was

gone he told St. Denis that he, also, was at liberty to retire.

"But if I can become honored—if I can amass wealth. Do not cast me off entirely," urged the youth. "Mine is no idle love—no momentary passion—but it is an affection, deep and abiding, founded upon a knowledge of the girl's virtue and goodness. I will try and be worthy of her, monsieur."

"It's no use," replied the commissary, in a milder tone, but yet with iron firmness. "You cannot have her. I am very busy now."

When Brunet reached the street, he uttered:

"Miserable wretch, you would kill your own child! But I've not done with you yet! By the heavens above me, you shall know what I can do!"

As the youth started to walk on, he felt a hand laid upon his arm, and on turning, he found himself face to face with a tall, stout fellow, whom he had seen pass his stall several times of late, and who had always seemed to look very sharply upon him. And there was another idea flashed upon Brunet's mind. Several times when he had left M. Vendel's house in the evening, he had seen a dusky form move away from the opposite side of the street—and he thought this was the same man.

"Your name is St. Denis, I think?" said the stranger.

"Yes," returned Brunet.

"And you are a butcher?"

"Yes."

"You love the commissary's pretty daughter?"

"Sir!"

"O, I meant no harm. I have seen you go and come when the father was away, and to-night I knew the old man would catch you. He gave you the cold shoulder, didn't he?"

"He did not like my company much, I must confess."

"No—I suppose not. He is a hard old villain, and if I were in your place I would be revenged."

"I will be—I've sworn it!"

Now Brunet did not really mean anything by this further than that he would use every means within his power to become honorably rich; but the stranger took it differently.

"I think you have courage?" he said, after a moment's pause.

"I think no one will deny it who has ever tried me."

Another spell of silence; and at the end thereof, the stranger said:

"You are acquainted with the internal arrangements of the commissary's house?"

Now another idea came flashing upon Brunet's mind, and it came clearly, too, and quickly. He had seen enough of the man's face before him—or rather by his side, now—to know that he was a polished man of some kind—either a great villain, or a shrewd man. Brunet's thoughts ran somewhat after this fashion :

The commissary has a great sum of money in his house ; this man wants to get it ; that's why he asked me if I knew the internal arrangements, and that's why he's been hanging around here. He knows I love the daughter, and now he knows that the father has turned me off ; he thinks I will do anything for revenge ; he thinks I'll help him rob the house. May not this man be one of the gang for whom such rewards have been offered ? Perhaps, if I am shrewd, I may find 'em out ; give 'em up ; get the rewards ; be somebody ; and—marry Louise ! Egad, I'll try.

"I know every nook and corner of it," he said, looking up into his companion's face.

"The commissary has money there, I think ?"

"Not over two million francs."

"Ha ! has he so much ?"

"From one to two million, I am sure."

"If you want revenge, why not take his money ?"

"Wouldn't I take it ?"

"Will you help ?"

"Just try me ?"

A few moments more of silence, during which the stranger ponders deeply.

"Look ye, Brunet St. Denis ; if you really wish to rob the commissary I can put you in a way to do it ; only, of course, you will share with those who help you."

At this moment the speaker took out his handkerchief to wipe his nose, and in doing so he loosened his beard, and Brunet's eyes were quick enough to detect the movement of replacing it. But the youth appeared not to notice it. So there was one point gained—the fellow wore a false beard.

"I should, of course, expect to share with all who helped do the work," answered St. Denis. "But mark me ; I am not going to trust myself in the hands of men who will turn traitors. I must know a man to be true before I trust him."

The stranger smiled, and then said : "You need be under no apprehension on that account. In all probability they will be the most anxious to be assured of your faith."

"Let me find the men who can be true," uttered Brunet, slapping his hands together, "and they shall see what I am made of ! Let me put a dagger to the commissary's heart—and then the man who dared inform should have it next !"

The youth spoke vehemently, and the stranger was evidently satisfied that he would be just the man for helping rob the commissary.

"Now look ye," he said, "this work must be done to-morrow night. At ten o'clock you will go to the place where we shall meet. You will cross the Pont Neuf, keep on up the Rue Dauphin until you come to the Jardinets. Then you will enter the Rue Medici, and on the left hand, about half way of the street, you will find number seventy-nine. Can you remember that ?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Come, then, and you shall have all the revenge you want. But mind—you will not betray us."

"If I do you will have the hold upon me."

"Very well. Good night."

Now Brunet saw from the man's manner and tone that he was to be watched. Of course he knew that such a band of villains would not thus lay their haunt open without some precaution. Brunet had a quick wit, and he thought he understood the matter thoroughly. He went home and went to bed, but he did not go to sleep. He had seen a man following him at some distance, and he knew that he was watched even now.

About two hours past midnight, the young butcher got up and dressed himself. There was a narrow, arched alley leading from the little back yard of the house in which he lived to the Rue de Richelieu. Into this he went, and passing down de Richelieu a short distance, he came to another passage that led to the Rue Vivienne. By this he reached the back part of M. Vendel's house, and having assured himself that he was unobserved, he rapped upon the window. After rapping half a dozen times he aroused a servant, who made her appearance at the upper window, and he told her to inform her master that he was wanted immediately. In a while the commissary came, and after some explanation, Brunet went in.

"Now what is your business," asked Vendel, having conducted his visitor to the drawing-room, "that you take such a time as this for it ?"

"I think I have a clue to the robbers ?" said the young man.

"What !" uttered the commissary, starting as though he had been struck. Do you mean the villains who have been doing so much mischief ?"

"Yes ; and I think that by to-morrow night I can lead the way to them. I feel sure of it."

"By the holy angels !" cried Vendel, "if you can do this you shall be rewarded."

"And suppose I should do it, would not my request for the hand of Mademoiselle Louise be listened to ?"

"Do it first."

"But I want some assurance."

"You have the assurance of fifteen thousand francs."

"But that is nothing. I would rather have the hand of Louise than all the gold in Paris."

"With fifteen thousand francs you will be somebody. Let me see. I'll ask Louise. But mind; on condition—"

"On condition that I lead you to the place of the robbers. I understand. Now listen :—"

And thereupon Brunet went on and related everything that had occurred, describing particularly where he had been directed to go, and also explaining how narrowly he was to be watched.

"But," he added, "I have no idea that I shall find the robbers at the house where I am first to stop. They will be on the watch to see if I come alone, and then, when they think they are safe, they will take me to the real place of meeting, there to concoct the plan for robbing you. Now can you be at the Rue de Medici, so as to keep a watch at number seventy-nine, at ten o'clock on the coming night?"

"Yes."

"Then be there, for the villains can be more easily taken there than when they come here, for part might escape here, and all may not come."

It was finally all arranged, and the commissary promised to do his part of the work, so that no one could suspect his movements. The butcher then went home the same way he had come, and in the morning he went about his business as usual. When he left his house in the morning he saw a man standing on the opposite side of the street, who went away when he had started towards his stall. Several times during the day Brunet saw a tall, well-dressed gentleman standing opposite his shop, watching him. Said person had a smoothly shaved face, but our hero believed him to be his companion of the night before, with his huge beard either in his pocket or at home.

At nine o'clock in the evening Brunet was in his own room preparing for his adventure. He had a pair of double-barrelled pistols, and these he carefully loaded and concealed beneath his vest. Another pair he loaded and carried only beneath his blouse. Then he set out, and just as the bell was tolling the hour of ten he reached the house to which he had been directed. As he passed up the street he noticed several persons who seemed to watch him narrowly, and one old woman had followed him ever since he left the Pont Neuf. He knocked at the door, and it was opened by a miserable old hag of a woman.

"What do ye want here?" she asked, shading the light of a tallow candle which she carried.

"I want to come in."

"But for what?"

"I promised to meet a man here on business."

"What kind of business?"

"It's a private affair."

"Well, come in."

So Brunet followed her into the house, and was conducted to a small, dirty room, where he was left alone for nearly half an hour. At the end of that time the door was opened, and his companion of the evening before entered.

"So you've come, eh?"

"Certainly," replied Brunet.

"I kept you waiting longer than I meant, but our folks were late. Are you armed?"

"Yes. Pistols."

"That won't do. Let me have the pistols, and you shall have a knife. Pistols make too much noise."

"Just as you say," returned Brunet, without hesitation. "But mind, I trust you much when I thus disarm myself." And as he thus spoke he drew the two single-barrelled pistols from beneath blouse and gave them up.

"Now are you ready to lead the way to M. Bernard Vendel's money-chest?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me."

Brunet arose and followed his conductor out into the street, and with quick steps they passed on to the Rue Hautefeuille, down which they turned, and in a few moments they stopped before an old wooden house where the stranger gave three distinct raps upon the door. There came three raps from within. Then the young man's conductor gave three more raps, and at the same time three light kicks with his foot. While this was going on, Brunet saw a woman pass by, carrying a basket of clothes upon her head. She cast her eyes up just as the door was opened, and by the rays of the street lamp, which fell into her face, Brunet recognized the features of M. Vendel. He was sure of it.

In this house the young man was led to a large room upon the second floor, where he found quite a company assembled. There were seven old women, all doubled up with infirmity; four miserable-looking old men, who seemed to have just come from the ruins, and the man who had conducted our hero thither making the twelfth. After the door had been closed and bolted, one of the old women went to the window to assure herself that the shutters were closed. Brunet saw by her movements that she was not only a man, but strong and vigorous.

"Now," said the guide, looking the youth sharply in the face, "I think you have gone thus

far honestly, for you may be assured that you have been watched, and your movements thus far have given us no suspicion. Now the final test is to come. We are going to-night to the house of the commissary, and you must lead the way; and at the first sign of treason you will die. If you help us perform this robbery faithfully we shall doubt you no more, for you will be bound to us then, and we shall have proof of your faithfulness. You will make an armament to our band of *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. We will wait here until midnight, and then start."

"But where are the rest of our party?" asked Brunet, knowing that he saw them about him.

"They will be here in season."

"Hark!" uttered one of the apparent rag-pickers, at the same time exhibiting an activity that did not accord with his appearance.

"What is it?" asked he who had conducted our hero thither.

"I heard a noise at the door below, as though some one were picking a lock."

The guide went down, but in a few moments he returned, and reported all safe. After this he went to a small closet, and brought out some small, stout cord, and a bundle of burglar's tools. These he was arranging, when a noise of a different kind was heard below. It sounded like the creaking of boards under a heavy weight. The old women started to their feet, and so did the decrepid old men; and they all stood erect for an instant, and then, as the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs was plainly heard, they settled back to their assumed debility. On the next moment a hand was laid upon the latch of the door.

"By heavens, you've betrayed us!" hissed the robber, springing towards Brunet.

"How?" answered Brunet, without betraying the slightest trepidation.

"You have—some how."

"You are a fool. How could I do it? It is only some lodger come in."

"There are no lodgers here. We occupy the whole apartment of that one outer door."

"Then go and see who has come. Surely, no one will suspect such a crew as this."

The villain was staggered by Brunet's coolness, and without speaking further, he turned towards the door.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"It's me—Pierre Lafron," answered some one without.

"I don't know any Pierre Lafron."

"But I do," said one of the seeming women.

"He belongs in the *Faubourg St. Denis*. Let him in."

The door was accordingly opened, and on the next instant twenty policemen, in their stocking-feet, rushed into the room. Some of the old women made for the door, and one of them would have passed out had not Brunet pushed her back.

"Take them all!" cried the butcher; "they are all men!"

"Ha! villain!" hissed the robber, who had guided our hero, at the same time raising his knife, "I smelt you before. You've done it well, but you won't live to see the end of it!" he added fiercely.

Brunet had been on his guard, and with a quick movement he darted back and drew one of his remaining pistols.

"Now, my fine fellow, strike!" he cried, as he pointed his pistol, with both hammers cocked, directly in the man's face.

The robber, in his fury, attempted to knock the pistol down, and Brunet fired. The ball struck him in the right eye, and he fell back instantly. In less than five minutes every one of the party was bound and marched off, and when they reached the station they were stripped of their disguises, and the commissary found some old acquaintances among them. On the next day the old house was searched, and in one of the vaults of the cellar were found stores of wealth, most of which was identified.

One of the party confessed that they—twelve of them—had resolved to get a million francs apiece, and then leave the country; and after they had been tried and condemned, the same man, under the influence of a priest, confessed to the murders they had committed.

The robbers were executed, and not long afterwards Brunet St. Denis claimed the hand of his beloved Louise. Of course M. Vendel could now make no objection, so he called his daughter, and as he placed her hand within that of the man she loved, he said:

"There—you gave me twelve robbers, and now I give you the wife. If you are both satisfied, surely I am."

And that they were satisfied they evinced by their joy on the occasion. Brunet not only got the fifteen thousand francs, and one of the best and prettiest wives in Paris, but he was for a while quite a lion, all of which pleased him much, and made him very happy. He is now himself a Commissary of Police, and he makes one of the most efficient officers in Paris.

---

Men reckon the virtues of the heart worth nothing, but idolize the endowments of mind and body.

## MIDNIGHT.

BY HARRY SAWKS.

When comes the calm and solemn midnight hour,  
And through the lattice peeps the mellow moon;  
My youthful soul doth feel a secret power,  
That wakes within a spirit-tune.

The midnight hour—the time for purest thought—  
The hour to wake sweet memories of the past—  
The hour when youth's bright palace-hopes are wrought  
Too high to stand the world's rude blast.

The hour when all within is solitude,  
When most we search the secrets of the soul;  
When most our thoughts are of the pure, the good,  
And angels whisper with their sweet control.

This is the hour when poets love to hold  
Communion with the things of heavenly birth;  
When all their thoughts are free, and uncontrolled  
By the alluring charms of earth.

I love this hour—one blessed hour like this,  
When all have quaffed the dewy drops of sleep,  
Brings to my soul more light, more bliss,  
Than years within their bosoms keep.

## MRS. JOHNSON'S PROPHECY.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

"I give it as my opinion, Mr. Johnson, that our neighbor Maynard wont always have the money he now has to spend foolishly. In times like these nobody knows over what a crater he may be standing, and Mr. Maynard will be the first to feel the crash. That's my opinion. See if my prophecy does not come true."

Mr. Johnson looked over the top of the newspaper he was holding in his hand, and answered rather seriously:

"And for the reason that no one can know his real safety or danger in times of such depression in trade as these, it should make us particularly careful how we breathe suspicions of others. Our neighbor Maynard, to all appearance, stands on much firmer ground to-day than our own firm, for there are many circumstances in his position that will be likely to screen him from those peculiar embarrassments that we, poor dogs, feel seriously."

"But such extravagance," chimed in Mrs. Johnson; "such an outlay of money. I, for one, prophesy a bottom to the purse, and that, too, in a time not far distant."

"Pray, don't speak in that careless way of our neighbor's affairs," replied Mr. Johnson, who was a timid man, and above all things dreaded to hear business affairs talked over by the women. A word of suspicion whispered

now might do a world of harm, and his own footing, as he had hinted, was none too firm. He evidently did not like to hear subjects of this nature discussed anywhere, much less at home; so breathing another caution to his wife, he took his cane and walked briskly off to his place of business.

Mrs. Johnson's prophecy was simply her wish in the matter. This morning she was smarting over a fresh wound inflicted by her neighbor's wife, Mrs. Maynard; and this outburst, and remarkable foresight, was merely an outlet for the pique under which she was suffering. Mrs. Maynard had, the night previous, given another of her elegant entertainments, and Mrs. Johnson had not received a card of invitation. This had happened before, many times each year for the last ten years, but Mrs. Johnson did not get used to the neglect of her old friend, and every recurring season of gaiety at their neighbor's sumptuous home added fuel to the already kindled flame of social jealousy.

Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Maynard had been friends in their earlier days, and were on terms of more than ordinary intimacy. Mrs. Johnson married first, and took her place in society a step or two in advance of her former position. Her husband entered business life under more than usual advantages, for his name was now seen attached to one of the largest and most popular firms in the city. He had little capital to invest, but having done long and faithful service to his employers as salesman, had now the good fortune to be taken in as junior partner of the firm.

The young wife was somewhat elated at this unexpected stroke of good fortune, and not knowing exactly how to bear her new honors gracefully, began by "cutting" all her former friends and associates. Nor did she do this with a dignity that would silence censure, for she childishly paraded her superiority in ways that stamped her at once as wanting in true politeness, to say nothing of womanly feeling and delicacy.

Her old friend and schoolmate married a year later a man in mercantile life, who had commenced in a small, unpretending way. Twenty other young men, like himself, started business on the same street, and many of them with far better prospects of success than James Maynard. Some had capital, others had influential friends, rich relatives, or some social advantage to help them on, while many had nothing but a small credit, and a few shelves of goods at their disposal.

For a few years, competition was the only

rule of trade among the ambitious tradespeople. Every means, honest or dishonest, was brought to bear upon this matter of bread or no bread, of success or failure.

James Maynard had one advantage over his neighbors; he had business talent, and understood human nature in all its various phases, and thus knew how to adapt himself to the community about him to gain their good will and regard. The result was, that Maynard's business increased rapidly. He made friends of everybody; his extreme good nature and pleasing address brought about him people far above him in social position. So, step by step, he ascended that tottling ladder, upon which so many slip, never again to regain a foothold; and many looked on with wonder and jealousy to see him standing erect and firm on the very spot from which they had been hurled by some stroke of unfriendly fortune.

When Mr. and Mrs. Maynard first settled as neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, the latter was in the full tide of her social glory, and did not see fit to notice her more humble acquaintance. She would pass her in the street without a look of recognition, and took every opportunity to display her more elegant style of living to the gaze of her cast-off friend.

We may thus understand with what feelings of mortification and chagrin Mrs. Johnson noticed the rapid ascent of her despised neighbors on that same ladder of wealth and personal distinction upon which all were eagerly scrambling for ascendancy. But in the press and strife for pre-eminence, Mrs. Johnson was forced to stand aside and see her more fortunate acquaintance stepping up before her. Mrs. Maynard, with the bitter remembrance of neglect still rankling in her heart, with the most condescending air, moved gracefully on past her old friend, and soon left her writhing with jealous pangs far in the back ground.

What woman lives in these golden days, when wealth and fine equipage stamp the "nobility," who is so permeated by principle, as to return good for evil in the strife for the highest places in fashion and social distinction? If there are such women, we find them not in the midst of the false glare and superficial splendors of city life. There is a fascination in this scramble for the top-round that urges on more than one woman against her better impulses. Mrs. Johnson and Maynard were by no means model women, but fair specimens of the class of women among whom they moved.

We return to Mrs. Johnson, the morning after the party. Mr. Johnson went to his place of

business, and soon forgot his annoyance at the suspicions of his wife, in his more pressing duties. Mrs. Johnson arrayed herself in her finest outfit, and went out to make calls. She first rung the bell at the house of her intimate friend, Mrs. Jones, living a few doors below her, on the same street. Of course the conversation turned on the brilliant appearance of their neighbor's house the evening previous. Mrs. Johnson, in a very serious, confidential tone, gave Mrs. Jones her private opinion of the affairs of Mr. Maynard, and repeated her prophecy.

Mrs. Jones fully agreed with Mrs. Johnson, and before the ladies parted they had talked themselves into the belief, that Mr. Maynard was living too fast by far for his means; that if his business was investigated, it would be found resting on a hollow foundation; that he now lived simply on the credit of the past years; the slightest breath blowing from an unfavorable direction would upset the whole fabric, and precipitate him into a gulf of poverty, and perhaps dishonesty.

Mrs. Johnson went on with her calls, and Mrs. Jones busied herself in dressing up the story a little more tastefully to present to her husband on his return to dinner. It would be a nice tit-bit of mercantile gossip for him, for Mr. Jones was one of the twenty men who commenced life together on — Street, and he had been by no means as successful as many of his neighbors, and especially had he reason to regret his location near a man of the superior business talents of Mr. Maynard. He, too, was tinged with a breath of the same spirit of jealousy.

Mr. Jones took the report along with him the next day, as he went to his business on — Street. A night's meditation on the subject had not taken off from the fabrication, and when it entered the mart of trade it did ample honor to its originator. It was even a more plausible story than Mrs. Johnson herself could have believed it possible to become.

The morning was dull; nothing doing—nothing whatever. The shopkeepers and clerks were watching up and down the stores, with their hands in their pockets, or standing by the windows, making remarks on the pretty women who passed in their gay bonnets and dresses. Mr. Jones thought he might as well step across the street, and have a friendly chat with Smith, and find out how the world used him, nor did he forget to set the ball in motion in regard to Maynard's affairs.

A week after this, Mr. Maynard, on entering his place of business, found his salesman in the

greatest commotion, and he was somewhat surprised during the day to have presented to him one bill after another—some for three months', others for six and twelve months' service in his employ. Twenty such bills calling for payment was not a very agreeable sight just at that time, but he supposed that the panic of failure that was flying about the city had reached them, and believed it best to settle the bills at whatever inconvenience. Thus he should quiet the fears and restore the confidence of his salesmen. He did so at once.

By-and-by an old money acquaintance dropped in, and he, too, presented a note for settlement of a loan of money of large amount. Mr. Maynard expostulated, and urged that it was impossible in times of such depression in trade to meet these large demands. Nobody could do it—it was folly to talk about it. People must live by accommodating each other, and helping each other to sustain themselves until a change would come and set all right again.

No, no—the man was not inclined to live by any such rule. In fact, he had heard the reports of Mr. Maynard's danger, and hastened to save himself before the final crash.

This state of things continued for many days. Every man had listened to the suspicions set afloat, and was ready to believe the most extravagant statements about his neighbors, and consequently all rushed at once with their small or large demands, clamoring for payment.

The thing could not be done. Not a half dozen men in mercantile life in the city could bear such a test. The greatest excitement prevailed among business people. If Maynard, with his credit and reputed wealth, could not sustain himself, who could? He did not, could not, sustain himself under the then existing circumstances. The crash came, and great was the fall.

In one month from the brilliant entertainment, Mrs. Johnson had the refined pleasure of seeing the shutters of the elegant mansion of her neighbor Maynard closed, and the house vacated, and that same day she read with a peculiar feeling of self-congratulation, the notice of a large sale of bankrupt goods.

"There, Mr. Johnson, what do you say now? Was I not right in my prophecies?"

"For once you were," growled her husband; but it was wholly unlooked for in the business world. We may go next; pray, don't exult."

"O, no. I am sure I regret the ill fortune of my old friend, Mrs. Maynard. But pride must have a fall, and it is just what I have foreseen for a year. By the way, Mr. Johnson, I would

like a hundred-dollar bill if you have it by you. I shall certainly attend the sale of the bankrupt stock. Goods can be bought at half cost at such times, and now is the time to make purchases."

Mrs. Johnson did not get the hundred-dollar bill. Mr. Johnson did not happen to have it in his pocket-book that day; but with half the sum she succeeded in purchasing an elegant dress, precisely the pattern she had so much admired on Mrs. Maynard, and sitting down to admire and gloat over her treasure, bought at such a bargain, she muttered to herself:

"No great loss without some small gain." Had not Maynard gone into bankruptcy, I should not have had the long-desired brocade. God forbid that we should go next! Husband is a sorry croaker. I shall economize, and do what I can to keep expenses reduced. If somebody else of my acquaintance had done the same, they would not have been where they now are."

Extravagance in times like these is a sin.

"I wonder what dressmaker Mrs. Maynard employed. I must make inquiries, and get this superb dress ready for Mrs. Wilkins's next entertainment."

#### SMOKING AND BULL-FIGHTING.

Fra Rocci, the celebrated Dominican preacher, was an inveterate hater of tobacco smoke. One day preaching to a squad of Spanish sailors, who indulged very liberally their propensity for smoking, he broke the thread of his discourse and told them that once on a time a lot of smoking Spaniards, who by some fortuitous circumstances got into heaven, puffed out their nasty smoke so that St. Peter was forced to "hold his nose" to prevent being suffocated. No persuasion or threats of the saint could drive them out, or stop their smoking; but at last a bright thought came into his head. He advertised a bull fight outside the walls, whereat every Spaniard left *instantly* to see the sport. St. Peter instantly shut and bolted the door, and not a Spaniard has been able to gain admittance since.—*Baltimore Sun*.

#### BE SHORT.

Why not? What is the use of *doodling*. If given to long-windedness, study the dictionary, so as to find the precise word to express your meaning. This seems a queer rule, but it has cogent reasons for its use. The reason why some employ half a dozen adjectives when one well chosen would answer better, is that they cannot recall the exact word they need. They fish for another. Sometimes a verbose style comes of attempting by grand words, signifying sound and nothing else, to give the impression of knowledge. No language is like fit language, which does not belittle the idea, and which the idea to be expressed does not belittle.—*Nathan Oatis*.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

## A COUNTRY LIFE.

BY JOHN H. BAKLEY.

Thrice blessed is a country life,  
Far, far away, from fraud and strife,  
In some secluded spot;  
Where killing cares are seldom found,  
Where peace and plenty most abound,  
And friends are ne'er forgot.

Labor is God's command to man,  
Happy are they who do, and can,  
Obeys the great intent;  
No artificial wants they'll crave,  
Few sleepless nights, no thoughts that rave,  
But rest and sweet content.

The flocks and herds in fields and groves,  
Lie down in shade, or feed in groves,  
Conscious that God is there;  
The trees, plants, shrubs, around us rise,  
Sweet flowers send incense to the skies,  
While fruit trees bloom and bear.

Nature's domains a concert hath,  
Where birds with song, and caw, and call,  
Invoke the Deity;  
The ploughman whistles o'er the land,  
The milkmaid singeth blithe and bland,  
In sweet simplicity.

O give me then a country life,  
Far, far away from pride and strife,  
Where happiness is found;  
My wishes moderate and wise,  
My passions tamed with modest guise,  
And all by love is crowned.

ROBERT DE MONTMERLE:

—OR,—

## THE KNIGHT'S DEVOIR.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

THE first real army of the Crusaders that had reached Asia Minor had traversed the burning sands and sterile mountains of Phrygia, and during their march they had exhibited many an act of prowess and prodigy of valor that had not only astonished the Saracens, but actually brought them to look on the Christian warriors, as invincible. Great armies of the infidel Turks had been routed, the most renowned of the Moslem leaders had either been slain or taken prisoners, and thus far the Crusaders had overcome every obstacle. But the price had been most dear. The Saracen was not the only enemy that had been at work upon the Christian ranks. Sickiness had hid its fatal hand on some of the fairest flowers of chivalry, and the gaunt giant,

Famine, had stalked amongst them. Yet they had a noble army left, for ever and anon new companies came to join them—small bands of devoted men from France, from Italy, from Germany, and from other parts of the west. Thus was the Christian army kept alive on its way to the Holy City; and, but for these occasional reinforcements, the first Crusaders would never have reached Jerusalem.

Among the most important of the ancient cities that the Christians wished to possess, was Antioch, but before reaching this place it was necessary that they should make themselves masters of Artesia. This was the ancient Chalcis, and a city of considerable strength, and before its stout walls the army encamped. It was a fertile spot where the Christians had pitched their tents, and they resolved to rest awhile before commencing the attack.

Among the most showy and spacious of the Crusaders' tents, was that of Stephen, Count of Blois and Chartres, and the first glance at the silken hangings that guarded the entrance to the tent would convince one that the spacious awning was a thing of capture from the Saracens. Stephen was a stout knight, and his whole sum of true manhood for others was made up of physical prowess and fearless courage. But he was not alone in his travel. His wife and daughter had accompanied him, not only for companionship, but as contrite pilgrims to the tomb of Christ.

Constance was his daughter's name, and she was accounted the fairest maiden in the Christian camp. She had but just completed her seventeenth year of life, when she found herself the object of adoration by some of the boldest knights of Christendom. She was as beautiful as the first bright star of evening, and as pure and noble as she was beautiful. And she was brave, too, for with her own hand had she once saved her father's life, when a savage Saracen had aimed a sword thrust at the back of his neck in the Valley of Gorgoni. No wonder, then, that the unmarried knights looked with admiration on her, and strove with ardor to see who of them all should win the priceless jewel.

But the beautiful Constance returned not yet the love of a single knight. She nursed them when they were sick, and upon the field of battle she visited them with water and refreshments, and each knight, as he saw that lovely visitant, habited in her close fitting basque of shining mail, approach him with her gift of welcome refreshment, hoped that upon himself alone had her maidenly love been fixed. But when he saw her a moment afterwards, hastening away



to assist another famishing knight, he sighed to think the noble love might not be his after all.

Among the knights that came to Count Stephen's tent, was one named Robert de Montmerle. He had not yet exhibited his prowess, if any he had, for he had only joined the army a week before, having arrived with a small party of French knights who had made their way from Constantinople. Robert de Montmerle was not over twenty years of age, and though his frame gave marks of some muscle, yet he was lightly built, and at the first glance seemed much better fitted to toy with damsels and beaux at court than to meet the reckless Saracen in battle. But could some of those who smiled scornfully on the youthful knight have seen his bosom bared, and his arms and shoulders stripped, they would have found some hard ridges of muscle and sinew there, such as few men possess. In short, the youth was too compact in frame and make to show his physical self, and only his deeds could speak truthfully for him.

Robert de Montmerle was admitted freely to Stephen's tent. He was a youth of singular beauty, and perhaps this was one reason why the stout knights affected to despise him. His hair was light in color, but glossy in its curling, neatly combed masses, and his eyes of a light, sparkling blue. His skin was fair, even to delicateness, and he took no pains to hide the care he had for his personal appearance.

Even in a day there sprang up a social intimacy between Robert and the beautiful Constance. He was from Nogent, and was well acquainted with many of the maiden's friends both in Blois and Chartres, so they found plenty to talk about. One evening Robert went to Stephen's tent, and he found that the count had gone out, and that the lady Adela had accompanied him. He conversed awhile with Constance, and when some half dozen stout knights had found their way into the tent, he moved nearer to the maiden, and in a whisper, he said :

"The air without is cool and refreshing, and the stars are all clear and bright. Would you not like to walk through the camp?"

Gladly did the fair girl accept this offer, and she had two reasons for so doing. First, the very sparkle of her eye told that she liked the youth's company, and second, the look that she cast upon the stout knights who had just entered the tent, seemed very plainly to show that she was not fond of their company—so she very politely informed them that her father would soon return, and then, without giving them time to reply, she followed Robert of Montmerle from the place.

It was a lovely evening, and Constance breathed the pure air with a sense of joy and gratitude. Silently they passed on among the knights and soldiers, and it was not until they had gained the out-posts of the camp, that the youth offered his hand. It was freely taken, and both felt a strange thrill of emotion as their mutual friendship thus manifested itself. On they walked until they had reached a small hill from the top of which they could see the dim outlines of the Christian camp, while further to their left arose the frowning towers and battlements of the Saracen city. The scene was one of strange interest, and each of the now silent companions dwelt upon such thoughts as came nearest to self. Constance shuddered as she thought that she should have to witness another scene of horrible carnage, while Robert's bosom swelled with hope as he thought that he was soon to strike his first blow towards wresting the birthright of Christendom from the hands of the infidel Saracen.

"Sometimes," said Constance, after a long silence, "I wish I had not come out here. I shall be happy if I live to look upon our Saviour's tomb, but the happiness will be purchased by a deal of suffering and misery."

"True," returned Robert. "But this suffering is one of our blessings, if we rightly regard it."

"Ay, suffering for the right," quickly added Constance. "But such suffering as I have passed through is misery alone. Alas, you know not yet the sin and abominations that blacken our camp. I could bear all of privation and toil, and of Saracen wickedness; but I did not think, when my mother and myself came to join my father at Constantinople, that I should see the sins of my own people so foul and rank."

"You speak truly," said the youthful knight, in a sad tone; "but we will remember that this evil is not general. We have many noble knights who are pure. But not so many as we might expect in such a holy cause. And yet, methinks all who know you should be only virtuous."

Constance gazed into her companion's face, and while a slight blush suffused her features, she resumed :

"Knowledge of me does not work such wonders as you may suppose. Ah, I wish I had the power to work reform in the souls of our knights. They are noble in some points, but they forget the religion they professed in their lives—in their daily walks. They are good at heart, but—"

The maiden did not finish the sentence, for she

seemed to be wandering in her thoughts, and when she thus abruptly ceased speaking, she relapsed into a thoughtful silence.

When Robert again spoke, it was in a whisper, and he had pressed the fair white hand he held to his bosom.

"Lady," he said, and though his voice was tremulous, yet he did not hesitate, "I have been but a short time in the Christian camp, but I have been here long enough to find one star that shall ever lead me on to duty, and animate me with principles of true knighthood. Since boyhood's days, neither father nor mother has been mine to counsel or to guide; yet my good uncle has been a parent to me in every dutiful sense. But as time adds new experience to my span of life, I feel how desolate is that soul, and how prone to evil, that has no *kind flame*—no mutual love—in its longings of life—You tremble, lady."

"No, no," murmured Constance. "Go on."

The knight spoke more boldly:

"I remember when I was a child, and both my parents lived, of a bright-eyed, joyous creature who came and spent a season beneath our roof. O, I can never forget the joy of those few boyish hours, nor can memory ever lose the impressions my soul received at that time. Long years have passed since then, but the image that at that time fixed itself upon my heart has only grown brighter and stronger with each succeeding year. Sometimes, since I have been cast alone upon the world, I have wondered if I should ever see that bright presence again—and at such times another thought would come—it comes in dreams and in waking thoughts. May not God give me some warm soul to blend itself with mine, and thus assist it in its labor for peace and joy? Have I offended?"

"No, no."

"And do you remember who came to me those long years ago?"

"Was it Constance of Blois?"

"Yes."

"I remember the time well," said the maiden, looking down upon the grass.

"And during the years that have since rolled by, have you found one upon whom your maiden love could rest with hope and promise?"

"None beside the boy who then whispered his childish wisdom to me, and promised to become my protecting knight in manhood."

Constance gazed full into her companion's face as she spoke, and by the dim starlight he could see a tear upon her cheek, and a look of holy truth and frankness upon her features.

"You do not, you cannot, mean to deceive

me now," the youth cried, in trembling accents.

"I never mean to deceive," was the maiden's reply.

"And you could love me, now?"

"I could blend my soul with yours, and give you heart for heart."

Robert of Montmerle clasped the lovely being to his bosom, and while the joyous tears streamed down his cheeks, he murmured:

"God bless thee ever, angel of life and love, and when my heart turns from thee, or my soul conceives evil, then may this blessed moment be snatched from my memory."

The dew was falling heavily now, and soon they turned their steps towards the camp. They conversed on the way, but only one theme occupied their minds. The love that had been smouldering in their bosoms from childhood had now burst into a bright, pure flame, and they dwelt upon it proudly and hopefully. When they entered the tent of the Count Stephen, they found some dozen knights assembled there, and they all looked ominously upon the youth, for all of them had laid some hopes upon the possession of the hand of Constance.

"How now, Sir Robert of Montmerle?" cried Stephen, as the youthful knight came in. "And you, too, my daughter? Where have ye been?"

This question seemed addressed to both, but Robert answered:

"We have been upon the little hill just to the eastward of our camp."

The youth spoke tremulously and a burning flush was upon his face. The old knight noticed it, and upon his face there dwelt a look of anger. He was a proud man, and his pride more than all else ruled his actions. He was a brave man sometimes, and stout, but he was not a valiant knight, for often upon the field of battle did he tremble and turn pale, and he sometimes fled from that which many of his companions would have joyed to meet. Yet he loved a brave, fearless man, and he could almost worship that nobleman who crossed him not in power, but yet exhibited the character of one who knew not fear. It was Stephen's vast wealth that gave him station in the army of the Crusaders, for he was not a general, and but an indifferent soldier.

"By my faith, sir knight of the flaxen ringlets," he said, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "you take upon yourself a wondrous duty, and do it coolly, too, as I live! What if some stray Saracen had come upon ye away from the camp? By the rood I had lost my child, and you, your dainty head."

Robert's handsome face worked a moment

with passion, but he quickly drove it away, and then he replied :

"My noble Count of Blois, know that Robert de Montmerle never leads his friends where he cannot defend them. I have not forgotten yet the first duty of the true knight !"

"And who made you a knight ?" asked Stephen, half derisively.

"My king," proudly returned the youth.

"Then I think you had better have remained at the court of our good king, for by my soul your sword is much better fitted for the dainty tournament of the royal list than for the rough usage of our camp."

The knights who stood around laughed aloud as the count thus spoke, for they liked not the delicate youth, nor could they idly pass the preference which the coveted Constance evidently gave him. Yet Robert allowed not his passion to run away with him. With a firm will he grappled it and put it down, and replied :

"True knighthood is written in deeds—not in looks. As I came from the court of the Greek Emperor hither, I met many of your stout, brave looking knights hastening back to Europe. They had come to see the tomb of Christ, but they dared not the dangers."

"And will you see the Holy City ?" Stephen quickly asked.

"If I live, and some one will lead the way, or deny to follow."

This reply, spoken firmly, but yet with that modesty which ever marks true bravery, silenced the count for a while, though none of his contempt for the extreme youth of the knight seemed to be gone. He gazed upon his daughter, and when he noticed the flash of her dark eye, and the indignant flush of her cheeks and brow, a new idea possessed him, and all thoughts of moderation and sympathy were gone. He turned again to the youth, and said :

"You were gone long in your ramble. What did you find to talk about the while ?"

"Of various matters, sir."

"But of some one in particular I would know."

Robert found the keen, searching eye of the powerful noble fixed upon him, and he read in that glance a suspicion of the truth. Had he been alone with the count he would have spoken without fear or hesitation, but he could not do so with so many knights standing about, and his confusion was manifest.

"By the holy rood !" exclaimed Stephen, now lost to reason, "I begin to see the drift of this affair. You have been talking love to the Lady Constance."

The fair girl sank tremblingly upon a seat, and she would have fallen backwards, but for the quick eye and quicker movement of Robert, who sprang to her side and caught her in his arms. The girl's attendants were called, and after she had been removed to the female's apartment, the count spoke with more vehemence.

"Presumptuous boy !" he cried, "do you dare aspire to the hand of the Lady Constance ? Speak !"

"Why should I not ?" answered the youth, recovering himself with a powerful effort.

"Why should you not ?" derisively exclaimed the count. "Why should not the fox mate with the lion ? Stephen of Blois and Chartres is the richest man in France. His estates are so numerous that he may dwell in a new one of his own in each day in the year. There are noble knights asking for the lady's hand, and think ye that it can be given to one who has neither wealth, station, nor yet the prowess of a true knight ?"

"Stephen of Blois, you do not know me," pronounced the youth. He did not speak angrily, for a knowledge of the baron's great power awed him in a measure. He knew that Stephen was one of the most powerful barons of the kingdom, and that gave him rank.

"And for that reason, if for no other, should I forbid all further intimacy with my child," replied the count, with considerable promptness.

"And how many knights have you in the camp who can claim more wealth than the mere arms they carry with them, and the men who fight for them ?"

As Robert spoke thus, he gazed around upon the knights who were present. He knew them to be brave men, but he also knew that all their wealth lay in hopes of the future and their own good swords.

"Many of our knights are poor in lands and money, I know," said Stephen ; "but their swords are talismans that shall in time to come open the golden mine to them."

Robert of Montmerle remained silent a few moments, and during those moments he quelled a great many quick, rising passions. When he spoke, all was subdued and calm.

"My Lord of Blois," he said, "you once told me, it was the day before yesterday—that I might fight beneath your banner with my few followers. You will not take that privilege from me ?"

The count was too anxious to maintain his position of importance to the Crusaders, to lose the opportunity of attaching good men to his banner, for the spirit of chivalry among the

chiefs ran high, even to quarrel and open rebellion. Robert had some stout men-at-arms at his command—men who had followed him from the mountain fastnesses of Lorraine, where he had finished his education in arms under the tutelage of an old knight who had been a friend of his father—and hence his company was worth having. Of course the count acceded to the implied request, and Robert withdrew, but he was not so quick in his movement but that he was obliged to hear a taunt that was thrown out by one of the knights, to the effect that the first onset of the Saracens would “frighten that boy till he had found refuge among the women!” Then there was a loud laugh.

“Never mind,” cried Stephen. “He has some good men with him, and we can afford to put up with his foppishness, for the sake of their stout arms.”

“By the life of my soul, we shall see!” muttered the youth, as he strode away from the tent; and he clutched his sword-hilt fiercely.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tent of Robert de Montmerie was upon the southern confines of the camp, near to the walls of the Saracen city. When he reached it, after having left the grand marquee of the Count of Blois, he called his men-at-arms about him, and told them something of what had passed. When he spoke of the indignity which Stephen had heaped upon him, the stout fellows clapped their hands upon their sword-hilts and at a word from their young master, they would have faced the whole camp.

“Hold,” said Robert, “we will have a noble revenge. “Bring me my armor, and take ye your own, and let us see that every part is sound. Let every battle-axe and spear-head be seen to, and just run your fingers upon the edges of your swords while you are at it.”

The men set to work, and their youthful leader worked with them, and while he worked, he disclosed somewhat of his plans, and when he had told all he could, his men were only too anxious to follow him, for death had no terrors for them. Until near midnight, the guard who paced up and down by the post which had been established near that place, heard the clink of hammers within the tent of the young French knight; and others heard it too, but they dreamed not what it all meant.

On the following morning the brave and noble Tancred rode about the camp, and Robert of Montmerie stopped him and spoke with him. Seen the haughty Norman, Bohemond, now a prince of Italy, and one of the great generals of the Crusade, rode up, and the three conversed

together for some minutes, and then separated, upon which Robert went back to his tent.

That morning, too, there were loud murmurs arose from some of the more ardent of the soldiers of the cross, for they wished to be on their way to Jerusalem, and would have Artesia taken, but the leaders quieted them as best they could.

The sun was well up, clear of the mountains and tree-tops, when a murmur of indignation arose from the Christian camp, and all eyes were turned to the walls of the city. There, upon the battlements, walked a gigantic Saracen, clothed in full armor, and with loud taunts he defied the Christians. This he had done every morning since the Crusaders had encamped there. He was of such huge proportions, that even Bohemond, who stood nearly a head taller than any other man in the army, seemed a dwarf by his side.

“Why will not God strike the infidel dog dead?” cried Raymond of Toulouse. “See how he insults the Prince of our salvation!”

As this was spoken the giant Saracen had seized a rude cross, which he held before him and spit upon it, and abused it in all ways he could contrive, even to such as would shock modesty. The arrows and javelins of the Crusaders flew around him like hail, but they harmed him not.

While the Christian army was filled with murmurs, and while the chiefs were assuring their followers that the city should soon be attacked, a murmur of surprise came from the southwestern quarter of the camp, and in a few moments more, a steel-clad knight, followed by five-and-twenty stout men-at-arms, rode out in front of the Christian army. He faced the brave Tancred, and raised his vizor.

“’Tis the young knight of France, as I live!” cried Tancred.

“Robert of Montmerie!” uttered Stephen of Blois, in astonishment.

“By the power of the true cross,” exclaimed Baldwin of Hainault, bringing his fist down on his mailed hip, “never did a more comely knight bestride a saddle!”

And surely these observations were just, for the youthful knight did bear himself with surpassing dignity upon his noble horse, and his movements were as easy and graceful as though no massive weight of metal had borne him down.

Then Robert turned his horse towards the walls of the infidel city, and when he had come near enough, he hailed the Saracen giant and challenged him to mortal combat. But the infidel only laughed and spit towards him, and jeer-

ed him on account of his "baby-face," for Robert's face was bare.

"Out upon thee, infidel dog!" cried our youthful hero. "And are ye a coward as well as a beast? I defy both you and your base-born prophet. I spit upon Mahomet as I would upon a toad, for he was but a coward villain; and ye are all cowards after him. Does not this very thing prove it? If ye loved your prophet, would ye not come down to punish the boy who thus dared to hurl deadly defiance at him and all his followers?"

Upon this the Saracen warrior uttered a loud cry and disappeared from the walls, and soon afterwards an infidel with a white flag in his hand, rode out from the city. He rode first to Robert, and then to the Christian camp, and he was promised, that if the Saracen would come out with an equal number of followers with Robert, none others should interfere.

Soon the giant infidel, mounted upon a powerful horse, rode out from the city, followed by five-and-twenty soldiers. The Crusaders were crowded together in spots where they could see the combat, and they filled the air with their acclamations. Robert of Montmerle looked towards the tent of the Count of Blois, and he saw Constance wave her scarf. This nerved his arm more than did all the wild shouts of the soldiers, and when he closed his vizor, he was sure of victory.

Yet the Crusaders were not of his mind. They knew his youth, and they thought him inexperienced. They knew not the rigid course of practice he had followed.

"By my soul," cried Raymond, with real feeling, "'tis too bad that the impetuous youth should thus throw himself away. A few more years would make him valuable to the cause of God."

And the other brave leaders agreed with him.

But in a moment all cries were hushed, for Robert had drawn his sword and was now riding forward to meet his foe. He disdained to use his lance, seeing that the Saracen had none. They met, the giant and the youth—and their swords clashed together. Robert handled a massive weapon, but it seemed only a rapier in his grasp. The Saracen came to the contest with a loud laugh.

"Now, Christian dog!" he cried, "I'll send thee after thy countrymen that have already gone to the grave of the infidel!"

And as he spoke, he raised himself in his saddle and aimed a blow that could have cleaved the Christian from head to foot, steel and all, but Robert was prepared for this—he knew from

the fellow's movements he would strike thus, and with a steady, keen glance, he watched the foe's sword, and when it was just started from its poise, he inclined his body quickly to the right, covering his left shoulder and side with his polished shield. The sword of the Saracen of course glanced off upon the smooth buckler without harm, but the movement was not all complete in its consequences. Just as the infidel's weapon struck the shield, Robert's quick eye caught a wide crevice below his left arm, which was raised to give more force to the blow he had just made, and swift as lightning the youth plunged his trenchant blade between the plates, and the giant's body was pierced through and through, and as our hero quickly withdrew his reeking point, the Saracen's life-blood gushed forth in a jetting stream. Twice he swung his gleaming cimetar aloft, but his head quickly bent forward, and as Robert of Montmerle drew his horse back, the body of the huge Saracen tumbled upon the earth.

A deafening shout went up from the Christian camp, and from the battlements of the infidel city arose groans of anger and despair, for he was their emir who had fallen.

"By the holy kingdom, what means the knight now?" cried Tancred.

"As I live he is making for the city!" answered Raymond of Toulouse, in rank astonishment.

And so he was. As soon as their leader had fallen, the five-and-twenty Saracen followers fled towards the city, and with a loud cry, Robert roused his brave men-at-arms, and gave them chase. The gate was opened to admit the faithful, the wardens little dreaming that the Christians would dare to follow. But they were mistaken. Robert had now sheathed his sword and drawn his battle-axe. With one blow he felled the warden, and then rushed into the city, his steel-clad men following close behind him, and when he had fairly gained the city, there he stood, with his brave men about him, and kept the gate open, fighting thus in the very sight of the Christian army. The enraged Mussulmen crowded about him, eager to avenge the death of their emir, but he was invincible. They fell before his stout axe in heaps, and soon his heroic valor seemed to fill the infidels with terror.

"Now by the Lord of our salvation!" cried Godfrey, springing upon his horse and drawing his sword, "if that brave knight keeps the gate open, the city is ours!"

Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred, Bohemond, and a score more of brave knights were quickly in their saddles, and calling on their men to fol-

low them, they dashed away towards the open gate where Robert of Montmerle was still performing prodigies of valor.

The Christian knights reached the gate and passed through, and soon afterwards the army of the Crusaders began to pour into the city. Robert leaped from his horse, and having taken a roll from beneath his saddle, he drew his sword and cut his way up to the top of the wall, and there he planted the standard of Blois and Chartres upon the battlements, with the red cross floating by his side.

Of course none could deny the justice of this, and Stephen of Blois became the governor of a Saracen city. In the presence of the whole army he embraced Robert of Montmerle, and asked his pardon for the words of anger and slight he had spoken.

"Now by the sacred cross, noble count," spoke the brave Tancred, "you have not done yet. I heard you say that you would give your fair daughter to some knight who should show by his bravery and skill that he was able to protect her. Now, upon my soul, there is not in all Christendom a braver knight than this youth has this day proved to be."

Constance blushed and hung down her head; and Robert trembled with anxiety; but it was only for the moment, for quickly Stephen spoke:

"Robert of Montmerle," he said, leading his daughter forward and placing her hand within that of the bold youth, "you have given to me a city, and I feel happy in thus giving to you a wife. And if you shall love her as I have loved her, all the cities of earth could not buy her of you."

Then the noble Adhemar, bishop of Puy, with his armor on, and his heavy sword still hanging upon his hip, came gladly forward, and very quickly Robert of Montmerle and Constance of Blois were made one for life, and from the whole vast assembly went up a shout that made the very city quake.

Robert went on to Antioch and helped subdue that powerful city, and he was among those happy ones who entered into Jerusalem and helped plant the standard of the Cross upon the walls of the Holy City. He saw Godfrey made king of Jerusalem, and then he returned to his native France, where he found a joyous, peaceful home with his lovely wife, and where, for long years he held the palm of knighthood above all competitors. But in all his life, even after years had filled up his frame with more of muscle, he never did a knightly deed that could eclipse or even equal that noble *devoir* by which he captured a city and won a wife.

## THE SPIDER.

BY WILLIAM A. KENTON.

"OUT, you spider!" people are often heard to exclaim, when they choose to evince their displeasure or disgust. And so the poor little innocent spider is pushed into the place of the evil one, who might otherwise be exclaimed against in similar circumstances. But in this a palpable wrong is committed towards the spider, for which the fair sex are especially to blame, they being proverbially careful to be its bitterest enemies. Who but the spider taught women knitting, netting, and crotchet work? Who else showed the fisherman and the rope-maker how seines and ropes were to be made? Even the carpenter appears to have been her pupil. There are enumerated one thousand different co-existent species of spiders. Is there, among the one thousand millions of men who inhabit the earth, one thousand armies whose warriors, either by their size, their figure, their color, their cast of countenance, their clothing and equipments, are so essentially distinguishable one from another?

These little creatures, however, on their part, might be styled highway robbers, sea robbers and air robbers, or air fishers, and know sufficiently well all the avenues, passages and by-ways where there is any rich booty to be seized. In sunny places, in quiet nooks, betwixt windows, doors, and air-holes, they spin and spread out their delicate, artistic, and almost invisible nets, which are constructed according to the principles of the most consummate architecture. Like the Hungarian cap-knitter, the spider carries about with her the implements of her handicraft,—her spinning-wheel and material to spin. Each of her eight feet is the artificial work of the Creator, furnished with combs, brushes, hatchets, pins, and teeth-like bristles; her back serving as the hole-board, through the openings of which the threads are spun out; her own body being the turning wheel, by whose motions the many single threads are bound together into one. While the human ropemaker is obliged to carry his hemp in his apron before him, and to replenish it every now and then, the spider possesses a flax and hemp sack, within herself, that is inexhaustible.

And, then what rope-master would be able to imitate the spider in eating up the rope he had made, and thus concealing it in himself when thought necessary? Proceeding as much by rule as the carpenter, who commences to erect a rafter by making the architrave, and concludes by nailing up the laths, or as the ship-builder,

who first lays his keel, the spider in the first place stretches the principal supports by which her web is to be held up. But how does the spider, in erecting her web, manage to get from one door-post to the other, which is sometimes a distance of a yard or more, without any cross-beam to connect them? Is the little animal able to fly that distance, or does she leap down to the ground, with the thread slipping after her, and then run across and up the other post? But then how can she dare to strain so long a thread (which would be hanging to many an impediment by the way) by pulling it straight and tight again? Yet how nimbly, symmetrically and durably the spider knots the narrow meshes between the cross-bars of her net. How quickly, too, from the corner where she watches for her prey, does she perceive the least motion of that net, and rush upon the prisoner struggling to be free; and then, more dexterously than a jailer, fetter him with bands that he cannot break. However slender the threads of a spider's web are, they still are strong enough to endure the clambering of the largest garden spider without being torn. One single thread of it, which seems itself as fine as a hair, is composed of thirty threads twisted together.

That the spider is a very correct prophet of the weather is known to every one. Does a storm threaten, she proceeds like an experienced mariner, who at such times takes a reef in his sails in order to expose as little canvass to the storm as possible. The spider, for her part, loosens the principal bars of her net on two or three sides, so that it may fly in the wind, and thus be saved from total destruction. So bows the slender and feeble blade of grass before the wind that rushes over it, while the haughty and defiant oak is uprooted and dashed to the ground. When the bad weather is past, the spider has nothing quicker to do than to set her building in order again, and repair every damage.

Surely the reader has observed the little carmine-red spider that goes wandering through the world upon her diminutive feet, hardly perceptible to the naked eye. The Creator has endowed it as richly as the great spider of Surinam, large as the palm of the hand. But perhaps all my readers do not know that the spider, like a lady, makes her toilet, her clothing, her linen, yea, even changes her stockings and shoes! She does so, as soon as her garments become too old or too tight. The spider has dresses such as no chamber waiting-maid ever possessed, associated with great effort, and to which shame and anguish would attach if observed once by the profane eyes of the gentlemen.

These cast-off garments are frequently seen hanging upon the walls, and are taken by many persons to be dried up or dead spiders.

The spider's last business consists in care for her offspring, whom she wraps, oval-shaped, in a warm spun sack, and entrusts to any quiet, safe corner, bit of board, or hole in a beam. This care is so far affectionate that the spider never takes any trouble to get a sight of her children again.

Similarly to the sounding of the pillar of Memnon when struck by the sun's first morning ray, the spider-sack begins to stir as soon as the warm sun of spring shines upon it. Then the first close-woven meshes are spread out farther and farther, and in the aerial texture the young spiders climb, sport, and chase each other about joyously, caring not for the next hour, much less for another day,—yet they are not ruined.

One remark in conclusion. The renowned scholar, Leland, knew no daintier morsel than this same spider, so falsely decrised as poisonous.

---

#### WOMEN IN TURKEY.

A man meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her. They seem to detest an impudent woman—to shun and avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have discussions or altercations with the Turks, if he has a woman of spirit or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and brow-beat them, and by these means not unfrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay such stress on this privilege, that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the vizier at his divan. The officers of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence; and it is a general observation, that to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.—*Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

---

#### FIRST DUEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the first duel in the United States was fought at Plymouth in 1621, the year succeeding the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The parties were Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of Stephen Hopkins, and having a dispute, they settled it with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. Without a statute law on the subject, the whole company of Puritans assembled to consider and punish the offence. The decision was the wisest that could have been made. Doty and Leister were ordered to be tied together heads and feet for twenty-four hours, without food or drink; but the intercession of their master and their own promises procured a speedy release.

## THE DEAD.

BY MARY N. DRABORN.

The dead, the bright, the beautiful dead,  
Who sleep in their early bloom,  
Ere a wrinkle had formed on the brow of care,  
Or a gray hair told its doom.

The loved of many a heart were they—  
The pride of many a home,  
As they walked the earth with stately steps,  
And spoke of the years to come.

Perchance it was a sudden stroke  
That turned their steps aside;  
That called them from the stirring scenes  
Of manhood's rising pride.

Was the maiden hurled from the giddy dance,  
Where mirth and beauty reigned?  
Down to the depths of the silent tomb,  
Were those whirling measures trained?

Did this at wild Ambition's shrine  
Its worship all bestow?  
Or did the heart aspiring rise—  
Eternal joys to know?

No answer comes from out the tomb,  
No warning voice replies;  
For deeper than the ocean depths,  
Each hidden secret lies.

And shall we all unheeding gaze,  
Then turn to other scenes,  
And leave the dead forgotten thus,  
To their mysterious dreams?

May, mortal, turn, reflect and pause,  
A few short years at most,  
And you shall tread the secret line  
Of that engulfing coast.

MAG DUFRIES:

—OR,—

## THE LOST CHILD.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

It was a wretchedly cold and dismal night in December, as an officer of the Parisian police was hurrying along homeward, after his day's duty. The clock above St. Martin struck nine, and the sleet was blowing rudely across the pavement, as the man was crossing a narrow street that led to the westward, when the figure of a poorly dressed woman, apparently, though tall and masculine for a female, suddenly stepped in his way, from around the bleak corner he was passing.

"Berton!" she shouted, "is it not Berton?"

"Yes, what now? Quick—for this is too bad

a night to stand talking in the wind, here. Who are you? What is it?"

"Here—look here," said the crone, stepping beneath the lamp.

"I can't read any papers to-night," said Berton. "God bless us! how do you suppose a man can see anything in the midst of this snow-storm, by gas-light?"

But the woman clung to his coat-cape, and said, "See! you can read this—*this*?" and Berton saw by the light above them that the miserable old woman held in her withered fingers a placard, offering a reward of one hundred louis' for the arrest of one Silbet, a noted house-breaker who had served three terms at *La Force*, and who was supposed to be the scoundrel who had lately attacked the carriage of a noble marquis of the realm, and secured his repeater, a casket of jewels, and a large amount of ready money he had in his vehicle.

"Well, what of that? I have seen it a dozen times to-day. Go home," said the officer, "and don't stand here, begging and freezing."

"*Home!*" said the hag, "ha, ha! I don't beg, though, Berton, do you mind. I haven't come to that, yet. Wouldn't the nabbing of this Silbet please you? And wouldn't a hundred Napoleons be a good night's work for a deputy, eh?" continued the woman.

"Well, and what of it?" asked the officer.

"I know where he is," said the old woman, in a low whisper; "that's all."

"And have you got so bad as this, Mag? The associate of robbers and house-breakers!"

"Never mind—you don't want the reward, and the credit of taking Silbet—good night." And the crone turned away. But Berton halted her, as the thought struck him that good might come of this, though he knew the woman to be an erratic and questionable character.

"Come, then, Mag," he said, "if you're not lying to me, and really mean to help serve the demands of justice, tell me where Silbet is; and you shall have the reward, if he is secured and caged through the information you can give. But hasten, for it's too cold to stand here, speculating."

"This way, then," replied Mag; and she turned down the narrow, dark street beyond, from whence she had so suddenly emerged as the officer encountered her.

Mag led the way, and Berton followed closely on, securing his pistols as he went. They travelled half a mile, nearly, through lane after lane, until they came to a black and dingy court, at the extreme part of the faubourg of St. Germain. Into this suspicious passage Mag was just about



turning; when the officer (who was not unacquainted with the region he was in, generally), halted, and said to his doubtful conductor:

"No, Mag, not there! Not in that den, alone with you, only. I won't risk it."

"I thought you were a brave man, Berton!" exclaimed the crone. "You have the credit of it. Are you afraid?"

"Not there, I say, Mag."

"Then you won't find your bird, that's all."

"So be it, then. I will come here to-morrow, with aid, and you shall have the reward, if you place no impediment in the way."

At this moment a stealthy footstep was heard in the dark, low passage where they were standing, and Berton instantly grasped and cocked his pistol—but it was too late! A harsh blow upon his head instantly followed, and the officer fell heavily to the pavement, as two stout men seized him, and a third caught the arms of Mag Duffries, his conductor, making them both prisoners, without the uttering of a single syllable aloud.

The officer and his would-be informant were very unceremoniously dragged back into an old building, entirely in the rear of the court, and while Mag was taken into the room upon the ground floor, the insensible body of Berton was carried up a rickety flight of stairs, and thrown rudely in upon the floor of the apartment.

"Did it settle him?" asked one of the two parties who had assailed him.

"No, no," replied the other. "No harm's done; but he's a little *sleepy* just now," he continued, alluding to his victim's continued unconsciousness. "It's a little cold here, and he's been hard at work to-day, very likely. Now—the gag;" and forcing this firmly into Berton's mouth, they pinioned his arms and legs, and sat him up in the corner of the room, as he was coming slowly to consciousness.

For a moment or two after the thus crippled deputy of the *Procureur du Roi* had first opened his eyes, a sense of acute pains in the back of his head and shoulders brought to his imperfect recollection the scene in which he had voluntarily been engaged at the moment of the attack. He remembered the hag who had led him into this mischief, and he now saw how foolishly he had confided in her for the moment, for he wrongfully believed that it was through Mag's instrumentality that he now found himself,—he knew not exactly where,—but bound hand and foot, gagged, and utterly helpless. His weapons had been taken from him, a small low lamp was burning in the room where he lay, and he was entirely alone for a time.

Though he could make nothing of the confusion, yet he soon heard loud talking and swearing in the apartment beneath him. It was caused by the three ruffians who had Mag Duffries in charge, and who had suspected her of peaching.

"How came Berton here, then, you miserable hound?" queried the foremost of the rough trio. "If you hadn't led the way, how would he have known that any one was here? Tell us that."

Mag protested her innocence, stoutly. She declared that she was going to her lodging-house, and met Berton, near by. He spoke with her, bade her go home, and wandered along by her until they reached the passage where they were found. She was just framing some excuse or plan to get rid of him, when they came up and attacked him; and if they had secured him safely, for the time being, she was glad of it. The villains rather liked Mag's tone, and thought she was all right once more, after a little parleying. They left her below stairs, and went up to see how their prisoner was getting along. When they entered the room where Berton lay, they observed at once that he had recovered his senses again.

The foremost of this brace of scoundrels was Robert Silbet, himself. Berton knew him instantly, but he could not speak, on account of the gag that filled his mouth. Silbet advanced towards the prostrate officer, and hailed him, insolently.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur Berton!*" he said. "Do you remember me? I think you do, monsieur. When we last met, you helped to place the ruffies on these wrists. If I remember rightly, I promised you then that we should one day be even. Why don't you speak?" continued the ruffian, knowing as he did that Berton was foully gagged, and was totally helpless. "Come, man, you are not wont to be thus bashful," he added, kicking the prostrate officer with the heavy riding-boot he wore. "You will have small leisure now for reflection. Your game is up. Make your peace with those you will, for when you go out of this place, you'll be carried out."

Then, drawing forth a superb gold repeater from his vest, which Berton at a glance believed to be the property of the recently robbed marquis, Silbet continued:

"It is now eleven o'clock, monsieur. We have resolved that you shall never see another sun rise. You are by far too troublesome to our profession, and are much too well acquainted with the details of our business. We will settle with you, permanently, anon." And with this threat, the scoundrels once more left Berton to himself.

Upon reaching the room below, Silbet halted the old crone who had led Berton into this perit, to whom he said, "Go up there, and see to him. No—bring us some wine first. Now go up and see that he doesn't talk too loud. We'll look to his case, by-and-by. And mind you, Mag Duffies, no deceit, no treachery, or you know the consequences." And he cocked a heavy pistol, as he thus concluded. Laying the formidable weapon on the table before her, he said again, "Go, and see to him."

As soon as Mag had reached the room where Berton was confined, she raised her long finger, and closing the door said to the sufferer:

"—sh, Berton! I'm sorry for the blows you got. I supposed he was alone. His accomplices are here, and two of them are full of wine, already. They'll soon be in their cups. You won't be harmed, I think. They want to escape, that's all. You'll be left here, and all will come out right. Does it hurt you?" she asked, observing Berton's motions to her to relieve his mouth of the gag.

"I can't take it out. I dare not, yet. They'd murder me, if I did."

"More wine here, Mag!" shouted Silbet, at the entry-door of his room. "More wine, you bound!" and Mag descended to obey his order, bringing up half a dozen bottles of stout old Madeira.

"How's your friend Berton?" queried the robber, as she entered with the liquor.

"Nearer dead than alive," she replied. "He'll trouble us no further, I venture."

"We don't mean he shall. But look to him, and see that he doesn't get his fetters off. These fellows have a happy way of helping themselves out of trouble, commonly, and will bear looking after. Go—watch him;" and as Mag left the room, the half-drunken trio turned again to their cups.

When Mag came back again, she instantly, but noiselessly, secured the door upon the inside, and advancing to Berton, quickly wrenched the gag from his jaws—a performance that greatly relieved him.

"Now," she said, "you may escape, if you dare to venture it. Alone, here, you see you can do nothing, and I wouldn't answer for Silbet, when he gets another bottle or two in his skin;" and while she spoke, she unfastened the strong cords that bound the officer's hands and arms and feet, releasing him, at last, entirely from confinement in his limbs.

"I do this to convince you that I am now acting with you in good faith. I shall get away from them the best way I can. They'll swear

and rave, but they won't harm me, I think. So hasten! Raise this window carefully, secure these cords together strongly. Fifteen feet below there is an old shed, directly beneath the easement. Let yourself down by the cords here, and fly, or procure aid and take them, while they are too soggy to defend themselves. They won't hurt Mag Humphries."

"Mag Humphries?" exclaimed the officer, as he busied himself with knotting the cords hastily together, "Who is Mag Humphries?"

"Never mind,—I mean Mag Duffies," added the old woman, as if she had momentarily forgotten herself.

"Is this an alias of yours, then?" said Berton, at once suspecting her.

"N'importe, Berton. Hasten you! Hear them yell below. The wine is working,—look to yourself, and don't mind me."

"But if you are Margaret Humphries, I want to know it. Did you ever have a daughter—a child, by this name, Mag?"

"Quick—quick—Berton! They're coming."

"I go—I go. But say, had you such a daughter?"

"Yes—but she's dead, long years ago. Never mind me—hasten, or you'll be caught again."

"If you get out of this den alive, Mag," said Berton,—and I will instantly return here with success, if I get off—let me see you, immediately. Your child is not dead! I know her. Come to me—and me—and I will show her to you!" and with these words, as the three intoxicated robbers mounted the old stair-case, Berton darted over the window-still, and having previously secured the ropes to the casing, he touched the roof of the shed in safety, while Mag fell heavily back upon the floor, senseless from the shock occasioned by this suddenly acquired information regarding her supposed dead child.

Silbet advanced to the door of the room where he supposed the officer to be safely secured, and finding the door locked upon the inside, he commenced thundering away at the panels, in right good earnest.

"Open the door!" he shouted. "Open, Mag Duffies, or I'll care you of your tricks. What are you doing, you she wolf!" he cried, suddenly suspecting something had gone wrong.

"How the wind howls," said one of the men.

"Where does it come from?" asked another.

"The window, inside here," suggested the third.

"They have escaped!" muttered the first speaker.

"Not quite, I'll be bound. He was too strongly tied for that," said Silbet.

"Both of 'em," added his companion.

"Down with the door—down with it!" shouted the chief robber, who could get no answer, and who now feared that it was too true. And three minutes afterwards, the old door was battered off its hinges.

The three ruffians sprang into the room, but all was darkness, and the wind and sleet were driving furiously in at the open window.

"A light, Louis," yelled Silbet; "bring a light! They've gone!" and as he stepped forward, he stumbled headlong against the hard wall, over the prostrate body of Mag Dufries, who had fallen in a fit a few minutes previously, and who had not yet recovered from the shock.

Silbet rose again, stepped to the corner of the room where he had left the police officer, whom he so greatly feared when that man was at liberty, and saw that he had got away!

"He's gone—gone!" muttered the robber, as the lantern was brought. "Close the window, Louis. Yes, he's gone, and has murdered or strangled old Mag, here; take her up—take her up!"

Such was the impression of the whole trio, who now believed that the artful official had by some means contrived to extricate himself from the cords with which he had been bound, and had fastened the door, choked the old woman, and by means of the ropes had lowered himself from the chamber and fled.

In a moment longer, Silbet, who was not so deeply in his cups as the rest, began to think of the results of this night's work, and he naturally supposed that the police officer, who had been so roughly handled there, and who had made good his escape, would not be absent long, the more especially as a hundred louis' reward had been offered for his arrest. He said to himself, "we must leave this place, instant, or we are caged for the present;" and he went about the execution of a precipitate retreat from the old house, forthwith.

This determination on the part of Silbet was a very laudable one, and if he had been immediately seconded in his views by his confederates, it would have been very well for him and them. But they had imbibed too much to be controlled easily; and, while they were looking after the old woman's case, who had come to consciousness again, the dilapidated and ancient resort of these thieves and villains was surrounded by a corps of *gens d'armes*, whom Berton had gathered at the two nearest station-houses, after his escape, and the retreat of Silbet and his two companions was effectually cut off.

Berton knew very well that the customers he

had now to deal with would submit to no child's play, and he resolved to enter into no parley with them. Without hesitation, therefore, he instantly directed the front door to be battered down, and the first intimation that the robbers had of the presence of the military and police force, was the thundering of the men below stairs.

"There they are!" shouted Silbet. "Now look to yourselves, boys. It's just as I supposed it would be. We're trapped, certain, and must fight our way out. Come on!"

They descended the stairs half way, and a score of bristling bayonets greeted them there. They hurried back, and darted to the rear window, through which Berton had retreated, but as many more *gens d'armes* were ready to receive them, on the roof and around the shed below. They were pressed upon by the advancing guard, and nothing but a desperate *coup de main* could save them. They rushed forward, and in another moment, all three of the wretches were disabled and effectually secured by the overpowering numbers of the station-guard. Berton once more placed the iron "ruffles" upon Silbet's sturdy wrists, and the guilty trio were borne away in safety to the nearest prison.

Berton had caught the noted house-breaker and thief, and he had well earned his reward and the credit that attached to his enterprise; but he did not forget the poor woman who had aided him in the undertaking. He directed that she should be provided for during the night, and next day he communicated with her once more, in regard to her child.

As soon as she informed him that her real name was Margaret Humphries, he despatched an agent with directions to one Mathes—a linen-draper in Paris—in whose service there was an orphan girl, whose name was the same, and whose story he happened to know. This girl was now seventeen years old. She had been enticed away from her mother when she was only eight years of age, and had been out at service most of the time since. Her history was commonly known in the faubourg where she dwelt, and she supposed that her parents were both dead. She remembered when and how she had been taken from her mother's house, in a distant part of the city, but as she found herself afterwards more comfortably situated where she sojourned than she had ever been at home, she continued to remain in service, and never would have known of her parent's wretchedness, but for the incident that occurred, in which she had been involved, and which we have already described.

After the loss of her child, Margaret—or *Mag*, as she was called—became sick, and, for three or four years, had been a burthen to herself and her neighbors. She got pretty low at last, changed her name to *Dufries*, and became the companion of thieves and robbers, to keep her from starvation. She met with Berton, as we have seen,—he hinted what he did to her, when she carelessly pronounced her own proper name, and now he resolved to pay ever into her hands the hundred louis d'ors that came into his possession as the reward for Silbet's arrest, and to reunite the mother and child, in the hope that they would thus be enabled to retire to some town in the interior, and with this handsome amount of money begin life anew and respectably again.

In this effort he was entirely successful. The girl was brought, and her mother instantly recognized her stolen daughter. In the meantime, Berton had caused the old woman to be placed in good hands, and she was decently dressed when her more ambitious child first met her. The plan that the officer had arranged was fully carried out, and when young Margaret was informed that so handsome a sum would be placed at her mother's disposal, and had the opportunity to listen to the advice that Berton gave with the money, she was greatly pleased, and agreed forthwith to accompany her newly found parent out of the town. They afterwards settled down at Vigny, a few miles distant from Paris, and became respectable and respected in the neighborhood, where, with their little store of gold, they set up a small shop, and thenceforward continued to earn a livelihood.

Silbet was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the galleys for life, very soon after his arrest. One of his accomplices turned evidence for the king, and most of the property lost by the marquis was recovered, subsequently, through this instrumentality. The other knave was hurt in the conflict that attended the arrest, and died of a bayonet-wound, received in his attempt to force his way out of the house by the guard.

Berton added new laurels to his fame as a police agent, and soon after this adventure was promoted for his bravery and success in taking the cunning and desperate rogue who had so long been a scourge to the city and neighborhood. He was somewhat bruised and lamed after his fearful night's work, but this kind of thing was a part of his profession, and he expected rough treatment at times.

But he found a far greater satisfaction in reflecting that he had saved poor Margaret Humphries (alias *Dufries*) from destruction; and at the

same time had rendered her and her lost child happy and comfortable in life afterwards. Old "Mag" lived to bless the cold night upon which she so mysteriously met with Berton, and her daughter finally married a thrifty mechanic of Vigny, and they lived happily amid their continuous good fortune for many long years thereafter.

#### THE PEANUT SELLER'S TRIUMPH.

A correspondent of the New York Anti-slavery Standard, writing from Atlanta, Ga., tells the following capital story, which he entitles, "The Peanut Seller's Triumph: or, Young America's Revenge." If it makes our readers laugh as inextinguishably as it has us, we pity them. "One day a pea-nut and candy-selling urchin at the railroad station, was rudely pushed off the platform by the conductor of the freight train. His wrath was great, and he determined that it should be the spring of equal great annoyance to his foe. His heaving bosom—contracted brow—compressed lips—clenched hand—flashing eye—and half-uttered 'by gum, if I don't make you pay for that, then I'm mistaken!' all proved that a dreadful retribution awaited the devoted conductor of the freight train. Young America sold his stock that day with unusual rapidity—for he sold at half-price, and was diligent at his business. He 'raised' twenty-five cents; and with it, he purchased a piece of fat pork.

"The 'grade' at Atlanta is very steep; and heavy freight trains, when going at full speed; seldom exceed the rate of three miles an hour until they reach a certain distance from the city. Young America attached a piece of string to the pork—and, accompanied by another juvenile, went down to the place where the grade is steepest. 'Now, look y'e here,' said the pea-nut seller to his companion, and as he placed the fat pork on the rail, 'you take hold of that string and pull me along.' He squatted down on the pork, and was trailed up and down on both rails for about half a mile. Of course the rail was well greased! The freight train came up. It was literally 'no go!' For two days the engine vigorously puffed in a vain attempt at progress. The conductor was finally obliged to call the aid of another engine. Thus concludeth the history of the Peanut Seller's Triumph, or, Young America's Revenge."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "HUSBAND."—The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo Saxon words *hus* and *band*, which signify the "bond of the house;" and it was anciently spelt "housebond," and continued to be spelt thus in some editions of the English Bible after the introduction of printing. A husband, then, is a house-bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles the family into the union of openness of love.

You can depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend upon himself. He only who acts conscientiously towards himself will act so towards others, and *vice versa*.

## FAREWELL FOREVER.

BY JAMES B. MACQUILLAN.

O would that we had never, never met,  
That chance had cast our beings far apart,  
Then would this bosom feel no wild regret,  
Nor shades of sorrow linger round this heart.  
I know that thou canst never, never feel  
The pangs I've felt since fate hath bid us part—  
And yet I love each thought that doth reveal  
Thy vision to this fond and constant heart.

I feel that thou canst never, never know  
The saddened thoughts that ever dwell with me;  
A stream of sorrow round this life doth flow,  
And yet 'tis welcome, for it mirrors thee.  
Time's scroll I know can never, never tell  
The anguish here—the hopeless silent cost,  
Of having loved too wildly well,  
And vainly loved—for thou to me art lost.

Though we may never, never meet again,  
I'll love and cherish every early token,  
And smile and weep—'twill be a pleasing pain,  
To kiss the vows thou hast so falsely broken.  
To think on days forever, ever gone—  
But still remembered—days of joys once mine—  
When first I saw thee in love's early morn,  
And read the future in those eyes of thine.

Farewell, farewell, forever, ever more,  
The flowers of youth have perished from my sight;  
The faded garland wreathed my memory's store,  
And shades the future in gloom's darkest night.  
Farewell, farewell, I'll never, never chide,  
But love each thought that visions unto me  
The well-remembered smiles that once did guide  
This saddened heart before love's shrine for thee.

## THE BANKER'S NIECE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

It was quite late in the evening ere the banker's clerk, Pierre Dupont, was able to meet his engagement and enter the splendid ball-room of the Countess D. A noble looking fellow, dressed with exquisite taste and withal brimful of mirth and compliment, he was ever a desirable acquisition to the soirees of the season, and as he passed along now, interchanging bows and greetings, many a lady's eye grew bright, and many a heart beat tumultuously. But the clerk was too wearied just then to regard any very closely; and indeed had only repaired to the gay spot because he could not well excuse himself. Threading his way through the graceful dance, he gained at length a draped window and enconced himself behind the rich curtains and looked, listened, and rested.

His attention was soon rivetted to the face of a young girl who sat beside an opposite window. Not because she was beautiful, for he thought her

very plain in features; nor because of her costly robes, for she was dressed in simple muslin; but only from the circumstance that she was the only maiden seated, the wall-flower of the ball, the rest all tripping in the mazes of the figure just then called. He thought she looked a little sad, and he did not wonder, she sat there so lonely and neglected. Pierre had a warm and kindly heart hidden under his laughing mien, and he resolved at once, that fatigued though he was, he would seek an introduction and lead her to the floor.

The countess passed just then. He expressed his wish to her and asked the name of the unknown. To his astonishment, he was told she was the niece of his employer, and called Louise Lascelle.

"A liquid name, truly, my lady. I wonder if her voice be as softly musical."

"I can hardly tell you. I have so seldom heard it. She was introduced to me last week by her uncle, and of course as so near a relative, I must need invite her. But she is not happy here, I think. She is so plain and so poorly dressed that our beaux do not fancy her. She has not danced at all."

"Present me, if you please. It would ill become me to pass her by."

"You think then to gain the banker's favor. But I warn you. He told me she had no expectations from him to offer to the world, and I infer she is some poor relative to whom in pity he has given the post of housekeeper."

"Yet, present me. If poor, I am her equal. If neglected, the more need that I should show her some respect." And he crossed the room and the countess introduced him.

Pierre had thought her very plain, but when she raised her eyes to his, he saw that she had at least as brilliant a pair of orbs as flashed in the whole saloon, and he noticed, too, that the lashes which veiled them were long and silken. And when she responded to his compliments, he found that her voice was softly musical, and when their conversation became animated, her whole countenance, though very pale, became radiant with the expression of her thoughts, laughter now dimpling her thin lips, gravity chastening their curve, and sarcasm rounding them into fullness. And when he led her away, he marked that her step was light and graceful, her attitudes a model, and her whole mien enchanting. He saw too, that her hair, though not abundant, was rich, and dark, and soft and glossy as untarnished silk, and though confined in braids, with a wavy outline that gave it the appearance of imprisoned ringlets. Her dress,

too, though of maslin, was of the finest and most delicate India fabric. And the little lace that flounced the neck and sleeves, was of the rarest kind."

"She has exquisite taste I know," whispered he to himself, "or a robe so plain would not hang in such graceful folds, nor would its few trimmings be so expensive."

And forthwith he began to wish that he were rich, and so fancy how he would array the maiden if he were burdened with the care. Strange thoughts for him! An hour before, and he did not know she lived. Now he hoped she might live forever, and be beside her.

He devoted himself exclusively to her during the remainder of the evening, to the chagrin of many a belle, who wondered what he could find so enchanting in a maiden whom the other beaux without exception had so slighted. And when the banker's carriage was announced, as the uncle had excused himself quite early, he begged and obtained permission to escort her home, and the musical, "*bon sois, monsieur*," which trembled on her lips as she parted from him, haunted his memory all night long, and sang sweetly in his ears the whole of the next day, notwithstanding he spent it amidst dusty ledgers.

The succeeding evening there was a party at the banker's, and the clerk, one of the invited guests, went early this time, and thus secured a half hour's conversation with the niece, unmolested by hearers or lookers-on. He watched her closely during the after hours, and inferred that the countess was right in some of her remarks. The banker did not seem to trouble himself at all about his relative, young as she was, and unless some guest out of regard to him requested an introduction, he gave none. That her means were not abundant seemed evident from the fact that her dress was precisely the same she wore at the previous ball; and that but the clerk lavished his attentions on her, she would again have been a wall-flower. But he was better pleased than even he had been before, and only left her side when politeness to other friends demanded. He sounded her mind, and found that it was rich in ores that rust could not corrupt, while her heart, far as she chose to show it, was a very heaven of purity and holiness. In short, he was in love, and he thought it no wonder either, or rather he did not stop to analyze his feelings—it was enough to know he felt—enough to know that her lightest tone was music to her ears, and the gentlest touch of her soft hand an electric revelation to his heart.

They met evening after evening, sometimes in the lonely parlors of her uncle, sometimes at

the theatre or opera, but oftener at the ball rooms of her wealthy relative's acquaintances; whither she went for what reason it seemed hard to tell. Perhaps to gratify her uncle's wishes, perhaps her curiosity, perhaps to see the clerk. It was not certainly because she hoped for admiration or attention, for she was still neglected, and still called plain and dowdyish, though they owned her looks improved a little and her dress had more of ton.

The clerk thought she grew handsomer each time he saw her. There was a delicate peach-bloom on her cheek that contrasted sweetly with her fair complexion; and her lips were fuller and had a carnine tint. Her hair, too, seemed to be more abundant, and occasionally now, a few long, glossy ringlets would float upon her shoulders, and sometimes a snowy bud would nestle beside the silver comb. But other ornaments she never wore, and folks said it was not choice, but poverty, that banished them.

They stood one evening in her uncle's winter garden, the breath and beauty of the summertime all about them with its witcheries, though without the air was chill, and hoarse the wind. She was toying with a rosebud, a sweet, half-blown thing, that she had carelessly plucked from a bush beside her. She had inhaled its fragrance, trailed it upon her brow and cheek, pressed it in dalliance to her lips, and now with her slender fingers was unfolding the green calyx.

"Do not tear it, Louise,"—their intimacy warranted him in the use of her liquid name;—"give it to me,—or stay," and he plucked it—"exchange with me."

They were simple words, but they brought a rich color to the maiden's cheek, and she had no power to speak. Their hands met, softly, lightly, to exchange the buds, but somehow they could never tell, their fingers were entangled and in the ecstasy that thrilled them, the floral gift was quite forgotten, and only brought to memory after an hour's delicious interchange of promises and love, by the words of the betrothed, Louise—"The rose has ever been my favorite flower; I will wear it more than ever now," when the fallen buds were gathered up, and borne away to sleep that night on human hearts.

With a proud and manly step, the clerk the next day sought the uncle and asked his niece in marriage. The banker seemed astounded.

"You are too poor to marry, Pierre."

"May be, monsieur, but not to love. We will live on that."

"It is food only for the honey-moon."

"Then ours shall last forever."

"Well, well, I'll see about it. Go now. The ledgers wait."

So Pierre went to his work again, and the uncle to see his niece, and they were long closeted together. And when he came again to the counting-room, he whispered to the clerk:

"The girl is as wilful as yourself, and you may have your way—but mind, should the honeymoon ere wane, you come not here with pitying tale."

They were married five days afterwards, with none but the necessary witnesses. The banker gave his niece away, and as he pressed his paternal kiss upon her cheek, he hung about her neck a diamond necklace, which Pierre thought an unseemly gift for so portionless a bride, and for a poor man's wife. But he forgot its glitter soon in the dazzling radiance that flashed from her dark eyes, as side by side they drove out from the bustling city to spend a single day of leisure.

The bridal eve was over, and the twain, now of one flesh, sat at their breakfast. But the bridegroom seemed strangely sad and absent, and ere long the bride questioned him.

"What ails you, Pierre? Why don't you eat or drink?"

"I have no appetite."

"Love suffices I suppose; but why that wrinkled brow. One would think you were a cross old grandfather, instead of a youthful husband. I say again, what ails you?"

"I do not want to leave you."

"And who wants you to—not I."

"Your uncle does, and I must go. I have stayed so long, yet I should like to spend one week in honey-moon."

"And so you shall."

"But our bread, Louise?"

"Our bread! Think you it will suffer from six days' idleness? My baker will take care of that. But it is time the play was out. Know then I have no expectations from the banker, because I need none. I am mistress in my own right of a million and a half."

"You, Louise—my bride!"

"Ay, your bride—Madame Pierre Dupont, not quite so musical a name as my old one of Ma'mselle Louise Lascelle, and yet I like it well. And moreover the lady has a villa in the south, that a nobleman might envy, and there we'll go forthwith, and stay a week or a year, just as we choose."

"But why—"

"Conceal so long my riches? That I might win a husband that loved me, and not my gold. I had many lovers, but on testing them I found

it was not me they wanted, but my possessions. I came here, and at a time when sickness had despoiled me of the little beauty I had owned, and with uncle's permission, passed off as a dowdier niece. You fancied me, in spite of my poor looks and empty purse, and I—well, never mind. Uncle gives a ball to-night in honor of our nuptials, and it's time you were deciding on your dress. Mine is already ordered, and when our friends see the bride in snowy satin, queenly laces, and a veil that is a fortune, floating above the ringlets on her neck, for the braids shall all be unloosed, and my hair have its free will to-night, a loop of diamonds in each ear, a bracelet on each arm, and a necklace around my throat, perchance they will think they were mistaken, and credit beauty, grace, fashion and wealth to the bride of the hour."

"And the star of the evening and the city shall be my own Louise—late, but the banker's niece."

#### SAILORS ON SHORE.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times is responsible for the following anecdote: "During our recent war with Mexico it was found necessary to call on the marines and sailors, serving in the Pacific squadron, to serve on shore, and a large number of salts were accordingly placed under command of Gen. Kearney. During one of their 'shore fights,' as Jack termed it, a body of 'Greasers' were discovered firing from a large stone barn, and it being necessary to get to its rear, in order to effect an entrance, the marine officer in command of the salts gave the order, 'By the right flank file left, forward!' The blue jackets, in a high state of excitement, 'tried it on,' but couldn't do it; in fact, 'they got all in a heap,' as a spectator describes it; when Lieut. St—w—y, of the navy, seeing some of his lads in confusion, came running up with, 'What is out?' 'I can't get your men to obey me,' answers Mr. Marine. 'Give the order,' says S., 'and I'll see they do.' Accordingly, 'By the right flank,' etc., was yelled out, but worse and worse was poor Jack's puzzle, when S. sang out, 'Hang it, sir, that's no way to talk to my men. Luff, you lubbers, and weather that barn!' You had better believe it was done in no time."

"Don't you see that notice there?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamboat to a man who had a "long nine" in his mouth, and three similar cigars in his left hand; "don't you see that writin', or can't you read writin'?" "No gentleman permitted to smoke on the after deck."

"God bless you, I'm not a 'gentleman'; but the way I like to smoke is a caution. Got used to it, cap'n, years and years ago. Take one, cap'n!"

But "the rule must be enforced," and the smoker walked "forward," where he could enjoy his "weed" unmolested.

## LINES.

Suggested by hearing a lady read, "O, give me back my childhood days!"

BY MARY LOUISE GLASIER.

O, who would recall the flowers that fall  
In childhood's innocent spring;  
Or wish in vain to live o'er again  
Those days of which they sing.  
True, 'tis sweet to look on the rippling brook,  
Or gaze on its pebbly bed;  
To list to the breeze 'neath the clustering trees,  
And the star-spread sky overhead.

Or, 'neath evergreen shades in the fairest glades,  
Youth's footsteps may lightly dance;  
Still, every age will new joys engage,  
To disarm woe's keenest glance.  
Only keep the heart pure—ever strive to secure  
Those treasures that strengthen the mind;  
And we will be gay, though dark is the day,  
Our pleasure it never can blind.

Then we can in truth look back on our youth,  
With glances of heartiest joy;  
Yet we'll not wish it back to again tread the track,  
That might be more mixed with alloy.  
But in accents of love let us praise Him above,  
Who this power so kindly has given,  
To recall to our gaze those halcyon days,  
When life seemed a foretaste of heaven.

## THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

BY ALICE G. ELMENDORF.

THE blue sky of June was bending in full beauty over an ancient country mansion on the banks of the Hudson. The beams of the afternoon sun were doing their best to bring to sight all the ravages of time and use in a large apartment in which sat the aged mistress of the house, and one other person. This was a small, rather good-looking man, with a most deferential smile and humble address. He was spreading before the lady some very frightful-looking law papers.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "this is a painful business, but it is fit that you comprehend it rightly. A lady, to be sure, hasn't much knowledge of the technicalities of the law, but I am certain you understand enough of these documents to know that they substantiate what I have been saying. Shall I read them again, madam?"

"No, no, Mr. Clark, it is not necessary that you set forth to me again the way in which the inheritance of my children has become yours. You have got it all, now, all but this old house and the garden-plot."

"You speak as if I were to blame, madam. The law gave it to me. I did not take it."

"Well, let it pass. About this other affair, now. You say you will secure to me a certain sum yearly, if I will sign a mortgage upon this house—the dwelling where all my children were born."

"So I have told you, madam; merely from a spirit of kindness towards yourself, not from any hope of profit."

Soft was the voice with which this was said, and yet the aged widow raised her eyes to the countenance of her companion, and after a long and melancholy gaze, shook her head and replied:

"I cannot, Mr. Clark, I cannot! Memory is too strong. It brings up the time when my husband lived, and all my merry boys bounded round me in this house—now so lonely and time-worn."

"As you please, madam, as you please," said again the mild voice of Mr. Clark, as he rose and gathered up his papers. "It is for your benefit, not mine."

"Will it do any good, Mr. Clark, if I once more entreat you to be merciful, and spare the portion of my last remaining child?"

"You distress me, my dear madam, by this constant implying that I am acting a cruel part. This is a plain matter of business in which I am letting my feelings have much more influence than almost any other person would, as the proposal I just now made to you proves,"—and bowing low, Mr. Clark took his leave.

There had been a third individual, an unobserved listener to this conversation—an old negro, who had been standing in the adjoining lobby. He was one of the two remaining attached and faithful dependents of the De Ruyter family—born in the house and formerly owned by old Mr. de Ruyter. His hopes and feelings were identified with them, and his sympathies were strongly excited by the effect produced on his usually resigned mistress by the interview he had witnessed. As he attended Mr. Clark to the door, he could scarcely forbear giving utterance to his sentiments in language perhaps a little too strong to meet the ear of that very mild and courteous gentleman. He returned to his employment of polishing his young master's boots, muttering:

"Feelin's! what business he to talk 'bout feelin's? He no more feelin' than this yere ole brush."

"Hallo, Cesar, what are you mumbling there?" cried George de Ruyter, a bright-eyed boy of fifteen.

"Ah, Massa George, smooth, smiling Massa Clark bin up stairs, and it means no good when



he comes, I can tell you dat, Massa George ;" and Cesar proceeded to communicate to the boy all he saw and feared in connection with the redoubtable Mr. Clark.

As he went on in his whispered tale, he grew more and more energetic in his blacking operations, and twisted his sable features into such grotesque expressions of grief, that George burst into loud fits of laughter. But soon his face sobered, and he took up his fishing-rod and left the kitchen. His steps were bent in the direction of the hills, and ere long, he looked down on the habitation of Mr. Clark.

"Any one would know that for the house of a Yankee wherever he saw it," said he to himself, as he gazed on the neatly-painted frame house, with its bright, green blinds. The fresh, white paint glistened in the afternoon sun, and all the fences and out-buildings wore a compact, trim look, which, as George thought, showed th Yankee. Everything was scrupulously neat, but there was nothing picturesque. Indeed, what can be less so, than most the American cottages? prim, white things, with grass-green blinds.

"It is too new to look like anything," muttered George, turning away with not very pleasant feelings towards Mr. Clark. "And yet," thought he, as he pursued his ramble, "they say he is very kind to some people. There's that old crazy negro of his that he humors in everything. He can have feelings then when it suits him. He is a hard work-master though to his work-people, and harsh to all inferiors. I don't understand that. I should think he was too calculating, too polite for that. He should be true to that Yankee proverb, 'The good-will of a dog is better than the ill-will of his master.'"

The twilight spirit had spread his mantle over the earth as George entered his mother's drawing-room. She was seated by the window in melancholy thought. She was thinking of the past, of forms and faces which death, to use an expression of Lamartine, had "petrified in her affections." Madame de Ruyter, as she was generally called, had long been a widow. In the flush of early youth she had come as a bride to the house which was now crumbling to decay around her—in that house seven fair children had been born to her, and from that house six of these tendrils of her heart had been called away with hushed breath and measured tread.

The wheel of Fortune had turned for the De Ruyter family, and most of the broad lands they had held for long years had passed into strange hands. Madame Ruyter bore her misfortunes with dignified resignation, but sometimes, as she

looked on her youngest born, her heart would struggle with her pride. The De Ruyter family was one of the first and oldest in the country, and were therefore yet regarded with as much consideration as formerly by the whole neighborhood, while George, for his enthusiastic temper and buoyant spirits, was a general favorite with all save Mr. Clark, who was the principal attorney of the village, a smooth, careful man, of the strictest business habits, and too shrewd and vigilant to forfeit his birthright as a New Englander. People said he had grown rich on the spoils of the De Ruyter property. To him, George was never a pleasing object. It was but the operation of the common law—the injurer disliked the injured.

A few days after the above-mentioned interview, Mr. Clark found Cesar gathering sticks in a piece of woods near the house.

"What are you at, there, fellow?" he exclaimed.

"Getting wood, Massa Clark."

"Clear out, instantly, and if I catch you again trespassing on other people's property, it won't be good for you."

But the negro stood his ground.

"Don't know what you mean by trespass, Massa Clark, but I got a right to pick up sticks in my missus's woods."

"But I tell you they are mine, now, and you have no right here."

"It was no good means that made them yours, Massa Clark, and I'll get as much wood here as I like."

"And I say you shall not. Throw down that armful."

"Dat I don't."

"Do you dare say that to me?" and the thoroughly provoked lawyer dealt old Cesar a violent blow.

The negro ward off the worst of its effects, and before a moment had elapsed, Mr. Clark had regained his self-command.

"Go along with your wood, fellow," he said, "but never let me see your black face hereabouts again. Hark ye, Cesar," he added, "you need not say anything about this to your mistress. There's a piece of silver for you."

"Keep your money, Massa Clark, 'twould burn my fingers. I'll tell my missus or not, just as I chooses."

With a muttered imprecation, Mr. Clark turned his steps toward home. Passing through the village he encountered George de Ruyter. According to his usual custom, he stopped and spoke to him, but George thought he discerned a covert look of spite, and the air of lurking

condescension which Mr. Clark had fancied entirely concealed, galled the proud spirit of the boy. George reached his home with feelings fully prepared to listen to the tale which Cesar poured into his ears.

Some days afterward, George was riding a very spirited pony, borrowed from one of his play-fellows, and encountering on a narrow road a horse and light wagon belonging to Mr. Clark, the pony became unmanageable, and dashing against the wagon, did considerable damage to it. On hearing this, Mr. Clark called upon Madame de Ruyter for the value of the wagon. Upon her remonstrating, he proposed to pass the matter over for the present, and place it with the other obligations to him, but this she refused, and contrived with much difficulty to raise the money to meet his demand. Throughout the village there was one feeling of indignation against one who could thus take the widow's portion.

And so it went on. In this small and retired village, scarcely a day passed that some of Mr. Clark's family did not meet either George de Ruyter or old Cesar, and on these occasions numberless were the trifles that raised unpleasant feelings in the mind of each party towards the other. On Sunday morning the old-fashioned family carriage of Madame de Ruyter would often be proceeding towards the Episcopal Church, at the same time that the trim, freshly varnished vehicle of Mr. Clark swept up to the door of the Methodist meeting-house; and that worthy gentleman would writhe in concealed mortification as he witnessed how much more respectful and numerous were the bows that greeted Madame de Ruyter, even in her rusty widow's crape, than the recognitions bestowed on him. She saw little of all. She took but slight notice of what was passing around her, lived a very secluded life, and heard nothing of the gossip of the village. But George, arrived at an age when the mind seizes upon any opportunity for excitement, delighted in arraying himself against Mr. Clark.

Months flew by and George left his home and his mother for a midshipman's life. Very dreary seemed the old house to her. She missed the glowing eyes and ringing laugh that had been almost her sole delight. The monotony of her life was sometimes varied, however, by the visits of Mr. Clark. Madame de Ruyter had long ago learned well that lesson which every woman learns, to hide an aching heart beneath a calm brow, but her faithful Cesar noticed that after any one of these interviews, her dignified countenance wore deep furrows, and her lofty bear-

ing a trace of heavier sorrow. There was little room for any further retrenchment in her expenditure, but even additional economy, if possible, was used. The old family carriage and horses were sold, and if she could have found it in her heart, she would have parted with one of the attached servants of years. But she could not withstand their passionate and tearful pleadings. The best part of their lives had been spent in her service, and now that the frost was on their brows she could not send them from her.

One afternoon in the latter part of March, after George had been gone more than two years, Cesar, with no very good grace, ushered Mr. Clark into the parlor. After the interview had been prolonged more than an hour, he happened to pass the partly opened door of the room, and great was the tempest that agitated his faithful breast when he glanced in. He saw what might have moved a sterner heart. He saw the large and burning tears chasing each other down the cheek of his proud mistress, heard the scarcely smothered sobs and broken accents of grief, and marked the convulsive tremblings that shook her frame. And then he saw that stately woman rise from her chair and fall on her knees before the cool, quiet man, who sat there with a well-counterfeited expression of sympathy on his features. Ay, knelt to him; for a mother's love for an only child has caused many a one to stoop lower far than that. The only emotion Mr. Clark showed, was one of strong embarrassment, and Cesar ground his teeth in rage as he marked how ineffectual had been the humbling of his haughty mistress. Dashing away to the kitchen, he declared he could not remain under the same roof with Mas-sa Clark, seized his old gun and rushed out of the house.

The afternoon sun was just setting as Mr. Clark rode forth from the gate of Madame de Ruyter—the shades of night had not closed around when he was found on the road leading thence a murdered corpse. The person who gave the alarm descried old Cesar at a distance, and immediately seized on him as the perpetrator of the deed. He was instantly conveyed to the county jail by the excited crowd that soon collected.

The next morning's sun shone on a house of suffering. Although Madame de Ruyter did not for a moment doubt old Cesar's innocence, she knew that everything was against him, and she groaned in the bitterness of her spirit, as she felt the cold shadow of the approaching evil.

The day was appointed for Cesar's trial.

Then it was that she felt in its sharpness the sting of poverty. On the side of the prosecution was employed some of the best talent at the bar, while she, how could she command means to provide even respectable counsel for her poor faithful negro? But she sacrificed all—sold the last fragment of her property, the old homestead, in order to preserve which she had knelt to Mr. Clark.

The day of the trial arrived. A laborer from a farm near the De Ruyter house, who was in the kitchen at the time Cesar left it, swore to his violent expressions and invectives against Mr. Clark then. It was found that no other person was seen near when the murder was discovered, and his gun was shown, bearing marks of having been recently discharged. A number of witnesses testified to his great agitation when he saw the murdered man—apparently the agitation of guilt. The lawyer on the defence could only plead the generally mild character, and kind, good disposition of the accused, and the improbability that the perpetrator of such a crime would make no attempt to secrete himself, or no resistance when seized. He endeavored to give the greatest prominence to Cesar's own account of the way in which he came to be so near the spot of the murder, with a freshly discharged gun in his hand. Cesar declared that he was on a hill overlooking the road along which Mr. Clark was riding, and saw him dismount, apparently to arrange his horse's saddle-girth, and just as he mounted again, heard a shot, and saw him fall. He instantly hurried to the place, but the road was circuitous, and before he arrived there, the alarm had been given, and he found himself seized as the murderer. His own gun had been fired at a bird a half hour previous. The lawyer wound up his speech by an eloquent appeal to the feelings of the jury. He spoke of the infirm widow, so well known to them all, to whose load of grief this was a most heavy addition—of the frank, affectionate young midshipman, whose boyish heart so loved Cesar. But all was of no avail. The jury with sorrowful faces returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge appointed the day for the execution of the sentence of the law.

Poor Cesar up to this time preserved a good degree of composure. Confident of his innocence, he fully trusted that in the end it would appear, but when he heard the awful sentence, his agony and despair were terrible. Even then, however, after the first paroxysm, he grieved more for his mistress than for himself.

"Old nigger most done with any way," he said, "not much good any more, but my poor

dear missus,"—and his wild sobs would break out afresh.

Madame de Ruyter wrote to her son directly after Cesar's sentence was pronounced. She thought there was a chance of his being then in port, and hurriedly, wildly, she wrote, entreating him to come to her. She saw Cesar every day, and most touching were his eager and passionate inquiries after the arrival of his young master. He seemed to have no other wish in life save this, but remained most of the time sunk in a kind of stupor of grief.

It was the day preceding that which was to put a period to the life of the faithful old negro, when George de Ruyter sprang from the stage at his mother's door. "My boy! God bless you!" was the first utterance of the mother's heart, as she clasped him in her arms. A deeper joy than she had known for long years sparkled in her eyes as she surveyed the tall, handsome youth, whose every look and tone showed such ardent affection for herself. But the tears soon veiled those beams of happiness as the remembrance of old Cesar returned to her mind. George sat down and heard the whole story, and then set off to obtain the customary permission to pass the last night in the cell of the prisoner. This was granted, and about nine o'clock he entered old Cesar's place of confinement. The clergyman was there, and the sound of his voice in prayer had just ceased as the jailer unbarred the door. Cesar remained for a moment as if transfixed, and then with one wild cry threw himself at George's feet, and embracing his knees, clung to him like a drowning man, while convulsive sobs shook his whole frame. George threw his arms around his neck, and his tears mingled with those that were pouring fast and burning from the very heart of poor old Cesar. Even the jailer wept.

After Cesar had regained comparative calmness, George watched an opportunity when the jailer's back was towards them, and slipped a small parcel into his hands. The next instant the man turned around and said:

"Sir, it is my duty to search your person before I leave you with the prisoner."

George made no objection, and the jailer, after completing his task, expressed himself satisfied. As the clergyman was taking his leave, he touched George on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, drawing him aside, "I saw that proceeding just now, and I fear it is my duty to make it known to the jailer."

George grasped his arm with almost convulsive force:

"O, sir, in the name of humanity, I implore

you to be silent. Have pity upon this miserable man, who is as innocent of this crime as you or I. I ask not your co-operation. I only entreat you not to thwart my endeavors. As you are a man, sir, grant my request."

"Well, my young friend," said the clergyman, much affected, "I may be doing wrong, but I will be silent."

The door was locked and barred, and George was alone with old Cesar. For a time both forgot their situation, and most precious to their hearts was this opportunity for free converse, but soon stone walls and couch of straw recalled them to their position. The jailer visited the cell once or twice before midnight, and it was not until after that hour that George dared to hope for any prolonged absence, or to think of the parcel he had given Cesar. Scarcely an hour after that time the door opened suddenly without any previous noise, and the jailer entered with a suspicious look. George, who was at the window, had scarcely time to quit what he was doing and assume the attitude of a gazer on the beauty of the night.

"Fine starlight, young sir," said the jailer, "but aint these bars rather too close for a good view?" and he slowly and cautiously passed his hand over them. Suddenly he paused and grasped one of them—he shook it. A violent trembling of Cesar's straw bed could be seen, and George held his breath, and one might have counted the beatings of his heart. But at last the man said:

"All right, I believe. When I stood outside there, I thought I heard a strange noise—but I will trust you, young sir; or rather, I'll trust these bars."

"Much obliged to you," retorted George. "Whatever your suspicions are, it's too hard that you should disturb this poor fellow's last rest. You'll be coming to wake him again, soon, I suppose?"

"When I come, you'll know it," was the only response.

But George was not to be surprised a second time. He met him at the door.

"One more hour," he entreated, "one more hour. O, could you wake him now?"

The jailer looked in at old Cesar, who was apparently sound asleep.

"Well, well, poor fellow," said he, "I'll have hard work though to get everything done."

In one hour he returned, but what a different scene met his eye! In the middle of the cell stood the young midshipman, his arms folded on his breast. Two or three files and a hand-saw lay on the floor, and Cesar was not to be seen.

"Help, help!" shouted the jailer, seizing George by the collar.

The whole house, and indeed the whole neighborhood was soon aroused. The jailer, hastily locking up George in the nearest cell, ran to get the orders of the sheriff. That functionary was standing on the steps of the tavern which adjoined the prison, directing the pursuit in much excitement.

"Send out parties on all the roads," he cried. "Set two or three men searching the premises here. There are not enough of you," he continued. "We want another horse and man. Have you no more horses?" turning to the tavern-keeper.

"That old crazy nigger of Mr. Clark's came here last night on horseback. We could take his horse, or send him."

"Let him go himself by all means. He's got sense enough for that. Go and wake him."

The men ran off, and very soon returned, accompanied by a negro, leading an old, gray horse. George, whose window overlooked the yard, almost screamed as he saw how much more perfect than he had even imagined, was the disguise. In truth, no one who had not witnessed its putting on, would have dreamed that the figure before him was not the negro he was personating. The clothes and slouched hat really belonged to the other, and most perfectly had he assumed his whole air and gait, though very different from his own. Slowly and coolly did the convicted and condemned man lead up the horse, and stand within the sheriff's grasp. George trembled with impatience as he saw that all the others were sent off first; but at length the sheriff turned to him:

"Take the northern road, my good fellow. Throw off that immense coat, though, and you can ride better."

George clenched his teeth tightly, as he heard this order, but Cesar affected not to hear, and busied himself with his horse's head-stall.

"But how is this?" exclaimed the sheriff, as he saw the horse resist all attempts to mount him. "That horse ought to know you better than that," and he looked sharply at him.

Again did George bite his lips till the blood came. Cesar turned, and assuming the very look and tone of his prototype, replied:

"O massa, de reason is, I can't manage him bery well, dis mornin'. I was waked up in such a hurry."

He at length mounted and returned a last look at George's window. He had not got much beyond the gate of the yard, before the sheriff hallooed loudly for him to come back. George

groaned in despair, and frantically clutched the bars of the window. Cesar quietly halted, faced about, and turned back into the yard. The sheriff only wished to give him some more precise directions, and raising one more speaking glance to George, he rode off again. He rode at a quick, but steady pace, till he had cleared the village, then turned in his saddle, and cast one look back and set off at a hard gallop.

Before night all the men returned except the rider on the gray horse. The animal appeared the next morning at his stable-door, and during the day Mr. Clark's old negro returned from the village twelve miles distant, to which George de Ruyter had contrived to send him, and said that on that memorable night he had lent his clothes to the young midshipman—so that was fully explained.

George remained in durance, but there was no room for sorrow in his joyful heart. His daring plan had fully succeeded. He had with much difficulty and many persuasions prevailed upon Sambo to lend him his clothes, and leave the village immediately. In this, his stately mother had assisted. She had been near that night to see that "crazy Sam's" departure was unseen by any, and that Cesar gained unobserved the former's sleeping-place in a loft over the barn.

No one, even the wise and sober village fathers, could find it in their hearts to blame George, and many expressed their enthusiastic admiration. His confinement only lasted till a petition for his full pardon, signed by more than half the entire population of the county, was forwarded to the governor.

Almost all in the village rejoiced that Cesar had escaped, and this feeling became universal, when a few months afterward a pedler passing through the place, and hearing of the occurrences, declared that he could swear to Cesar's innocence. He had been on the eminence near him, and had heard the shot and seen Mr. Clark fall. He would have gone to his assistance, but observed Cesar hurrying in that direction, and as night was near, proceeded on his way. He had heard nothing of the subsequent events, as he had gone westward immediately. His impression was, that a pistol in one of Mr. Clark's own holsters had accidentally gone off as he mounted his horse. As soon as this was known, two of the villagers went in search of Cesar, who had made his way to Canada. After some difficulty they found him and brought him back.

When Mr. Clark's affairs were settled, it had been found that Madame de Ruyter could become again the owner of her old home, and some few

of the rich acres that surrounded it. In the house in which he was born, old Cesar passed the remainder of his days, and at last closed his eyes in presence of his beloved mistress and young master, who was then and is still a distinguished officer in our navy.

#### ANECDOTE OF HOGARTH.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denotes the end of all things, a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire-lock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, crown tumbling in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the world's end tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone and chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, time with his hour glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play book open, with "exeunt omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.—*Anecdotes of English Artists.*

#### COOL.

Recently a person appeared in the allied trenches before Sebastopol habited in a blue frock coat closely buttoned to the chin, and closely shaven. He walked through them, asking questions of the men, counted the guns, "boaching" them, or putting new vents into them, and making what observations he pleased. Some said he was a Frenchman, and some that he looked like a doctor, but no one suspected he was a Russian till he suddenly bolted away down the front of the battery towards the Russian pickets, under a sharp fire of musketry, through which he had the singular good luck to escape unscathed. He was a spy.—*London News.*

MY WIFE:  
CAN SHE KEEP A SECRET?

BY ARTHUR M. GODFREY.

A QUIET, lonely evening is before me. I question whether I can better employ the time than in writing of her whose presence usually brightens our home. She left me this morning, and her merry laugh still mocks me, as I look upon her portrait on the wall. But, I did not seat myself to indulge in a reverie. I will write a story during Carrie's absence, and in order that the same time may be devoted to my absent family, which they claim when at home, my wife, Carrie Clifton, shall be the subject of my little sketch.

Very little have I to say of our courtship. We certainly have no reason to doubt the truth of the old saying, "True love never runs smooth," for we had some trials, mid the bright consciousness of being loved, which were at the time vexatious, though now laughable. Friends interfered, on both sides, most disinterestedly. Many loved Carrie Lee too well to allow her to wed a poor lawyer, without a word of warning from them, particularly as a wealthy young aristocrat sought her hand assiduously. Others thought it absurd that I should think of taking a poor pastor's daughter to my fireside. It was very foolish, so the world said, for Edward Clifton to think of marrying any one at present; but, if determined to do so, he should look about for an heiress.

I will not stop to quote all the old saws, with which we were made acquainted by zealous friends, who loved us too much to allow us to be happy our own way. Did they suppose that Carrie knew nothing of the pinches of poverty? Would the daughter of a country pastor, who had reared eight children on six hundred a year, believe that "when Poverty enters at the door, Love flies out at the window?" No—Carrie had never entered a home more hallowed by family affection than her father's. She knew that they were often compelled to make sacrifices for each other, and of these she had borne her part most cheerfully. For the past two years she had taught music, that she might relieve her father of her support, and help to educate a younger brother.

I had the hearty approval of my parents. My father had married a penniless orphan, and often repeated his favorite maxim, "Better is a fortune in a wife, than a fortune with a wife." Was it strange that, when inclination so warmly seconded the advice of my parents, I met the re-

monstrances of other friends with a nonchalance which convinced them that they wasted words on me?

We were married. After a short, but pleasant wedding tour, at twilight of a bright day in early September (1848), we entered our new home for the first time as *Our Home*. Never shall I forget that evening—we were commencing a new life—not alone did we seek to battle its ills or enjoy its blessings. We sought the presence of the Father of our spirits, and were happy. Bright, indeed, were the early days of our married life. Was I poor? I did not feel so—to be sure, I had few clients as yet, and was sometimes obliged to deny myself some luxury, because I could not afford it; but I was young and hopeful, indulging none save bright anticipations of the future.

Our first trial came—I laugh now, as I think how small it was; but then it was not to be ridiculed. Our most excellent maid of all work told Carrie she must look for another girl, as she was soon to be married. Carrie came to me with the information, it was very provoking that so intelligent a girl as Martha would marry that dolt, Simon Grey. She had half a mind to try to convince her of her foolishness. Upon second thought, however, she concluded that such interference might be similar to those would-be-kindnesses of friends which had troubled her so much a few months before; so she turned her attention to our interest in the matter. What should we do? We might get another girl, but who could supply Martha's place? I was puzzling my wits to think of some one, when Carrie affirmed that she knew just the person to do our housework satisfactorily. Upon my asking who it might be, she replied:

"Carrie Lee Clifton; and if I am not mistaken, our work will be done as well as Simon Grey's."

I treated the idea as absurd, but she would not yield her point; she was sure she should succeed famously—she had found it very nice to have some one to trust with all the care, but she should soon tire of this useless life. Her arguments were so powerfully seconded by the low state of my finances that I consented. Everything passed off smoothly; the change was made, and I found my table always neatly arranged, and the food well cooked. Everything was well done, and if there were petty trials to be borne, I knew nothing of them. We became glad that Martha had left us, and assured ourselves that our first trial was but a blessing in disguise.

In January, 1849, our sister, Kate Lee, came to make us a visit. She was a very lively girl,

just sixteen, ready for any fun which might be within the limits of her idea of propriety. She said she had been a sad thorn in the side of Mrs. Deaconess A., of her father's parish, ever since she was born, and she had come to stay with Carrie and me till the good old lady should have time to forget all the mischief she had ever done; then she was going back to please the parish in general, and Mrs. A. in particular, by very sedate behaviour. It was laughable to hear her tell of the pranks she had played, to the horror of old ladies who thought that, had they lived in times when witches had power, they should have believed she was not the minister's child, but some changeling. None had a kinder heart than Kate, none were more truly considerate of the feelings of the afflicted, but she believed that "to everything there is a season," and her mirthfulness was so great, and her perceptions of the ridiculous were so keen, that her "times to laugh" came very frequently. We had a merry time while she was with us, but our frolics need no record.

Kate brought a fine picture, in water colors, as a present to Carrie, which excited a deal of admiration among the ladies who called upon her. It was proposed that she should teach a class in painting while she remained with us. Kate was delighted, and as soon as the class was certain, began to form plans for the disposal of the first money she should earn herself. At tea table, that night, she asserted that she should not let her mother know of her class till her return, as she could thus surprise her with some nice present of her own earning. I told her she would be sure to write of it in her first letter. She was astonished, and so very sure that she could teach as long as she chose, without writing of it, that I was willing to make my assertion stronger. I affirmed that no woman can keep a secret, least of all so talkative a one as she. Upon this point both the girls were willing to debate, and we had a most spirited one for a while, at the end of which Carrie stood pledged to keep the first thing, which she should know worth concealing, a secret from me for two years. If she should ever do so, I was to allow that she could conceal it any length of time if she chose, and therefore that some women can keep secrets. Kate was witness to this novel agreement, and, indeed, had most to say in settling the conditions.

One evening, the next week, I had some writing to do, so the girls sat down to write to Mother Lee, meanwhile. A half hour later, looking up carelessly, I saw Kate brush back her curls and bite her lips with an expression of vexation. Carrie noticed her at the same in-

stant, and gliding quietly behind her chair she read aloud:

"My pupils progress finely, as—"

Poor Kate! How we did tease her, and I neglected not to predict that Carrie would find herself in the same predicament soon. There was some mischief in Carrie's fine eye, as she replied:

"Perhaps I had better give up the idea of trying to keep a secret. What say you, Kate?"

Kate was in the best of humors immediately. She handed her unfinished letter to Carrie as a warning, and commenced on a new sheet. She wrote but two more letters before she went home, and then we were near to remind her of the rapidity with which her pupils progressed; so she was able to surprise her mother as she wished. She spent every cent of her earnings for presents for the family at home, though there was a "love of a bracelet at Conant's" which she wished very much. I knew not, till long after, that she was as much delighted as surprised to find that same bracelet in her trunk, when she arrived at home, as a present from Carrie. How should I have known, when I supposed that my purse supplied my wife's wants, and that, too, without growing perceptibly lighter?

Months sped away after Kate left, and nothing occurred which reminded me of Carrie's resolution. She seemed to be principally occupied with some embroidery, which I, though no judge of things of the kind, thought must be very nice, as she worked so patiently upon it, with so little apparent progress. Certainly, I had no reason to complain, even if that fancy work were a mere contrivance to waste time, since everything in the housekeeping line was so admirably done, and all my wants well attended to, with no hired help, except Black Betty, two half days each week.

One day, about a year after our marriage, a country lad left a letter at my office. I immediately unsealed it, and as I opened it, bank bills fell out. I read:

"Will Mr. Clifton accept the enclosed ninety dollars, from a friend?"

"Generous, certainly!" I exclaimed; and looked about for the boy, but he was gone. Who could he be? Who gave him the letter? How many times I asked myself these questions. At tea time, when I told Carrie of my mysterious good fortune, she seemed very much surprised. She wanted to see the letter, and then bustled about to find an old letter of my father's to see if the hand-writing were like his. Her labors were fruitless, and her guesses were so absurd that I laughed at her for the little knowledge of human nature she evinced. She

wondered what I would do with the money, and when I seemed undecided, proposed paying the rent, which she thought must be nearly due. I was extremely curious as to who the donor might be, and what were his real motives for making the present; but my curiosity was so completely baffled that I thought it best to try to believe, as Carrie did, that some one fancied I deserved a reward.

A few weeks after, I saw the same boy in the street, as I was hurrying home to tea. I saw him enter a store, and was about to follow him, when Carrie called to me, as I passed our window. I stopped to tell her where I was going, adding:

"It is vexatious that he should come just now, for I have promised to meet Mr. N. in twenty minutes."

"Please tell him to call here," said Carrie, "and you need trouble yourself no more about him, for I will cross-question him as well as you could."

Of course I had no objection to this proceeding, so as soon as I had told the boy and drunk my tea, I went away. In about an hour, Carrie came to the office, and finding me unoccupied, gave me an amusing description of her conversation with the lad. She certainly had acquitted herself most honorably, though she had obtained no clue to the mysterious transaction. She could tell me the boy's name, where he lived, how many brothers and sisters he had, how many cows his father kept, and forty other things as little to the purpose; but the fact was, the boy knew no more of the subject in question than we did ourselves. He was just twelve years old, and had never been in so large a village till the day he carried the letter to Mr. Clifton. That day, as he was staring about, a "big gentleman" told him he would give him sixpence if he would hand a letter into my office, which he pointed out to him. This was the substance of the story, but the manner in which Carrie repeated the conversation, and dilated on the boy's joy at getting a *whole sixpence* for so trifling a service, was very amusing. I concluded that it would be unnecessary to ask the boy any more questions, even if I should meet him.

One day in December of the same year (1849), I found Carrie quite unwell when I went home to dinner. When I left her, she requested me to leave a note at Mr. Colton's, as Mrs. C. was expecting her there that afternoon, and she was unable to go out. That afternoon, about three o'clock, finding I could command an hour's leisure, I went home. In the front hall I paused and listened, long enough to assure myself that

Carrie had some pupil at the piano. Thinking my wife might not consider my company particularly desirable just then, I quietly left the house; not, however, without noticing Nellie Colton's bonnet on the hall table. Here was an important discovery—Carrie was teaching music. How very rapidly my mind ran over the many times when the expression of her eyes had puzzled me. I recollected that several times, when we had spoken of money matters, I had half suspected that she had some pleasant surprise for me. Here it all was! Should I tell her immediately that I had discovered her secret, or wait till I could make her betray herself in conversation? Just then, the same country lad passed. I had no idea now of trusting to Carrie's questions, so I hailed him. He told me that a *grand gentleman* had handed him the letter, and added, "He went by me, just before you called to me." I had seen Mr. Colton pass, and doubted not his being the "big gentleman," though he certainly owed the title to his dress and cane, since he is a very small man. I dismissed the boy with another *whole sixpence* to buy gingerbread, and went to Mr. Colton's. After a little general conversation with himself and lady, I said:

"Doubtless you recollect, sir, sending a letter to me, sometime near the first of last September."

He sat a moment, as if in thought, while Mrs. C., who had suddenly dropped a stitch in her knitting, seemed to me to blush, as she bent her head over to fix her work, or, quite as likely, to conceal her face. Mr. Colton did remember the letter, and referred me to his wife for further information concerning it. She said she had found it upon her dressing-table, after spending an afternoon away, and finding that none of the servants knew anything of the matter, she had requested Mr. Colton to send it to me. I told her that, under like circumstances, I should have mentioned such an event to the person chiefly interested, when she replied:

"I spoke of it to your wife, and she seemed to enjoy the idea of puzzling you."

"Doubtless she did," said I, "as I more than suspect that she wrote the letter herself."

Mrs. Colton looked very much surprised, but upon finding that I understood the matter, was very willing to converse concerning it; she told me on many times when Carrie had denied herself valued privileges that she might attend to the pupils. She acknowledged that when Mrs. Clifton first proposed teaching, she thought she must be so irregular that none but her intimate friends would long patronize her. So far from this having been the case, she had always been



punctual except a very few times, of which this afternoon was one, when she had sent for the girl to come to her.

When I went home to tea I found Carrie well—at least she said she was—and in high glee over a letter from Kate, in which she announced her intention of repeating her visit at our house, soon. Ah! ha! thought I, I will wait till Kate's arrival before I let Carrie know of my discovery.

Kate came the next week. There was so much to talk about the first day that the mysterious letter was not referred to when I was in the house. The next morning I asked Carrie if she had told Kate of my money-letter, and the latter answered for her:

"Yes, she has; and I think it was a fine affair. I should like a few such letters as that my own self—I assure you I should read them with more interest than I do your brotherly epistles."

"I don't believe she told you the whole story, for she does not know that I have seen the boy again, and that I prove a much better questioner than she did."

Carrie's first glance of anxious, vexed inquiry, as I commenced the sentence, was not unnoticed by me, though in an instant she said, in a very confident tone:

"I do not believe that you have any decided advantage over me, for I am sure that I quizzed that specimen of a Yankee most unmercifully—"

"And found out—how much? Just *nothing*. But what meant that startled glance of yours, my dear, when I told you that I had questioned the boy?"

"O, Katie!" she exclaimed, "you don't know how he persecutes my poor eyes. At one time he tells me they say unutterable things, and at another, things my tongue refuses to utter. I mean to have me some green goggles, then we'll see if he will always be reading fancy stories in my eyes."

"Do you want to know what I read in your eyes, then?" I asked.

"Yes, if you can put it into English."

"Well, your eyes said, 'I wonder if he has found out that I had an agency in sending that letter,' and," I continued, laughing, "they now express that wonder in the superlative degree."

"Kate, can you see any such nonsense in my poor face?"

"No, no, Carrie, he is only trying to see what you will say. Pray do not think him in earnest."

"But I am in earnest, girls. Carrie undertook to teach music and keep it a secret for two years, and I have discovered all in less than one."

"No, sir," said Kate; "indeed it is not so—

if you do pretend to know all, I can tell you more; Carrie had been teaching three months when she made the agreement to keep a secret; so you see it has been more than a year."

"And besides," chimed in Carrie, recovering from her surprise, "you have not learned the secret from me; you have seen Mr. Colton."

After teasing the girls a while, I told them how I had solved the mystery, and received a boxed ear from Kate for listening in my own hall. We had a gay time; but I enjoyed quite as well the quiet review of the matter which I had with Carrie, in our own room, that night. She had six pupils, to each of whom she had given lessons twice each week for a year. It seemed to me almost impossible that she could have devoted so much time to anything without exciting my suspicions; but she called my attention to the embroidery, which in truth had seemed very like Penelope's web, and upon which, she now told me, she had rarely set a stitch save in my presence. She wondered I had not thought her growing very fond of visiting, since she had so often told me of going out. She said my father had taken most of her money and given her notes instead, which she would present for payment any time when I should wish the money. I assured her I would spend none of her earnings, unless for some object, for which she should wish as much as myself.

In the spring of 1850 a charming cottage was built on the very finest situation in our village. Upon learning that the builder was unable to pay for it, and that it would probably have to be sold in a couple of years, to close up the mortgage, I determined to try to be the purchaser. I was now doing an excellent business, and able to lay by quite a little sum quarterly. It would certainly be difficult for me to attain the object; but it was worth while to strive for it. *A home of my own*—the phrase began to have a world of happiness concealed in it. Every day, as I passed the pretty cottage, my wish to possess it grew stronger. I, of course, confided my hopes and wishes to Carrie, who fully sympathized with me, and talked so hopefully that she almost led me to believe I should succeed. She had so much confidence in my abilities, and was sure she could help me so much, that it was no wonder she encouraged me a great deal. I soon began to think that however much good I might derive from her sympathy, I should have little more substantial assistance. She was almost lavish of her money; nearly every new publication was handed me with, "A present from Carrie," delicately written upon the fly-leaf. Night after night she handed me money with

which to hire a horse that we might ride. This troubled me—every wish of hers I ought to grant; that I knew well enough, but I thought she was a little unreasonable. The rides perhaps were a benefit to her health, and if so must not be discontinued at any price; but the books—I wished she would not make me so many presents, yet I thanked her so cordially for each one, perhaps she thought this was the way to give me most pleasure. How could I do otherwise, since indifference would certainly wound her sensitive feelings? At length, I resolved to tell her how I was feeling at the first opportunity. That night she requested me to take her to ride, and seemed surprised when I hinted that I feared I could not afford to ride so much. Then I began to explain it to her, that though her purse always paid, it was the same thing as though I spent the money myself, which I was so carefully saving for us to get a house.

If ever I wished for a woman's delicate way of presenting a subject, calculated to injure the feelings, it was then. Before I had spoken half a dozen sentences, my wife was in tears. I blamed myself very much for telling her so abruptly; she was very glad I had told her, and only blamed me that I had indulged those naughty thoughts of her an instant without telling her. She said she would be more careful of her expenses, but she hardly thought it expedient to relinquish the riding, as she ought to be out of doors a great deal, and she disliked to walk about the village. I agreed with her, but thought it would be much cheaper to hire Mr. Eldon's horse by the month, than to patronize the livery stable every time; so we promenaded in the garden that night, and I secured a horse the next day. Carrie carefully kept account of all the money she received, as well as of that she paid out, she said; but I never saw her account book, though I did not suppose she cared to conceal it. It was a little singular that it should be out of place twice, when I casually expressed a wish to see it.

On the 25th of September my little boy was born. I need not write my joy at this event. Any, but a father, would judge me very silly were I to express even half the feelings of that time, and a young father will need no description to understand my emotions fully. It was a little wonderful to me to find my heart expanding so suddenly. How beautiful Carrie, my own Carrie, seemed to me in her weakness, with the light of love beaming from every feature. Then it was a grand affair to name the baby; and it was our own affair, too; we did not ask all the aunts, cousins and neighbors to help us, not we;

nor did we call him "Bub" till he was nearly old enough to name himself. We gave his grandfather's and his father's names immediately, and henceforth Charles Edward Clifton was very nearly as important a member of the family as myself. Charlie required a deal of his mother's time. Music scholars could no longer be attended to, that was evident, so Carrie dismissed all but two, whom she wished to keep that she might provide her own pin money.

Kate came to spend a few weeks with us, and brought Carrie an old pair of green goggles; how comically she looked with them on! But she said they were quite useless now.

How very fast the time flew! I was trying to earn and save all I could, for I still desired the cottage as much as ever. I read law with a determination to excel in my profession. Happiness and diligence ever make time to pass swiftly. One day early in the spring of 1852, Mr. Colton remarked to me that the mortgage on Mr. Allen's house was to be closed in about two months.

"Ah, so soon?" said I. "It will be for sale, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, if not sold before," he replied; "but Mr. Allen wishes to sell out as speedily as possible and start for California."

As soon as Mr. Colton left me I went to Allen. I found him very anxious to sell his property, even if at less than its real worth. He had that morning received a letter from a brother, in California, urging him so earnestly to come out there that he had resolved to go; and he was so sure that a fortune was easily acquired there, that the sacrifice of a few hundreds before he started seemed to him of little importance. I told him I wished the refusal of his house for a couple of days at the price he named.

I must borrow money to make the purchase; would it be best? I was in doubt; so I went home to consult my wife. I had scarcely broached the subject, when she took Kate's goggles from her work-box, and put them on, observing that her eyes were getting weak, and she thought if shaded when she was not using them, they would improve. I told her I would get her some colored glasses, that she might not look quite so ridiculous, and then we commenced our deliberations on the contemplated purchase. Carrie wished to know just the amount my funds would fall short. I told her that if I could collect some bills which I had in my hands, I should need but eight hundred dollars, but I should probably want a thousand. She said if that was all I needed, she advised me by all means to buy the house. She could see no objection to

my borrowing that amount, as she was sure I was doing well, and could get trusted for such a sum. Of course I could, but I did not like to do so. I began to look at the dark side. Even if I should borrow the money and buy the house, should we be as well off? Should we not want a great deal of new furniture? Yes, if I borrowed to buy the house, I must borrow more for furniture, and very likely we should be tempted to extend my credit still farther to keep up a better style of dress and living. I was going on in such a croaking strain when Carrie laughed right merrily.

"Well, my dear," said she, "I do think you are making yourself ridiculous. You came here, you said, to ask my advice; I told you to buy the house, and since then you have given me so many reasons for not making the purchase, that I begin to think you decided before you came home. Why are you not sensible enough to ask me how much I have saved for the purpose?"

Carrie threw the goggles to Charlie, and left the room. I began to see that the weak eyes were only weak, inasmuch as they could not control their own expression, and was ready for any sum of money she might bring me—indeed, I half expected she would reappear with her apron full of change. No such thing; she soon came back and seated herself quietly by me. I looked at her an instant, then said:

"Carrie, can you help me?"

"That is a sensible question, and I answer, yes, I can," she replied, at the same time drawing a small purse from her pocket, from which she took four papers, and handed me three of them. They were notes—one of four hundred dollars, and two of three hundred each; all were signed by my father, and payable on demand.

"Why, what does this mean?" said I.

"It means that your father has safely invested my money, and given me his notes in place of it," she answered.

"But the money? What means your having so much?"

"That you have a wife who can keep a secret. Do you believe I can?"

"Yes, yes, I will believe almost anything, if you will tell me how you got the money."

"Well, the four hundred dollars are the proceeds of my music teaching. I have written for various magazines and papers for the past two years and a half, besides publishing that little volume of poems you admire so much, and a collection of stories. One publisher, in particular, has paid me very liberally, so you may guess how much I can assist you in furnishing our house."

The rest of our conversation must remain unrecorded.

That evening I walked over to Mr. Allen's, to tell him that I should be ready to draw writings for his house and pay cash down the next day. After my return I asked Carrie to read from her poems, and she read the remainder of the evening. I had admired the poems very much when I attributed them to a stranger, but they seemed more beautiful as my Carrie's. I wondered I had never thought before they were like her twilight conversations. How often had I heard beautiful, poetic sentiments from her lips, and yet had never dreamed that she could speak those sweet fancies which charmed me in the ear of the world.

The next morning we went over to my father's quite early. My mother was surprised, but none the less pleased, to see us at that time, and soon had Charlie seated with them for a second breakfast. As soon as there was a pause in the conversation, I told my father they were not indebted to a mere whim for this call, as I came on business.

"Eh!" said he, seeming to understand at a glance how matters stood, "have you found the truth of what I told you some four years ago?"

"And some scores of times since, father, if you mean your maxim, 'Better is a fortune in a wife, than a fortune with a wife.'"

"That is it; it loses nothing by repeating. But how much money do you want? I see by the twinkle of Carrie's eye that is your errand."

"We would like all I asked you to have ready."

My father paid the money immediately, and we left very soon.

That day writings were drawn which secured possession of the long wished-for cottage to me on the fifteenth of May. When we were seated for the evening, Carrie proposed writing to Kate to come and help move. She said she would write to her mother of my late surprise; but Kate should know nothing of it till her arrival. Upon expressing surprise that Kate was ignorant of her writing, Carrie assured me that no one except our parents and myself knew aught of it. She told my father, in order to have his assistance and advice, and her mother, because it was such a pleasure to confide in her.

"Not even the publishers knew my real name," added Carrie, "though their mistake is of their own making. I have signed my letters to them 'Carrie L. Clifton,' and they always prefix a 'Miss' when they write to me. I have never corrected them, as, coming as the letters have done to your father's care, they have been less likely to attract the notice of our postmaster."

Kate's letter was despatched, and we soon received an answer, in which she said she would come, though she had half a mind to stay away to punish us for being so negligent as to have omitted telling her where we were going to move.

Ere long Kate came. It would be useless to attempt to describe her merriment, when she found how nicely Carrie had proved that a woman can keep a secret. The fact was so clearly established she was sure she should never need to bridle her tongue for the credit of womanhood.

I will not tire the reader with an account of our removal, but will assure him that when we unanimously declared we were fairly settled, with every article of furniture in the place which it would probably occupy for years, there was great rejoicing. Mid all this bustle I had not failed to mark Carrie's progress in a story which she was writing; several sketches for different periodicals were sent, but this story interested me most because it was to be printed in a volume by itself. Each day Carrie wrote one hour, for she said she could easily make up that time, and the habit of writing at the same hour every morning is a valuable one. In the new house Carrie has a study fitted up according to her own taste, in which I am writing this evening, because it seems the pleasantest room when she is absent. The first evening we spent here she brought forward her account books for my inspection. She said she hoped there would never be another important secret between us, as the pleasure of the surprise did not make up for the interchange of thought we might have had.

One day, about the first of June, father brought Carrie a letter, which she read and handed to me. It was from Henry C. Carroll, informing her that he expected to pass through our village soon, when he would be happy to make her acquaintance personally. Carrie told me that this was the publisher, who had accepted her first efforts to write for the public, and had always paid her more liberally than any one else had done. She immediately answered his letter, giving him the street and number of our residence, and expressing the pleasure she should anticipate in meeting one, from whom she had received letters so long.

A few days later, as we were listening to Carrie's singing, the door-bell rang. Kate went to the door, where she found a young gentleman, who, after asking if she were Miss Clifton, presented his card and requested her to announce his (Mr. Carroll's) arrival. When he entered and found "Miss Clifton" to be both a wife and mother, the warm blood rushed to his face for an instant, but he immediately regained his self-

possession. A lively conversation ensued, in which he bore his part so well as to draw from Carrie, after his departure, the remark that he was a perfect gentleman in appearance. He was going farther north, to be gone ten days or a fortnight, and promised to call when returning. Meantime, the day on which Kate was to go home came. That morning she gaily remarked that it was a pity she must go before that handsome fellow came back. She should have set her cap for him, if he had not come and gone so suddenly that she had no time to think of it. O, dear! it was too bad; now she should never see him again.

Our young lady readers, who have talked nonsense, and sometimes been caught, will readily imagine that she blushed most beautifully when the door opened not two minutes after she ceased speaking, and Mr. Carroll was announced. She wished "that handsome fellow" was in the Red Sea rather than there to make her ridiculous. Fortunately for her, Charlie happened to be pulling a beautiful rose in pieces, and throwing the petals over the carpet.

"O, fie, Charlie! you make aunty ashamed of you," said she, as she busied herself in picking them up. How very sensitive Mr. Carroll must have thought Kate, if he noticed how she blushed at a child's mischief. He had finished his business much sooner than he expected, and intended starting for home that afternoon. Carrie informed him that he and Kate would be fellow passengers, and invited him to dine with us. He expressed his pleasure at the prospect of company, for a part of his journey, and his willingness to accept her invitation; then, after some general conversation, he left the ladies, in order to attend to some business. Kate said no more about "setting her cap" for Mr. Carroll, though Carrie assured her there would be a fine opportunity in the cars.

Things went on as usual during the summer and fall. In November we received a letter from Kate, informing us that she intended spending the winter in the city. Cousin Ellen had written for her to come; she had gained the consent of her parents, and expected to be in — by the very first of December. During the winter we had frequent letters from her, in most of which she mentioned Mr. Carroll, who was a friend of cousin Ellen's.

Spring came and went, but we took no note of it. Summer, glad summer, came, and on one of its earliest, brightest days, a precious little charge was laid in my arms—a darling little daughter. How joyfully we welcomed her to our hearts and home! If it were possible, we

thought her prettier than Charlie had been. In how many pleasant day-dreams of the future I indulged myself! Surely, life was one bright day-dream to me. Carrie was again well, and her increase of cares did not lead her to throw by her pen. We had now secured the services of Susan Bliss, sister to our valuable Martha, whose loss had troubled us so much. Little Mary required much less attention than Charlie had seemed to do, and he, though a rogue of nearly three years, learned to know that he must never enter his mother's study unbidden.

It was a bright summer, but care and grief came with the autumn, and touched me where I was most vulnerable. Had my children been sick, I should not have been alone in my anxiety, yea, had they died, Carrie's gentle, holy precepts would have strengthened my heart, and I think I could have borne the trial without a murmur. But Carrie, my precious Carrie, was sick. We had been to her father's for a visit, which we had enjoyed very much. It was the first time we had carried our little Mary Lee, and we were proud to present her little namesake to our mother. On our way home she had a severe headache, which she thought was caused by riding in the cars.

The next morning Carrie was very much worse. I sent for the doctor, who said she evidently must have a run of fever. I sent for my mother, and my father came with her. Carrie grew worse very fast; on the fourth day I sent for my father and mother Lee. Carrie had her senses but a small part of the time; on the seventh day the doctor told my father there was no hope. Perhaps he thought he had chosen the one of her relatives who would bear the shock most calmly. He was mistaken; her own father would have been comparatively calm, I think—as for mine, he wept like a child, and repeated the words of the physician to us all. Ah! that sad day! How inconceivably dear to me had Carrie become, now that I felt I must lose her. O, it must not be! I tried to think it would be an unjust act for God to take her from me. It could not be for the best that she should be taken from our children. I shudder as I think how unchristian were the bitter thoughts of those hours. I thought not of the many times when we had spoken cheerfully of death—when she told me not to weep over her grave, but to believe her spirit still with me, rejoicing in my joys, sympathizing in my sorrows, and influencing me for good at all times. I remembered not her sublime trust in our Father—I was not myself—I was mad with grief. Was there no hope? There was hope—shame on the physician who

had said there was none! Dr. B. had been sent for; when he should come, he would help her.

She was sane for a little while that afternoon. Shall I ever forget those moments? I hope not, for they did my soul good. As I sat by her, and heard her converse cheerfully, though with great difficulty, of her situation, of our children, and of the Holy Father, who was very near her in her weakness, the bitter thoughts left me. I was better—I became willing to trust the All Merciful, *even with her fate*. I prayed earnestly, yet humbly, and was enabled to say from my heart, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, my Father." I had not given up hope—I could not do that so long as there was life. I thought I had become reconciled to the Father's will—I hope I had; but to him all thanks are due that I was spared the dreadful trial.

When Dr. B. arrived she was delirious again. Dr. S. gave him a brief account of her sickness, and the medicine which had been administered.

"Bad, bad, all bad!" he muttered; "but she may get well."

I knew that he had little hope, but mine was strengthening. I seemed to *feel* that he would do her good, and he did. Long, sad, wearisome days did she linger between life and death, and all the world seemed dark to me. Even the prattle of my little ones but added a pang to my overburdened heart. At length she was pronounced convalescent, and all our friends left except our mother Lee. Carrie mourned some that our poor little May had been deprived of her care when so very young, but usually she was very cheerful while regaining her health. We had so much to be thankful for that we were not disposed to murmur at light trials. We felt that we had been chastened for our good, since we now more fully realized the protection of the Almighty. The depth of our love for each other had been revealed to us as it never could have been in health.

Near the last of October our mother Lee left us, and sent Kate to us on her arrival at home. Dear Kate, how unlike her usual self she was, now there was sickness in the house. She moved about so noiselessly, and was so careful to prevent the children's disturbing Carrie, that she was most valuable. Ere long Carrie was able to assume some of her duties; and with the commencement of 1855 she resumed her pen. Since then she has written every day. Kate and Henry Carroll were married two weeks ago, and came here while on their wedding tour.

Memory is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving. Even our first parents could not be driven out of it.

MY MAIDEN AUNT.

BY J. ROSSETTI.

Old maids are useful, yes, they are,  
Say what you will about them;  
And those who ridicule them most,  
Could ill do without them.

I have a maiden aunt, I have,  
And think a great deal of her;  
Indeed, of half a score of them,  
There's none I prize above her.

'Tis true, she's crabbed now and then,  
But that don't last forever—  
And when the crabbed fits are o'er,  
There's none more kind or clever.

Then she's so good among the sick,  
So kind and sympathizing;  
You could not find a better nurse,  
Not e'en by advertising.

And many other golden traits  
My maiden aunt possesses,  
Which many another person lacks,  
Who greater things professes.

THAT ODIOUS CIGAR.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"CLARENCE," said the fair Julia Hayton to Mr. C. Linton, the young gentleman who was soon to take the pledge to cherish, love and protect her for life, "those curls of yours are very luxurious, almost feminine."

"Do you wish me to clip them to the 'stern warrior crop,' as Brutus says?"

"By no means. I only wished to remark that Mr. Richard Sniveller was right when he observed that the human hair was a great retainer of tobacco-smoke."

The young gentleman coughed slightly as the color mounted to his face,—it was a good sign that he had not forgotten how to blush. The ingenuousness of youth is always pleasing.

"And do you know, Clarence," continued the fair one, "that I think the Countess Merlin was right, when she said that the scent of tobacco was the vilest of odors? Strange that people will cultivate a taste for a weed that is at first repugnant both to men and animals."

Nothing more was said upon the subject, but that same evening Clarence Linton gave away a box of Leon d' Oro's, and a very elegant cigar-case, and thenceforth smoked no more.

The wedding of the pair occurred a few days after this conversation, and they entered upon the occupancy of a little bandbox of a town-

house, which was not too small to permit the bride the luxury of a bîjou of a boudoir, and our hero the enjoyment of a sanctum. Married people cannot always be together, and must have their separate cages, "wheels within wheels," as "Samivel" says.

Business called Clarence from home a good deal, but he always left it with regret, and returned to it with ardor. As he still thought Julia was a peerless creature, and himself utterly unworthy of her, and as she had been something of a coquette before marriage, and as he had more than one mischief-making female relative, what wonder that he became jealous! The possibility of her flirting, of her loving another than himself once entertained, he became suspicious and uncomfortable.

One day he tapped at the door of the boudoir, and was admitted after a strange delay. He thought he detected the well-remembered and well-known odor of a cigar.

"Have you had visitors, Julia?" he asked.

"No—I have been quite alone all the afternoon," was the reply. But she looked confused as she said this.

"Your brother Tom hasn't been here?"

"No one—I told you once," was the somewhat pettish reply, as the lady left the room in a flutter.

"There's a hateful mystery here that I must fathom!" thought Clarence. "Somebody has been here, in spite of her denial. Some gentleman—one of her old flames—smoking still,—confound his impudence! This, then, is the meaning of 'love, honor and obey!' O, woman—woman—woman!"

Some days after this incident, Mr. Clarence Linton announced, with a very grave face, that business suddenly called him to New York, and that he should be absent for three or four days. He was duly kissed and counselled, and departed, in company with a brown umbrella and a carpet-bag. But in the hush of evening he returned, opened the street-door with his pass-key, went up stairs and tried the door of the boudoir. It was locked.

"Who's there?" cried a fluttered voice from within.

"Me!" was the gruff and ungrammatical answer.

The door was opened. Clarence sprang in, grasping his umbrella

—"as though it were a weapon  
To smite the gazer dead."

The smell and smoke of tobacco filled the room.

"Woman! woman! where is he?" he shouted.

"Who?" asked the trembling lady.

"I know not,—I care not," answered Clarence, savagely. "But show me to him, and I'll run him through."

And he made a sanguinary pass through the empty air at an imaginary foe.

"You are beside yourself," said Julia.

"I'll soon be alongside of somebody else," was the ferocious reply.

"There is nobody here but I," said Julia.

"Hold up your right hand and swear!" thundered our Othello.

"I won't!"

"You won't!"

The lady had kept her right hand behind her, but Clarence seizing her arm, elevated it, and lo! she was holding a half-smoked cigar! He was astounded at first, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"Do you remember," said he, "what the Countess Merlin says about the violence of tobacco smoke?"

"She was right!" answered Julia, throwing the cigar out of the window. "It is odious. Now I'll tell you the whole story. Curiosity prompted me to experiment and try to discern what there was in a cigar so fascinating to American gentlemen and Spanish ladies. You interrupted me once before, but I thought your absence would give me a fine chance to try it tonight. Now what becomes of your suspicions?"

"All vanished into smoke!" said Clarence.

The old Latin poet tells us that lovers' quarrels end in a renewal of love. So was it in this case; the cloud that overshadowed the Lintons passed away like the whiff of a cigar, and returned no more to vex them with its shadow.

#### MISTAKES IN IDENTITY.

A case, showing how liable people are to be mistaken as to identity, especially at night, has lately occurred at Philadelphia. A jeweller, some months ago, was, while on his way home, suddenly attacked in the street by a man that knocked him down with a paving stone, placed in a handkerchief, nearly killing him, and robbed him of a valuable gold watch. A man named Ennis was arrested as the robber, and the person robbed testified to his belief that he was the robber. The jury convicted him, but the judge, having doubts, set aside the verdict, and granted a new trial. Within a short time a custom house officer sent a watch to be repaired, that proved to be the one of which the jeweller was robbed, and which was traced to a man named Williams who upon being arrested confessed that he was the robber.—*Tribune*.

Sorrows gather round great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath him.

#### WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

As it had been popularly known, for several weeks before the votes of the electors were officially canvassed, that Washington was unanimously chosen President, his preparations for entering upon the duties of the office were all completed before the arrival of Mr. Thompson at Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April. In a letter to General Knox, he says, "As to myself this delay may be compared to a reprieve, for in confidence I tell you, (with the world it would obtain little credit), that my movements to the seat of government will be accompanied with feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties." He, however, informed Mr. Thompson that at the end of two days he would be ready to accompany him, and in the meantime paid a visit to his venerable mother in Fredericksburg. On coming into her presence, he said, "The people, madam, have been pleased, with most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States: but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—Here she interrupted him: "You will see me no more," she said, "my great age, and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." He was deeply affected; his head rested on the shoulder of his aged parent, whose arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. The scene was full of the most touching sublimity. Both the mother and son were dissolved in tears at the thought that they were embracing each other for the last time. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of Washington, and no woman since the Mother of Christ has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind.

In his diary he wrote on the evening of the sixteenth: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with Mr. Thompson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hopes of answering its expectations."—*Olive Branch*.

**A NUTRITIOUS VEGETABLE.**—It is perhaps unknown to many that the onion is one of the most nutritious of roots, containing, when dried, from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of gluten. It is a great staple of life in Spain and Portugal. Onions are not a relish merely to the Spaniard, for they sustain his strength; and add beyond what their bulk would suggest, to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.

## THOU'RT WITH ME IN MY DREAMS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Thou'rt with me in my nightly dreams,  
 The dear, long reveries of the day;  
 Their shadowy shapes and dewy form  
 Have passed from heart and brain away.  
 They're gone as birds of summer wing,  
 A hurried flight at winter's chill,  
 To find in distant, genial climes,  
 Perfume, and warmth, and music still;  
 Yet gentle, fay-like visions dance  
 To dreamy music round my couch;  
 The darkly buried Past up-springs,  
 Glowing with life beneath thy touch;  
 High, silvery clouds their incense raise,  
 To sweets that Past once held for me;  
 Sweets which have turned to wormwood since,  
 They bring me love, and hope, and thee!

Thee! not as at our parting seen,  
 In friendly guise that mocked thee while;  
 And mien so fair—thou couldst not dream  
 Of the heart that broke beneath thy smile.  
 But, with deep eyes all lit with love,  
 Such tremulous mysteries gleam,  
 As shimmers through the lucent wave  
 Of an Indian diamond-bedded stream;  
 I know but love, as round my hand,  
 I feel thy warm, soft fingers twine;  
 Love quivers in the full, rich lip,  
 That passionately lights on mine;  
 Some half-formed words of tenderness  
 Are breathed—not spoken—in my ear:  
 My heart lies still, lest its quick throb  
 Should drown one note of sound so dear.

Why shouldst thou come?—on this cold heart,  
 Why fall spring showers of memory's rain?  
 The young blooms, smiling from the earth,  
 The frost will soon cut down again;  
 The frost which thou didst bring—though night  
 Show here and there a verdant spot,  
 The day will find but blackened wastes—  
 Ruins that tell, where thou art not!

## THE LILY OF THE GLEN.

BY CHARLOTTE A. SAWTELL.

IN one of the most beautiful of New England's  
 shady dells, far away from the din and dust of  
 the city, musical with the song of brooklet and  
 bird, and fragrant with breathings of trees and  
 flowers, hidden almost out of sight by the old  
 gray mountains, lies the fair little village of Glen.  
 And in one of its sunniest spots, sheltered by  
 elms of a century's growth, mossy itself with un-  
 counted years, overrun with luxuriant vines and  
 embosomed in roses, stands the fairy little cot-  
 tage where dwelt the pride of the village—its  
 fair young Lily—an orphan from the hour of her  
 birth, but so loved by her aged grandparents  
 that the name had never a meaning.

30

Beautiful as the flower whose name she bore  
 was the Lily of the Glen, and as holy and  
 shrinking in nature, too, breathing out her sweet-  
 ness in lonely places, and coveting ever the lone-  
 ly seat. Scarcely more was she idolized in the  
 humble home whose life, and light, and beauty  
 she was, than in every other one of the scattered  
 village, for wherever she went, she carried a bless-  
 ing, and from every threshold bore one too,  
 now from the crowing lips of a baby face, and  
 then from the quivering ones of wrinkled age.  
 Pure in heart, not dazzlingly but softly brilliant  
 in intellect, gentle and loving, for eighteen years  
 the maiden had led that happy life which only  
 the good and true can know—a sunny life,  
 scarcely darkened by a single cloud—a flowery  
 one, scarcely prickled by a single thorn—a holy  
 one, scarcely scarred by a single sin.

But her heart was saddened then. First one  
 and then the other aged relative grew sick, and  
 for many weeks they lay side by side on the  
 same couch, moaning in feverish dreams. Pa-  
 tiently and tenderly did the young grandchild  
 nurse them, heeding their slightest wish, and  
 giving up cheerfully the demands of her pulse,  
 that she might be ever with them, and striving  
 with all love's earnestness to win them back  
 from the valley whose shades seemed veiling  
 them. And even in the last fearful hour, though  
 her heart was sore and bleeding, she calmed  
 herself and sung in sweet, though tremulous  
 strains, the hymn they asked for, that on the  
 breath of music their souls might be wafted into  
 heaven.

But then, when all was over, her strength  
 gave way, and for weeks she lay like a frost-bi-  
 ten flower; her cheeks like snow and her lips  
 voiceless. Yet, though alone in the world then,  
 never had an invalid kinder and more consider-  
 ate care. There was none in the whole village  
 that did not render her some service, happy to  
 pay back a debt of love, and sad that it must be  
 paid in such a way. And when at length she  
 recovered, and on the arm of the gray-haired  
 pastor, slowly passed up the aisle of the little  
 church to the seat that had been vacant for near-  
 ly a year, there went up from every heart a  
 thanksgiving to the Father in heaven, and when  
 her sweet, lute-like voice rose and fell in waves  
 of thrilling melody as she joined in the grand  
 old hymn, tears of joy streamed fast from many  
 eyes, and when the service was over and the  
 little group passed out of the holy place, every  
 right hand was kindly clasped by her, and from  
 every lip there fell a blessing.

But one among them did not greet her, though  
 his gaze followed her intently from the moment



she entered till she left. It was a stranger, a tourist, who, charmed by the rural beauty of the Glen, had resolved, as the stage left him there on Saturday evening, to spend a few days in rambling about its sunny spots, and sketching its picturesque rivers; a highly gifted, noble young man, dowered with a princely fortune, who, having completed his collegiate course, had nought to do but while away his time in the most agreeable way. But now, surfeited with the pleasures of fashionable life, he had turned away to seek in communion with Nature and her true-hearted children, that congeniality for which his spirit longed but had not found, either in his aristocratic home or his wealthy friends. His own mother had been one of those spiritually organized beings to whom holiness of life and devotion to duty is as necessitous as breath, and though spared to him but seven brief years, she so inwrought her nature into his, that all the unfortunate circumstances of later years could not eradicate it—the angel sung so sweetly in the far depths of his bosom, that the syren voices of temptation sounded to him ever like hideous discords.

The proud lady, who ere two years had left their greenness on his mother's grave, was installed as mistress of her home, gave no affection to the pining boy, while his father, a stern, grave, taciturn man, though deep in his heart there welled strong waves of passionate feeling, manifested them only by seeing that his temporal condition was well cared for, and so he grew to manhood, filled with affectionate yearnings, but with none to breathe them upon, and only uttering them upon the low grassy mound where slept the gentle being who had given him life.

Once indeed his spirit thought it had found its mate. There flitted into the brilliant saloons of fashion a radiant young creature, who seemed the incarnation of a poet's dream, and whose spell soon bound the youthful Reuben. But ere many months, the charm was broken. She proved but a gay coquette, and after toying with many hearts, finally surrendered to wrinkled age, bartering herself for gold. Reuben had believed he loved her, but when the dream was so rudely broken, he found his heart was fetterless—he had loved not her, but the creation of his own soul whom he had fancied was embodied there. For a time indeed he scorned the other sex, but ere long the vision of his own sweet mother came to him in such vivid light, that he felt he stained himself with sin to think even harshly of those to whom she was bound by the ties of sisterhood, and he said within himself, I will seek her counter-part, and finding it, be

happy. So, Lord Burleigh-like, he went about as a travelling artist, and in the wild or beautiful of nature, as chanced the scene, his spirit drank in peace, and the angel in his heart sang dearer and more thrillingly.

Such was he, who, in the little church of Glen, had watched so closely its frail Lily. Her loveliness, ever bewitchingly delicate, was enhanced by the paleness of convalescence, and she seemed to the young man like one of those sainted ones of whom he used to dream when in boyish sorrow he nestled on the couch where his mother's spirit had departed. There was no guile he felt, in those heavenly eyes, no mocking taunt would ever sing from lips like hers—*no*, there was a purity of soul visible in her very mien.

"Who is she?" asked he, as he walked home with the inn-keeper; "who is that fair young creature who seems the adopted child of the church? she walks before us with the old pastor."

"She has another name, but we only call her Lily, or the Lily of the Glen, a homeless girl now, without a relative on earth, and yet she will never want for anything, for humble as we are, we will ever make room for her by our hearths and in our hearts, for she is an angel whom we cannot entertain without a blessing!" And he forthwith told her simple story.

The young man shut himself in his room and mused upon her. In his wildest dreams he had fancied nothing earthly so ethereal, and he felt that could he but clasp that fragile Lily to his heart, its low murmuring moans would be hushed forever.

The sunset flooded the Glen with brilliancy as he stole forth again, and longing for silent communion with the human floweret who had entranced his soul, he turned from the pleasant village street and followed the banks of a little stream that went singing along as though each wave were a melody. Whither it led he knew not, but keeping the worn path, he found himself ere long opposite a little grave-yard, whose monuments had nothing to arrest attention, but whose quiet beauty entranced one at a glance. Reuben leaned with folded hands on the white stile and was soon lost in fresh thought. Memory carried him back to the day his mother died, and he saw himself again in childish grief, bending, half in wonder, half in awe, over the open grave, and then kissing a white rose-bud from a neighboring bush and casting it on to the coffin, and then he thought of the after visits he had paid it when it was green and flowery, and remembered how many times he had wished he could have slept beside her. Tears streamed

down his cheeks as he leaned there; these holy tears which come unbidden to wash the heart of the dust that has gathered on its beauty.

Suddenly he started. A low, sweet strain fitted by on the evening breeze, and to his highly wrought feelings it seemed at first like the angel voice of her he mourned. But he soon rallied himself, and listening closely, discerned that it came from a locust grove in a distant corner of the yard, and he felt intuitively it was the night hymn of the Lily sung over the grave of her buried loves.

He forbore to disturb the solemnity of the spot by seeking the acquaintance he desired, and so turned from the stile, and passing on, threw himself on a bank of violets beside the stream, and was soon lost in delicious reverie.

"A beautiful spring night, sir," said a mild voice, soon, and starting up, the young man found himself face to face with the aged pastor, on whose arm leaned the fair young mourner.

"You are a stranger, sir, I take it, here. I noticed you in church and should have spoken to you there, but I had no chance. We are a plain, simple people here, but mean to do our duty, and if while you tarry I can be of service, you may command me."

It was a courteous greeting, not so much in words as in the fatherly manner of the gray-haired man, and Reuben offered his hand warmly and expressed his thanks for the kindness, and as he walked back to the village with them, charmed them with his high-toned thoughts, and the three were each regretful when the pastor's gate was reached.

"Let us see you here to-morrow," said he, as he led Lily in, for she was his dove-like blessing, "or to-night, even, if apart from home, a family altar should be longed for."

"I have longed for it since my mother died," said the young man, with a touching pathos.

"Come with us then, sir. We have few forms, but we trust our hearts are right," and he ushered Reuben into the little study, and for awhile they sat there in the calm moonlight, not conversing with each other, but uttering as they chanced, the holy thoughts which begged for an expression.

At an early hour an aged female domestic entered with lights and drew a stand to the pastor's side. He turned over the leaves of the family Bible till he had selected a chapter, and then passed it to the young man, saying:

"My eyes grow dim, let me borrow yours."

Reuben took the holy volume reverently, and read in clear, thrilling tones, those glorious passages from St. John, commencing: "Let not

your heart be troubled." When he had closed, the pastor turned to Lily for the hymn. It quivered on her lips, but the sacred emotions of her heart were too powerful for her weakened frame, and the words hung there in uttered music. Reuben's keen ear had caught the strain though, and his rich voice harmonized fitly with the lofty words as he sung it through. Then the aged man bent his knee and prayed. And while he took in the whole world in his petition, he yet pleaded earnestly and individually for the gentle girl he had taken to his heart, and for the stranger who worshipped with them, and subdued as his human feelings were, the young man was yet conscious of a sudden thrill of joy when he heard himself thus coupled in solemn prayer with the beauteous Lily.

Only snatches of sleep came to him that night; most of it was spent in reverie. And when he went out on the ensuing morning, life wore a changed look to him. It had put on a majesty that awed him, and yet that roused him to sublimer views. The divinity within him was aroused, not partially, but thoroughly, and he resolved to heed well its intuitive suggestions. He sought out the aged pastor and revealed to him his previous life, its longings, its aspirations, its unquietness, and his last resolve, to seek him out a bride who should give beauty and bliss to life.

"When I saw Lily yesterday," said he, "the poet's charming story came vividly to mind, and I resolved to woo her as did the lord of the tale, in painter's dress, and bear her to a princely home when she expected but an humble cottage. But better thoughts have been awakened in me. I would still win her, if I can, but not to lead her into fashion's halls. They are not the place for one so spiritual as she. Home is the sphere for one like her, and I would win her to a home with me, in this or some other shady Glen, and keep her my Lily through my life.

"And this is not all, sir. I would learn of you a pastor's duties. My life thus far has been an aimless one. I need not work, for I have wealth at my command, but I would consecrate myself to something. My spirit has ever chafed at the fetters I have thrown about it. I will untangle it, and let it have its will. And at your feet, sir, I would study earnestly, faithfully, and pray that your lips may ask God's blessing on me as I somewhere kneel before my chosen people."

"My son," said the old man, solemnly, "you have chosen well. Heaven hath directed you here as a guardian for Lily, and a student for me. These fifty years I have ministered here. I

knew my strength was failing, and my senses growing dim, but I could not bear to leave my people with one who served their Master from other than the holiest motives, and so, tremulously I have performed my duties for a year or more. My son, you shall commence this day your studies. You are well trained and learned, and your heart is right. It will not take you long to fit yourself to speak to these simple, truthful Christians. I shall be spared to stand beside you when you first preach to them, and then I shall be content to go. Come, let us begin."

And from that day, Reuben was an inmate of the parsonage, and that he prospered fast was no wonder either, for he had, as he truly said, an angel and a saint for guardians. There were scornful looks and haughty words in his aristocratic home, when his proud relatives heard that the heir of their princely wealth had turned student of divinity, and would settle in an obscure village, and there was much wonder among his fashionable friends. But nothing could win the young man from his holy vows, and night after night till the stars waned, did he lean over his desk, that he might the sooner be prepared for the pastor's place, his only recreation being his walks and talks with the gentle Lily.

Two years from the day he first entered the little church as a stranger to all, he was solemnly set apart to his holy work, the aged pastor's trembling hands being placed upon his head, as with quivering lips he ordained him a Christian minister; and the same low, lute-like voice that entranced him then, sang now the hymn that confirmed the rite.

At sunset, the holy Sabbath sunset, the little church again was filled, for before the altar stood the youthful pastor to take a new vow to his heart, one that bade him "love and cherish till death did them part," the gentle being who unconsciously had woke his soul to the sublimer view of life,—a vow, that, while it changed the "girlish thing" to a pastor's bride, yet left her, as she was before, the Lily of the Glen.

#### EARLIEST USE OF THE NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper in its original and earliest use was a bulletin of war. It is now the promoter of the arts and the recorder of the victories of peace. In modern Europe, the earliest occasional sheets of daily intelligence seem to have appeared at Venice during the war of 1563 against the Turks. Our word *gazette* is said to be derived from *gazetta*, the name of the small Venetian coin which was the price of the sheet. These papers were not allowed by the government to be printed, but were circulated in manuscript,—*American Phonographic Reporter*.

#### A NOVEL MARRIAGE.

He who can say there is nothing new under the sun, must have been a very careless observer of men, women and things, in this fast age. But he will surely give up this hackneyed notion after reading the account of a marriage that recently took place in Bath county, Virginia. Parson B., who lived on the opposite side of the river from the hopeful twain, was invited to administer the usual ceremony. For a day and night preceding the appointment, there had been an incessant fall of rain, which, added to the deep snow in the mountains, caused a rapid rise of the water. Knowing the nature of the stream, and apprehending difficulties, he started from home early, resolved to do his best not to disappoint the couple. In company with a neighbor, by a circuitous route, he succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, opposite to and only a few hundred yards distant from the house. A loud halloo soon brought the wedding party to a parley on the bank of the river. The whole difficulty was before them; the parson could not advance a step without swimming a dangerous mountain torrent, covered with huge sheets of floating ice. But "where there is a will there is a way," though there be neither bridge nor boat. It was proposed that the parson should marry them across the rolling flood. This proposition was acceded to. Yet the parson declared that it behooved them to act lawfully, and insisted on his warrant being transmitted to his hands. Happily for the parties interested, the law does not prescribe how this is to be accomplished: neither does it state at what distance the officiating officer shall stand. In this case the license was bound closely round a stone of suitable size, and the whole being wrapped with thread, so as to make it tight and compact, was thrown across the river.

The feat of throwing it was performed by the bridegroom, while his young bride was standing by him. And it was a throw with a hearty good will. That man knew he was throwing for a wife, and the only question with him was, wife or no wife. There stood the anxious group—what suspense! it might miscarry—it might be turned by some overhanging limb, and find a watery grave! With a powerful swing of the arm it started, and mounting high, took its onward and airy flight. The spectators had learned long before, that "whatever goes up must come down," but felt some misgiving as to where the come down might be in this instance. But the moment of suspense was soon over. The little missile, freighted with a document so important, sped its way through the air in a most beautiful arch, high over the wide waters, and a shout of triumph announced its fall upon terra firma. To unwrap and read was the work of a moment. The parties were already arranged with joined hands, and parson B., with uncovered head, stood as gracefully, and as lightly too, as he could upon a quicksand at the edge of the river, and with voice distinctly heard above the roar of waters, the marriage service was repeated, and two beings made happy.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

## MY LITTLE BROTHER.

BY SYLVIA M. F. BENJAMIN.

At the hour when day, departing,  
Smiled often to hill and lee,  
I sat with my little brother,  
Beneath the maple tree.

And, thinking of old time stories,  
And weaving them to his mind,  
I told of an Indian warrior,  
Whose warwhoop once blent with the wind.

But the gold-tressed head was shaken—  
Such legends pleased him not;  
Then I spoke of the fays who once haunted  
Rocky cleft and flowery spot.

And I told of the leafy mantle  
That tradition's hand has spread  
O'er the babes who slept in the greenwood,  
While the branches arched o'erhead.

Then the soulful eyes were lifted,  
And my little brother sighed;  
And teardrops soon were falling,  
For the little ones who died.

I pointed then to the heaven  
Where babes find happy rest;  
In the land of fadeless glory,  
Upon the Saviour's breast.

And I prayed that sin's pollution  
Ne'er might rest upon his soul;  
That for him might wait the angels,  
When he reached the heavenly goal.

But the shadows closed around us,  
And our leafy bower grew dim;  
And the angel of sleep, advancing,  
In her arms enfolded him.

## JENNIE GREGOR'S PRIZE:

—OR—

## THE LOST BRACELET.

BY RICHARD COREY.

BETWEEN the shire town of Kircudbright and Port Patrick, upon the extreme southwesterly point of Scotland, there is a bay makes up inland, above the Mull of Galloway, where the northern fishermen often find shelter from the rough weather that overtakes them in the edge of the Irish Sea, and which has served as a capital harbor for the small craft of that region many a time, upon the approach of a hurricane outside.

Among the families of hardy Scotch people who resided along shore there, many years ago, was one by the name of Gregor,—McGregor had been the original name, but the first syllable

had been dropped by the descendants of the more illustrious of this race, and this family were known simply as the Gregors. Jennie Gregor was the daughter of the fisherman, and he had two other children, sons, who were engaged with the father upon the small sloop they owned, and which was employed most of the time on the fishing-grounds.

Jennie was a fair-haired lassie, who sang sweetly, and who was always happy, though the Gregors were poor enough in purse, and she was obliged to rise early and work steadily at the wheel or about the house, to aid in the family's support. But, as she turned the briskly spinning wheel, or bore the well-filled pail from spring or cow-house, she was always the same merry, bonnie lass, ever joyous and rejoicing with herself and those who surrounded her.

And Jennie came and went, beloved by all, and idolized by her father. She was, indeed, a brilliant star in the somewhat circumscribed horizon that encircled her, and her fond parent often declared that if fortune dealt with her according to her deserts, she would one day shine in a brighter sphere than the humble one she now occupied.

But the sickle dame had thus far proved herself (in Jennie's case) a graceless laggart, for as yet no bonnie lad had invited her to "gang awa' and be his bride," though she would gladly have "danced o'er the hills" right cheerily with the favored one, had he made his appearance. And Jennie Gregor had come to be eighteen years old.

One afternoon, late in the season, the wind suddenly freshened, and before night the little fleet of sloops and schooners made for harbor; for the signs were threatening, and the experience of the fishermen taught them that a gale was not far off. The fare was promising, however, and one or two of the hardiest of the skippers ventured to prolong their stay upon the fishing-ground an hour after the rest had departed shoreward.

Jennie sat at the window of her father's little cot, watching for the well known signal that always floated at the truck of the "Swallow," her father's jaunty sloop; but, though half a score of vessels were scudding merrily towards the haven where they would be secure from the violence of the blow, yet the anxious daughter could not see the desired craft among them.

Suddenly, far away to the southwest, a black speck was discovered, which soon loomed up, and was made out a square-rigged vessel, much larger than the shore people were in the habit of seeing in that region, and immediately after-

wards the "Swallow" hove in sight, with all the sail spread that she could carry, booming on over the now angry waves towards the Mull of Galloway.

The hurricane was coming, and a fearful one it was to prove, too. The large vessel was a brig that had been blown off her course, and now she neared the rough coast, where her helmsman was a total stranger. The "Swallow" lay blithely up to the wind, and coming down from a quarter more favorable, she soon lowered all sail, save the jib, and before sunset reached the wished-for haven in safety, where with the rest she came snugly to anchor.

All eyes were now turned towards the brig, the managers of which seemed intent upon clawing off the coast; but she became unmanageable at last, and an hour after nightfall, in the midst of the terrific blow—while the fishermen were some of them dragging their anchors from the increased violence of the gale—the brig suddenly dashed in amongst them, under bare poles, while officers, crew, and passengers were vieing with each other in their shouts of warning or for succor amid their fearful peril. The anchors were thrown over, but all efforts to save the vessel were fruitless. She stranded upon the rough beach, and her crew and passengers all perished, it was believed, amidst the darkness and the storm.

All night the hurricane raged with relentless fury, and during the next day the wind continued to rave and howl, with dismal mournings, as if over the fate of the lately lost vessel, pieces of the wreck of which were dashed high up over the rocks at the shore. But no living soul was seen, and it was clearly supposed that all on board had perished with the wreck.

Yet, "after the storm comes a calm," usually. And on the second morning succeeding the gale, the sun rose in all his glorious splendor, shining brightly upon the now calmed waves, and looking cheerfully upon the dozen or more white sails of the anxious fishermen, who quickly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by this change to pursue their avocation.

Jennie had been down to the shore to give her father and brother the customary temporary adieu and god-speed at parting, when, upon returning up the beach towards the cot, her eye suddenly fell upon a curious article in the sand, such as she had never seen before.

It was a magnificent bracelet of gold, circled around the edges with glistening jewels, the real value of which Jennie had no conception of, though they were diamonds of the first water. In the centre of the ornament was a large emer-

ald, too, of surpassing beauty, and underneath this stone appeared the initials "C. P.," graved on the gold band. This was, indeed, a prize to the poor Scotch lass. And she hurried away homeward, highly elated with her good fortune, without thinking how or when this precious trinket might have found its way to that bleak shore.

"Look, Dummie," she cried, jumping into the cot, where an old cousin of her father's, Dummie Barton, was seated before the peat fire toasting his withered limbs, "look at what I found among the beach-stones. What is it?"

Dummie took it in his hand, turned his bleared old eyes on it, and handing it back to Jennie, said:

"I dinna ken, Jennie."

"But isn't it beautiful, Dummie?" insisted the girl, enthusiastically. "See, how brilliant are these jewels, and how bright the circlet."

"Mebbe it be, Jannie,—I canna say," muttered the miserable, half blind Dummie Barton, who cared nothing about the bauble, and who was only waiting for the barley-cakes that were scorching by the fire, while Jennie was eagerly examining her newly-found treasure.

"God's pity on the puir folk that cam' in the brig hither!" exclaimed Dummie, a moment afterwards. "Dinna ye ken wha' came o' them, Jannie?" he continued, referring to the supposed lost people of the wreck.

"Nothing, Dummie, and no signs of any o' them, either. Now I think of it, might not this very clasp have belonged to some one o' them, surely?" added Jennie, anxiously.

"I canna sai, Jannie. Coom—the cak's is burnin', Jennie—see!" and a moment after, the humble breakfast was served, to which Dummie did ample justice. He was a better judge of Scotch barley-cakes than of precious stones.

A week afterwards, the "Swallow" returned once more into port, and Jennie quickly exhibited her prize to her father, who saw that it was an elegant affair, and was plainly valuable. As soon as his sloop was carefully secured, he again examined the rich and costly bracelet, which he concluded must have belonged to some unfortunate lady who might have been a passenger, probably, on board the wrecked brig; and after a long conference with his daughter—for Scotchmen are proverbially slow in their movements—he determined to go over to Dumfries and make inquiries about it, and perhaps advertise it for the owner's benefit, or that of her friends, if she chanced to have any. And on the third day after, the following "card" appeared in the "Dumfries Courier."

"FOR AN OWNER.—Picked up, on the beach above Kircudbright, immediately after the late storm, a valuable gold bracelet, diamond mounted, bearing the initials C. P. upon the band. The owner can have the same by identifying the property, and making known his pleasure to Maurice Gregor, at the Beach."

The editor added to this that the brig "Robert Bruce" had gone ashore near this place, and undoubtedly the bracelet had been the property of some unfortunate lady passenger lost in that ill-fated vessel.

Some six weeks subsequently to the appearance of this advertisement, there arrived at the humble residence of Maurice Gregor a young man about two-and-twenty years old, who desired to see the fisherman in reference to his "card." Maurice was absent from home, and Jennie received him. He was struck with the singular beauty and modesty of Gregor's fair daughter, who asked if she could serve him, in her parent's absence.

"My name is Plympton," said the stranger. "I heard of your father's advertisement, lately, and I come to claim the bracelet he has found, as I believe it is the property of my sister."

He then described the lost ornament accurately, and upon seeing it, pronounced it to be his sister's, instantly. Her name was Caroline Plympton, and she was a passenger on board the "Robert Bruce," on the way from Dublin to Carlisle. The vessel was lost, but the captain and officers, with five of the passengers, had taken to the long-boat and had been saved, after three days and nights' exposure to the elements. When the brig had neared the shore, the master helped the two lady passengers into the boat, and in the midst of the confusion, as he took Miss Plympton's arm to hand her over the vessel's side, he grasped it so suddenly as to break the clasp of the bracelet, which fell into the water. It had plainly been washed ashore by the incoming waves, and thus Jennie had become its possessor.

It was highly prized for certain family associations connected with the jewels, and from their intrinsic value also, which was very considerable—the gems being worth several hundred pounds sterling. While Mr. Plympton was thus conversing with Jennie, whom he thought one of the sweetest creatures he had ever chanced to meet, the fisherman returned, and entered his cottage to find the stranger with his daughter.

Matters were quickly explained, and the young Englishman detailed to Gregor the object of his mission. He also gave him an account of the loss of the brig, and then tendered him a liberal reward for his course of conduct with the brace-

let. He tarried at the cottage over night, and even lingered there far into the afternoon of the following day. He visited the beach below, in company with Jennie, and talked to her of scenes that she had never heard of previously. And when he finally left, he asked the privilege of returning thither again, at an early day. He would bring his sister with him, he said, who would in person thank the beautiful Jennie for her discovery,—and many other pretty things he ventured, which were intended only for the poor fisherman's lovely daughter's private ear.

Jennie was in love! Mr. Plympton was a fine spoken gentleman, verily, and she looked forward to the hour of his next visit with deep solicitude. Perhaps he wouldn't come, though, she thought, after a week had passed away. But he did come. And he brought his sister, and they all got marvellously well acquainted, too, in a very brief space of time afterwards.

Mr. and Miss Plympton proved to be the only surviving children of Henry Plympton, of Carlisle, a wealthy English commoner, and the son possessed a handsome fortune in his own right. He had been amazed, at first, at the rare beauty of the innocent Scotch lass he so casually met at her father's humble abode, and he resolved to offer her his hand and fortune at his next visit to the Beach.

He did not hesitate, therefore, to invite her father to quit the rude life he was then pursuing, and offered him a comfortable and pleasant home at once, if he would accept it, in the vicinity of his own residence, near Carlisle. He then formally asked the hand of his daughter in marriage, declaring that he had never met so sweet a creature before in the whole course of his by no means very limited female acquaintance.

Jennie had already consented to his proposal, provided her father would agree, and Maurice Gregor saw the advantages of this proffer too clearly to raise objections unnecessarily. Within a month, the fisherman had been introduced by young Plympton to his proposed new home, and having satisfied himself that the pretensions of the handsome young stranger were in no wise exaggerated, he gladly accepted him for his future son-in-law, and Jennie thus obtained an excellent husband.

Dummie Barton wouldn't quit the old hut upon any consideration whatever; so he remained there, and died a few months after, of old age. The boys continued to follow their avocation, the father gave them the sloop and his old house, and they continued to thrive and live happily, as they had done for five-and-twenty years before.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### MUSIC.

"Music," says Martin Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline, it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art." Milton entertained the same views, and perhaps to his love and knowledge of music we are indebted for some of those melodies of his great poem, which remind us of the voice of some magnificent cathedral organ.

Music appears in some individuals to be the breath of their existence. At six years of age Mozart composed pieces for the harpsichord. The sensibility of Mozart's organs was excessive. When he first heard the sound of a trumpet he fell fainting to the ground. The slightest harshness or discordancy in a note gave him exquisite torture. He lived for music, and in everything else was a mere child. But a great musician must not only possess this acute sensibility, but the power to awaken it in others. During the performance of Metastasio's *Artaxerxes* at Rome, Pacchiarotti, the singer, while delivering a certain pathetic passage, was abandoned by the orchestra. Turning to the leader, he asked: "What are you about?" "We are all crying, sir!" sobbed out the *chef*.

Much has been said of the jealousy of musicians; but the greatest composers, like the greatest poets, have been above that baseness. Thus Haydn and Mozart entertained a mutual respect amounting to reverence. "Mozart," said Haydn, when asked his opinion of Don Giovanni, "is the greatest composer now living. And Mozart hearing a captious German composer find fault with Haydn, said, "if you and I were both melted down together, we should not find materials for one Haydn."

Some persons have no musical ear whatever. Dr. Johnson was one of these. Some persons are even painfully affected by the acuteness of

their musical sensibility. Mr. Eastcote tells us of a gentleman in whom it produced convulsions. At the representation of Dr. Arne's opera of *Artaxerxes*, one of the auditors fainted from excess of emotion; and Mr. Burton, a celebrated chorus-singer died, during the commencement of the overture to Handel's *Esther*, performed in Westminster Abbey. "At intervals he was able to speak, and but a few minutes before he breathed his last, he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music which had thus fatally operated on him."

The blind are generally gifted with a fine ear for music—Nature being always liberal in compensations. Many of our readers have doubtless noticed this in the admirable musical performers of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, the celebrated blind mathematician, possessed so delicate a sense that he could readily distinguish the fifth part of a note. Pythagoras asserted that the whole world was made according to musical proportion; while Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the principles of harmony pervaded the universe. From optical experiments, he deduced the fact that the primary colors, as defined by the prism, occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals which constitute the octave in the division of the musical chord. Music, then, reigns around and above us, and has existed from the dawn of creation, "when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

THE GREENLAND SEAL FISHERY.—Thirty vessels sailed in March from the east coast of Scotland for the Greenland Seal Fishery. There are extensive preparations making for the sending out a number of whalers to Cumberland Straits, to the winter fishery, to be prosecuted in the same manner as Captain Penny prosecuted it in the winter and spring of 1854.

MEMENTO OF NAPOLEON I.—The library of 1100 volumes, used by Napoleon at Elba, is still preserved on that island. Many of the works contain notes in the emperor's own hand.

CHEAP FAME.—In Kansas it costs a man only fifty dollars to have a city named after him; towns and villages in proportion.

## THE NEXT HUMBUG.

A love of humbuggery appears to be one of the leading passions of humanity. Butler never said a truer thing than when he asserted :

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat."

We Yankees particularly, the "smartest nation in all creation," cannot exist without a hum. How many bubbles do we remember in our day, small in their beginning, huge in their development, brilliant in the rainbow hues of their fall expansion, and then bursting, leaving scarce a trace behind! There was the Eastern land fever, with its imaginary lots, and imaginary fortunes; there was Matthias the impostor, a monstrous though limited humbug—there was the *Morus Multicaulis*, and lastly the Hen Fever, a universal epidemic, whose history the "Young 'Un" has just written for the amusement of the present generation and the wonder of posterity. One of Burnham's anecdotes is worth the price of his book. "Will it be credited," he says, "that during the summer of 1850, I had dozens of full-grown men—gentlemen—but enthusiastic hen-fanciers (who had contracted the fever suddenly), who came to my residence for Cochinchina eggs, at one dollar each, and who, upon being informed that I hadn't one in the house, would quietly sit down in my parlor and wait two, three or four hours at a time, *for the hens to lay them a few*, that they might take them away with them! Such is the fact, however it may be doubted." Well—that fever is over—the last victim is convalescent, the last lanky, feather-legged, bull-voiced, brutal mass of bone, muscle, sinew and feather has been knocked in the head—the prices of grain are descending, there are fewer applicants for admission to the alms-houses, money is again easier on the street, and now we ask—what is to be the next humbug?—we don't mean what local—but what universal, absorbing, national humbug are we to have? It is now slack water. The people are growing impatient. Barnum and Burnham are reposing on their laurels—Grisi and Mario have returned to Europe—Kossuth is editing a London paper—Rachel won't be here till September, and we are stagnating—vegetating. Something must be done. Has imaginative genius vanished from our midst? Has Connecticut no inventive genius to fill the vacuum? Where is the manufacturer of the Petrified Man? We are impatient—but our confidence is unimpaired. As Wilkins Micawber says: "Something will turn up." We know not, it is true, what it will be—could we foresee, of course, we would anticipate it, and supply the market ourselves. But we have no fears.

Looming darkly through the mists of the future we behold the coming hum, awful, formless, it is true,

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

But it is there! Soon its now shadowy proportion will assume distinctness, soon it will receive the rite of baptism, men will know what to call their idol. Then will they hasten to prostrate themselves before the car of this new Juggernaut, devoting to it, like our revolutionary fathers, "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

It is no proof of want of intelligence on our part that we are so easily humbugged. England, America and France are the three most enlightened nations on the face of the globe, yet none are more easily humbugged. The fact is, it requires genius to be humbugged thoroughly. Imagination, enthusiasm, generous confidence, a hundred fine qualities underlie this proneness to be humbugged. It is a glorious privilege of intellect. You can't humbug an idiot. The exhibitor of the Feejee mermaid "preferred to talk with naturalists." Solve the riddle as we may, however, it is clear that we are born to be humbugged, and can't escape our fate.

## SLEEP.

A writer in the New York Sunday Dispatch says: "Early to bed and early to rise," is no doubt an excellent maxim for those who can observe it in this work-a-day world. But *late* to bed and early to rise is not exactly the ticket; yet more practise this than observe the wiser maxim. Almost all workers in our large cities go to bed late and rise early, from necessity—and to lack of sufficient rest may we, in a great measure, attribute the short duration of life among this class. If they enjoy themselves at all, they must do it at the expense of health and life—they soon wear out. More than half of the illness among us is occasioned by the want of rest; and the best physician, in a majority of cases, is "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

ENGLAND.—Severe weather and want of work have caused great riots in England. Perhaps the British philanthropists, the Borriboola-gha men and women, may now find out that "Charity begins at home."

PRECOCOUS.—A young gentleman of New York, by the name of Green, aged twelve, lately stabbed a playmate severely, if not fatally, in the arm. He promises to do *Hyge* deeds yet.



## PROFESSIONAL AUTHORSHIP.

A literary life is a dangerous sort of speculation, in which ninety-nine hundredths of the adventurers fail, and yet men, dazed by the success of a few individuals, are constantly risking their happiness and lives in it. Mr. Blank reads that Mr. Brown has made five thousand dollars by his novel—perhaps a mere bookseller's puff—and straightway he throws his law books to the deuce and abandons his legitimate calling, to "meditate the thankless muse," for Mr. Blank feels that he is a genius—he has his admirers and flatterers, and none more seductive than his own heart; and why should not he make his thousands by the pen as well as Brown, who certainly has not half his talent? Now the muse is very benignant when wooed for herself alone—but the moment she finds you expect her to pay she cuts you dead, just as Miss Gamble jilted Wykoff when she thought he was after her fortune. Sir Walter Scott said that a man might make literature his staff but not his crutch. It did well enough for an aid, but not a dependence. D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors" hangs out many a warning beacon to deter the thoughtless from running on the reefs and sand bars that environ a professional literary life. What a story that is of Myles Davies, a learned writer reduced to live by peddling his books, "by the avarice of booksellers and the stinginess of hard-hearted patrons!" He feelingly narrates the rebuffs showered on the mendicant author.

"I shall never read them," says one of the five shilling-piece chaps. 'I have no time to look in them,' says another. "'Tis so much money lost,' says a grave Dean; 'My eyes being so bad,' says a Bishop, 'that I can scarce read at all. 'What do you want with me?' said another; 'Sir, I presented you the other day with my *Athenæ Britannicæ*, being the last part published.' 'I don't want books, take them again; I don't understand what they mean.' 'The title is very plain,' said I, 'and they are writ mostly in English.' 'I'll give you a crown for both the volumes.' 'They stand me, sir, in more than that, and 'tis for a bare subsistence I present or sell them; how shall I live?' 'I care not a farthing for that, live or die, 'tis all one to me.'"

"Even in the reign of the literary James," says D'Israeli, "great authors were reduced to a state of mendicity, and lived on alms, although their lives and their fortunes had been consumed in forming national labors."

The 19th century is less niggardly to its literary men, and yet how few are justified in making literature a profession!

## LOAN AND FUND ASSOCIATIONS.

The "efforts of houseless people to become their own landlords" have given rise to various schemes, but none so promising as the Loan and Fund Associations, which have within a short time sprung into existence. It is all very well to say that "honesty is the best policy," but simple honesty, however sterling, has not a financial value. Honesty cannot procure a discount at a bank; honesty alone cannot buy houses and land; and hitherto honesty had to be content with living in hired houses, instead of being sheltered by a roof of its own. But, thanks to the Loan and Fund Associations, the honest and industrious poor man has now a chance of obtaining real estate. "They," says the Fireside Journal, "have the double purpose of affording to poor people the means of investing their savings profitably and of borrowing reasonably. They constitute a bourse where poor lenders and poor borrowers meet and accommodate each other. The Advertiser seems to suppose that those who get possession of homes by means of the associations are the lucky drawers of prizes, and the rest only lose. On the contrary, large numbers derive benefit from these associations who never expect to become borrowers. They get as much for their money as if they invested it in a savings bank, and have the pleasure of knowing that it goes to assist deserving men, who are struggling to relieve their houses from mortgages that threaten to swallow them whole, or to build new ones. If the managers of these institutions swindle the members, pray what must be said of the landlords and mortgagees from whose tender mercies they are fain thus to escape?"

A NEW COMPOSITION.—A manufacturer of soap in Buffalo, recently, while experimenting upon the hardening substances used in soap, found in the application of a certain material, that he had made a batch of horn-soap. It was in color, strength, fibre and substance, the counterpart of horn. We shall expect, therefore, to see the ladies decorated with side and top combs made from soap-horn. What next, in this "age of progress?"

JOHN GILBERT.—Miss Ellen Tree (now Mrs. C. Kean) remarked of this gentleman, now one of the most popular performers at the Boston Theatre, that he was one of the best actors she had seen on this side of the Atlantic. He is, indeed, a finished artist.

ARTISTIC.—Banvard's Holy Land has proved the most successful exhibition of the season.

## VOLUNTARY TRANCES.

We have read many cases of involuntary trances, or suspended vitality, in which the patient exhibited the usual phenomena of death, absence of pulsation and respiration. We have heard of persons in whom these crises of suspended animation recurred at regular periods and could be foretold by certain signs; but the following statement from the *N. British Review*, of a case in which the vital functions were suspended at will, is, as far as we know, without a parallel. "The condition of trance," the *Review* asserts, "can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving, after Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Col. Townsend, of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character: Colonel Townsend could die or expire when he pleased—and yet by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first, it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until, at last, I could not feel any by the exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had, indeed, carried the experiment too far; and, at last, we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and went away satisfied as to the particulars of this fact fully, but not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel Townsend actually expired."

## LITERATURE.

What a lottery literature is! No man should make it a profession, unless he can make up his mind to starve with a good grace. The chances of success is not one in one hundred. We lately read an account of the funeral of Gerald de Nerval in Paris, who committed suicide because he could not bear to starve to death. The writer, a correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune*, says:—"All the literary men of Paris were there. It was a funeral of the poor. Most of the persons there, and they were the amusers and instructors of France, were attired in that shabby, genteel dress which attests too loudly straitened circumstances." Yet the same correspondent tells us that Madame George Sand has contracted with a publisher for an historical work in four octavo volumes, for which she will receive \$16,000. It is such prizes—paid at long intervals—that inspire the talented and hopeful to rush into literary speculations. "Why may not I be equally fortunate?" is the thought which has wrecked tens of thousands.

**A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.**—Lemon juice is recommended as a certain cure for acute rheumatism. It is given in quantities of a tablespoonful to twice the quantity of cold water, with a little sugar, every hour. The effect of the lemon-juice was almost instantaneous in one case mentioned; in ten days the worst case was cured, and in seven the other was able to go out, and there was a flexibility of the joints of the cured quite unusual in recovery after other modes of treatment.

**COOKS VS. GENERALS.**—What is a general compared to a cook? It appears that one of the great oversights of the allies has been in not sending enough grub and good cooks to the Crimea. Soyer, the celebrated Paris cook, seems to be of that opinion, and attaches so much importance to the fact that he has volunteered his services to the British government gratuitously, to proceed to the Crimea, and thus make things agreeable gastronomically.

**YANKEE SPECULATION.**—The *Courier des Etats Unis* says: "Speculation in the United States assumes every variety of form: it germinates in the child's head, grows up with him, and often recoils before no means, however singular."

**DEATH OF JOSEPH HUMB.**—The great English liberal orator and champion died lately at London.

## APRIL.

Of the spring months, March is a blustering rowdy, April a pretty coquette, and May a lovely belle. We can pardon the first for his ill manners, because he is the usher—though not a gentleman-usher—to the maiden April. Her, we love for her feminine graces—ay, even for her feminine weaknesses. She is like the heroine of one of Moore's songs—"with a smile on her cheek and a tear in her eye." She is not in the least like a strong-minded woman—her ways are all girlish. One moment her smile is sunshine—the next, without a why or a wherefore, she bursts out sobbing as if her heart would break. But let us drop the figurative and talk in plain prose. We like this month of April, even with its fitful sunshine, and its sudden showers. For the sake of those green patches of grass springing up under the windows of Tremont and Beacon Streets, for the sake of those dear wee flowers peering out here and there from the dusky soil, for the sake of those swelling lilach buds and feathering elm trees, we can submit to the annoyance of carrying an umbrella—yes, even a green cotton umbrella. For all this, we can submit to more than all this—the dread ordeal of the first of April. We can submit to opening letters addressed legibly enough to our noble selves, and finding their contents blank paper, or house sand; we can submit to stooping to pick up alluring jack-knives, and see them whirl away, attached to strings in the hands of mischievous Ike Partingtons. We are willing to be called an April fool for the luxury of breathing the spring air once more. These disappointments reminds us, not unpleasantly, of the salad days of our youth, when in the verdancy of which the springing grass is emblematic, and with the generous confidence of early years we sallied forth, at the bidding of our elders, to purchase glass ink-horns, and straight fish-hooks. We fancy that we gather wisdom with years; but is not our wisdom foolishness? What are glory, wealth, fame—all the prizes for which we yearn and toil, and consume existence—but glittering bubbles, dazzling the eye, and darting forth prismatic rays so long as we pursue them, but bursting in the grasp of the winner, and leaving him convicted of folly!

But at least it is no folly to dwell upon the beauties of the opening spring. The balmy air invites forth from the dusty streets and eternal red-brick walls, into the adjacent country—though our old umbrella must not be left behind. Threading the crowded suburbs we come to the region of gardens and farm houses, always enchanting realms to us. There is vigor

in every breath we inhale. The barnyards send forth a pleasant odor, and the large-eyed kine that stare at us from the wayside pastures, remind us agreeably of the poet's luxury:

"*Lac mihi non aestate novum nec frigore dedit.*"

Perchance, if our footsteps stray by the sunny margin of some sheltering wood, we may find a modest violet, of the delicate grayish blue tint of the April sky, lifting its petals shrinkingly to the light. Dear is that little flower, the harbinger of brighter and more luxurious blooms that will expand their glories under warmer skies. It is a present beauty and a brighter promise. So with this warm air that fans our cheek,

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-plumed day  
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her  
sway;

Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on this  
wing,

Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe  
for Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth till her dreams are  
all of flowers,

And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bow-  
ers;

The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,  
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer  
eyes.

IRELAND.—The Irish are buying up Ireland, and a capital operation it is. Under the "Encumbered Estates bill," which provides for the sale in small lots of large landed-estates, burdened with debts, land to the value of one hundred millions of dollars has passed into the hands of the common people. The effect of the measure in stimulating enterprise and thrift, is said to be wonderful, and its fruits are seen in the rapid decrease of paupers in the public almshouses. There is a future for Ireland, sure.

BOMBARDMENT.—A French admiral in the East has been bombarding Shanghai. The originals of Burnham's stock, that lay such enormous eggs, must have been astonished at the size of the shells from the French fleet. The Gallic cock crowed over the poor Shanghaies.

COCHITUATE.—A glass of Cochituate from the Custom House water-pipes has lately been exhibited at the Exchange. It was nearly solid with gluten, and, as the Frenchman said, "Smelt—O, dreadfuls!"

THEATRICAL TASTE.—People will go to see Richard and Hamlet, but they rather prefer Jack Sheppard and the Corsican Brothers.

REACTION.—Reckless youth makes rueful age.

## A KING ON EXHIBITION.

When poor Louis Philippe, king of the French, citizen-king, target-king, or whatever else you choose to call him, had just come into possession of the regal power, he was quite anxious to propitiate his liege-subjects, and they equally anxious to display their loyalty. Strangers used to flock to the Palais Royal in hopes of seeing him come out upon the terrace. A set of loafers, dealers in theatre checks and similar vagabonds, used to hang about the exterior of the palace to speculate on the curiosity of visitors and the affability of the monarch.

"Do you want to see the king, sir?" a loafer would say to a gentleman.

"Yes, I'm very anxious to see him."

"Very well, you can see him for five francs."

If the stranger had faith he handed over the money. Whereupon the loafers would raise thundering shouts of "Long live the king!" and Louis Philippe would come out on the balcony, bow and retire.

"Five francs more, sir, and you shall see him lay his hand on his heart and raise his eyes to heaven."

On the payment of the price, the loafers would redouble their shouts, and continue their noisy demonstrations after the king had shown himself, when, to show his entire composure and confidence, he would lay his hand on his breast and lift his eyes to heaven.

"Five francs more, sir, and you shall see him bow and hear him sing the Marseilles."

It was rather difficult to bring the old king to this. It required redoubled bellowing, patiently continued for a long time. At last the king would appear, when they would shout out the Marseilles, and, perhaps, to end the row quicker, his majesty would bow, and join in the chorus.

Heinrich Heine, on whose authority we have related the above, says he cannot be surety for the truth of the anecdote. "The friend," he adds, "who told it me has been dead seven years, and I know that for seven years he has never lied to me."

**HABITS OF DUMAS.**—Alexander Dumas, the prolific French author, writes in his shirt-sleeves, page after page from daylight to dark. His MS. is clear and fluent without any erasure.

**FAST.**—A day of general fast and humiliation was lately observed in England by command of Queen Victoria, in view of the existing war.

**QUICK.**—Ship Flying Scud, on her recent passage from New York to Melbourne, is said to have run 6420 miles in sixteen continuous days.

## AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR.

An admirer of the famous George Sand (Madame Dudevant) once paid her a visit at Nohant and remained some days. His name was Cador, and he appears to have been a gentleman of very free-and-easy manners, for, on his first arrival, he went into the authoress's kitchen, and ordered the *chef* to serve him up cabbages every day during his stay. There was accordingly a succession of cabbages of every size and every fashion—drumheads, saroyes, Dutch—boiled, fried, and sliced in vinegar. The guest divided his attentions between cabbages and his hostess—romance and the vegetable kingdom. The kitchen garden suffered prodigiously. At last, as the longest lane has a turning, the visit came to an end, Mr. Cador announcing one morning, to the secret delight of the authoress, that he must tear himself away. When this terrific declaration was made, they were walking in the garden, and the visitor concluded by saying, "I venture to hope, madam, that you will be kind enough to give me something that may recall to me your memory and the gracious reception with which you have favored me." "Most certainly, my friend," replied the authoress, turning to her gardener—"John, give my Cador a cabbage."

**PREVENTION OF YELLOW FEVER.**—An Havana paper states that Dr. Wm. L. Humboldt has discovered a means of preventing yellow fever by inoculation; and about one thousand of the newly arrived troops in Cuba have been inoculated by order of the government. The operation is said to be similar to vaccination, the virus discovered by Dr. Humboldt being inserted, generally, in both arms. A few hours after this trifling operation, the symptoms of a miniature yellow fever commence, and all the pathological consequences follow rapidly and slightly, rarely exceeding forty-eight hours in duration, and with nothing more than a slight feverish action.

**A ROYAL FEAST.**—At the marriage of the great chief Tengit to Anna Jane, the daughter of the king of the Friendly Isles, the feasting lasted a whole week. One thousand hogs were baked whole, with a proportionate supply of turtles, sharks, ray fish, and every other fish that is caught in those waters.

**LOLA MONTEZ.**—Tired with the rural solitude of Grass Valley, California, the Bavarian countess is about returning to the stage. More managers, we presume, are to be horsewhipped.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The taking of the last English census involved the recording of one hundred million of facts.

The Viceroy of Egypt has abolished Customs duties except at Suez.

A German translation of the works of Dr Channing has just been completed at Berlin.

The British government have concluded large contracts for provisions at Dantzic, at high prices.

It is said in Paris that Prince Napoleon is about to be married to one of the princesses of the Royal Family of Wurtemberg.

There are seventy-one religious orders in the Sardinian States, with a property estimated at \$9,000,000.

The St. Petersburg journals, writing of the English army before Sebastopol, call winter "an auxiliary sent by God himself."

The new statue in bronze of Joan of Arc, and the newly-repaired Hotel de Ville at Orleans, are to be inaugurated on the 8th of May next.

Shakspeare has given a name and a subject to a new opera now being played at La Scala, in Milan. It gives some of the leading incidents of Shakspeare's life. M. Cotti is the composer.

The Volga is to be made navigable from Astrakan to the Caspian Sea, and a company to be called the "Golden Fleece" is authorized to work the gold-mines in Siberia.

Several able divers from London and Paris have just passed through Lyons, on their way to the Crimea. They were there joined by one of the most experienced divers of that city.

The most remarkable fountain in the world is that of Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, which plays to the height of 267 feet—as high as Trinity steeple.

A bill has passed the Michigan Legislature, ordering the establishment of a chair of Homœopathic practice in the medical college of the People's University, at Ann Arbor.

Kossuth's reputation among the English people may be estimated from the fact that the rush for the Sunday Times, for which he has become a constant contributor, is unexampled.

The Police Gazette of St. Petersburg gives an account of a large wolf, perfectly mad, which ran through the streets of the Russian capital, and bit twenty-eight men and six women.

The King of Prussia, dreadfully annoyed at the satirical hits against him in Punch, is said to contemplate issuing an ordinance sternly forbidding its circulation in, or even admission into, his dominions. Louis Napoleon tried the same game, but without effect, as Punch still found its way into France.

Messrs. Barclay, the London brewers, get their water from wells sunk so deep, that they and the Messrs. Calvert, whose brewery is half a mile distant upon the opposite side of the river, find they are rivals for the same spring. When one brewery pumps, it drains the wells of the other, and the firms are obliged to obtain their water on alternate days.

The London Times attacks the government and royal family with audacity.

Great Britain has 5444 artists; 524 authors; 1320 editors, and 207 reporters.

A piece of land was recently sold in London at the rate of two million dollars an acre.

More than 30,000 persons returned from America to England during 1854.

Ex-President Van Buren, who passed the last two winters in Italy, has arrived in Paris.

Descendants of Sir Walter Raleigh are still living in England, though no one bears his name.

The remains of the Duc de Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, will soon reach Paris.

Joseph Hume, the liberal, who lately died in England, was born in the year 1777.

Warlike preparations were never more active in Russia than at present.

Freemasonry, in England, appears to be very prosperous.

An order prohibiting the export of wheat from Poland into Prussia came into operation on the 21st.

There are two millions of persons in France, mostly females, employed in the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine.

The *Moniteur* announces the loss of a French frigate with troops, in the Straits of Bonafacio. All on board, 600 or upwards, perished.

Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the poetess, has left "the residue of her personality (sworn under three thousand pounds) to her faithful and attached female servants."

We have official accounts of the battle at Eupatoria, from which it appears that the Russians had 500 killed, and the Turks sustained a loss of 88 killed and 250 wounded.

Khosrew Pacha, who died on the 2d ult., was the oldest servant of the Turkish empire. He had served under five sultans, and had filled in succession all the first posts in the state.

Mr. Dibdin Pitt, an actor and author, who died lately in London at the age of sixty, is said to have written five hundred melodramas within the last twenty years.

Omar Pacha is still in the field. Gallantly he has signalized his appearance in the Crimea by beating a superior Russian force under General Liprandi, at Eupatoria. Turkey is not quite so "sick" as the Czar represents it, after all.

Glory is a costly thing. The Earl of Hardwick stated in parliament that the British government were paying twenty-five millions of dollars for charters of steam and sailing vessels. Verily war is an expensive amusement.

The enrolment and organization of the Foreign Legion, which is to be composed principally of Swiss troops, is being carried on with vigor. Upwards of 1200 young men of the Swiss militia have already taken the preliminary steps to join this body.

News from China says the insurgents hold Canton in a state of siege, and their fleet has gained several victories over the Imperial fleet. Provisions were rising rapidly in consequence. The insurgents have met with reverses in the neighborhood of Pekin.

## Record of the Times.

The recruits are coming in fast for the new regiments authorized by Congress.

We shall soon have a telegraph from Boston to Cape Cod. Very useful it will be.

The price of buttons has risen since Burnham's Hen Fever came out.

Henry Kimball, of Littleton, is a model teamster—seven feet in height.

Mr. Ewbank tells us that in winter a lady is wrapped in one hundred miles of thread.

Seventy thousand dollars have been raised to build a Universalist college at Salisbury, Ill.

Out of 1397 dry measures examined in New York, only 317 were correct.

In the United States there are 36,000 paupers; in Great Britain, 904,600.

The German emigration for the year 1894 was double that of Ireland.

The cars on the Pagama Railroad are made of bamboo cane.

The Piscataqua bridge, destroyed by the late storm, was built in 1796.

Wesley said that "ten thousand cares were no more weight to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head."

Steps are being taken at Albany, N. Y., to have a national horse show at Utica, N. Y., this spring.

The tax-book of California shows the taxable property of the State to amount to 114,000,000 dollars.

Hickory nut oil, considered equal to the best lard or sperm oil for burning and machinery, is now manufactured at Dayton, Ohio.

There are 5483 travelling preachers in the several Methodist Conferences in the United States, and 42 died during the past year.

It is estimated that twenty-five millions of passages are made annually, across the Brooklyn ferries.

A stage-driver, having the small pox, was placed in a shanty "about half a mile this side of Tidivoute," Pa., the shanty took fire, and nothing was found of the poor man but his bones.

The appropriation for the Navy this year is fifteen and a half millions of dollars, and it is to be hoped that sum will be sufficient to place it on a more respectable footing.

In the United States there were, in 1850, 2555 persons over 100 years of age; in France there were only 102, though their population was nearly 36,000,000.

It is estimated that there were in the United States, at the time of the Presidential election of 1852, about 5,222,314 persons entitled to vote, of whom only 3,126,378 availed themselves of this freeman's privilege.

The extent of the shore line of the United States on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf, is about 12,500 miles. The northern and southern land boundaries amount to about 5300 more, making in all 18,800 miles, equal to three quarters of the distance around the world.

Some of the "Tomb lawyers" in New York, make fifty dollars per diem!

We may soon expect to hear of the death of the celebrated Miss Martineau.

A coroner's verdict on a bank that had failed was "found empty."

They used to have a bird in Madagascar that laid ten pound eggs. Burnham!

Some gipsees in Virginia, lately did a credulous farmer out of \$1315.

A witness in St. Louis was lately kept on the stand testifying for three days!

A man is going out West with four yoke of oxen, drawing a snug house behind them.

The game laws of Illinois now protect deer, grouse and quail.

The owner of the horse Wild Irishman backs him against the United States.

Myriads of wild pigeons have been seen in Virginia the present season.

A book called the "Humors of Falconbridge," by the late Mr. Perry, is ready for the press.

The number of light-houses on all our Atlantic and Gulf, Lake and Pacific coast, is four hundred and sixty-three.

It is estimated, from what appears to be reliable data, that every pound of cotton raised in the South costs the planter eight cents.

A railroad has been projected in Liberia, to connect the Junk settlement with the Montserrat river, a distance of only four miles.

In Cincinnati they are manufacturing portable cottages for Kansas and Nebraska in large numbers.

The Panama Steamship Company now send a special messenger from New York directly through to San Francisco by each vessel.

A complete enumeration of the voting population in Kansas has just been obtained. It seems to contain 3036 electors, which are divided into seventeen election districts.

Flour has reached so high a price that the export demand has almost entirely ceased. At the last advices, American Flour, which sold at 38s. per bbl. in Liverpool, would pay a profit to bring it back.

The appropriations for the army, made by the late Congress, amount to nearly ten millions and a half of dollars. The amount appropriated for fortifications is over a million and a half dollars.

Under the operation of the new postage law, all single letters, mailed for any distance not exceeding three thousand miles, will be charged three cents, and for any distance beyond three thousand miles, ten cents.

The Chicago papers say the Dutch East India Company of Amsterdam have sent an agent to Chicago, for the purpose of making arrangements to ship beef, pork, flour, etc., the produce of the West, directly to Holland.

By the treaty just concluded with the Chipewa Indians, a tract of land has been acquired, of about 13,000,000 acres. This land is in addition to seven or eight millions of acres conveyed to the United States last September.

## Merry Making.

The man who was in "ship shape" must have looked a little out of proportion.

Excessively polite ladies shake hands with the tips of their fingers.

If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a cat fish?

"John, what is a gentleman?" "Stub-toe boots, short-tail coat, and a high shirt-collar, sir."

What weapon does a young lady resemble whose acquaintance pass her without noticing her? A cutlass.

What is the difference between a bee hive and a defective potato? One is a bee-holder, and the other is a spec-tater.

What is a gentleman's first duty towards himself? To buy a pair of plaid pantaloons, and to raise a huge pair of whiskers.

They talk of having another revolution in Lower California. The liberators already boast of eighteen men, and three jack-knives.

A genius out in Iowa has just invented a wooden horse that will jump thirty miles an hour. The motive power is a bag of fleas. Who says this is not an age of progress?

A "shentlemans from Vaterland" thus describes the New Yorkers: "Fine peobles; dey go about de shtreets all day, cheating each other, and dey call dat pizziness."

Being confined to his room by sickness, a student of Latin was called upon by his friend. "What, John," said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," answered John, "sic sum!"

The barbers of Terre Haute, it is said, have taken down their striped poles, and substituted, in large letters, the word "bank," as a surer "sign" of shaving facilities.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka, a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for?" "For better or worse," replied he.

The Washington Continentals of Schenectady have offered their services to the Mayor, to protect the city against the next freshet. The officers are to be armed with four mops and a sloop-pail.

*Wanted to Know.*—Whether a treble singer does three times the work, or is paid three times as much as another? And whether a lawyer ever fainted under the burden of conveying a house?

Hard times produce one good thing. They check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only "had company once since last summer." The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters now stand higher than they have done for the last five years.

To get rid of company Mrs. Smith resorts to an original idea. The moment they get seated, she passes around a bowl of half-made lemonade. The effect of this is an early attack of "pain in the side," and an intense desire to reach home and the paregoric bottle. Ingenious woman, that Mrs. Smith.

Which is the oldest tree? The elder tree.

Why do pioneers go before an army? To are the way.

An exchange calls the union of England and France the Bull-Frog Coalition.

The fellow who "carried out a project," was obliged to bring it back. Served him right.

Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are the bearers of idle tails.

A manufacturer of parasols says that "the height of impudence" is taking shelter in an umbrella store during a thunder-storm.

When a kiss passes between Albert and Victoria, what London public building does it resemble? The Royal Exchange.

A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance? The old chap answered, "The *Minie* mum."

Why is the Duke of Cambridge like a wandering mender of kettles and pans who has left off business? Because he was once a tinker man (at Inkermann).

A certain newly-elected Irish Mayor, speaking of certain articles in a vivacious newspaper, observed, "I despise those underhand attacks. When I write an anonymops letter I always sign my name to it."

A new invoice of fresh curiosities have just been received at Boston by a vessel from Canton, viz: A splinter from the Board of Education. A spool on which is wound the thread of life. A few hairs from the seal of state.

The woodman who "spared that tree," has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was. He now "axes" a donation from the gentleman at whose request his destructiveness was starved.

Somebody thinks that sleigh bells on the cows would send up a cool music from the meadows, in hot weather, that would ice the memory like a sherbet. What is imagination, if there is no effect in the music to which we have been in the habit of freezing?

At a social circle, a few nights since, a lady asked a lawyer, "why coal was like a celebrated law book?" He thought there could be no doubt of its being "Black-stone." "But," said the lady, "we burn coke also." "True," replied the gentleman, "but at most of the coal-yards you get a very Little-ton."

Dyspepsia is confined almost entirely to the educated classes. Who ever saw a Johnny Raw with small digestive powers? Nature deals largely in compensations. If she stocks a man with a small supply of brains, she invariably bestows upon him such a taste for fun and pork steaks that he never misses his loss. Queer old lady that Nature—well she is.

A new soup-house is about being opened, where nothing but homœopathic soup is to be served, which is made as follows: Hang a chicken in the sun, allowing the shadow to reflect upon fourteen gallons of water for ten minutes, boil the water three hours, when it will be fit for use! This, it is said, is a sure cure for liver complaint as well as goat!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—No. 6.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1856.

WHOLE No. 18.

## GRACE ARRINGTON.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"For shame, sir—for shame! thus to murmur at Heaven's decrees, thus to receive its precious gifts!" And good old Dr. Davis looked the indignation he felt at his companion.

The two gentlemen were in the library of Mr. Arrington's handsome country house; the speaker standing with his hands behind him, and a very unusual flash of anger on his fine face, while Mr. Arrington sat at his table with his face buried in his folded arms, resting on his desk. The family physician had just announced the birth of a daughter; news received by the disappointed father, first with angry unbelief, and afterwards with hopeless despair.

He was a tall, stern looking man, bearing the marks of fierce passions on his countenance, with deep sunken eyes and knitted brow. Few men would have presumed to address words of reproach to him, but Dr. Davis was a privileged friend, and for the sake of the gentle young wife and mother would run far greater risks. His fearless, open manner was his greatest safeguard; and in his wildest fits of passion, Mr. Arrington would come down under the plain spoken reproaches and shocked look of the good man.

"How can I calmly listen to the crushing of my last hope, the destruction of my cherished plans?" was the father's answer to the doctor's last words. "There is nothing now to prevent my hated cousin's becoming our uncle's heir, while I, with all my debts, am to be burdened with the care of a sickly wife and two wretched

girls; curses on the fate!" And he ground his teeth in helpless rage, and again buried his face in his hands.

Finding that in his present mood, all remonstrances were useless, the doctor quietly left the room and sought the chamber of the young mother. At the door he found the eldest daughter, a child of two years, pleading to be taken to her mother.

Taking her from her nurse, he entered the room, and Mrs. Arrington, prepared for any unkindness on her husband's part, evinced no surprise at his absence, and merely shed a few quiet tears over her little girls.

She was a very young and beautiful woman, but care and sorrow had stolen the roses from her fair cheeks, and given sad looks to the once sparkling eyes. The beloved and only child of doting parents, she had seen little of care, and less of unkindness, until, won by the polished manners and fair exterior of Mr. Arrington, she had become his bride. But ere the first week of her strange new life had passed, the poor girl saw her mistake, and soon learned to tremble at the frown of him she had believed perfection, and to whose keeping she had entrusted her life's happiness.

Mr. Arrington was jealous and overbearing, proud of the beauty of his wife, yet fearful that others should see and admire her; fond of society, yet frequently sacrificing his dearest friend to his arbitrary disposition. His grandfather—old Philip Arrington—had bequeathed handsome



fortunes to his three remaining children, all that had been spared to him from a large family. At the time of their father's death, Philip and John, the two oldest, were of the respective ages of twenty and twenty-two years, while Herbert, the youngest, was scarcely five.

Philip never married; and as years passed on, and he acquired a large practice as a lawyer, he gradually improved the property left him by his father, and at the time my story commences was counted one of the richest men in B-shire. John, the second son, married as soon as he became of age; lived an useless, extravagant life; broke his wife's heart with neglect and coldness, and died, leaving one son (Mr. Arrington) to fight and struggle his way through the world.

With extravagant tastes and great worldly pride, young John Arrington found himself at twenty-one with little more to gratify them than the very moderate fortune secured to him by his mother's marriage settlements. For ten years he contrived to live on this, each year, however, sinking deeper in debt, when finding that things could not continue so much longer, he bethought himself of taking a rich wife. In this last resort to retrieve his embarrassed condition, he proved exceedingly fortunate; and the fair young girl he won with false professions and pretended devotion, brought him both wealth and beauty for her dower.

His uncle, Herbert Arrington, now about thirty-eight years of age, had been married nearly five years, and his son, at the time little Eveline was born, was four years old. To account for John Arrington's dislike of this boy, we shall have to go back a few years to the early days of the old bachelor Philip.

In his youth, Philip Arrington had passionately loved a young girl whom his father disapproved of. Determined that he should not marry her, Mr. Arrington and her father made a match between her and a young man, far inferior in every respect to Philip. For two years young Arrington shunned all female society, but at the end of that time was accidentally thrown into the company of a beautiful young lady, lovely, fascinating and accomplished, but poor. For a time his suit prospered, and even progressed so far that the wedding day was fixed, when Philip found a rival in the shape of an old friend of Miss Smith's father.

It is true he was something over fifty, wore a wig, and in complexion rather too nearly resembled an orange; but what mattered that, when he could keep a carriage, a score of servants, and wear a diamond ring worth more money than Miss Smith had ever seen in her

life? He was pleased with Miss Smith the first time he saw her, and rather wished young Arrington would not occupy so much of her attention. The next time he called, Miss Smith was alone; the lady was agreeable, the gentleman fascinated; she sung and played a sentimental song to amuse him, and he made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune. The lady hastily threw into one scale Philip, his love, his good looks, and his pretty cottage home—in the other, her saffron-faced admirer, a coach, and a splendid city mansion, with dresses and jewels innumerable. Need we say which preponderated?

The end of it was that Miss Smith learned to hate her lord and master ere she had been many months a wife; finding, to her sorrow, that even golden fetters are distressing; while Philip cursed all women as jilts and deceivers, and applied himself to his profession with redoubled ardor. He removed from the scenes of his unfortunate attachments, bought a comfortable house, secured the services of a trustworthy old lady for housekeeper, and set seriously about making money.

And he did make money, and everything he undertook brought him in money; and the more money he got the more he wanted; and at the time his nephew, John, married, he was immensely rich. Very little correspondence had been kept up between the brothers; but when Philip heard that another of the hated sex had been brought into the family, he suddenly felt a curiosity to see his brother's and nephew's wives.

His visit did not afford him much satisfaction, as, to all outward appearances, both couples were in the enjoyment of great happiness—Herbert and his wife being really attached to each other, while John had too much pride to allow his uncle to witness any unpleasantness in his house. As there was nothing to find fault with in the selection either kinsman had made, and the two families were on good terms, his malice invented a device whereby to destroy their future comfort. He announced his intention of bequeathing his vast property to the youngest male Arrington alive at his decease.

To this new whim Herbert paid but little attention; partly because his rapidly increasing fortune promised to be more than sufficient for the wants of his family, and partly because he suspected the real motive that had induced his eccentric brother to give publicly to an intention so likely to cause dissension. But on John Arrington the effect was all that his uncle could have wished in his most malicious humor.

Until the birth of Eveline, he contented himself with anticipating the blessing a son would

be, and having convinced himself that such a thing as disappointment was not to be thought of, was even kinder to his poor young wife than heretofore. But all his ill temper returned when he found that so far his young cousin was the heir; and he hated him for it, although not quite without love for his own first-born.

Herbert's family meanwhile was increased by the addition of two little girls, and a few months before the commencement of our story, by still another son. But John Arrington's hopes were once more raised to the pinnacle of expectation; and so great a hold had this one idea taken on his mind, that he could better have listened to the announcement of the loss of wife, child, and every friend he had, than be told that his wishes were again crossed. He viewed it as an actual wrong, and in that spirit reproached the Providence that had so afflicted him.

From the hour of her birth, Grace Arrington knew nothing of the blessing of a father's love. It was not until she was several weeks old that her father ever saw her, and then the meeting was accidental. Since his last disappointment, he had even withdrawn the affection he once bestowed on little Eveline; and her mother almost feared to trust her darlings from her sight, so great was her terror that her husband might, in his passion, commit some dreadful act.

Soon after the birth of his youngest child, Mr. Arrington went to London, and his wife was suffered to drag out a weary existence alone with her children and servants, the latter being creatures of the master, and having more authority in the house than their mistress. It was while Mr. Arrington was away, and when Grace was two months old, that Herbert resolved to pay a visit to his poor niece and her neglected little ones. He was much attached to her, and felt deeply for the children forsaken by their father, and seemingly so friendless.

On arriving at their home, he had considerable difficulty in gaining admittance, so strict were Mr. Arrington's orders against all visitors in his absence. But his uncle was not a man easily repulsed when doing what he considered his duty, and he felt that he ought to take some interest in the fate of his young kinswomen and her children. He found her but the shadow of her former self, pale, sick and dispirited, her beauty faded, her once bright hopes crushed. She warmly welcomed him, and after spending several pleasant hours in conversation and inquiries, Herbert rose to leave, when she spoke of one request she had to make.

"Anything, anything that I can do for you, my dear child," was her uncle's warm answer.

"It is a serious request, but I have long thought of your coming—long waited for an opportunity to make it. I shall not long be here. Nay! don't try to deceive me; look there." And drawing up the sleeve of her loose dress, she held up an arm and hand round which there was scarcely an appearance of flesh, the long fingers looking like those of a skeleton.

She smiled faintly as Herbert, pale and sorrowful, raised the transparent hand to his lips.

"I cannot long stay here; and uncle, when I am gone, will you take my poor babes—my little fatherless girls? Your wife is kind and good, and in her my children will find a mother, in you a father. Will you promise me this, and bid me rest in peace?"

Eagerly Herbert promised to fulfil her request, to adopt her children, and in all respects bring them up as his own. There was but one reservation. "If their father will consent."

"Only too willingly. To him they are a burden and a cause of grief." And her tears fell fast as she spoke the sad words.

Herbert bade her farewell, kissed the little ones, and left the house. As he journeyed homeward, he meditated on the melancholy fate of this once beautiful and happy girl, so undeservingly brought on by the cruel conduct of her husband and the malicious contrivance of his own brother, and he felt rejoiced that he had in some measure atoned by making the requested promise. When informed of what had passed, Mrs. Herbert Arrington was equally pleased, and her warm heart was deeply touched at the affecting picture her husband drew of the scene he had witnessed.

That night, when she sat beside him in their comfortable parlor, their little ones gathered round them, and all happy and rejoicing in their love, large tears rolled down the fond mother's cheek, and she bent over her baby-boy to hide her emotion. But Herbert knew that his tender-hearted young wife was thinking of another whose lot was, O, how different from her own! whose sorrows were soothed by no husband's kindness, whose babes felt no father's caress.

He looked on his little twin girls—two little delicate blossoms, scarcely seeming for this world,—and in his heart he wondered how a father could ever become so unnatural as to cast off his helpless offspring. He looked on his wife, as she sat with her infant in her arms, in all her bloom of health and contentment; and he thought of that other, her superior in beauty, in accomplishments, in all domestic graces that charm and delight a husband; and his astonishment and pity increased. How blindly had

John Arrington sacrificed his own happiness and that of his wife; how wantonly had he crushed her young life; how shamefully betrayed her trust. On all these wrongs did Herbert ponder, and his heart was sad and troubled for another's woes; but the day was soon to come when he should have sorrows of his own to mourn over.

Six months after his visit to his nephew's wife, Herbert laid his three youngest children in the grave. The little boy went first—the pet, the baby, they all wept when he was taken from them. But soon one merry little girl was laid beside her brother; and when the dark shadows fell over the face of the other, and he knew that she also was gone, Herbert wept like a woman.

To bear this heavy affliction, the mother seemed the strongest, and when all was over, and she could no longer minister to the wants of her lost ones, no longer touch the little hands, press the soft cheek, or bend down to listen to sweet, low voices murmuring fond words, she yielded not to unavailing sorrow. Of her children she had been fond, exceedingly fond; but for her husband, words are weak to express the entire, the engrossing love, she felt for him. Even her little ones were dearer on that account; and now her own sorrow was forgotten in her anxiety to assuage his bitter grief, to pour balm into that wounded heart. Not even in the first days of their marriage had she been so kind, so thoughtful, so affectionate; and Herbert was at last roused from his sorrow, by observing the sad changes care and anxiety were making in his beloved wife.

He, in his turn, now became the comforter; and so in time they learned to think and speak calmly of their trial. Their oldest child was still spared to them, and the parents rejoiced in his bright promise for the future, and were happy, although a sigh would rise, or a tear fall, as some memento of the lost ones recalled their sorrow.

A year passed away, and Herbert was suddenly summoned to the death-bed of his niece. He instantly obeyed the call, and hastened to the house he had not entered since the day when he had contrasted the misery of its inmates with the happiness of his own. His feelings were of the most distressing character, and he was little prepared to meet his nephew, whose joyful countenance appeared so out of place. The secret was soon told—the mother was dying; but the father had his wish, and a son had at last gladdened the heart of John Arrington.

Astonished at the coolness with which Herbert listened to this latter news, he could not

refrain from inquiring if he "recollected how that affected the prospects of his son," and was only reminded of his mistake when he saw the contemptuous glance his uncle bestowed upon him, and heard his command to "lead him instantly to the bedside of his dying wife."

There were but few words passed between the uncle and niece; and in less than half an hour after his arrival, she had left sorrow, despair and anguish; and before him lay a cold pale face, whose smile reminded him of the innocents he had lost. John Arrington did not feign a grief he did not feel, nor did he offer the slightest objection to his wife's wishes in regard to the little girls. He thanked his uncle for relieving him of such a charge, gave him all the dresses, jewelry and furniture that had belonged to their mother, and promised never to interfere in anything pertaining to their future lives, giving them solely to him.

Herbert bore them home carefully and tenderly, and gave them into the loving, motherly arms held out to receive them; and both wept as they looked on these treasures, motherless, and cast out from a father's love; and both thought on the little girls that had once graced their own fireside, and welcomed these forlorn ones to replace them.

For several days Mrs. Arrington could not realize that such happiness was hers, and she would gaze for hours on the little faces so fondly turned to her own, or creep softly to their little bed, to make sure that she had them still. But when she saw that to her husband they were each day becoming dearer, that they had taken the place in his heart once occupied by their own, that he had resumed his cheerfulness, and could be merry with the gayest among their evening gathering, she blessed them in the fulness of her heart, and poured out on them the boundless treasures of a mother's love.

We must now pass over fifteen years, during which time but few changes took place in the circumstances of any of our friends, the Arrington family. Philip was more miserly, more ill natured, and hated women more cordially than ever. He was now nearly seventy-four years of age. Herbert and his wife were but little changed; affairs had prospered with them, and they looked cheerful and happy.

Their son—young Herbert—was a fine young man of two-and-twenty, the pride and joy of his parents, and the delight of his consins. Eveline and Grace were still with their kind friends, and none could have supposed that they were other than the daughters of the house. Loving and beloved, they knew not the want of a parent's

kindness ; for in their treatment of her children, Herbert and his wife faithfully performed their promise to the mother.

John Arrington and his young son still resided at the house where his wife had died ; but they had few servants, and the establishment was reduced to the lowest scale. To indulge his darling and spoiled child, the doting father made the greatest sacrifices of his comfort and convenience, and deprived himself of luxuries made absolutely necessary by custom and habit. But John Arrington was a changed man. His whole thought and hope was centered on the possession of his brother's splendid fortune, and his whole care and devotion on the object by which it was to be obtained. On this son he lavished the fondest affection ; and the haughty and imperious man, before whom his gentle wife was wont to tremble in terror, was now the slave of a wilful, obstinate boy.

To such a pitch had young Philip's authority reached, that the few attendants they were obliged to keep always gave the preference to the son's commands, even if in opposition to their master's.

It annoyed John Arrington that his son was not known to be the heir to his uncle ; that in the eyes of others, this object of his fond hopes was no other than a common youth. He at last wrote to his uncle, reminding him of his promise, and asking him to acknowledge Philip as the inheritor of his property.

The answer was short and unsatisfactory ; the old man merely reminded him that he was not dead yet, that his will did not go into effect until that event should happen, and that there might yet be a score of young Arringtons born ere he left the world. As a characteristic finish, he begged permission to inform him that young Herbert was now a man, and in all probability would soon marry.

Since the birth of his own son, Mr. Arrington had lost that ill feeling towards his cousin that he once indulged ; but now his animosity returned with double force, and he dreaded to hear his name spoken, lest it should be accompanied with ill tidings.

It was at this unlucky time that a letter arrived from his uncle Herbert, announcing the ap-proaching marriage of Eveline and young Herbert. The writer thought it his duty to announce the news to her father, but merely as a matter of form, not dreaming that he would object to so favorable an alliance for his daughter.

Words cannot express Mr. Arrington's feelings on perusing this letter ; but when the first emotions of rage and annoyance were over, he

wrote an answer little in accordance with their expectations. He insisted on all such ideas being immediately given up, on pain of the instant removal of his daughter ; and gave more than sufficient reason to delay the marriage in the coarse terms in which he spoke of the young man. To his daughter he wrote a fierce, angry denunciation of her wilful and presumptuous intention, threatening to instantly take her from those who, he said, were teaching her to forget her parent, and act in disobedience to his wishes.

To the young couple, these letters brought sadness and sorrow ; but Herbert tried the effect of an appeal to his feelings, and also reminded him of the promise given at the time the girls came under his charge. But remonstrances and appeals were alike vain, and Herbert and Eveline were obliged to give up all bright prospects for the present, trusting to him to make some favorable change in their affairs.

It was about this time, and only a few days after receiving his nephew's letter, that Philip Arrington, the old and tottering man, the woman hater, the miser, gave up all his lifetime resolutions, and married. In some law suit he had accidentally become acquainted with a widow lady, by the name of Brown. It happened that Mrs. Brown's evidence was of great use to the old lawyer, and he had several times called at her house. During these visits he had been struck with the beauty of Mrs. Brown's young daughter ; all his prejudices melted away, and he made her an offer of his hand. It was of course refused, and then the old man commenced a series of attacks on the widow's property that at last left her dependent on him for a home. He had calculated well on the success of his manoeuvres, and when the alternative came, that the widow should leave her home, or Maria become his wife, he was not surprised that the tender, loving girl should sacrifice herself for her mother's sake.

They were married very privately, and few even of his most intimate acquaintances were aware of the fact. Her mother was suffered to remain in her home, with a very trifling sum to maintain her ; and the old miser's establishment was the same as ever, save that a sweet, sunny face, and a graceful figure, flitted through the old dark rooms like a prisoned angel. The old housekeeper, jealous of the young wife, strove to render her lot as uncomfortable as possible ; and the poor girl was often inclined to think that better had she braved the worst, and supported her mother with her labor, than thus have doomed herself to certain misery. Of course, Philip did not inform his brother and nephew of this

change in his affairs, wishing to avoid all comments on his inconsistency, and also to give them an unpleasant surprise, should it be possible to maintain the secret until his death.

Not satisfied with the prohibition he had given to his daughter's marriage, John Arrington paid a visit to his long neglected children, and had the happiness of finding that his cousin, disappointed of obtaining Eveline's hand, was on the eve of a journey to the continent. He was astonished at the improvement a few years had made in his children, and much struck with the loveliness of Grace, who was a very little girl when he last saw her. Instead of a pale, sickly looking child, he beheld a beautiful young girl, whose slender form and happy, childlike movements filled him with admiration. He watched her attentively as she flitted through the room, now hastening to perform some kind office for her she called mother, and anon flying to the side of her adopted father to bespeak his sympathy for some destitute protegee of her own. The father's heart swelled with bitter feelings as he witnessed the marks of affection his children bestowed on others, and reflected that all this love he had flung away.

It was impossible for Eveline to disguise her sorrow at the approaching departure of young Herbert, and equally impossible for her to receive her father with even a show of fondness, while suffering from his cruel caprice. The tearful eyes and pale cheeks of the sorrowful girl more than once inclined him to revoke his unjust commands, but the thought of another ever taking the place of his darling son, quickly drove such relentings from his heart.

Mr. Arrington returned home; Herbert and Eveline parted with their troth-plight unbroken, and their faith unchanged; and Grace was obliged to comfort her dear friends for the loss of their son, and cheer her sister with hopes of better days. All unconscious of the passion so fatal to Eveline's peace, she felt the deepest compassion for her misery, and viewed with sad surprise the crushing grief that at times overwhelmed her. She could understand her aunt's quiet sadness, and her uncle's reveries, and knew how to cheer the one and to dissipate the other; but her sister's passionate distress frightened her, and she mentally resolved to shun the dangers of love. She could not imagine that any stranger would ever usurp the place now occupied in her heart by her adopted parents, or that any home would ever seem so pleasant as the one where her happy young years had been spent. To her, the deceitful passion, with all its train of hopes and fears, and sentimental

longings, and mysterious sympathies, was a sealed book, and she felt little inclination to penetrate the hidden secret.

Eveline and Grace Arrington were as unlike in their dispositions as in looks, and few would have thought they were so near a relationship to each other, to judge by the difference in all their thoughts, habits and actions.

Eveline was like her father—a tall, stately figure, perfect features, and at times a proudly flashing eye, gave an idea of haughtiness rather repelling on a first acquaintance; but she possessed rare virtues, and, thanks to the careful training of her youth, her faults were few and not conspicuous. From earliest childhood she had loved her cousin, and been beloved in return; and having no inducement to flirt with others, it was for Herbert, and for him alone, that the dark eyes sent forth joyous flashes, the raven tresses were disposed in the most bewitching manner, and the most becoming robes were donned. To others, Eveline was coldly polite, or proudly indifferent; and, when displeased, could speak sharp cutting words, too bitter to be easily forgotten or forgiven. It was this peculiarity that had caused her to be more feared than loved by those on whom she did not condescend to bestow her affection; but Herbert and Grace had no cause to complain of lack of kindness; on them she bestowed an intensity of love, and they seemed to occupy her whole heart.

But far different was the disposition of the lovely Grace. Too kind and tender to inflict pain herself, she invariably sought to heal the wounds her sister caused, and rarely failed in administering a balm for injured feelings; for who could stand the bewitching eloquence of one so good, so beautiful, and so full of sympathy for all trouble? Little wonder was it then, that with her attractions, Grace Arrington was the object of numerous attentions, or that her adopted parents at times feared that another would soon rob them of their pet daughter. But Grace received the offerings to her charms with the most childish simplicity, and would gaily repeat to her mother the fine compliments bestowed on her by her *friends*, as she indiscriminately termed her acquaintances of both sexes. If jested with on the score of her lovers, she would shake back her bright curls, and with a merry light in her blue eyes, and her lips wreathed in smiles, deny the charge, again and again declaring that she knew not the meaning of the word *love*.

"Why, Grace!" her mother would exclaim, "what a little deceiver you must be!" while the father would look up from his reading with a

look of pretended reproach on his countenance.

"O, mama! I don't mean that," Grace would exclaim, putting her arms fondly round her neck; "but that love that makes people sigh and weep, and look pale." And she would glance across the room at her sister, who, lost in a reverie, was unconscious of the conversation.

But Grace was to see the day when she also should "sigh and weep, and look pale;" when she should learn the difference between love, the master passion, and that fond affection she bore to her relations.

Soon after Herbert's departure, their list of visitors had been increased by the arrival at home of a Major Bradford, a distant cousin of the Arrington family, and an old school chum of Herbert Arrington, senior. He had been on foreign service for many years, and on his return to England, hastened to renew the old friendship with his cousin.

As the major's regiment was quartered not far from his cousin's home, he soon formed the habit of spending a portion of each day in the society of the beautiful young girls who adorned it; and they, in return, were pleased with a friend who united the many agreeable and interesting qualities of their new acquaintance.

Major Bradford was handsome, rich, and fifty-one. In early life he had formed one or two attachments, but his peculiar life had prevented his ever becoming very deeply attached to any lady. As he advanced in life he gave up all thought of forming an alliance, and though many would have rejoiced in being the choice of the handsome major, he contented himself with a uniform friendliness of manner to all ladies.

On Eveline and her sister he bestowed an unusual share of attention—partly on account of their sad history, and partly because he found them superior to the generality of young ladies. He was particularly pleased with Grace, but at first the preference was not mutual—the gay girl professing herself afraid of one who had seen so much of life; so she was rather shy of him at first. But as month after month passed on, and the agreeable major still continued his visits, a great change was perceptible in the looks and manners of Grace; she no longer moved through the house with sweet songs on her lips, and appeared very sad at times. But her color brightened, and her eye sparkled, as the hour drew near when the major usually called, and when duty prevented his appearance, would sigh and look pale, and even give way to a few secret tears.

That their darling was much changed, the parents were painfully assured, and they also came to a correct conclusion in regard to the cause;

but as to whom the person was, they were at fault. They both supposed it to be a young man, who had always been one of Grace's most ardent admirers, and were satisfied with her choice.

Mrs. Arrington and Eveline were going out one morning to pay some visits, and after vainly coaxing Grace (who pleaded a headache) to accompany them, insisted on her resting in her darkened room until their return; but scarcely were they out of sight, when she rose from her couch, and proceeded to arrange her hair and dress with unusual pains. She then descended to the parlor, and seating herself at the instrument, commenced practicing a beautiful and difficult piece of music, lent to her by the major.

She had succeeded in conquering the difficulties, and was playing with animation and spirit, when startled by the sound of a step she looked round, and the major was beside her. With a start and a blush she half rose from her seat, but recovering herself welcomed him, began to talk about the music, and requested him to explain some parts that still puzzled her a little. The conversation soon became animated, and she forgot her first awkwardness at having to receive him alone. The major strove to be entertaining, the more as he saw how happy his young companion was in his society; and after prolonging his stay to an unusual length, took his leave, with the conviction, that of all charming young women, Grace was the most bewitching.

That night, long after Eveline had slumbered, did Grace sit at her window and muse on the events of the day; and at the same hour the major was alone in his room, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire burning cheerily in the grate. And as he gazed, a golden-haired vision seemed to rise at his side, and loving blue eyes were turned inquiringly to his own; and he again heard a sweet voice ask gentle questions, and again watched little white hands and slender fingers fly over the keys.

"What folly!" exclaimed the major, hastily rising. "Such a mere child, and at my time of life, too!" And he sought to banish his musings in slumber; but again he saw that bright vision, heard that sweet voice, and again felt the touch of those soft hands. With the morning came recollection and resolution, and he again said, "What folly!"

It was almost a year after Philip Arrington had written his nephew the letter mentioned before, when the news came that the old man was dead—news only too welcome to the expectant nephew and his son. As the brother and nephew were requested to attend the funeral ceremony, and be present at the reading of the will, they

lost no time in journeying into B—shire, and arrived in time to join the few mourners that attended the old miser to his last resting-place.

On returning to his late home, an elderly gentleman—a lawyer, and an intimate acquaintance of the deceased—produced the will and proceeded to break the seals. Ere he opened it, however, he looked round on the group of anxious faces, and with a grim smile, said “he supposed all present were familiar with the intentions of the deceased in relation to the disposal of his fortune?” Murmurs of “yes” sounded through the room, and John Arrington drew a long breath, as if oppressed with some evil foreboding. The old lawyer then proceeded to read the will, which was very brief, merely mentioning small legacies to his brother and his son; and his nephew, John Arrington and his son; and bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to the “youngest of the name of Arrington.” When it was finished, the old man carefully folded up the parchment, and interrupting the congratulations all present were showering on young Philip, who stood proudly beside his father, he gravely asked them if they would like to see the heir.

Each one looked at the other in astonishment; but John Arrington exclaimed in despairing accents, “By heavens! I knew there was some treachery!” and sank, pale and fainting, into a chair, while every eye was turned to the opening door, and beheld with wonder the entrance of a fair and delicate looking girl, bearing an infant in her arms.

The truth soon flashed on every one present. The old man had married, intending to disappoint the hopes of his relations by leaving his property to his wife; but Providence had sent him a little son, who of course became the heir. Shortly after the child’s birth, death called the old man away.

To John Arrington this unexpected shock proved fatal; he barely lived to reach his home; but while speech and reason lasted, he ceased not to impress on his uncle his wishes respecting his children. After the father’s death, Herbert was speedily summoned home, the prohibition to his alliance with Eveline having been removed, and with joyful haste obeyed the welcome mandate; and on his arrival preparations were made for a speedy celebration of their marriage.

The clouds were removed from the brow of the young betrothed; but as her sister grew happier, so did Grace lose her gaiety, and at length excited the serious fears of her friends by her altered looks. But since that happy day, when she had received Major Bradford alone, poor Grace had suffered all the misery of uncertainty

and disappointment, arising from the strange alteration in her friend’s manner, and the unusual coolness with which he treated her. He no longer appeared to take any interest in her music, no longer offered to accompany her in her visits of charity to the neighboring cottages, and so seldom addressed her in conversation that she at last ceased to address him, and a coldness gradually grew up between them. In vain she tried to recollect some word or act of hers that might have given offence; in vain she strove to banish him from her mind; and all unused to care and anxiety, she daily grew paler.

It was now that the young man, before alluded to, solicited Mr. Arrington’s permission for the honor of his daughter’s hand, but at the same time acknowledged he had not received very flattering encouragement from the lady. Pleased with this opportunity of discovering her sentiments, Mr. Arrington volunteered to plead his cause with Grace, and dismissed the young gentleman with a heart full of hope. He kept his word, and used every argument to induce her to listen favorably to his suit, but without success, and she at last reproached him with wishing to get rid of her.

“My child, that is not like yourself,” was his gentle answer. “You know I only study your happiness, and I think it can be best promoted by a union with one so worthy in every respect as this young man. But I will urge you no more, and only ask if there is any hope that you may change your mind?”

“No—never! Give him no reason to think I can ever look favorably on his suit, for that is impossible.”

“Grace, my poor child, there is some mystery here; and you could not speak so decidedly were you not aware that another possessed your heart. Why will you not place confidence in my age and experience, and let me know the secret of all your sorrow?”

“I will tell all, father,” the young girl passionately exclaimed. “I do love another; but he knows it not, and my love is not returned.”

That evening Major Bradford announced his intention of soon leaving England. “He had lived so long abroad that his native land had become distasteful to him.”

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when Grace, who had been seated beside her father, leaned against his shoulder, and with a low moan fainted away. The heat of the room had overpowered her, they all said; but as Mr. Arrington bore her to her chamber, he knew differently, and in his own mind resolved to make an effort to save her from despair.

That night, when the major left, his friend accompanied him, and with all due regard for Grace's delicacy, made known his suspicions. Words cannot describe the delight of Major Bradford at this unlooked-for happiness, and he even feared to indulge in the hope that it was true, lest disappointment should be his lot.

"I cannot realize it yet," he said to his friend at parting, "after struggling so long with feelings that I imagined were hopeless, to hear that my own blindness hindered my happiness."

There was soon a great improvement in the health and spirits of Grace Arrington. Blessed with a return of affection, she resumed her accustomed gaiety, spreading light around her.

Major Bradford was devoted in his attentions to his young betrothed; and if at times a fear crossed his mind when he remembered the disparity of their ages, the consciousness of possessing her innocent and confiding heart banished his vague uneasiness. He gratified her by taking all possible interest in the bridal preparations, and not even young Herbert could play the lover with a better grace than did the accomplished major, whose tenderness kept a perpetual watch over the happiness of his bride.

At last there was a double wedding in Mr. Arrington's beautiful parlor, and the house was filled with gay guests; and Mrs. Arrington vainly tried to keep back her tears, as she listened to the words that gave her darling to another. And then the parting came, and Mr. Arrington took the young girl in his arms, and invoking a blessing on her head, gave her to her husband, who led her to the carriage, and in a few moments she was whirled away from the scenes of her youth.

But Major Bradford had provided a splendid home for his lovely young bride, and Grace found herself surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth can procure, and which his long residence abroad had rendered necessary to her husband's comfort.

Herbert and Eveline made their home with their parents, and the old couple lived long to enjoy the happiness of their children, and died surrounded by them and their grand-children. Philip Arrington's young widow was rewarded for her self-sacrifice by having a comfortable home to give her mother in her old age; and a few years after that painful period in her life, married a highly respectable man, and had the happiness of seeing her son grow up a very different character from his father. John Arrington's son, after the death of his father, refused to own his relations, and went to London. Here he lived a short life of dissipation, and died in solitary poverty ere he reached twenty years.

### THE VEILED PICTURE.

A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could *paint the best*. So each strove for the maiden, with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvass of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the young artist with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the *veil itself to be a picture!* We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist, who deceived the birds by skill in painting fruit, manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvass with the pencil as to deceive a skilful master, was surely the greatest artist.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

### A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A young lady, residing in the arrondissement of Poitiers, France, has conceived the idea of putting herself up in a lottery. There are to be 300 tickets, 1000 francs each, and to the fortunate winner she will give herself and the 300,000 francs as dowry. The lady has attached some prudent conditions to the tickets. She will only sell them to persons whom she may think will suit her, and to ascertain that point, exacts a half hour's conversation with each applicant. There is no limit of age imposed, and more than one ticket may be taken by one person. The lottery will be drawn on the 25th of November next, at the Mayor's office of the town where she resides. A number of Englishmen have already become purchasers, and others are flocking in from all quarters.—*London Examiner.*

### SOCIETY IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

In no place is fashion so observed as in this capital; this shows how unripe our development is; our way of dressing is foreign to us. In Europe, people merely dress; we always are in costume, and therefore we are afraid of the sleeves being too large, or the collar being too narrow. In Paris, people fear nothing but being dressed without taste; in London, they fear nothing but catching a cold; in Italy everybody goes as he likes. But was one to exhibit the lion of the Newsky promenade at St. Petersburg, those battalions all alike in their fast buttoned coats, an Englishman would believe them to be a division of policemen.—*Herzen's Siberia.*



## HOPE ON.

BY M. J. LOVERING.

View not the past with sorrow,  
O, banish all regret—  
Hope whispers on the morrow,  
"We may be happy yet."  
Thank God for every blessing,  
Pray for his care in need;  
That goodly gift possessing,  
Thou wilt be blest indeed.

In every life there is a scene  
Of bitter grief to all,  
And oft doth memory's darts, I ween,  
Those fearful scenes recall.  
But though our early life was clouded  
By cares we can't forget,  
Let each bitter thought be shrouded,  
And we may be happy yet.

## THE SURVEYOR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

THE hot summer sun beat down on the Albany road on one day in the year 1777, as a tired and dusty traveller turned his feet to Deacon Hawley's red farm-house, just beyond the western slope of the Green Mountains. Lifting the latch with the assurance of one used to the simple and hospitable country ways, he inquired of those within if he might be provided with some refreshment in the shape of a bowl of bread and milk, or any other eatable which might be at hand.

He had travelled far, he said, and finding it getting about noon, and being tired and hungry, he had made bold to stop at the first dwelling he met with.

"Certainly, friend, certainly," replied the honest deacon, who had just come in from the field with his son Nathan. "Sit down and make yourself at home. We're just about taking a snack ourselves, and if you'll step into the back room with us presently, and help clear the table, we shall be very glad of your assistance. Rather dusty travellin', hey?"

"Quite. It's worse than anything I've seen this summer," replied the stranger, as he followed his host into the adjoining room.

"Wife, sir," said the deacon, waving his hand towards a rather comely-looking dame. "Niece Emma, Mr. — ah, what may I call your name, sir?"

"I call my name Lewis," replied the stranger.

"Ah, yes, Lewis. Wife, just put on a bowl with some milk. Let me help you, sir, to some of the meat. No relation to any of the Lewises around here, are you?"

"No, sir. I came from ten miles this side of Burlington."

"Ah, long way that. Any news going on at the lakes?"

"Not much, when I left. Our people were not gaining ground much there."

"No, no. It is a hard match for our raw soldiers, against that army of Burgoyne's, all in fine discipline, with plenty of material, and no lack of king's money to back them. Nathan, Nathan, you and your old father must not sneak at home much longer, now that affairs are getting to the pinch." Well, there are our names on the list, and when they want us, our old queen's arms are ready."

Young Lewis (for the stranger could not have been more than twenty-one) nodded his head in assent to the patriotic sentiment, and applied himself to the viands, in the discussion of which he was not so much absorbed as to be insensible to the presence of the female portion of the family. He was a gallant, quick eyed young fellow, with a sunburnt cheek, and a frank, prepossessing countenance. Such an one is never wanting in sympathy with the fair sex, wheresoever its representatives be found, or however scanty be the personal attractions which they may chance to possess. But neither Dame Hawley nor her niece was deficient in this respect, making due allowance for the touch of age on the features of the elder. The niece sat opposite to Lewis at the table, and he could not, if he had chosen, have avoided turning his eyes frequently upon her. He thought that never in his life had he met a more innocent and charming countenance. Nay, he might even have impaired his appetite for the food before him, had he not, taking warning from a rising blush, made his eyes if not his mind more attentive to the play of his knife and fork. He therefore copied as closely as he might, the example of the deacon and Nathan, and had tolerably satisfied the cravings of his appetite by the time that the others were ready to draw from the table.

"Going south, friend?" inquired his host, as they rose together.

"No, sir," was the answer. "At least, no great distance. I am on surveying business, connected with the New York dispute. We Vermonters, having just declared our independence of York State, are about running the boundary line, and I am going to operate in the lower part of the State. I sent a few instruments before me, and expected to meet one of my assistants at the village back. However, he failed me, and I did not think it worth my while to wait."

"I should think the York assembly might

know by this time how the matter is likely to end," observed the deacon. "They're making trouble without any use; and at this time above all things. Why, there was Squire Briggs, who lives at Brandridge just across the line, came to me awhile ago, and wanted to get me to take a warrant as a York justice of peace. The varmint! I saw what his game was, right off. Squire, says I, I'll—wal, I did come nigh saying what I should be rather sorry for. But I sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Once started on the subject, the good deacon displayed considerable warmth of feeling. He dilated on charters, territorial government, and popular rights, interposing a brief essay on the history of the Hampshire grants. Lewis rendered all the attention he was able to bestow, while Emma, as she busied herself in removing the dishes, regarded her uncle with admiration as being a paragon of historic and juridical knowledge. Meanwhile the "yes sirs," and "no sirs," of Lewis, were applied a little at random, from the fact that his thoughts centered to the liquid blue eyes of the niece, rather than to the weather-stained brow of the farmer.

"Sorry you are going," said the good natured deacon, as Lewis rose to take leave. "If you are going to be about here, as you say, just drop in and see us. We don't fall in with much company here, especially now, when so many of our people are over yonder looking after Burgoyne. So come as often as you can."

And Lewis did come, once and again. His employment detained him for some two or three weeks in the neighborhood, and within that time he found frequent opportunity to visit the deacon's family, into whose favor he much ingratiated himself. From this partiality, however, we must except Nathan, who regarded Lewis with most decided coolness. The secret of his dislike lay in the fact that he possessed a most decided regard for his fair cousin, and feared, with good reason, the intrusion of the young surveyor. And his jealous watchfulness presently found sufficient to poison his own peace, and to force on his notice the growing attachment between Emma and Lewis. With the latter he had more than once endeavored to frame a quarrel, but without success, till one evening, after Lewis had left the house, young Hawley who met him on the roadside, remarked in a sneering manner, that for a peaceful surveyor he seemed to know a deal about camp matters and military evolutions; at least, if one were to judge by his conversation.

"I daresay," he continued, "that you think we raw bushwhackers will take down all you say for gospel."

"What do you mean by that?" said Lewis, flushing red at the rude tone of the speaker.

"Mean?" retorted the other, impetuously. "Why, that we have had enough of your high-bred airs. I, for one, am not going to 'whoa' and 'gee' with your counterfeit pretensions any longer. There's some foxy trick or other about you; who knows that you are not a tory spy, or something equally bad?"

Lewis, in his surprise and anger at this unexpected address, made a step forward, as if with the intention of instantly repaying the insult.

"Hands off, my lad!" exclaimed Hawley, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "Bullying won't go down with me."

The other made no reply, but biting his lips till the blood came, turned away, followed by a low laugh from Nathan.

"I rather guess I've put his nose out of joint for awhile," said the young farmer, looking with a sullen smile on the receding figure of Lewis.

Whatever might have been the cause, the latter did not appear at the deacon's, where his absence caused repeated remark. Nathan anxiously observed the fact that Emma evidently missed the visits of the young surveyor, and had lost much of her accustomed cheerfulness in consequence. By all the arts and assiduities which he could bring, he endeavored to recommend himself in place of the absent gallant. But his efforts were all in vain. At last his patience gave way to despair.

"Why is it," he said to her one day when they were alone, "why is it that you treat me with such coldness? Why is it that you pay no regard to the affection which you know I entertain for you? Is it because you love this stranger, who came, with a smooth, and most likely a lying tongue, no one really knows from whence, or on what business? I believe that he and his stories are alike false and deceitful. Do not then despise my honest love, and cling to the remembrance of one, who is, very like, a counterfeit, and who, at any rate, seems little inclined to present himself again before those who may chance to detect his real character. Do you know that I fancy him to be a British or tory spy, or something of the sort? Doubtless he is well enough pleased to amuse himself on his travels by playing with the affections of a trustful country-girl like yourself."

Emma seized her cousin's hand, and bursting into tears, rested her head on his shoulder.

"Nathan," she said, "you wrong me, cruelly wrong me. I do not despise you, nor am I ungrateful for your kind offices. But I cannot give you the love which I acknowledge that I

entertain for another. He loves me. Do not be harsh, I pray you, in your thoughts of me, or in your surmises with regard to him. I own that there is a mystery about him. He has hinted as much to me, and in a manner which showed that he himself was opposed to the necessity of concealment. He told me, when we parted, that it would be long before we should meet again, very probably not till the close of the war. I fear that your surmises are in some part true. Yet do not be unjust. Honorable men have disguised themselves as spies ere now, and at all events I cannot believe he is a dishonorable man. Rely upon it, if even in arms against our cause, he surely entertains no ill design against us. But he knows as well as yourself, that I would never marry an enemy to my country. Do not then be unkind to me, Nathan, nor take advantage of what I have told you. I will love you as a sister would, and let that suffice, since I can go no further in my regard."

"Say no more, Emma," replied her cousin. "I see it is vain to reason with you. I will take no unfair advantage, though I wish that the day had never shone which brought his unlucky visage to our house."

The summer passed on, and the routine of the farm was scarce interrupted by the sound of the distant war. But about the middle of August, and past noonday, a horseman galloped up to the field near the roadside in which the deacon and his son were at work. The rider took off his three cornered hat, and waving it, shouted:

"Deacon, the time has come. Stark has ordered out all the militia, every one that can carry a gun. The British and Hessians are marching towards Bennington. To camp then, to camp!"

So saying he dashed off to spread the alarm which before midnight had flown a hundred miles. In less than half an hour, the deacon and Nathan were on their way towards the encampment which Stark had formed not far from Bennington village. On their arrival they were immediately assigned their places, and on the following morn were under march to meet the enemy. They fell in with advanced parties of the latter, consisting for the most part of Indian auxiliaries, and sharp skirmishes continued during the rest of the day, resulting much to the discouragement of these unstable savages. The next day a storm of rain poured down, and both armies remained inactive for the greater part. But the morrow arrived, the eventful moment when Stark, in the pithy and homely speech which has made his name immortal, nerved his rude levies to the fatal charge. The word was given, and with a single cheer the motley colored

ranks swept steadily but with accelerating speed, on the entrenchments of the enemy. The deadly cannon swept through them, but not a heart wavered. Once more, and with a wild hurrah, the mountain men pouring over the breast-work, grappled with their foes. The contest was a desperate one. Farmer Hawley and his son were separated from each other at the commencement, and in the hand-to-hand struggle which ensued, the former was closely pressed, and would certainly have fallen by the bayonet of a Hessian, had not the deadly thrust been warded off by the sword of an English officer.

"Lewis!" exclaimed the deacon, as his musket fairly dropped from his hand in amazement. At this moment Nathan rushed up.

"Take that, you traitorous spy," he shouted, discharging his piece at Lewis. His bullet passed through the cap of the latter as he bore back with the troops whom he vainly sought to rally. He was seen to wave his hand with a gesture of deprecation, while an expression of pain flitted across his stained features.

"Hold, Nathan!" said the old deacon, laying his hand on his son's arm. "Whatever be his deserts, remember that to him I owe my life. Harm him not."

Nathan's eyes shone with a fierce sparkle, and shaking his clenched hand towards the retreating foe: "Let him go then," he said, "for this once. But the next time we meet, we will not part so easily. I wonder how Emma will be pleased to find that her favorite has turned out to be nothing more nor less than a British spy!"

The bravery and discipline of the enemy were excited to the utmost against the impetuous valor of the mountain militia, but in two hours from the commencement of the battle, the regulars were forced to fly. They were pursued by the Americans, who, scorning the restraint of their commanders, sped onward in hasty disorder and were thus near offering the enemy an opportunity to retrieve their misfortune, since Colonel Breyman, with a large reinforcement from Burgoyne's army, was rapidly approaching the scene of action. The fugitives gained fresh hope, and rallied to renew the fight. But at this critical moment, when victory seemed ready to desert the mountain flag, the sound of life and drum approached from the eastward. The first files of Warner's long-expected New Hampshire regiment appear in the distance, hurrying to share the efforts of their fellow-patriots. They march on to anticipate the enemy. The scattered soldiery regain their ranks and hasten forward. The battle commences again with redoubled violence; but at sunset all is over. The fame of Benning-

ten is sealed afresh, and one more advantage gained towards the assurance of American freedom.

Years passed before English feet again touched the mountain soil. The larum of war ceased from the land, and the soldier laid by the destroying sword for the peaceful scythe and plough. Yet time and death remained at work. A virulent epidemic carried off the worthy deacon and his wife in the midst of a hale and well spent life. The property passed into the hands of Nathan without provision for the young niece. The deacon had intended to make a will which should ensure her a fit maintenance, but had deferred the fulfilment of his intention till he was struck down by sudden death. Emma, left destitute, took refuge in the cottage of an aged relative, and, by persevering toil, gained a scanty maintenance. She was deaf to the wishes of Nathan, to be his wife. Her steady discouragement of his advances made him gloomy and morose; and Emma, besides the griefs she had already experienced, felt an added pain in encountering his vindictive glances.

One evening on the anniversary of the Bennington battle, a stranger alighted from his horse at the door of the village inn. His dress was scrupulously plain, but there was something in his appearance that impressed the chance beholders with the sense of superior station. On entering the public room and inquiring for the host, Lewis (for it was he) was informed that the landlord was absent but would soon wait on him.

Having given his horse in charge, Lewis was shown into a private apartment. Soon steps approached, the door opened, and Nathan Hawley stood before his astonished guest. He hardly entered the room ere he recoiled, and his countenance, agitated by a hateful recognition, became overspread with a ghastly pallor; Lewis instantly sprang forward with outstretched hands to detain him.

"Stay, Nathan," he said, "and listen to me. I never harmed you knowingly. If I have crossed your path in love, or caused you suffering, know that I, too, have suffered, have endured suspense, fear and doubting. Of what is past I now say nothing. Fortune has buffeted me sorely since I was in arms against you; but at last she has looked on me with favor. I have recently become Lord March by the death of a previous heir. I have seized the first opportunity to return to a spot I have never forgotten, for the purpose of putting to proof the hopes I never ceased to entertain, whatever may be the foundation on which I have rested them. Let us not be enemies, I pray you. Suffer me to claim you as a friend, a brother."

For a moment Nathan did not answer. The veins in his forehead swelled, his lips quivered with struggling emotions.

"You have conquered me," he said, at last. "But it is through *her* that you conquer. She loves you still; but she is dying by inches. I, for one, had supposed you but trifled with her affections. Perhaps she, herself, began to fear the same. But I will say no more. Go, bid her live and be happy, even though it be at the expense of my own happiness."

"You are a noble fellow," said Lord March; "and there is many a fair one who would gladly repair your disappointment. Mark me well, Nathan, when I tell you that it will not be long before you will find a mate by whom my words will be proved true. But I must hasten to find her, in search of whom I came. Many thanks for inspiring me with the belief that I am not yet forgotten!"

We will not describe the meeting of the long separated lovers, tempered in its gladness by some saddening memories on either side. But joy is a medicine more potent than all the drugs of science, and in a few weeks, Lord March bore away to English halls a blushing New-England bride. A year later her husband received a long letter from Nathan, announcing his marriage with one of her own schoolmates, a lovely and amiable girl.

#### EXTRAVAGANCE OF TURKISH LADIES.

Life in the harem would be insupportable were it not for the stimulants of luxury and dress; and the extravagance of the favorites of the seraglio in particular is proverbial. A correspondent writing from Constantinople says: "These ladies have at length run up such terrible long bills, that the Sultan has just caused all the creditors to be called together, and their accounts examined. The charges of the dealers being judged too high, as is usual, both in the East and elsewhere, the merchants were obliged to consent to a deduction of ten per cent. on their accounts; and this point being satisfactorily settled, the Sultan has engaged to pay up the amount (no less than fifty-four millions of piasters), in monthly instalments, out of his private purse. But to think of a company of women, secluded from the rest of the world, and with nothing better to do than to run up bills for silks, gauzes, cashmeres, jewels, sweetmeats, and cosmetics, to the tune of fifty-four millions of piasters, equal to (\$4,320,000)!"—*New York Mirror*.

Mary Howitt, in the *Athenaeum*, states that she has received information from a Swedish gentleman, Mr. Charles E. Sodling, living in Brazil, that would lead to the supposition of there being traces of ancient Scandinavians in South America before the days of Columbus and the Spanish and Portuguese invaders.

## FLOWERS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,  
 I've loved ye long and well,  
 And never have failed in your fragrance sweet  
 To find some secret spell,—  
 A charm that has bound me with witching power,  
 For mine is the old belief,  
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,  
 There's a soul in every leaf!

Illumined words from God's own hand,  
 How fast my pulses beat,  
 As each quick sense in rapture comes,  
 Your varied sweets to greet  
 Alone and in silence, I love you best,  
 For mine is the old belief,  
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,  
 There's a soul in every leaf!

Ye are prophets sent to this heedless world,  
 The skeptic's heart to teach—  
 And 'tis well to read your lore aright,  
 And mark the creed ye preach.  
 I never could pass ye careless by,  
 For mine is the old belief,  
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,  
 There's a soul in every leaf!

## THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

FROM THE REPORT OF A PRUSSIAN CONDUCTOR.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

My train left Danzig in the morning, generally at eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was on the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from my hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. One of the railway carriages had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to obtain another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there; but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, and was informed that he had gone to Steegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent on to Konigsberg on that road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone, no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guard and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer. But they did not. I then went to the firemen, and asked if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. Not one of them dared attempt it.

The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer came to her wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered; the tickets bought; the different carriages pointed out to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come—why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled into downright murmuring. At this juncture, some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger standing by my side. I expected he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief official of the train.

However—this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face expressive of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not, for the soul of me, gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than like human flesh. His dress was of black throughout, and not only fitted with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one else to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of here."

"Well, sir—I am going to Bromberg—I must go,—and if you can find none other I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country; and I am now on my way to Berlin to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented in the application of steam to locomotion. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish I will run you as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He

received my answer with a nod and smile, and then proposed to go and get the engine. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Krollor got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery than he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave the engine up to my new man, and then hastened away to the office. The word was passed for all passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axletrees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few moments more the station house was behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers that had come in on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Krollor how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eyes, "wait until you get my improvement, and then you shall see travelling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his quaint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-crate attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard-carriage and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before, so we only had one more stopping-place before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Osnaburg, where we took the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I returned, not yet holding any fear.

But ere long, I began to be fearful that he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear the exclamations of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going!"

I looked out at the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees, flew by in one undistinguishable mass, and the carriage now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of our chief owners of the road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Krollor on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! Didn't you know him?"

"Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

"What do you mean? He told me his name was Krollor, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took him!" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but I did not then recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of the passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen, was Martin Krollor! He has escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off some how."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing at each moment, and I knew that a few miles more per hour would surely launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the tender, and there stood Krollor, upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off; his long black hair floating wildly in the wind; his shirt unbuttoned at the throat; his sleeves rolled up; with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces!

"Krollor! Krollor!" I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled, demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion. "They swore I could not make it! But see! see! See my power! See my new engine! I made it! I made it!—and they were jealous of me. I made it, and when 'twas done they stole it from

me! But I've found it. For years I've been wandering in search of my great engine—and they swore it was not made! But I've found it! I knew it when I saw it this morning at Danzig—and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho!—we're off to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours!—Down! down, villain! If you move I'll shoot you!"

This last was spoken to the poor fireman who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oscue right ahead!" cried one of the guard.

But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning—I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash! I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes—but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not haul up at that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we kept on.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula, and at the entrance, near the bank of the river, was a short curve in the road! At the rate we were now going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile! The shrieks of the passengers now arose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else, arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped the guardman, "there's not a moment of time to lose. Schwetz is close by! If you dare not go, I'll go myself! But hold!" he added. "Let's shoot him!"

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over to the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood from the tender, and with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's grasp. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but—I should have been a mere infant in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he had caught as he came over the tender.

Krollier settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant, I shut off the steam, and opened the safety-valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed of the train began to decrease, and in a few moments more, the danger was passed; and as I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the curve by the river; and before I was fairly recovered the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz!

Martin Krollier, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him into the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine, which stood near here, was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way. But he was more cautious at Danzig."

At Schwetz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail, for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Krollier would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude,—and I was glad of it, for the current of their gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current which might have been poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railway train.

But this is not the end. Martin Krollier remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head, nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that, he was sound in mind again. His insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year—not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and people need never fear that I shall ever be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer!

In Chambers' Journal we find allusion made to a process described by Dr. Roberts, an eminent Scotch surgeon, for cauterizing the dental nerve and stopping teeth without pain, by means of a wire applied to the patient's tooth perfectly cold, and afterwards instantaneously heated to the required degree by a small electric battery.

## LINES TO AN AGED FRIEND.

BY DORA DEAN.

May Heaven bless thy hoary head,  
For every silver hair  
But tells us of some blessing shed,  
Some solace lent despair.

And Heaven will bless thine open hand  
That giveth to the poor,  
That ne'er hath let a suppliant stand  
Unheeded at thy door.

May every wish that rises up,  
Within thy heart be gained;  
And brimming full be life's last cup,  
Earth's highest joys attained;

Until the time that thou must go  
To render thine account  
Of all thy stewardship below,  
How great see'st the amount.

Then may the God who blest thee here,  
Pronounce thy work "well done,"  
And bid thee enter in his joys,  
Thou good and faithful one;

Where thou mayst listen to his voice,  
And by his throne sit down,  
With every heart thou'st made rejoice,  
A bright star in thy crown.

## THE STROLLER'S CHILD.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

A BLEAK and desolate night in mid-winter. Around a roaring fire in one of the old-fashioned country inns existing in the villages and small market-towns that appear upon the map of England, something like an eruption upon its surface, a party of men and women were gathered, basking in the grateful warmth.

As far as outward appearance was concerned, the group was not an attractive one. The women were in but a sorry state of wardrobe, and their attenuated, jaded appearance, and the sad, careworn expression of their countenances, spoke of scanty, hardly-earned fare, and laborious, wearisome travel. The men had the air of shabby gentility, so much more painful to behold than the unmistakable marks of downright poverty; the dingy strip of shirt collar, and the total invisibility of shirt; the pantaloons strapped tightly down upon boots or shoes, the occupants of which were impatient of restraint, and made strenuous efforts for freedom; the coat of texture so sadly thin for weather such as this, and the hat so badly battered, though at the same time so carefully brushed.

They were a company of strolling players, who designed to exhibit at the place at which they were at present stopping, upon the coming morrow, and as their bills expressed it, "present to the enlightened inhabitants of the town of M—the choicest gems of the drama; vivid illustrations of the works of the immortal bard; careful selections from the humorists of the past and present age; chaste Terpsichorean displays, and in short all the powerful resources at the command of a numerous, talented and versatile company, collected together at an expense almost overwhelming, and totally beyond the bounds of belief!"

The numerous, talented and versatile company, were at this moment occupied in various acts scarcely suggestive of their talents and abilities. Some of the women had young and helpless children gathered in the folds of their thin and faded shawls, and were hushing them into slumber. The men generally had pipes in their mouths, from which they were seldom drawn, except now and anon to apply a pewter pot to their lips, and derive refreshment therefrom. Two or three tired children, whose faces seen in their waking hours bore traces of deep thought and grave precocity, had rolled themselves up in front of the cheerful blaze, and were sunk in profound sleep. No, the group could not honestly be said to be an attractive one.

A timid, hesitating knock was heard at the door.

"Some more of you, I suppose," growled the landlord. Unlike most landlords, God be praised, his heart felt no compassion for the wayfarer whose hand was empty, and whose step was wearisome and slow.

"We are all here, I think." This was in a mild voice from a little seedy man, with a red nose and blinking eye. "Let me see," counting them over. "Heavy, light com., low com., walking gent., and terry com. man." Expressive of the gentlemen engaged for leading characters, the light comedian, low comedian, walking gentleman, or young lover generally in difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and the individual whose appearance usually signalized the point at which a "terrible combat" would be likely to ensue. "Heavy woman, juvenile lady, chambermaid, singing and dancing lady," continued he. "No, our party, Mr. Bulchoke, are, I believe, all here."

Mr. Bulchoke therefore advanced, and opening the door, gave admittance, first, to a furious blast of wind and rain, and next, to the tottering footsteps of a woman, with a child whose grasp was fixed hard upon her tattered dress. The



philanthropic Bullchoke saw at a glance that the case was not admisable of an argument, and at once recommended the application of the stranger to the workhouse, not over a mile distant from thence. The stranger had, on entering the door, leaned heavily up against the post at its side, and now stood with wild staring eyes regarding him fixedly.

"Come, we've nothing for you—you must go. It's cold; I want to shut the door."

No answer from the wanderer. The child clutching at her dress, and gazing fearfully at the stern countenance of the man.

"Bundle, I say! Off with you, or I must have you taken care of by those who will put you under lock and key for the night." And so speaking he took hold of the woman by the arm, and made a movement to push her forth. She fell heavily upon the floor, and lay there with her eyes still fixed, and with her limbs stiffening, and her black hair streaming wildly over her half-covered bosom.

"Drunk," said Mr. Bullchoke, with expressive brevity.

"Dead!" whispered the strollers, male and female, who had gathered around her poor body as it lay upon the sanded floor, and now stood regarding it with pity and compassionate sorrow.

"Dead!" shrieked the child, as she threw herself upon her knees beside the pallid form. "O no, no, no, not dead! Look up, mama, and tell Nelly that you are so tired with our weary walk that you cannot stand any longer. She will speak to Nelly, soon. See, her breath is returning!" They thought so, too, at first, but it was the last sigh as it was breathed before the spirit flittered to eternity. The child, with the cold hand grasped in both of her tiny ones, unheeding of the strange faces gathered around her, still looked anxiously upon the countenance of the dead, and vainly asked but for one glance of recognition. The truth came upon her at last, and she sank with a convulsive sob upon the cold bosom of her dead mother.

And these poor fellow-wayfarers, with the tears rolling down their cheeks, feelingly sympathized with the unhappy woman who had fallen down dead in their midst, and each and all resolved that the child, since it knew of no friend in the wide, wide world to whom it could look for protection, should find in them, as far as their poor means went, both friendship and relief, and a hearty share of their own scant fare, so long as they had it to be offered. So they softly drew her away from the inanimate object extended upon the floor, and while the men passed her tenderly from one to another's arms, and made

rude but gentle attempts to soothe her, the women, laying aside their own sleeping little ones, made all the necessary preparations for the last sad rites of the stranger, who slept the sleep that knows no earthly breaking.

Mr. Bullchoke, since the matter was laid upon his hands in such a way that there was no help for it, arranged the whole affair with great sagacity, and very much of a business-like manner. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, was the body laid away in the loft of the stable, there to await the coroner's inquest upon the morrow, for as the worthy man said, "she might have died of some infectious disease, who knows? and it's allers best to be on the safe side, you know."

"She looks as though she had died from the effects of a broken heart, more belike," said, rather indignantly, one of the women, who, it was apparent, appreciated not the various excellences of Mr. Bullchoke's character.

"A broken fiddlestick!" retorted that amiable individual. Thereupon he entered upon a philosophic dissertation upon broken hearts in general, satisfactorily proving beyond the shadow of doubt, that it was only such vagabonds as these, that prated of such chimerical and delusive articles, and that for his own part, he should like to know what was going to break his heart, for one? But none are blinder than those who will not see, and it was evident that the efforts made were entirely thrown away upon these stubborn and unconvincible listeners.

They had all gathered once more around the roaring fire, and the poor little addition to their circle was tenderly cared for, while with a delicacy not common to the world, but frequently to be met with in these children of adversity, they forbore to question, unwilling to touch the chords of misery already stretched to their utmost tension, within the little desolate one's heart. The children, now wide awake, and with the every-day gravity once more upon their old-fashioned faces, looked volumes of commiseration for her. The mothers, entirely forgetful of their own offspring, made comforting tenders of maternal care and kindness; while as to the men, they really outdid each other in their efforts for her welfare. Mr. Gribble, the "heavy ruffian," laid aside the gruff voice with which he was usually accustomed to converse, conceiving it to be professionally suggestive of his peculiar line of business, and now addressed her in tones calculated to soothe and allay her childish grief, while Mr. Sludd, the gentleman with the mild voice and uncertain eye, mentioned above, made mute offers of his bread and cheese, his pewter pot, and finally his pocket-handkerchief, in the hope

that one or the other of them might prove beneficial or serviceable to her. But the child, gathered to the bosom of the young lady who usually supported the persecuted heroine, was indifferent to all, and now sobbed herself to sleep, rocked to and fro amid profound and pitying silence on the part of these poor strolling people, and felt that with these kindly faces she had at least found a safety and a home. And now gazing upon this group assembled around the old inn fire, we take back the assertion, and pronounce truthfully and feelingly that it has now indeed become almost an attractive one.

Some seven years back, in the parlor of a neat and cheerful looking cottage a young and pretty woman is seated, engaged, partly in working upon some little article of childish apparel, and ever and anon casting expectant glances from the little cottage window, down the garden path, and as far as she can view along the street of the little quiet suburb, which then hovered on the outer edge of the great maelstrom of London, but which has, years ago since then, become swallowed up in the relentless whirl.

There was a shadow upon her face, and as she continued to gaze and sew, it grew deeper and deeper, until it amounted almost to a look of agony. The clouds of evening were fast settling upon the sky, and as they descended they seemed to throw their darkening reflection heavily and grimly upon that pensive countenance, and to add still greater weight to the burden already laying upon her heart. At length the tiny garment on which her fingers had been so busily employed but now, slowly dropped from her hands, and tremblingly did they clasp themselves together, while a tear started and rolled unchecked adown her pale young cheek. Still the expected one came not, and at last, with a heavy sigh, she buried her face within her hands, and gave free vent to the tears that were struggling for an overflow.

Darkness settled upon the surface of the heavens. A step at last was heard, and in another moment she was clasped closely to the bosom of the person who had just entered, and lay thereon like a tired child upon its mother's loving breast.

Slowly he led her to a seat, and seating himself beside her, with her hand still grasped in one of his, while his arm pressed her closely to him, in the darkness of the little room, with silence and gloom hovering around them, thus he spoke :

"Amy, arouse yourself to hear what I have to tell you. Darling, be prepared for even worse than the worst which we have anticipated. Rest thy head here safely on thy husband's breast, and

know that in him alone, henceforward, must be thine earthly hope and stay." This, in a broken, agitated voice. A pause; the silence disturbed only by the sobs that came bursting from her lips.

"My father then refuses to listen to the entreaties of his only child for forgiveness?"

"Nerve yourself, my Amy; it is something worse—more terrible than that, which you have to hear from my lips."

"Something worse? O, keep it not from me, let me hear it! You went to my father, and you told him all? That we had striven and struggled so as not to be indebted to his bounty, but that all resources having one by one totally failed, absolute necessity has driven us to implore aid from his hands. You did this?"

"I did; nay more, I did what my pride rebelled madly against, and for the sake of my helpless wife, and of my unborn babe, I went down to that hard-hearted man upon my bended knees, asked him, with tears in my eyes, for the boon I craved. And now must I reveal to you the terrible truth. Tell me, my Amy, as you rest here upon my heart in the dead silence and darkness that envelopes us round, tell me that your love is deep and unchanging as the decrees of destiny, for I dread to hear, that what I reveal may dash it from its strong hold, and lose it from its object, ay, forever!"

"O, Edward, what mean you? Something that will weaken your hold upon my love! Are you not the father of my child? Nothing can ever weaken your hold upon that love! Through life and until death have I sworn beside the altar it shall last, and trustingly and truthfully do I say so still!"

He pressed her closer to him, and went on hurriedly. "I bore all that he said to me, upbraiding me for having stolen you from him, and calling me beggar, wretch and penniless outcast. I bore all that. I listened calmly while he heaped reproaches upon my down bowed head; I returned it not, when in his madness and fury he approached and struck me—ay, Amy, struck me as I knelt before him! I bore even that! But when, raising his arms aloft, he ejaculated a fearful imprecation on *your* head, and called down a father's curse to blight you on your pathway, from this time forth, forever, endurance could go no further. I seized him in my grasp, and like a feather I hurled him to the ground, with the unholy adjuration trembling upon his lips!"

His voice as he spoke had sunk into a whisper, with the intensity of his feelings, and he slowly dropped from her side down upon his knees at her feet, and there knelt, waiting for the sounds

that might arise from her lips, to know that she could love him even now. She had told him so before, and now came again the same hallowed assurance, in the repeated words: "Are you not the father of my child?"

Then welcome sorrow, welcome misery, and poverty, and gloom, and sad forebodings—welcome all! he still possessed her love!

It was now that their trials were to begin. Many and hard had they been before, but never until now had they known what it really was to want. They had to learn what it was to suffer even for the want of bread. They had to bear the thought that their child would raise its little wasted hands and ask support for the life that they had given to it. They had to battle with that tyrant, Adversity, who crushes with relentless hand the helpless and the friendless, and smiles as he gazes on the most terrible miseries of the world.

Years rolled on. To them they were fraught with undeviating misfortune. Those who have known the ease of competence, and have step by step descended to the terrible gulf of penury, and whose former life has needed not the aid of toil to give them their foothold in the world, only these know what that man had to struggle against. Only these can find within their hearts excuses and pity for him, when, hopeless misery staring him in the face, and with the wasting forms of those he loved best in the world before him, he dared the brand of shame and crime, and to save their lives, periled his own immortal soul!

He committed forgery, was detected, and sentenced to transportation for the remainder of his life. In those days it would seem that human hearts were hardened to the utmost, for justice then knew little of the attributes of godlike mercy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far out at sea with the blue vault of heaven reflecting itself in gorgeous colors upon the bosom of the great deep, a human soul is struggling for its freedom. The rippling dash of the waves against the vessel's side is the solemn music that floats upon the soft breeze, and chants a requiem for the departed spirit's rest!

\* \* \* \* \*

Amid the wrestling of the fierce north blast with the icy whirlwind that fills the wintry sky, a woman with a little child, totters towards the light that she has seen dimly gleaming through the darkness of the night, and musters up her fainting energies to reach the refuge, before her fading senses take their leave of her forever.

Nelly, the child of the wanderer, has in ten

years more grown up into a delicate, almost spiritual beauty, and as the years have passed away, she has by degrees shown promises of abilities far beyond the mediocre standard of her poor protectors. Under the united tuition of Messrs Sludd and Gribble, she has become possessed of a tolerable good education, and has so advanced in the profession, that her name, coupled with the euphonious title of the "Star of the Isle" (a poetic fancy of Mr. Sludd's), has attraction sufficient to fill the canvass tenement in which her talents are usually brought into play, to its utmost capacity.

Of the bewildering effect of her manifold charms, some idea may be formed from various instances of eccentric behaviour on the part of her admirers. The stout and elderly mayor of a provincial town, a bachelor, announced, to the utter astonishment and confusion of his friends and relatives, his solemn determination of entering upon a theatrical career; and, it is supposed, was only prevented from carrying out this wild intention, through rumors which by some means reached his ears, of procuring him a strait waistcoat, and a lodgment in the asylum for the insane.

Young men who had formerly led peaceful lives, became of bloodthirsty and revengeful natures, and cast glances of hatred upon suitors who received more apparent encouragement at the hands of the object of contention, than fell to their own share. Old men conducted themselves in a manner to draw down the displeasure of beholders, and utterly refused to be dissuaded from their insensate behaviour. They caught severe colds from serenading her bed-room windows with hoarse brass bands engaged for the purpose, and paid unheard of prices for choice bouquets to cast at the enslaver's feet.

With all this adulation, one would confidently expect that poor little Nelly's head would in course of time become completely turned; but though she smiled with her own kind blue eyes upon them one and all, they read in her smiles the utter hopelessness of their passion, and the little impression made upon that heart by their idolatry. And yet it was a very tender heart.

In passing through a certain town that little heart was destined to know a more tumultuous beating than had ever sounded before through its delicate fibres. Love had woke within it.

He was as handsome as human nature in its model could well be, and with the graces of his form, possessed the soul-speaking eye and the rich voice, which seems formed to utter the soft language of love in all the sweetness of its poetry. And for her was that voice tuned to its most

melodious music, and for her did that eye dilate and glow, as alone can it glow when it has been touched by the Promethean fire of love. But she knew not as she listened, that the story he told was one that had been oft rehearsed before, and that others had listened and believed as well as she, many and many a time ere that. She thought her love was treasured up in his heart, as she treasured his, a gem of priceless worth within her own; nor dreamed she that he but amused himself with the toy which he would carelessly cast aside when he became wearied of it. A lovely night in the soft summer of the year saw their parting; for but a short time, as he assured her, kissing away the tears that *would* flow from the sadness of her heart. Did he know he perjured himself when he promised that confiding girl to join her on the attainment of his minority in a few short months, and then forever take her to his heart and home, his honored and his treasured wife? Perhaps he weighed not his words, nor thought of their being registered with solemnity by the stern hand of the great recorder.

"A letter for our Nelly." Mr. Sludd handed it to her. "A very square and formal-looking letter;" Mr. Sludd said he thought so, "but then," as he added, "you know, my dear, that all the offers made to you by these old stupidities are generally stiff and formal, very much as though you were a job to be contracted for, you know," and Mr. Sludd, the mild, gave utterance to a suitably mild chuckle, at what he considered quite a felicitous expression. But how the laugh died on his lips as he looked in her face.

"Nelly, dear Nelly, what is it, my poor child?"

"Read that, Sludd, read that," she had but voice to murmur, before she fell into his arms, pale as death, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"What can it be?" He laid her upon a sofa, and then searched every pocket, in his bewilderment, for the spectacles which rested unconsciously upon his nose. At length he read that ominous letter, and saw his own loved, almost worshipped child coarsely addressed as a vagabond and a stroller, and a wrathful command that she cease her designs upon the peace of a highly respectable family, and hold no further communication with the scion of its stock. Then came a few cold lines in another hand, that with its brief sentences finished the sum of cruelty, and filled her cup of misery high above its overflowing. She knew that hand full well, and first it was difficult to take in the full meaning; but at length she could understand it but too well; and as the blow descended relentlessly and crushingly upon her, she sank helplessly down beneath it, and the

world before her was from that time forth a weary and desolate void.

Time rolled on, and more transparent grew that pale young cheek, while the soft blue eye glowed with an unnatural lustre, that made her spiritual beauty more ethereal than before. Her protectors saw that she pined away before their eyes day by day, and yet they none of them knew of the cause, save only the simple old man, who loved her as though she were his own, and in his gentle, foolish way, showed it by every means in his power. Sludd was her only confidant; poor Sludd of the red nose and blinking eye.

"Sludd, what ails our child?" Mr. Gribble put the question in his usual growling base, but there was real concern expressed in those deep notes.

"She is—she is not well," came the answer, in broken tones.

"A doctor, then," suggested the other.

"It is no ailment of the body, I fear," said Sludd, sadly; "he could not 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

Poor anxious Sludd! He had watched her when she knew not that any eye was upon her, and had seen her when she drew a little locket from her bosom, and gazing thereon with tears trembling upon her eyelids, kissed the semblance of the idol she had created in the shrine of her pure young soul. In the stillness of night, his was the dark figure that crouched down beside her door, and listened with an aching heart to the sobs that came from the lonely one within that room. His the form that paused beneath her window and watched the midnight lamp, till the dawning light of day no longer left it visible.

"She is dying, Gribble, she is dying; and I, that for her would lay my worthless existence willingly down, so she but lived to thank my memory, can but look on and know that each day draws her nearer to eternity!" And feebly he wiped the moisture from his eyes, while even the immovable Gribble coughed to clear the huskiness that was rising in his throat.

Yes, there was now no longer doubt about it—she was dying; their Nelly, their adopted one, the idol of all, was dying!

Around a little bed, placed so that the soft summer wind lifted her golden tresses from her brow, and fanned her pale cheek with its loving breath, the strollers were gathered, watching with anxious faces the fleeting moments of their Nelly, their own Nelly, who was dying. Sludd was there, with his ruddy face now white as the pallid one whose little hand was clasped within his own, which trembled as it held it. Gribble was seated at the foot of the bed, and having con-

tained his feelings as long as he could, was now hiding his rough face upon the coverlet and actually sobbing like a woman. More children with old-fashioned faces had sprung up, since the night when Nelly found a home, and these were gazing upon her, with looks of commiseration quite aged and time-worn. The women were seated, some of them upon the floor, and with their babes clasped up to their breasts, were rocking themselves to and fro in their sorrow.

The silence was suddenly disturbed by a great clattering and noise of carriage wheels and prancing horses. At any other time this unusual noise might have attracted attention, but now no one paid the slightest heed, nor made a movement towards the window. Even the children, lost in thought, were destitute of curiosity. A few moments elapsed and the door was softly opened, with the request that Mr. Sludd would go down stairs. He was gone some ten minutes, and then re-appeared, leading by the hand an elderly, pompous-looking stranger. All faces were turned in surprise towards him as he was led towards the bed by Mr. Sludd.

"There, sir, look upon her, and behold your handiwork!" Sludd said this, not in a tone of anger, for his poor heart was too full for that, and besides, here on the confines of the world of futurity was not the place for it to be shown.

"God bless me! you did not tell me of this," said the stranger, in tones of sorrow and remorse.

"No, sir, I told you not of it. Nor even now shall I add one word to the rebraidings that must echo through your own heart, as they mutely speak out from that dying young face. Take your last look upon the child whose life you have blasted, and begone!"

All was silent a moment; at length the stranger spoke.

"To say that I deeply regret having addressed her some time since, in a way that now seems unfeeling, but which then was actuated solely by the welfare of my son, would be but feebly to express all that I feel; but ere it is too late I must proceed to unfold the motive that really brought me to be a witness of this painful scene. In my capacity as legal adviser of a wealthy family, I was called upon to indite the will of a gentleman who was in the last stages of existence, hurried towards his end by the remembrance of his former cruelty to his only child who had married contrary to his wishes. He furnished me with clues to ascertain if his grandchild was in existence, and if so apprise her of his demise and the fact that she was left sole heiress to his fortune. For years I was unsuccessful, and it was not until but lately that I have been enabled to find any

traces of her. At length I have succeeded, and the grandchild of my client is now before me; the roses upon those cheeks assure me that she will yet live many and happy years to enjoy the prosperity which has fallen so unexpectedly to her lot."

There were roses upon her marble cheeks, but they were the hectic hues of excitement, not of health—the brilliant glow of the spark of life before it went out in everlasting darkness!

"And I am sole possessor of this wealth! I can do with it as seems fit and seemly to me?" she asked, with eagerness giving strength to her weak tones.

"You can," he asserted.

"Then thank Heaven that you arrived before it was too late! Here, in the presence of those whose hearts were inspired with pity and compassion for the orphan and the friendless—whose hands were stretched out to aid, when all the world seemed to have turned its face from the homeless child, do I now, with my last breath, bequeath all of this fortune to be divided equally among them, and may the blessing of the orphan and the outcast rest on them with its possession."

It was soon done, and the dying girl smiled a smile of contented peace, as she affixed the signature to the deed drawn up by the lawyer.

"Bear to him my forgiveness, and tell him from the dying, that the solemn vows he makes on earth are surely registered in heaven, and also bid him beware of how he heedlessly gives them utterance, or breaks them wantonly when they are made." She sank slowly back. The soft summer wind lifted anew the golden tresses, and bore the music of the trees upon the gentle air. She asked to be raised up. They raised her.

"Sludd, kiss me, and say farewell to me, but only for a little time, for I know that we shall meet again." If gentleness of heart and kindly good will to man have but associations with the angels, they would meet again. He approached and touched her lips reverently, as though he were venturing to approach very near to the confines of the land of seraphs. The group asked one and all to imprint the same farewell upon her cheek, and then stood in a circle around the little cot, watching for the wafting away.

"Mother! father!" the lips moved to utter, but the words died away, and the child of the stroller was no more an orphan! The summer wind lifted the golden tresses unheeded, and the music of the trees wafted to and fro, was nature's hymn chanted for the departure of a human soul.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

PLEASANT MEMORIES,

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

We walked beside the river,  
That flowed, a silver tide,  
But thought not of the river  
The fair one by my side.

Her hand in mine was resting,  
Her heart throbbed close to mine;  
Her heart, where mine was kneeling,  
Like pilgrim at the shrine.

Then first I broke the silence,  
With whisper faint and low,  
"See, love, how brightly onward  
The silver stream doth flow;

Its murmur speaks of joyance,  
As soft its ripple-plays;  
It sings in nature's language  
A song to nature's praise;

The while, that stream I liken  
To young affection's dream,  
So bright existence dawneth,  
So bright young life doth seem."

And while I spoke, she whispered  
In accents soft and low,  
"Dear love," she faintly murmured,  
"Will't not be always so?"

LOVE AND DUELLING.

BY MERRIVALE MAYNARD.

"Who is that beautiful girl conversing with the old gentleman in black?" inquired Lieutenant Wallace of his friend, Captain Denison, as they stood in one of the deep windows of the ball room, and passed remarks on the assembled company.

"Which one?" asked his friend, looking in an opposite direction. "Do you mean the one in white satin?"

"No, no. Look this way, Denison. There, she's turning away now to speak to Captain S—."

"O, you mean Adeline Hill, that haughty looking beauty, with the pearls in her hair. Yes, she's very lovely; but beware of her, Wallace."

"Why beware?" asked the young man, with an appearance of interest.

"Because she is as cold as ice, utterly indifferent to love, and has already broken innumerable hearts." And Captain Denison smiled as he looked on the countenance of his friend, so animated and handsome, and inwardly wondered if any one would reject his love.

"Will you introduce me, Denison?" asked Wallace.

"O, certainly; but of course I am not responsible for consequences; and if you will not take my advice, you must abide by them!"

"Thank you, both for your kindness and advice. I am very impatient to become acquainted with Miss Hill."

There was an unusual flush on Adeline Hill's fair cheek, as the handsome young officer bowed before her. Perhaps it was occasioned by the half smile on Captain Denison's face, or by the almost reverential manner of the young stranger, or by some thought of her own; but whatever was the cause, there was a perceptible confusion in the manner of the usually self-possessed beauty.

Lieutenant Wallace, after asking her to dance, and finding that she had already half a dozen engagements, hastened to improve the time until her hand should be claimed, and commenced an animated conversation, in which she joined with a spirit and intelligence that completely charmed him, and finished the conquest her beauty had begun. He felt half inclined to be angry with the gentleman who came to lead her away, but was rewarded by seeing the change in her countenance—a change that did not say much for her liking for her partner. The winning charm, the sweet smile, the bright glance, were all gone; and she rose from her seat stately and reserved, the very impersonation of haughtiness.

Lieutenant Wallace, usually the gayest of the gay, was this evening the saddest man in the ball room. His brother officers, in whose honor the ball was given by the aristocracy of the good city of H—, were talking, dancing, laughing and flirting with the ladies, and he alone sat silent and companionless.

He glanced round the room in search of Denison, and soon saw him in deep conversation with the lady in "white satin," whom he had referred to when answering Wallace's question. They sat in the shadow of the heavy velvet window draperies, and screened from general observation; but Wallace could not help seeing his friend take her hand and bouquet in his own, and after selecting one of the choicest buds, press it to his lips and place it in his bosom.

Thinking that he had played the spy long enough, he rose and went towards the end of the room where Miss Hill had again joined the dancers with a new partner. He watched her as she moved gracefully to the music, her light and snowy drapery flowing round her like a cloud, her beautiful figure displayed to perfection by her dress, the heavy braids of her hair looking blacker from contact with the pearls woven in with the jetty tresses. There were murmurs of

admiration from the gentlemen, and envious looks from the ladies, while she, the observed of all, seemed unconscious that any eye was beholding her, and performed her part in the dance with all imaginable ease and indifference.

His friends jested Wallace on his unusual dullness, and many fair ladies sighed as they looked on the handsome lieutenant, apparently so indifferent to their charms. But a change came over him when Miss Hill, having fulfilled her previous engagements, honored him with her hand. They both seemed animated with the very spirit of music and motion, and both looked their best, and evidently enjoyed themselves.

Wallace was a good dancer, and with such a partner he acquitted himself to perfection. All eyes were turned on the handsome couple; and when he led her to her seat, Captain Denison whispered some complimentary words in his ear, that if he did not value, at least helped to make him feel satisfied with himself.

The hours passed swiftly away. Adeline refused to dance any more, pleading fatigue; and as she seemed inclined to converse, Wallace had the happiness of sitting by her side, listening to her, and being listened to in return. Several others joined them at times; for Adeline Hill was the acknowledged belle of the room, and could not be allowed to withdraw so easily. But Lieutenant Wallace kept his place by her side, was introduced to the lady and her husband, under whose care she had come, had the pleasure of wrapping a rich cashmere round the loveliest shoulders in the world, handed her into the carriage, and went home to dream that an angel in a gauze dress, decorated with pearls, was waltzing him up to the clouds.

There was a great change in Lieut. Charles Wallace after that eventful night of the ball. He had never joined deeply in the dissipation of the officers of the different regiments garrisoned at H—; but now he shunned the wine cup and the dice, hitherto resorted to in the absence of other employment. He had but little love for such dangerous pleasures; but in a city like H—, there was little else to employ leisure hours, and Charles Wallace had no mother nor sister to speak a warning word, no friend to advise with him, save Denison; and he was only too ready to do as others did. But now there was a motive for making a change. During his conversation with Miss Hill, she had unconsciously expressed her dislike of the manner in which so many spent valuable time, and without intending it, had showed him the danger of following the example of dissipated companions. On several occasions he had half decided on quitting

his wild young friends, especially when a scene would occur at the mess table, from the over-indulgence of his brother officers; but now he resolved—and with him to resolve, was to act.

He gradually withdrew himself from the society of the wild ones, and in spite of all persuasions—for he was a general favorite, and could not be allowed to escape without an effort to detain him—resolutely refused to drink or play.

But if he sacrificed something that was not to his taste, he gained what to him was an unspeakable privilege. Not a day passed that he did not make some excuse for seeing Adeline Hill; and from her kind reception, and the cordial greeting bestowed on him by her guardian and his wife (for, like himself, she was an orphan), he felt himself a welcome guest at their beautiful mansion.

For some time he was at a loss to understand Denison's caution; for Adeline, so far from appearing cold and heartless, was sensibility itself. But he at last discovered the secret. She was heiress to a very large property, and had unfortunately imbibed the notion that the admiration and attention so lavishly bestowed on her, was merely in honor of her wealth—an idea that had been strengthened by several very annoying circumstances.

Although very young, she had been besieged by numerous suitors, and having tried the experiment of confidentially acquainting them that in reality she was penniless; and having the mortification to see them immediately withdraw their attentions, she hastily concluded that her money, and not herself, was the object of attraction. Acting on this, she had determined to allow no one to insult her with what she was convinced were heartless professions. Hence the common impression that she was a cold coquette, winning hearts to cast them away.

As long as her acquaintances were contented with mere acquaintanceship, she was kind and sociable; but on the least hint of a wish for a nearer connection, all her smiles were gone, and she treated the unfortunate aspirant for her hand with the most chilling coldness, or as one who had offered her an insult. She liked Lieutenant Wallace from the first hour she passed in his society; and as they became better acquainted so did she find more and more to admire in the young officer. There was a candor, a fearless openness about him, that attracted one used to the fawning adulation of weaker minds, as she had been. In their conversations, if he did not agree with her, he said so, even at the risk of wounding her self-love; and Adeline, delighted at finding some one bold enough to contradict

her, learned to respect her handsome friend, and felt an interest in him quite unusual for her.

As Lieutenant Wallace was poor, having little more than his pay, he had not the remotest intention of "making love" to Miss Hill, thinking himself highly privileged in being honored with her friendship. This very poverty made him proud, and she, finding that he did not presume on her kindness, and possibly a little piqued at his behaviour, so different from others, gave herself no trouble to maintain a distance, and treated him with a sisterly frankness, dangerous to the peace of mind of both. Her guardian, Mr. Foster, was an elderly man, averse to all trouble and annoyance; and though much attached to his beautiful young ward, would have rejoiced to see her suitably married, as in that case his responsibility would end. He soon became attached to the agreeable society of young Wallace, and rejoiced at the intimacy existing between him and Adeline, as, in his opinion, his poverty was nothing, her large fortune being simply sufficient for both. His wife, a good hearted, mild old lady, was exactly of the same mind, and frequently repeated to her husband what a good thing it would be if Miss Hill would marry that "dear young man," and share her large fortune with him.

The "dear young man" would no doubt have been grateful for their kind wishes, but it is not so certain that those wishes would have been fulfilled if they had not had wisdom enough to keep them to themselves. As it was, Charles and Adeline continued friends, and were gradually becoming something nearer.

The good citizens of H— were unbounded in their hospitalities to the officers, and never was there known a gayier season than the one in which my story commences. Evening parties, assemblies, and private balls, varied by sleighing and skating excursions, occupied the time and thoughts of the belles of H—, and their almost equally volatile friends in scarlet and gold. In all places, and at all times, was Lieutenant Wallace to be found at the side of Adeline Hill.

At the numerous parties they attended that winter, he was always her first partner, and as early as they could, none could ever be before him. If the weather and fine roads tempted them to get up a sleighing party, in vain the gentlemen called at unreasonably early hours in order to secure Miss Hill's company. She was "sorry for their disappointment," "highly honored by their preference," but "had already promised to accompany a friend."

Among the many officers who that winter honored the belles of H— with their particular attention was a Captain Powell. He was by no means a favorite, either among his companions or the young civilians of the city; but being a wealthy man, young and passably handsome, was much admired by the generality of the ladies. He had taken a dislike to Lieutenant Wallace at their first meeting, and after failing in his endeavors to entice him into the habits he himself loved, had commenced a series of attacks on his conduct and behaviour, exceedingly annoying to a man of Wallace's sensitive feelings.

Captain Powell had made several attempts to ingratiate himself with Miss Hill, but had met with such decided repulses that he gave it up, and consequently he was doubly enraged at witnessing her open preference of one he had stigmatized as both "poor and mean." He never let an opportunity pass without saying some cutting thing to hurt the lieutenant's feelings; but happily Charles possessed admirable self-command, and even when smarting under some biting jest or keen ridicule, would calmly answer his opponent, generally turning the laugh against him.

Powell was as much disliked by his companions as Wallace was beloved, and there was scarcely one who would not take the latter's part, so that the captain generally failed in his attempts. But one day he allowed his passion to pass all bounds, and Charles was made to suffer for his ill deeds. A number of the citizens had decided on having a sleighing party, and as it was to be the greatest affair of the season, a general invitation was given to the officers of the garrison. As the weather had not been favorable, it was not decided upon until the very day before the one appointed, consequently there was but little time.

As soon as it was known, Captain Powell hastened to Mr. Foster's and requested the pleasure of Miss Hill's company on the morrow. His entrance disturbed a very pleasant reverie she was indulging in, principally relating to a long conversation she had had with Charles Wallace a few hours previous. She was not pleased at the interruption, and still less at the intruder. She listened to his request with astonishment, and refused it with more than her usual haughtiness; for Captain Powell was the especial object of her dislike. He left her, almost smothered with suppressed passion, and vowed to have revenge both on her and Wallace.

That evening, at the mess table, he took occasion to contradict something Charles said. He, knowing Powell's disposition, forbore to take



notice of it, which only enraged him the more. He began to use insulting language, and when Charles good-naturedly laughed, and said he would not quarrel about such a trifle, actually foamed at the mouth with rage, called him a "mean, cowardly villain," and threw his glass of wine in his face.

There was something awful in the expression of young Wallace's countenance, as he calmly applied his handkerchief to his face and removed the wine stains. The buzzing conversation, the jokes and laughter that always surround a mess table, were instantly hushed, and all sat speechless and thunderstruck. Even Powell himself felt shocked as he met the glance of the other, and looked on the deathly features, the white lips quivering with emotion, and the convulsive movements of the clenched fingers.

The momentary silence was broken by loud exclamations of "shame! shame!" and as Wallace rose to leave the table a dozen friends crowded round him. When the doors closed behind them, he leaned heavily against Captain Denison and another, gasping for breath, as one does who rises from the water; and it was with difficulty they could convey him to his rooms.

There was a sad party collected that evening in Lieutenant Wallace's sitting-room, come to talk over the unpleasant events of the last few hours. Charles was now composed and ready to listen to his friend's advice. That there was but one alternative for him he had been aware from the moment he could think at all, and it was to make arrangements for a meeting with Powell that his friends had come to him. He was conscientiously opposed to duelling. He had always said and believed that it was wrong; and he well remembered, when a boy, witnessing the agony of his mother when her husband was brought home to her dead and disfigured, murdered by the hand of his dearest friend. And now should he break through all the resolutions of a lifetime, and not only fight but send a challenge? The thought was distraction.

But on the other hand his honor was at stake; he had been openly insulted by one who made no secret of his dislike, and before all his brother officers. He dared not think of Adeline; for he remembered a conversation they had once held on the subject, and her words came back to his memory with thrilling clearness, "I care not what the cause, the man that kills another in a duel is a murderer." But no alternative seemed to offer, and when his friends (who knowing his peculiar opinions on the subject, were fearful he would not fight) came, they found him busily engaged in writing letters.

Captain Denison, a fine, warm-hearted fellow, and deeply attached to Charles, could scarcely control his emotion as he listened to the plans of his friend, and promised to obey his injunctions. Duelling was forbidden among the officers; but such an open insult could not be expected to pass unnoticed, and their superiors, very considerably, took no notice of the unusual stir among the friends of both parties. Of course no one mentioned it to them, and Charles as earnestly requested that everything should go on the following day as if nothing unusual had occurred.

According to appointment, his beautiful sleigh was at Mr. Foster's door some half hour before the others arrived, and he was shown into the pleasant room where Miss Hill received her particular friends. Very lovely she looked as she rose from an elegant lounge and came forward to meet him. She wore a rich crimson cashmere, which he had one day, in a shopping excursion, assisted her to choose; in her belt was a choice flower—part of a bouquet he had bought the day previous, now standing in a vase beside her; while on the lounge lay a book he had lent her, and which she had been reading before he came.

As these evidences of her partiality for himself met his eye, he shuddered to think that this was perhaps their last meeting; and so strange was the look he bent on her, and so forcible the clasp with which he held her hand, that she uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain, and attempted to free herself from him. He recovered his self-possession instantly, apologised for his rudeness, led her to her seat, and taking his place beside her, commenced speaking about the book he had taken up. He talked cheerfully and well; but there was something strange in his manner, something forced and unnatural, and Adeline felt almost rejoiced when the sound of the bells announced the arrival of the others.

They soon started; but the excursion that had promised so much pleasure to both proved a failure. Charles was alternately sad and cheerful, and in the struggle to appear easy and careless, conducted himself so strangely that Adeline was seriously annoyed. To make matters worse, he gradually turned the conversation on duelling, hoping that some opportunity might present itself for explaining his position; but his companion, not in the best humor, spoke more harshly than ever on the subject.

On his attempting to palliate the conduct of those situated as he was, she stopped him by saying there was no excuse for any one's taking another's life in that manner, and she would discard her dearest friend for being concerned in one. He then gave up the attempt as useless,

and left her that night with the distressing conviction that it was their last meeting. He found Captain Denison and two others at his rooms when he returned, and learned that all was arranged for an early meeting on the morrow.

Captain Powell could not find an officer willing to be his second, so great was their disgust at his conduct, and he had secured the services of a young gentleman, an officer in the engineer department. Denison and he had settled everything, the former having offered his services as second to Charles.

It was quite late when they parted, Denison charging his friend to retire immediately and try to sleep off his excitement, but as soon as they withdrew, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Adeline Hill. He then threw himself on the sofa, and had not rested an hour when he was roused by the entrance of Denison and the surgeon, both looking the worse for the night's excitement and anxiety. There remained but little to do after they came. Denison promised to deliver his letter, as he wished Adeline to receive it whether he should fall or not; he also gave him some directions concerning the disposal of his effects in case of the worst.

"Powell is an excellent shot; you must fire instantly, and give him no advantage," was the advice of his friend, who felt rather surprised at Charles's strange smile in return.

The time came for them to start; Charles spoke and moved like one in a dream. Mechanically he went down and entered the carriage in waiting for them; he made no answer to the questions of his friends; and it was not until they passed Mr. Foster's residence, and he looked once more to Adeline's home, that he displayed any emotion. Then Captain Denison, who was attentively watching him, saw his eyes fill with tears, and he leaned back in the carriage, apparently overcome with his feelings.

Captain Powell and his friends made their appearance on the ground soon after the others arrived. The preliminaries were speedily arranged, and the parties took their places. Every trace of emotion had now left Charles Wallace, and he faced his adversary with a deliberate coolness that gave hope to Captain Denison, whose fears had hitherto prevailed. As he left his side he once more whispered "fire quickly," and moved to his place.

At the word, both discharged their pistols—Captain Powell at his opponent, Lieutenant Wallace in the air. For an instant all stood motionless, and then Charles staggered and fell to the ground, and almost as soon, Denison and the surgeon were beside him. A hasty examination

served to convince them that he was not fatally injured, and bearing him to the carriage, they drove off with all speed.

Captain Powell and his servant followed, and an hour after, nothing remained to show the morning's work, save a few melting footsteps in the snow. As soon as Captain Denison could leave his friend, he hastened to call on Miss Hill and acquaint her with what had happened, at the same time deliver the letter.

At the door he met Mr. Gray, Captain Powell's second, and knowing that he was intimate with the Fosters, and the friend of Powell, he feared for the success of his mission. The event proved that his fears were not groundless; for Miss Hill received him with cool politeness, refused to listen to his account of the unfortunate duel, which she said had already been described to her by Mr. Gray, and also to accept Charles's letter.

"After such an open display of his principles, Lieutenant Wallace could not expect her to any longer acknowledge him as a friend; and as he knew her opinion of duelling and duellists, it was quite unnecessary for her to read his letter." And with a haughty bow she left the room, and Denison returned to his friend.

Charles Wallace might have been spared a severe illness, brought on by his anxiety, could he have seen Adeline Hill that morning, after the departure of the messengers, prostrate on her couch, sobbing and weeping in an agony of despair. One moment starting up, resolved to forget him—the next burying her face in the pillows, and calling on his name with the fondest accents of affection. Her distress was hopeless; for in the hour that she discarded him, did Adeline discover that she loved Charles Wallace.

Charles recovered very slowly, and before he was able to attend to his duties, Adeline had left H— on a visit to some relations in Canada. The duel had been a nine days wonder among the gossips, and then forgotten; and when Charles once more joined his friends in the daily routine of garrison life, they had almost ceased to speak or think of what had caused him so much sorrow.

Captain Powell and his regiment had been sent away on a foreign station, and ere many months passed, Charles and his friends were ordered to Canada. Before leaving, he called on Mr. Foster, and in talking over the events of the past six months, had the mortification to learn that Adeline had received a false account of the duel and its cause. At first this annoyed him, but after consideration showed the folly of indulging hopes concerning one who had so de-

cidedly rejected him, and he resolved for the future to banish her from his mind. In leaving H—, he hoped also to leave all remembrance of his hopeless passion, and in the new scenes and new companions he was about to meet, forget her who had so bewitched him.

Captain Denison, still his intimate friend, used every endeavor to banish the 'gloom from his young companion's brow, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing him resume his old cheerfulness. They both looked forward to the removal with pleasure, for Denison's flirtation had wearied him, and he also longed for a change. He had once before been quartered at Fort M—, and aroused Charles's curiosity by his description of the kindness and hospitality of the people, the beauty of the scenery, and the delightful hunting.

"Dancing and making love are all very well once in a while, Charley my boy; but if you want an amusement that wont weary, take your gun and plunge into the depths of a Canadian forest—there's never ending excitement for you."

"I have serious fears that I should get tired, if I didn't get weary," was the laughing answer. "This barrack life is not apt to improve our powers of endurance."

"O, that's all nonsense! I'll introduce you to a friend of mine, who, twenty years ago, looked fit for nothing but measuring satin ribbons behind a counter, or escorting old ladies to church. He had the whitest hand, the smallest foot, and the softest voice of any man in his regiment. Of course it was before my time; but old Robinson, of the Fifth, told me he always wore white kid gloves—he said slept in them, but I did not believe that,—took an hour every day to arrange his hair, only ate meat once a week, and was altogether as great a puppy as ever scented a pocket handkerchief. Well, three years ago, when I was in Canada, I accidentally became acquainted with this same dandy, no longer a dandy, but one of the most indefatigable old hunters I ever met. I fancy it was sometime since he had seen a glove, from the looks of his hands, and I can bear witness to the strength of his muscles, as my fingers tingled for an hour after his welcoming grip. He no longer sported French boots and silk stockings, but their place was supplied by raw hide moccasins and gaiters; and I rather think his taste for animal food had improved since Robinson knew him, as he ate half cooked buffalo steaks with a decided relish. Altogether, I thought forest life had done much for him, and I was still more of that opinion after seeing his handsome wife and blooming daughter, then a

girl of fourteen. You have no idea how happy the old fellow was; and as he had no son, he was training his girl to hunt and fish, skate on the river, or drive 'Highflyer,' as the case might be. Ah, I've no doubt she's a splendid woman by this time. I quite long to see her."

And Captain Denison resumed his cigar, and his friend fell into a reverie, in which a "splendid woman" certainly had a share; but one whose accomplishments did not include hunting and fishing.

He knew that Adeline was in Canada, and perhaps there was some lingering hope that accident might throw them together, that all might be explained, that they might yet be friends. Be it as it may, it was welcome news for him when the transport arrived, and he bade adieu to H— without one regret.

The ladies were all sorry when that "dear, delightful Captain Denison" went away; but united in abusing Charles as an exceedingly proud, reserved young man, not at all agreeable, and "not so very handsome after all." Old Mr. Foster told his wife, confidentially, that he was "sorry Adeline had not returned before Charles went away; but perhaps it was all for the best." And the good lady very mildly replied, "Very likely, my dear."

Charles was even more delighted with his new home than his friend had anticipated, and soon learned to enjoy the wild sports of the forest. He became a prime favorite with old Major Edwards, and rivalled Denison in the good opinion of his wife and daughter.

The latter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, scrupled not to display her delight at the acquisition to their society, and soon made herself so agreeable to Charles, that he actually wondered at himself, having deemed it impossible ever to take pleasure in woman's society again. But Olive Edwards was a new specimen of "femininity" to him, and he became deeply interested in the young girl, who appeared equally at home in the parlor or the forest, whose life was so strange a mingling of the polished and the barbarous.

One day he would call at the major's, and find Olive quietly seated beside her mother, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of a lady's work-table, their pretty fingers busy on some delicate piece of embroidery; herself attired in the most bewitching of muslin morning dresses, just short enough to display an exquisitely shaped foot in the neatest of little slippers. Heavy, golden curls fell round her shoulders, and the whole picture was one of faultless loveliness. The next day he would be electrified to see her dash up

the steep ascent to Fort M——, putting the old major to his fastest speed to keep up with her and her spirited horse.

But if Charles admired her in her gentle beauty at home, Captain Denison worshipped her in the wild woods, when, urging Highflyer to a gallop, she would distance the best horseman among them, and laugh heartily at them when the race was done. It soon became evident that Denison and she were twin spirits, and there were no bounds to their venturesome frolics and daring freaks. Even the major at last remonstrated with them for running such risks; but something the captain told him appeared to have a soothing effect, and from that time they were permitted to follow their own inclinations.

These inclinations generally led them to a boating excursion on the lake, when the wind blew a gale; a gallop over a dangerous part of a neighboring mountain, called "The Rocky Pass;" or a furious drive along the worst piece of road in the country, with a pair of untrained "beauties," as Olive called them.

Charles had one day accompanied them to a town, some five miles distant, on business for the major. On arriving, they stopped at the hotel, and Denison volunteered to perform the errand, Charles and Olive alighted, gave their horses to the man in attendance, and entered the house.

Olive was in high spirits this day, and entered the hall laughing merrily, her plumed hat in her hand, her beautiful bright curls hanging in disorder to the waist of her green cloth riding habit, and leaning on the arm of her companion. The latter was gazing into the beautiful eyes, so full of glee, that were raised to his, when advancing footsteps caused him to look up, and he found himself face to face with Adeline Hill, escorted by a tall, handsome young man. Both started, colored violently, bowed, and passed on—Adeline and her companion to the carriage in waiting for them, Charles and the astonished Olive to the parlor.

"Is it possible that you know that beautiful Miss Hill?" was her first question after the door was closed on them. "Why did you not tell me that before?"

"I had no idea that she was in this part of the country; but are you acquainted with her?"

"No—I have never been introduced to her; she has not been here long, and is only making a visit at Colonel Gage's. She is so good and beautiful, that all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance say Arthur Gage has the prospect of being the 'blessed one among men.'"

"Is that the gentleman we just now met with her?" inquired Charles, conscious that his voice

was not quite steady, and feeling a rather unpleasant sensation at the evident meaning of her last words.

"Yes, and isn't he a splendid fellow? You ought to see him on horseback; there is not a better rider in the country." And Olive launched out into rapturous praises of her favorite amusement, all unconscious that her companion was lost in recollections of past scenes and by-gone days.

It was only a few days after this rencontre, that Charles met Arthur Gage, and predisposed as he had been to dislike him, he could not help coming to the conclusion that Olive was not far wrong when she called him a splendid fellow. To an exceedingly handsome person, he united the most fascinating manners, and Charles insensibly found himself on terms of intimacy with the man he had almost determined to hate. For some time he resisted all Arthur's invitations to return his visits, but at last came one not to be refused without absolute rudeness. Colonel Gage gave a large party, a farewell compliment to Miss Hill, and of course all the officers and neighboring gentry were invited.

Although Charles had hitherto refused to meet Adeline, he did not regret the necessity that compelled him now to do so, and looked forward to the evening with pleasure. As for Denison and Olive, they, as usual, went into extremes, and could think and speak of nothing else.

In a dull place like Fort M——, a ball is hailed by young military men as a delightful variety to the usual monotony of their lives, and the first, of course, is the most anxiously looked for. The wealth and acknowledged hospitality of Colonel Gage, joined to the beauty of his two daughters, and the manifold attractions of his fair guest, combined to make this a most interesting occasion to the young gentlemen.

The day at last arrived, and Charles almost repented that he had subjected himself to the trial of seeing Adeline, the object of another's attentions, another's promised bride. He envied Denison's gay light-heartedness, and felt almost inclined to quarrel with him for anticipating so much pleasure and ridiculing his own gloomy looks.

The day passed slowly, and owing to his feverish impatience, very unhappily; and he felt inclined to wish that some accident might happen to prevent his attending this dreaded party. But like all other days it came to an end, and according to appointment, they called to escort Olive and her mother—the major declaring that his dancing days were over, and parties were a bore. Charles thought of Denison's description of the

days when the old gentleman wore kid gloves and French boots ; smiled at the contrast he now presented, handed Mrs. Edwards into the carriage, and the party were soon on their way.

On arriving at the colonel's, Charles felt a nervous dread of meeting Adeline, but it wore off under the cordial kindness of their welcome, and owing to the large number assembled, he did not see her for some time. He found himself at last in the quadrille, with Emily Gage for a partner, and Arthur and Adeline opposite. He felt his heart beat loudly, as in a few moments her hand rested in his, and he longed to detain it in a loving clasp ; but she steadily avoided meeting his eye, and he could form no idea of her sensations. She looked very lovely, somewhat paler and thinner than when he last beheld her ; but with beauty unchanged and grace unsurpassed.

He had scarcely met Denison all the evening ; but when another dance was forming, Charles saw him lead Adeline up, and unable to resist the temptation of once more holding her hand, he obtained Olive for a partner, and once more they stood opposite.

When the dance was finished, Denison drew his partner's hand within his arm, and led her to a seat at the farthest end of the room, while our hero, astonished and a little annoyed to see them apparently on such good terms, devoted himself to Olive, who was in the happiest state of mind. But if he was surprised at seeing Adeline and Denison on such friendly terms, he was still more so at beholding Arthur Gage paying the most devoted attention to a delicate young girl in mourning. She appeared to be on very intimate terms with the Misses Gage, and after dancing once with Miss Hill, Arthur scarcely left her side again.

She did not dance, and in answer to Charles's questions, Olive told him that she was the daughter of a French gentleman, who had lately lost his wife. Olive herself appeared puzzled at the appearance of things, but Charles shrewdly thought she was in a fair way of becoming enlightened, when he saw the cool manner in which she received Denison, after Miss Hill had again joined the dancers.

After half an hour's conversation with the old colonel, during which he had not been unmindful of what was going on around him, Charles watched his opportunity, and making his way to where Adeline stood beside her last partner, with a low bow, asked the honor of her hand in the waltz then commencing. She merely bowed an answer, and in another moment they were in the dizzy circle, gradually increasing until all the best dancers in the room were with them.

Charles, with his arm round Adeline's slender waist, her hand close clasped in his own, and her color changing beneath his gaze, felt as though he wished they might continue in that position for an indefinite length of time. But ere they had twice made the circuit of the room, he felt his partner's form tremble in his clasp ; her steps no longer kept time to the music, even under the guiding impulse of his own ; and as he reached an open door he suddenly left the whirling ring ; the rest passed on. Some other couples left at the same time, others took their places, and in the momentary confusion, Charles left the room unnoticed. He crossed the entry, pushed open the first door he came to, and led his half-fainting partner to a seat.

On a little marble table stood a filter with glasses, and pouring out some of the pure cold contents, he gave it to her with a trembling hand, only surpassed by her own in its agitation. After seeing the color return to her cheek, and her whole appearance denote that she was recovering from her momentary faintness, Charles walked to the other end of the room.

Long he stood, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the portrait of Colonel Gage's great grandmother, an exceedingly plain likeness of an excessively plain woman. It was but poor evidence of his good taste, that he preferred looking at that old time worn representation of one devoid of attractions, to conversing with his companion, a youthful maiden, adorned with every charm and grace, beautiful and accomplished.

When he at last turned round, she was standing in the deep bay window, the heavy drapery drawn aside, and a flood of moonlight streaming in on the carpet, rendering superfluous the wax lights on the mantel.

With a slow, determined step, Charles crossed the room and stood by her side. She neither moved nor spoke ; but when he, determined to end all uncertainty, took her hands in his own, and bent a searching gaze on her countenance, as if to read there the emotions within, she trembled so violently that he was obliged once more to sustain her from falling.

"Adeline, will you in pity end this wretched, this horrible uncertainty ? You know not the misery you have inflicted by punishing me for doing what I could not avoid. I have tried in vain to drive you from my thoughts ; but this night's meeting has destroyed my better resolutions, and I determined not to leave without speaking to you alone."

"I am not worthy of your friendship, Lieutenant Wallace ; but if you will forgive my pride and ill temper, that has so long made us stran-

gers to each other, we may yet be friends. I never knew until to-night how deeply I had wronged you."

"Is this true, Adeline? And has Denison really explained that unfortunate affair?" and the speaker's handsome countenance was radiant with joyful hope.

"He has explained enough to show me how wrongly my silly vanity has tempted me to act, and what a brave, noble heart my folly has grieved."

"Adeline," and the speaker's voice grew husky with suppressed emotion, and he released her from the supporting arm hitherto thrown around her, "your words have made me very happy; without your friendship I must be wretched; but forgive me if I presume on your kindness to tell you that it were better for my peace that those words had never been spoken, that we had still remained as strangers, than to regain your friendship, to find my love increased tenfold, and then to see you the bride of another! I feel there is a wide difference between us; that you can choose among the highest and wealthiest in the land, while I can offer neither riches nor station. But Adeline, if you love another, even in this hour of our reconciliation, we must part."

He stopped, as if unable to speak farther on so painful a subject, and turned to the window to hide his emotion.

"Charles, listen to me one instant," and Adeline's little hand was laid on his shoulder, and her tearful eyes raised to his face. "I love no other, never have loved another, and I have long doubted the truth of love; but I believe in your sincerity, and if you can take me with all my faults and imperfections, I will strive to atone for all my unkindness."

One year from the night of the party, Charles Wallace and his lady were again the guests of Colonel Gage. It was to witness the marriage of Arthur and the young French orphan, who had for several months resided with them.

#### THIEVES AMONG THE MONKEYS.

In the accomplishment of bad purposes, thieves often display a degree of industry and ingenuity which, if exercised in a more worthy cause, would earn for them an honest, comfortable livelihood. The Italian organ-grinders of London have devised a new plan of theft, in which monkeys, trained for the purpose, assist. The monkey, having plenty of length of cord, is allowed to enter the windows of an unoccupied dining or drawing-room, and immediately returns, bringing to his master such articles of property from there, as he is able to carry. The master receives and conceals them about his person, and makes off with his booty.—*Post.*

#### CURIOUS DYING SCENES.

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb-bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said: "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile: "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will slich from you the credit of my conversion."—*Winchester Democrat.*

#### DUMB SHOW.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guilford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb." I told this story (which is perfectly true) to Matthews; and he said that he could make excellent use of it at one of his evening entertainments; but I know not if ever he did.—*Rogers's Table Talk.*

Positiveness is one of the most certain marks of a weak judgment.

## THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY THOMAS PATTER, JR.

O, I'll have my home where the sea-birds roam,  
Near the foaming, stormy sea,  
Where the craggy peaks on the breastwork seek,  
Nearer heaven's high throne to be;  
In the spiral winds of the rocky glens  
My lover shall come to me—  
And I'll shield his form from the raging storm,  
'Neath some branching shady tree.

When the storm is o'er on the rock-bound shore,  
And the slumbering waves at rest  
When the bright sun smiles on the distant isles,  
Asleep on their mother's breast—  
Then together we'll sit, where the gay birds flit,  
Caroling their richest lays—  
And we'll talk of love, like a gentle dove,  
In its cooling, winning ways.

Thus we'll pass our hours in old Nature's bowers,  
And hear every sighing breeze  
Re-echo the moan of my chosen home,  
As it rustles the leafy trees.  
O, give then to me my home of the sea,  
By the overhanging rocks;  
There let me die to the whirlwind's sigh,  
Which the shrill-toned sea-bird mocks.

## THE ODALISQUE:

—OR,—

## THE CARCANET OF PEARLS

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

WHAT melodious murmurs! What silvery laughter! One would certainly imagine that beyond that gilded lattice was an aviary filled with beautiful birds, whose rustling plumage and delicious twittings fill the air with soft sounds. Perhaps it is so; let us peep through the screen into the adjoining court. On a marble pavement are heaped cushions of the richest silks, and on little stands scattered about, lie piles of luscious fruits, ruby, golden and purple. In the centre, a fountain falls in musical tinklings to its basin below. The square was enclosed by slender pillars supporting a light cornice and domelike roof; graceful trees of various foliage, planted outside, drooped their branches into the pavilion; and brilliant feathered warblers swung in gilded hoops suspended from the boughs, while others less tame were imprisoned in cages attached to the columns, that were wreathed with jasmines.

Reclining on the divans were groups of lovely females, chatting, laughing, and idly playing on various instruments, teasing their grim guards, whose sour, black faces formed a contrast to the gay tormentors, and resembling in their rainbow

draperies, and restless activity, a bed of tulips swayed by the wind.

Conspicuous among this throng were two groups, which from the superior beauty and rich attire of the principal figures, appeared to hold a higher station than any others; the foremost one consisted of three persons—a haughty, handsome, but unintellectual looking woman, with a slender form and oval face that would have been apathetic, had not glittering, beadlike, black eyes given life to a complexion whose pale, ivory tint was preserved by careful seclusion from wind and sunshine. Decked in all the gorgeous drapery of Eastern magnificence, she lolled gracefully back on her manifold cushions, amusing herself by presenting her finger for a favorite parrot, that sat balancing on its perch, to peek at. Beside her, in rather a more upright position, reclined a plump, brilliantly fair Kathayan, whose large, sleepy eyes were shadowed by brows and lashes only equalled in their jetty hues by the silken locks that escaped from a little lace turban, festooned with flagree butterflies. She was listening to the conversation between the first mentioned lady, and a sharp, disagreeable-looking female, whose features and costumes indicated her to be an Armenian. From the low tone in which they spoke, and the frequent glances covertly cast at the second group, it would appear there was some connection between its members and the subject they were discussing.

This circle, containing also three persons, was totally different from every one of its neighbors. Beneath the drooping clusters of a luxuriant grape-vine, sat a young girl of about eighteen, with no traces of Asiatic origin in shape or feature. There was a transparency in her roseate complexion, and the light of a cultivated intellect in her brilliant blue eyes; her delicately-formed mouth was expressive of an impetuous nature, and her animated countenance and graceful buoyancy of motion presented a strong contrast to the sluggish indolence of Eastern women generally.

Beside her, sipping a cup of coffee, was another young girl, Zaidee, a Persian, about the same age, whose pleasing and refined countenance was also full of life and intelligence. A middle-aged woman, evidently the nurse of the former, was fanning her mistress with an expression of affection and respect.

The lady first mentioned is the Sultana Zorayda, and the second her prime favorite Katinka. Neama, the Armenian, is a slave of the princess, and as treacherous at heart, as her manner is flattering. The young girl, Leila, although from India, bears little resemblance to

the dusky inhabitants of that country; but Alawi, the nurse, has the Hindoo features. Both have been inmates of the seraglio only four weeks, and Zaidee the Persian even less time. Short as this period has been, however, it has proved sufficient to rouse the jealousy of the Lady Zorayda, who having heard the conclusion of Neama's account, dismissed her, and in a low, agitated tone, thus addressed Katinka:

"You see how matters progress! Truly this is a fine state of things—I, who am as slender as the holy maidens of Yagrenat, as graceful as a Bayadere, and but five years ago was surnamed 'the wonder of the age' for beauty—was I not esteemed too precious a jewel for the slave bazaar, and brought at once to the sultan by my captors? Since then, I have certainly improved—and can I not sing, besides, and play the kflar? Are not my eyes as black as the spot on the Afrus, while those of the stranger are of a color never celebrated by our poets? Yet this rose-and-lily compound no sooner comes, than our lord and master has no eyes and ears for any one else—and all, so far as I can discover, because some learned mollah has given her the education of a musty scribe, and the girl herself dares say and do things no other woman in her senses would think to enact, and live. Allah be praised, however! There can be but one sultana; and though the Odalisque may reign in the heart of the commander of the faithful, in the harem her will is secondary to mine."

As the Lady Zorayda paused to regain her breath, the favorite ventured to suggest:

"Then why not use your power to rid yourself of one whose presence is hateful to you?"

"Are you a fool, Katinka? Do you not know she is a novelty as yet, and that were Mahmoud to lose her now, all my influence, if he should suspect me, would avail nothing to prevent my being thrown into the Bosphorus? I am not so weary of life; but even should I escape suspicion, and such a doom, he would be inconsolable forever. No—wait awhile, and perhaps I may find some fresh beauty to lure him from her; then is my time to strike. Engrossed by another, he will not heed her fate, and when tired of her successor, the sultan will return to my feet once more. What do you think of this scheme, little one?" inquired the princess, with a self-satisfied air.

The simple Katinka replied: "Truly I am astonished at your wisdom. What a head it takes for a sultana! I am very sure I shall never be one."

"Sincerely, I do not think you ever will!" exclaimed Zorayda, with a laugh, as she patted

her companion's cheek. Then rising, and gathering her shawl together, she retired with Katinka to her own apartments, to indulge in a chibouk and siesta.

As Zorayda had said, at the age of sixteen her beauty had induced Mahmoud to make her his sultana; and possessing a mind whose native powers were much stronger than any other inmate of the harem, the proud Circassian had never found a rival until now. Two months previous to the opening of the scene just narrated, the vizier, who was slightly in disgrace with his master, had seen Leila in the slave market, and hoping to regain favor by making a magnificent present, he had bought her and humbly requested the sultan to accept the offering. Struck by the exceeding loveliness of the young girl, Mahmoud readily forgave his minister, and in the society of one so different from any he had ever seen of her sex, almost forgot the existence of Zorayda.

The afternoon sun was gilding the minarets of the City of the Sultans, and the waves of the Bosphorus, that glided by the walls of the seraglio, were dancing in the mellow light, and bearing on their surface numberless crafts, containing figures in all the various costumes of the Levant. On a divan at one of the latticed case-ments of the palace sat Leila, gazing forth upon the scene with a pre-occupied expression, while Alawi was plaiting the rich masses of unbound golden hair with jewels.

Scarcely was the task completed, when an officer of the royal household announced the approach of the sultan, and in another moment Mahmoud himself entered. Motioning the attendants to retire, he seated himself by the side of Leila and inquired after her health.

"The body may be well when the mind suffers," replied the young girl, in the most musical of voices; "of which do you ask?"

"Still pining for the humble state you are rescued from?" exclaimed Mahmoud, half pleadingly.

"The bird, though prisoned in a gilded cage, cannot forget its former delicious freedom," answered Leila, sadly, yet with a touch of enthusiasm at the images called up by the idea of liberty.

"Why can I not win your love, so that all desire to leave me may vanish?" exclaimed the sultan, eagerly. "Surely your heart is in the keeping of some one more fortunate than I."

"I am my own keeper," replied Leila, somewhat proudly; "but listen to a story I have to tell you, and then, perhaps, you will cease to



wonder at my indifference to the splendor with which you surround me. I am not of the same race as the childish, apathetic inmates of your harem ; a quicker, nobler blood is in my veins, and a proud impatience of restraint that belongs to another nation—it is the Anglo Saxon."

"Are you not from India?" inquired the sultan, in surprise.

"It is not my birthplace, I believe—at least, I am of English parents. Seventeen years ago, Alawi, my nurse, then in Calcutta, was engaged by a British officer, whose regiment was ordered to another part of the country, to attend upon his wife and infant daughter during the voyage. When nearly arrived at the place of destination, a terrible storm arose, and the vessel was shipwrecked. Alawi, who had been lashed to a spar, was washed on shore with me in her arms ; but although several bodies were found, my father and mother were not among them.

"Alawi knew not what to do, as there were no English residents in the place to whom she could tell my birth, and she entered the service of a rajah's wife, retaining the privilege of keeping me with her. Years passed on, and I arrived at my sixteenth year, when the young prince, the rajah's only son, slightly my senior, and whose playmate I had always been, became attached to me, and declared I should be his wife. His mother did not intend that honor for the foster-child of her ayah, and hated me from that hour ; while I, having long ago been told what Alawi knew of my history, was not at all desirous of the connection. I had received a superior education from a mollah or scribe in the employ of the rajah, and who had once lived in Calcutta long enough to know considerable of English people and customs, and my dearest hope was, that some day a fortunate chance would restore me to my country people, if not to my relatives. Judge, then, of my distress, on learning that I was to be sold to a slave merchant, and carried to Constantinople. But, with the faithful Alawi who insisted on sharing my fortunes, I resigned myself to the hands of fate. Our voyage was prosperous ; but immediately on landing, I was conveyed to a dwelling, where I was treated with an attention to which I was little accustomed, and furnished with a host of articles of the use of which I was totally ignorant. From thence I was brought hither, where I pine for my lost freedom, and unfettered liberty of speech and action."

"Cannot anything reconcile you to the position of the sultan's favorite? Methinks it is not so unenviable as to excite much compassion," said Mahmoud, with slight sarcasm.

"Does my lord fancy the glittering jewels and costly garments, in which he is pleased to deck me—the splendid apartments and parade of attendants, with which he is pleased to surround me—or a place in his harem, with the privilege of listening to the meaningless chatter of its inmates, occasionally fanning him to sleep, or singing to him when he is disposed to listen, offer me the slightest temptation? Does he imagine they afford the shadow of a compensation for the power to roam free as the air, untrammelled by the commands of a master?" And the indignant Leila turned away with flushed cheeks, and the air of a princess.

Mahmoud had never been braved thus before, and admiration mingled with his impatience, as he replied :

"Bestow your love on me, and you shall be my sultana, you shall rule me ; a palace shall be built for you on some beautiful spot, sufficiently secluded to permit a wide range, and singers, dancers, and even learned mollahs shall be at your command."

"Do not suppose, O defender of the faithful, that my highest idea of enjoyment consists in continual wandering, or that singers, dancers and scribes are my chief desires in life ; besides, how am I to become sultana, when the Lady Zorayda fills that position?"

"One word from you, and the Lady Zorayda fills no position at all, unless it be a sack in the Bosphorus!" exclaimed the monarch, carried away by a desire to possess an object apparently unattainable.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Leila, recoiling from her companion in horror ; "I would never even look upon you again, if your soul was stained with the murder of a fellow-mortal. But if Allah should see fit to remove the sultana, I would never share a heart with others. No! If my lord would indeed make me his grateful friend, he will help me to find my relations, if I have any, and restore me to them," said Leila, with tearful earnestness that moved Mahmoud more than he chose to acknowledge ; and rising to avoid a further pleading, he summoned his attendants and retired.

Passing along by the sultana's apartments, Mahmoud heard the sound of a lute, and entering an ante-room, signified his intent to visit her. Just having finished an elaborate toilet, the lady did not need to make any delay ; but not wishing to appear eager for the royal presence, after the long neglect she had experienced, full five minutes were allowed to pass before the signal for admission was given. Lifting the curtain, Mahmoud entered a magnificent apartment,

and beheld Zorayda seated in indolent repose on a divan, and beside her the favorite Katinka. Casting a languid glance upward, the haughty beauty bade her visitor welcome, and seating himself on a rich carpet at the feet of both ladies, and resting his arm on the divan, while the attendant presented a lighted chibouk, the sultan said :

"Did I not hear singing a short time since?"

"My lord says right—his humble slave was amusing herself with a new song," replied Zorayda.

Mahmoud felt the contrast between this servile emptiness and the piquant frankness of Leila's manner very forcibly, but requesting a repetition of the music, he applied himself to the beloved nargileh which Leila would not admit in her apartment. The ballad was tolerably lengthy, and before it was concluded, the empty little head of Katinka was nodding in sleep.

Quite appeared by the praise bestowed on her performance, and the consideration of a visit exclusively on her account, Zorayda grew gracious. But envy and rage filled her heart when the sultan observed that Leila was as impatient of restraint as ever, and he feared she would begin to droop.

"A wild, strange being—it is my opinion that she despises the palace, its inmates, and even the owner of it," replied the artful woman, watching the effect of her words.

The sultan recollected her fearless speeches to him, and reflected that she might not have kept her pretty irreverence for his especial benefit. Mahmoud's pride took alarm, and stroking his beard, he exclaimed :

"Inshallah ! Does the girl laugh at us ? I think so truly, since we receive no thanks for the many favors conferred upon her, and our endeavors for her happiness meet only with complaints and discontent."

"Has she indeed been bold enough to equal herself with our lord and master the sultan, and presume on favors from one whose glance alone exalts the fortunate one above all her sex?" exclaimed Zorayda, in well counterfeited astonishment and horror.

"Such shall not long be the case," was the ominous reply.

"May the sultan live forever ! If so insignificant a being as I might hope to speak and live, I should say that a sack, or the bowstring were fitting punishment for the slave, only that it would be too much of an honor to be the subject of even such a command, from the descendant of the prophet."

By that sudden revulsion of feeling to which

all are liable, caused perhaps by this abject flattery, or the contrast between Zorayda's contemptible delight in mischief and her rival's generous magnanimity, and it may be, discovering in the lady's unguarded manner at the prospect of success her malignant jealousy towards Leila, Mahmoud began to doubt if the young girl was capable of gratifying her vanity at his expense ; and indignant at the thought of being led by Zorayda, he turned suddenly upon her, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder :

"Peace, idle creature ! I ask not counsel of women. Know that to her whom you thus eagerly seek to degrade, you owe your life !" And in his anger, the sultan briefly detailed his offer of making Leila sultana, which she declined to accept at the expense of another.

Throughout the whole Zorayda sat motionless in amazement, and concluding his reproof with a severe frown, Mahmoud left the now wide awake Katinka, who was sobbing in affright, to comfort her trembling mistress, who perceived her mistake in terror, fearing lest the conversation might reach Leila, and excite her to revenge. So little could she comprehend a great soul.

The next day, Neama entered Leila's chamber, and kneeling before her, presented a richly enamelled jewel-case. Lifting the lid, she drew forth a splendid necklace of pearls, and said :

"The Lady Zorayda desires your acceptance of this trifle, and begs you will wear it for her sake. She also hopes you will permit her to visit you to-day, and commence a friendship too long delayed."

Surprised at this unexpected act, and the request that followed it, Leila replied that she would be happy to receive the sultana, thinking to obtain from her an explanation that she did not consider proper to ask of the servant.

In a few hours, therefore, Zorayda came, and further astonished Leila by saluting her on both cheeks, and kissing her hands. At last she discovered that the sultana had heard she had saved her life, and remorse and gratitude prompted this demonstration.

"Surely you attach too much importance to so slight a thing. A few words that cost me no effort to speak, and were forgotten the next moment—of what value are they?"

Every syllable added to the humiliation of Zorayda, and Leila continued :

"Besides, our friendship needs no present to cement it. I cannot deprive you of so costly and beautiful a jewel—allow me to return it;" and she took the casket from a stand.

"Do not add to my mortification by insult," cried Zorayda. "If you will not accept my offering, I will never see it again;" and she made a passionate gesture.

Perceiving a refusal would wound and offend, Leila thanked her companion, who added:

"Complete my happiness, and let me clasp it around your neck."

The Odalisque bent her graceful head, and the sultana clasped the rich ornament on the snowy, swanlike throat, and urging Leila to visit her, Zorayda presently departed with Neama. Calling Zaidee to admire the gift, her friend expressed much delight that kindness had subdued her enemy.

Still the sultan continued to visit Leila, and offer every inducement to attach her to himself and her present condition, pleased and surprised to find that Zorayda warmly seconded his endeavors. It was of no avail, and losing the cheerful spirit of hope that had so long sustained her, the young girl began to droop. The color deserted her cheek by degrees, and the brilliancy fled from her eyes. Zaidee, exceedingly attached to her, devoted herself to the amusement of her friend; but a loss of health soon followed this depression of mind, and the songs and stories with which the fair Persian attempted to divert her, failed to accomplish any change.

Zorayda often visited Leila, who became daily more fragile, and shed tears over her with that excess of altered feeling so characteristic of her wild race, and insisted that Neama, who was an excellent nurse, should try her skill on the lovely patient, who, although she disliked the Armenian greatly, consented to please her friend, in spite of Zaidee's and Alawi's protest to the contrary.

As her debility increased, Leila ceased to pay the same attention to dress as formerly, and Zorayda's necklace, which was the last of her jewelry to be laid aside, was finally consigned to its casket. As Neama closed the lid, she said:

"I am afraid the Lady Zorayda will be much grieved to miss this from your neck; she does not imagine you so feeble—besides, she prized this ornament above all her others."

"I will insist upon returning it, then," replied Leila, sorry to have retained it so long.

"Then my mistress would certainly think you were going to leave us immediately."

Leila was perplexed, dreading to give pain, yet unwilling to keep her friend's favorite jewel, when Zaidee suggested a scheme to remedy both troubles. This was to order another necklace precisely similar, and present it to the sultana. The plan was highly approved, and Zaidee

was about to give directions to a slave, when Neama observed that her mistress had often wished the ruby in the clasp had been an opal, and Leila requested the Persian to order the alteration.

In a week, the ornaments were brought from the jeweller's. But Leila had sunk into a state of inaction and lethargy, that prevented her receiving any pleasure from the nice execution of her command. Zorayda, on the contrary, was delighted with her present, and especially admired the Indian fire opal, that contrasted so beautifully with the milky pearls, and wondered at her friend's indifference. Zaidee, however, was seriously alarmed at this state of apathy, which appeared more discouraging to her than the previous wasting away, and exerted all her influence even to annoying Leila, in endeavors to make her take exercise and shake off this sluggishness.

About this time, the sultana also became indisposed, and instead of listening to the advice of Neama that she would remain quiet, and gain strength, she persisted in making frequent excursions into the country to a palace which Mahmoud had given her, hiding her increasing pallor and loss of health by rich dress, cosmetics, and reckless gaiety, and eagerly striving to win back the heart of the sultan.

Leila, who under the affectionate care of Zaidee was slowly recovering her former looks and spirits, saw but little of the princess, when one morning the seraglio was electrified with the news that the Lady Zorayda was dead. Scarcely believing the report, Leila hastened to the chamber of the sultana, and was admitted by Neama, whose countenance confirmed the rumor. On a couch lay the inanimate form of Zorayda, in the rich garments she had last put on, and around her neck the carcanet of jewels; but her countenance was swollen and livid, while a dark purple line under the necklace explained the cause of this bloated appearance—Zorayda had died of poison!

Zaidee, who had followed her friend, took her by the hand and led her away from the melancholy scene; but no sooner were they alone, than the Persian buried her face on Leila's shoulder, and burst into tears. Much surprised, Leila earnestly inquired the cause of this sudden and inexplicable grief, since the sultana was not so great a favorite as to occasion it. Zaidee, after a great deal of urging, confessed that when the Lady Zorayda had presented the necklace with so much apparent friendship, she had suspected a sinister design; but about the time when a duplicate was ordered from the jeweller,

she had satisfied herself that her suspicions were correct, and Neama's desire that an opal might be substituted for a ruby in the new necklace, she believed to proceed from fear lest, by a mistake, they might be changed.

But adding to Leila's instructions, the Persian had directed that an opal should be inserted in the clasp of the ornament sent as a pattern, and a ruby in the other. The ruse succeeded, and Zaidee, who had hoped that when the sultana became ill, the fatal toy would be laid aside, on account of its oppressive weight, saw with dismay that its becoming richness prevented this wish from being realized; feeling guilty of murder every day, yet fearing to reveal the secret to Leila on account of giving a shock to her feeble health, and certain that to inform Mahmoud would only hasten the sultana's doom, Zaidee was in great perplexity, when the sudden death of Zorayda, accelerated by her late anxiety and dissipation, made the poor girl so wretched that she could no longer bear the burden of silence.

Leila embraced the devoted friend to whom she owed her life, and felt the justice of the awful retribution, although she lamented it. Her chief anxiety now was, lest the sultan should urge her to fill the station that no insurmountable obstacle now prevented her accepting. But to her astonishment, on his next visit, Mahmoud, in a dejected tone, inquired if she had any memento of her parents, and she eagerly produced a small locket containing hair, and a fine cambric handkerchief with a crest and initials nearly faded out by time, which had been about her neck at the time of the shipwreck.

In a few days, Mahmoud again came, and this time announced that the articles had been sent to the British ambassador, who had recognized the crest at once, and was acquainted with the family. As Leila supposed, her parents had perished, but her uncle, who was now the head of the house, was living in England, and had often lamented that his brother's infant daughter was not spared to him, to have been loved and cherished for her father's sake. As the ambassador was about returning to his country, his wife proposed taking Leila with them, and the sultan had come to bid the young girl farewell.

"You have raised my standard of right and justice, you have elevated my mind, and taught me the delight of having a true friend," said the sultan, in a mournful tone. "In fine, you have fitted me to enjoy the society of rational beings, only to leave me now to the idle prating of the idiots by whom I am surrounded."

"Bring them to your own level," replied

Leila, with enthusiasm. "But let me tell you that there is one in your palace who will love you for yourself alone, who is beautiful, and capable of being made a companion for any one. It is Zaidee, who came after my arrival, and I do not think you have scarcely seen her; in her, you will find a friend, and I leave her to you as a trust from me. Prove yourself as worthy of the fair Persian, as she will be faithful to you."

Taking Leila by both hands, Mahmoud gazed long and sadly at her bright face, radiant with happiness at the prospect of joining her kindred, and at length, with a deep sigh, turned quickly away and left her. This farewell pained Leila, but trusting to time and Zaidee to console him, she made the necessary preparations for departure.

The last evening spent by the young girls was full of sorrow, but Leila charged her pupil not to forget the beautiful precepts of the wise mollah, which had proved so serviceable to the orphan, and promising to send tidings of her future lot, they separated. In England, Leila found a delightful home, and ere long had the satisfaction of knowing that all her wishes in regard to Mahmoud and Zaidee were fulfilled, and every day she thanked the wise Providence that had made the carcanet of pearls an instrument of working good from evil.

#### KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

This terrible potentate, who has recently been called to an account for some of his iniquities by the U. S. sloop-of-war John Adams, seems to be a ferocious fellow. It is said he has eaten of the flesh of more than three hundred human beings, and is the greatest murderer and cannibal that ever existed. His name is Tue Vita, king of Fegee. It is charged that the English missionaries have encouraged him in his outrages. When called on board the John Adams, he begged for his life, and promised for the future to respect the lives and property of Americans. It is to be hoped that a provision was made in the treaty that he should respect their bodies also. —*Boston Post.*

#### A NATION WITHOUT A LANGUAGE.

The Swiss, being descended from French, Italian and German refugees, have no distinctive language of their own. Four languages, Italian, German, Retien and French, are spoken by different portions of the nation, and three of them, German, French and Italian are declared by law to be the national languages. German is spoken by 70 per cent. of the people; French by 23 per cent.; Italian by 5 per cent.; and Retien by 2 per cent. Of this population, about three-fifths are Protestant, and two-fifths Catholic. —*Tribune.*

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead us as those not wholly wrong.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

The summer flowers had paled, and drooped, and died,  
 And autumn brought new loveliness for me,  
 At times my wayward heart seemed sorely tried,  
 Earth's chastened sunlight held no charm for me,  
 And bitter thoughts stole o'er me when alone,  
 I mused o'er joys once fondly called my own.

"Father," I cried, when none were nigh to hear,  
 "Look down in mercy on thy wayward child;  
 That this fair earth may once again seem dear,  
 O, let me feel the sunlight of thy smile."  
 A low voice whispered softly unto me—  
 "Mortal, as is thy day thy strength shall be."

Then baby voices, soft and strangely low,  
 Fell like sweet music on my yearning heart;  
 Fond smiles that cheered my spirit long ago,  
 Remembered, loved, and shrined of life a part!  
 Dear memory, backward on thy golden wing,  
 To my lone heart lost darling treasures bring.

And soon there came a friend to cheer my life,  
 Of gentle mien—of low and feeble tread,  
 For she had felt the hand of care and strife,  
 And she had mourned o'er pleasures long since fled.  
 With throbbing heart I hailed her to my bower,  
 As children welcome spring's first fragrant flower.

I doubted not her sad and gentle smile,  
 Though I had learned to doubt in years gone by;  
 She seemed as artless as a little child,  
 A chastened lovelight lingered in her eye;  
 Pride yielded 'neath the sunshine of her smile,  
 My pent up feelings gushed forth free and wild.

On rapid wings the autumn hours sped on,  
 And winter came with sunbeams wan and pale;  
 Love's holy light still kept my spirit warm,  
 I scarcely heeded sunshine, hail, or rain;  
 My friend in need was ever lingering near,  
 Soothing each doubt, and calming each wild fear.

Father, if every frail and suffering child  
 Would lean on thee when called life's ills to bear,  
 Thou'lt ne'er withhold from them thy pitying smile,  
 For thou wilt soothe each heart that's worn with care.  
 Lead me, dear Shepherd, wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through pastures where pure, living waters flow!

## MOUSAN THE MISER.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

In the time of Sultan Mahmoud the Second, there resided at the southern extremity of Pera, the Frank quarter of Constantinople, a little round-shouldered man named Sacton Mousan. He had a sprinkling of Armenian blood coursing through his veins, but how it got there he was never exactly informed, nor did he care to ascertain, since he much preferred to be considered a genuine Turk, to being suspected to be a hybrid.

Although Mousan apparently smoked as much Syrian tobacco from the first call of the muezzin to morning prayers till sunset, as his neighbors, he found opportunity of gathering more from observation from sunrise to sundown, than any half dozen of his neighbors. It was a governing maxim with Mousan, that idleness brought no profit. This was a discovery made in early life, by observing that people who were continually counting their beads, and saying "Allah, Allah mac-shan," without using their fingers in some regular employment, never became rich.

Sacton Mousan had no inheritance but poverty. "If that had any marketable value, then," said he, "I should have been worth as much as the Capudan Pasha. However, poverty would not buy kabobs at the cook shop, nor pay the sultan's taxes when the collector passed through the district. So Sacton Mousan determined very early in the commencement of life, to deal in realities. Gold could be seen as well as felt."

"Poverty also," exclaimed Diafar, the cobbler, who had a stall next door, in the course of their conversations on the ways of the Giouars, "can be seen and felt, too; but one inspires energy, and when seen, commands respect, while the latter gives first the blues and then the very blackness of despair."

When people are disposed to be argumentative, there are plenty of topics to expend breath upon. It was so with Diafar. He wanted to talk most of the time, or at least, he had something to say as often as he took the pipe stem from his lips. Mousan was sufficiently civil to be neighborly; still he had an inward conviction that it would not pay. "For," said he to himself, a hundred times over, "money can enter a harem, poverty can't squeeze into a caravansera."

"Money, ay, money, is power: it will move hearts or mountains; it is a magic wand in a fairy's hand; it's a panacea for trouble; it's a friend in need; it's a polyglot, speaking all languages; it's a sword to command the faithful; a lever to remove obstacles. Money could be exchanged for a pashalic; it can build a palace and stock it with houis. I will have money—yes money, money—money is power."

Thus soliloquized and thus cogitated Mousan the miser, yet he had not a para, nor a way of raising a piaster, which is five times more.

Mousan had not smoked up to his six and twentieth year with both eyes shut. No, he examined the Frangees, as they passed by the doorway where he generally sat, observing the art of the tight garments, strangling cravats and boots too small for their infidel feet. "Poor devils," he frequently whispered to himself, for

there are some sentiments it will not answer to give to the wind in Stamboul, even though uttered in the language of the Koran. "Poor devils!" and there was no one harmed in thinking of them, and sympathizing in their unhappy destiny. After taking another whiff, the imitation amber mouth piece was withdrawn, and while the smoke, like the turn of a corkscrew, was twisting its way towards the zenith, he would still repeat, for the fortieth time, "poor devils," as group after group were ascending the steep avenue from Tophana, near the great fire tower. "You can get money, but no share in the Paradise of the Prophet."

Somebody may have the vulgar curiosity to know how a smoking philosopher of this calibre could have existed in the thicket of Constantinople twenty-six years, without having moved a finger to better his condition. How do a million of dogs subsist in the same great city? There is a problem for the wise ones. Nobody knows, but it is generally believed they have a poor living, as they depend principally upon charity. A man is worth more than a dog—who knows but he may have kabobs from that source? At the well Zem-zem, whoever is thirsty may quench his thirst without thanking anybody. Mousan might have gone there, had he a desire.

Not knowing how Mousan was fed or clothed, no further speculations are needed on that point. Those who choose may reflect upon that theme for themselves.

"How do those vile unbelievers obtain so much cash?" This was another in the series of undertone questions propounded and answered by the same suppressed voice. "If I inquire," said Mousan, "possibly the secret may be revealed. It costs nothing to make the experiment."

Next morning, while at his usual post between the lintels of a rickety door, squatted on the threshold, watching the ascending smoke from the pipe bowl just as he had done from the beginning, a respectable old man in plain garments of civilization, with long white locks floating over a high coat collar, and in small clothes, came along deliberately, without seeming to be startled at the beautiful housings of the Tefterdar's Arabian steed, then being led by an Albanian groom, or the huge aroba, rumbling onward towards the sweet waters of Europe, filled with Circassians from the palace of Murad Pasha, the chief of police.

This amazed Mousan. "He must be stupid, as some of the Christians are said to be in their own country, not to raise his optics even for a single look," thought Mousan.

Withdrawing the pipe from the deep furrow in the under lip where it rested steadily, and follow-

ing the old Giouar a few rods, he came up in a modest manner, saluting him in the name of the prophet. "May a hundred moons shine on your bald head," said Mousan, respectfully, salaaming as he pronounced the benediction, with an ease and grace befitting a master of ceremonies. Neither surprised nor alarmed, the old gentleman stopped, and, with a courtesy characteristic of a well bred stranger, heard what Mousan was pleased to repeat.

"May you have a hundred sons to strengthen your house," said Mousan, "and all your daughters be the delight of pashas with three tails, O, happy howadjî," again spoke Mousan, with additional salaams.

"Pardon me, for so it is written in the book of books, the wise shall forbear and teach the ignorant. Jews, the accursed race, gather gold and silver under circumstances both oppressive, and to the short-sightedness of your slave, unrighteous; but by the decrees of Allah, who can avert, the Armenian becomes a banker to the sultan, with the privilege of appearing in front of a mosque which he despises, in a scarlet fezzan tarbousch. The Greeks gather pearls, amber, precious stones, and buy majasmes, the eating of which makes the fairest ladies sigh for them; but here am I, who never avenged a fly, with nothing but my wits. Tell me then, reverend gray beard, how to become rich."

"Is that all you require?" said the man in small clothes. "Procure a wife; he that hath a good one hath a great treasure," and on he walked, leaving Mousan in a brown study.

That afternoon Mousan strolled through the bazaar, hoping to discover cheap slaves on sale, fully resolved to purchase on credit, as he had no money. On the way he saw a yellow slipper, with a long turn-up toe, lying under the window of a magnificent house. The panes of glass, as customary in all cities inhabited by the faithful, were admirably secured by gilded bars.

On close inspection, a note was found forced up into the extremity of the shoe. He turned the corner, and read on satin paper, these lines:

"Whoever finds this, will find something worth having, by standing under the middle window of the third story, in the alley, at the ninth hour this night; may the prophet's cloak cover the believer who ventures on the expedition."

"Mashallah!" said Mousan, audibly; "*nothing venture nothing have*, say the Giouars."

Punctually at the moment he was on the ground, occasionally looking upward, because it was natural to conjecture that blessings would come down from above if they came at all. He was not long kept in suspense—slowly, a dark

body began to descend. "Should it be a mill-stone," said Mousan, "and the cord breaks, the sultan will lose a subject." In another instant it reached the pavement. With proper caution Mousan gave it a rigid scrutiny before laying a finger too near the lion's mouth, if lion it should be. To his delight, it proved to be a splendid cloak, lined with ermine. "Very well—there is nothing bad in that," thought the receiver. In another moment, down came another equally huge mass. "Another cloak, perhaps," was in his mind. It was not a cloak; no, it was something with a beating heart. Mousan untied the cord, and in doing so felt a terrible throbbing.

Again he said to himself, "If this is a man, the sooner he is disposed of, the quicker I shall be relieved of a burden."

No chronicle has explained how he ascertained that the second installment was a woman.

"Mousan," was whispered in his great ear, "I trust all to you. Conceal me in your box at Pera."

There was no alternative. If he had run, why, the patrols would have arrested him; the dogs would have howled, and the woman have been sent to the bottom of the Bosphorus, the next day, in a red bag.

Like two friends away they sped to his quarter in Pera. He had no light. However, they groped through the door, and Mousan told her to occupy the further corner, while he kept on the lookout in front. As soon as the sun was up, he was in raptures with the gazelle eyes, the blushing cheeks, the raven locks, the henna stained nails, the gorgeous dress, the diamond bracelets and the noble figure and divine gracefulness of his charge. "Lucky dog am I," he was continually repeating; "a wife free of all cost."

At the eleventh hour, the sun having darted his bright rays into the dome of the holy mosque of Achmet the Slayer, heralds were everywhere offering rewards for the sultan's daughter, the beautiful Sameri el Yatan, or the Peacock's Eye. She had been promised to a favorite of her exacting father. By suppressing a rebellion in Albania, he had immensely gratified the disposer of heads, who, to encourage others with an expectation of gaining what he would not have to give, another princess, the Peacock's Eye was designed to be the recompense of his bravery.

Sameri, through the lattice that barricaded her windows, saw a sprightly youth daily practising horsemanship, whom she looked upon till she was miserable, on those days when the young man omitted the customary exercise.

Of course she could not know who he was, or where he could be found. She was resolved to

make a bold effort to find him, on hearing the announcement made the very day on which her slaves let her down from the window, that she had been bestowed on the Albanian victor.

Women are more courageous than the rougher sex. When dangers thicken, and where their affections are concerned, men sink into utter insignificance in comparison with the fertile expedients they promptly devise.

After hearing the herald and the promised reward, she was fearful of being betrayed, having discovered by what she saw and heard, of the poverty of her protector. Her energy of character never forsook her; not a nerve refused its office.

"Mousan," she said, for he had told her all about himself, and how he wanted to be rich, "find the young horseman, which you may easily accomplish by going to the place of exercise. Bring him here, but without declaring the object, or betraying me. Be faithful, and you shall be rich."

Precisely as directed, the horseman was at the accustomed exercise. Mousan approached him in the name of the prophet. "Born of happiness—come with me that you may learn a lesson to teach to others."

Surprised as he might be with a salutation so odd from a shabby fellow like him, the young man said, "*nothing venture nothing have*," and followed. He made his horse fast to a post near the house of the dancing dervishes, and then kept close on the footsteps of Mousan to his door.

The Peacock's Eye thrilled with emotion. He was more marble-like than he had been before. He fell on his knees, a position a Mussulman never takes, except in one of the postures of prayer. "Princess!—who can you be but the princess? All Stamboul is in commotion. The guns at the arsenal are proclaiming the sultan's grief at the loss of his daughter, and messengers are threading their way round about, proclaiming that the princess has been borne away by the angels on the wings of the clouds. To me she was betrothed! You are the fair Sameri el Yatan. I am Schakmet Pasha." She swooned in his arms! Mousan stood looking on, half petrified with fear, but somewhat vexed with himself for having brought in a rival. "Matters are coming to a climax," he mumbled to himself. "This is not getting a wife after all, scot free; but what is to be done? If I drive him out, the Peacock's Eye will have no eye for me. Certainly they love one another."

While these reflections were running through his mind, Schakmet gave directions how to proceed: "Go to the palace of his majesty the sul-

tan, and ask what shall be the reward of him who restores the Peacock's Eye."

Difficulties were many and vexatious before the question reached the kishlaragha; but it did, and was carried forward to the apartment of the concealed. Said the sultan through the stentorian lungs of the same black messenger: "Whoever returns the princess, shall be the Tefterdar of the royal household. His salary shall be a million piasters per month. He shall be quartered at the royal kiosk at the north of Scutari, and have a roast fowl on Friday, from the kitchen of his master."

Mousan's head swam with visions of delight. Being tremendous hungry, the idea of a roast fowl seemed to have a visible form, dancing just before his eyes, all the way back to his locked up prizes. With a royal guard, himself adorned with a blue scarf and a chain of gold dangling from his neck to the saddle knob, the procession wended onward to the palace. They arrived safely at the gate of felicity, which opened upon its brazen hinges and permitted the princess and Schakmet to enter, and then closed again as though moved by an invisible power.

Just as he had been promised, all the conditions were fully and perfectly realized. He sat on a silken divan at the entrance of the treasury department, with the high sounding distinction of Tefterdar or treasurer. With such means at his disposal, "now," said Mousan, "I will have a wife to my liking."

Besides visiting the slave market in person, servants were directed to ransack not only the public bazaars, but all the private establishments of the Jew brokers, for something rare and extraordinary in the line of female beauty.

"Anybody may find an ugly woman. It would be ridiculous in me, with ample means, to purchase a homely commodity, therefore my wife shall be handsome." Word was brought that a beauty of the rarest character was to be had, unsight unseen, for the sum he received for one month's wages in the treasury. At this he cried out in dignified rage, striking an open Koran with his jewelled fist, "It is too much. I would not give that for the Princess Sameri el Yatan!"

Before the words had died in the air, a door opened in the wall, and the princess herself stood before him. "Then you would not part with a month's wages for the daughter of the sultan?" Abashed, his head fell upon his breast.

"Schakmet Pasha died in battle. His last message to me, and my royal father sanctioned it, was this: 'Be the loving wife of our deliverer, Sacton Mousan the treasurer.' I sent the message, and fixed the price to try your heart.

Money has destroyed the good intentions that were honorable to you in poverty. You will never see my face again."

While bewildered with his rash folly, a slave announced a successor to the Tefterdar, who squandered all his property, and Sacton Mousan returned to the old doorway in Pera, as poor as he left it. Those who passed by, as long as he lived, used to point him out to strangers, saying, "There sits Mousan the miser, who preferred money to a good wife, and therefore lost a great treasure."

#### A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

During the retreat from the city of New York, on the 16th of September, 1776, Greene, at the head of a small detachment, was riding up the middle road, towards Harlem Heights where the American army was to unite. An artillery carriage, without the gun, came rapidly along the road, when Greene ordered the driver to stop.

"Where is your piece of cannon?" said Greene, sternly.

"Please you, general, the British were so close behind me, that I thought it best to leave the gun, to save myself, the men and horses."

"Face right about?" said Greene, "or I will run you through!" drawing his sword at the same time. The man could do nothing but obey.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "let us recover the gun."

They rode back as fast as possible, found the cannon, a brass six-pounder, placed it on its carriage, and in the face of the British troops, then advancing, successfully escaped. This shows, in a measure, the decision of character of Greene.  
—*Morning Star*.

#### WELL SAID.

The Indian, in his native condition, is no fool, as the following anecdote related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Republican attests:—We met Col. Sam Stambourgh to-day in the rotunda of the capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the doorways of the rotunda, the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, with a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the capitol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rotunda, when the chief, "Grizzly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said, "There, Ingen give white man corn;" and to the north, representing Penn's treaty, "There, Ingen give um land," and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, "There, Ingen save um life," and lastly to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the heart of one red man, while his foot is planted on the dead body of another, "And there, white man kill Ingen."

Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.



## MY HOME.

BY MRS. MARY J. MESSENGER.

I love it, I love it, my beautiful home,  
Where the birds in the springtime so cheerily come,  
From the wild mocking-bird to the soft cooing dove,  
They sing round my home in friendship and love.  
I love it, I love it for the many sweet hours  
Spent at my home, mid its jessamine bowers.

I love it, I love it, the bright evergreen  
That grow round my home, they're the loveliest seen—  
The dark holly-bush, the bright cedar tree,  
The wild brier-rose, are all dear to me.  
I love it, I love it, the many sweet hours,  
Spent at my home, with its birds, trees and flowers.

I love it, I love it, and long may I see  
The wren build its nest in the old oak tree:  
Or list to the mocking-bird warbling his lay,  
Or else to the lark at the ope of the day,  
Who as upward and onward his course is to fly,  
Trills his sweet matin song to the Maker on high.

Yes, I love them, I love them, those scenes so dear,  
And oft to my eye springs the unbidden tear,  
As I think on my home and the friends I loved there,  
Who used with my joys and sorrows to share;  
Should I live but to see thee, ne'er again will I roam,  
Until I leave thee forever, my childhood's sweet home.

## THE LOVER'S LEAP.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

THERE is perhaps no part of England so rich in legends and well preserved traditions, handed down orally from generation to generation among the inhabitants, as Derbyshire. Derbyshire is justly celebrated for its picturesque scenery, the fine country-seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and its almost inexhaustible stores of limestone. For miles around, from this point, you may see the bright blaze of the numberless lime kilns, shooting up their innumerable sparks, which come dancing down again through all the long night, and through all the long year—for ages, perhaps, and so incessantly, too, that it might almost seem a positive necessity to continue on in the same way for an incalculable period of time.

There are many anecdotes in circulation among the peasantry, relating to the present duke, one of which I will take the liberty to relate as prefatory to the "Lover's Leap," it being not only characteristic of an Englishman, but also of the great duke himself, whose immense wealth, magnificent style of living, and munificent liberality, have extended his well-earned reputation across the water.

It chanced one day that a poor coal-carrier, as he was carting coal in sacks to the kilns in Cawver, discovered the mouth of one sack to have loosened suddenly, and removing it from the back of the ass, he commenced gathering up the scattered fragments, which no sooner had he accomplished, than he found it impossible to restore it to its place again. Noticing just then a large, powerful looking man walking leisurely along the road, with his hands behind him, he cried out, lustily: "This way! this way, man, and gi'e us a ha'penny's lift, will ye?"

The stranger, roused from his reverie by the call, and entirely content to humor the whim of the carrier, came briskly forward and laid hold of the other end of the sack. Being unused to this kind of exercise, his hands slipped off two or three times before he succeeded in restoring his end, the awkwardness of which the carrier took the liberty to censure roundly, all of which was taken by the stranger with perfect equanimity and good humor. After they were through, the stranger desired to know why he did not purchase a horse and cart, which would certainly be much more profitable than carrying it in sacks.

"It is as much as I can do," answered the carrier, bluntly, "to feed my two asses, much more to buy a horse and cart, which would cost me full twenty guineas."

"You should apply to the duke," responded the stranger; "he is said to be very liberal with those who are deserving."

"I say the duke," cried the other, making a cabalistic sign with his thumb against his nose, and a perpendicular elevation of his four fingers, which seemed to say: "That's a pretty good joke, now, but you don't think I'm so ignorant as to be caught in that trap?"

The stranger, who had observed him narrowly, here asked if he doubted the duke's goodness.

"No, I don't say that," said the carrier, "for I think the duke is a good fellow, if you only have a spare guinea or two."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" inquired the stranger, reddening.

"Well, it is just this much, flat," said the carrier. "If I have a guinea for the porter, I can see the duke; but if I haven't the guinea, I am turned away—I can't see him."

"Do you mean I am to understand this as the truth?" demanded the other, sternly.

"Why, bless your soul, man," responded the carrier, laughing, "haven't I been there myself and been refused, and don't I know a round dozen that could tell you the same story, if you would take the trouble?"

"Never mind," said the other, changing his

tone to one of cheerful encouragement, "you pay the duke a visit to-morrow, and I think he will give you an audience."

The carrier shook his head dubiously.

"It's no use! I wouldn't give a rusty farthing for all my chances of seeing him!"

"But you shall see him!" cried the stranger, vehemently; "for I am stopping with the duke myself, and I will bespeak an audience for you. When you call at the porter's lodge, inquire for me—Maxwell." And with this he turned and walked vigorously away.

The next day, the carrier presented himself at the duke's palace and inquired for Maxwell. Without asking a word as to perquisites, the porter conducted him straight to the usher, who in turn led him into the grand reception-room, where the duke was sitting attired in a magnificent court dress. In a moment, the carrier recognized in the duke's features his quondam friend and co-laborer of the preceding day, and without offering a word, he fell on his knees before him in an attitude of supplication.

"Arise, my honest friend!" said the duke, coming forward. "There is no occasion for this! You have no cause to fear me."

And with this he rang a bell, which was speedily answered by a handsome page in sky-blue pants and a crimson jacket.

"Bid the porter come to me!" said the duke.

The page retired, and a moment after the porter entered.

"Now, my good friend," said the duke, turning to the carrier, "state to this man what you did to me yesterday."

The porter, who now recognized the carrier as one of those applicants whom he had turned away on a former occasion, began to look extremely crest-fallen.

"Speak up, man," said the duke; "you have nothing to fear!"

Thus assured, the carrier went on and related all, and much more than he had on the day preceding. The porter succeeded in stammering out some sort of an excuse, but was speedily frowned into silence by the duke. After he had concluded his story, the duke turned to the porter, and said: "Now, sir, your stay here depends on your making a clean breast of it."

The poor fellow broke down and acknowledged everything. He said he had only thought of the money; the consequence had never occurred to him, but he would be sure and mend in the future.

Said the duke: "The consequence is trifling to you, for you have made your office in my household that of a sinecure; but to me the re-

sult is of immense moment. Here, for years, have I not been pleased to style myself the patron of the poor, only to awaken now and discover that those alone who possessed the means to bribe my domestics, and consequently did not need it, have been the sole recipients of my bounty. I shall look to it in the future. If I did by you as I almost feel it my duty to do, I should forthwith discharge you from my service forever. I might crush you, but what benefit to me, or what benefit to the poor whom your cupidity has defrauded, would result from it? The mission of a wise man is to create instead of destroying, to support instead of pulling down; and by my forbearance in the present instance, I trust I shall not only punish for past offences, but shall encourage to better deeds in the future. You may go, now, and see that you have in readiness, against this poor man's coming, a horse and cart suitable for his business." And with this injunction, he waved the stricken culprit from his presence.

After he was gone, the duke turned to the carrier and said: "Now, my honest friend, do you longer doubt the duke's willingness to assist the deserving?"

The carrier would have embraced the man, had not the conventional shadow of a dukedom stood between them. As it was, he drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes, and dislodged some drops of moisture that had gathered there.

"You will come every year and tell me how you get on?" said the duke, as the carrier made his last awkward bow at the door of the audience-chamber.

No man in England is perhaps so idolized by the peasantry as the Duke of Devonshire. He is the patron of all harmless sports and recreations. He is the presiding genius of the May-day and harvest festivals, on which occasions the jocund feast in the open air, and many other primitive customs are revived.

Chatsworth Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's palace, is situated on a side hill, and surrounded and made up of almost everything of imaginable splendor—gardens, terraces, obeliskal sculpture, parks, conservatories, fountains with dripping naiads, and the waters sparkling and dancing among the pendant branches of the willows. There is also the royal nursery, where a great many of the sovereigns of England have each planted a tree.

The duke is now an old man, and resides most of the time here. Strangers may know when the duke is at home by the Union Jack, which is to be seen floating from one of the towers. It is said that in early life the duke was

much addicted to the "turf," being for a long time the leading feature and principal supporter of the "Chesterfield Races." But of late years he has exhibited a more serious turn; has taken much interest in church affairs, in promoting the interests of the poor, and generally in improving the condition of the peasantry around him. In 1846, the interior of the old Chesterfield church was remodelled by order of the duke, and free pews were placed in it. Chesterfield is about twelve miles from Chatsworth, and there are many legends and superstitions connected with this church. The steeple is built in a twisted, zigzag form, so that in standing in any position beneath, it looks as though it were about to topple down upon you. Near the altar is to be seen the breast bone of a cow, said to have been endowed with an inexhaustible udder, till one day a malicious old witch conceived the diabolical notion of milking it dry through a sieve, which no sooner had she accomplished, than the creature dropped down dead at her feet. The people, who looked upon the cow as an especial gift from heaven, were so indignant at the foul doings of the witch that they forthwith strung her up to the church steeple, when lo! the very steeple itself becoming curious to know upon which side they had hung so infamous a character, stooped over to look, which is one explanation of its present twisted appearance. Another is that a peasant girl came there one day of such wondrous beauty, that the steeple could not resist nodding at her, which is quite as likely to be true as the other, though certainly a high compliment to the young lady's charms.

About a mile from the village of Cawver, on the road to the duke's residence, is a colossal limestone rock, facing on the road, and rising perpendicularly to a height of ninety feet. It is known to the peasantry around by the title of "The Lover's Leap," and is the subject of a curious old legend. As the story runs, a young lord who had come up from London to attend the races at Chesterfield, discovered one day at the fair a peasant girl of such rare beauty that he instantly fell in love with her, and forthwith ordered his servant to follow her on her return, and inform him where she resided as soon as he had fully ascertained.

About midnight, the servant returned, and gave information that she was the daughter of a small farmer residing in Cawver. How to make her acquaintance, the patrician young lord was at a loss to decide; so he recalled his servant, who had a most excellent head at plotting, and laid the case before him.

"If your lordship goes there on purpose to see

her," said the fellow, scratching his head, "the girl will take affright, and then the old folks will take affright; so the next thing—whip—off they'll go and hide up somewhere, your honor, and you'll not get a sight of 'em. You must go to work sort of natural like, and everything must be done just as if it were accident."

"And what plan would you suggest?" said his lordship.

"Why, I'll tell you, your honor," answered the servant. "You must get into the farmhouse by accident, that is as though it was all unexpected to you, and any other house would do just as well. And now I will tell you how I would do it, if I was you. Now supposing I was you, and you was I—that is, my servant, your honor—you see?" said the fellow, laying the tips of his two fore-fingers together emphatically. "I mount my horse, and you being my servant, you mount likewise, and we start off on the road to Cawver. When we get in sight of the farm-house, I point it out to you—no, you point it out to me—no, that's not it—I—no, you—that's it—you are my servant—now I have it—you point it out, and I clap spurs to my horse, and away I go rearing and plunging as though I hadn't the least control over the brute, and when I arrive opposite the house, I am thrown violently to the ground and severely injured. Then you come riding up with the greatest alarm, spring from your horse and cry out lustily for help. Then, as is quite natural, all the inmates will come rushing out to assist me—no, no! you!—to assist you in helping me into the house. You know something of surgery, and when I am put safely to bed, you can dress my wounds and for a day or two shake your head ominously to all questions, as though I was in the most imminent peril—ha, ha! And then I'll begin to mend. Or, *vice versa*!"

"Capital!" said his lordship. "We will attempt your stratagem to-morrow."

Accordingly, the young lord, accompanied by his servant, sallied forth on horseback the very next morning in the direction of Cawver. When they came in sight of the house, his lordship's horse began to rear and plunge, and by the time they arrived opposite, he was thrown with much force to the ground. The servant came up, and dismounting with a great look of trepidation, hallooed loudly for help. The next moment the door opened, and out ran the farmer, his wife, and their peerless daughter, whose name, if I mistake not, proved to be Kl-frida. They were all extremely sorry that such a mishap should have befallen his lordship, at which his lordship smiled faintly; and then at

the urgent solicitations of the daughter, who seemed at first sight to have conceived a violent regard for him, the farmer, with the assistance of the servant, speedily bore his lordship into the house, where he was soon after installed in a nice little room, in a nice little bed, with a nice little patchwork counterpane. For the two following days the servant, who by previous arrangement had acted in the capacity both of nurse and surgeon to his lordship, looked very grave and ominous, and though he steadily affirmed that his master was now quite comfortable, and like to get well, he did not forget to mention yet more frequently that he had had a most wonderful escape of it.

On the third day, he desired Elfrida to sit by his master while he rode over to Chesterfield to transact some business for his lordship. Accordingly, with a fluttering heart, poor Elfrida stole into the invalid's chamber, and seated herself demurely in a vacant chair. His lordship, who feigned to have just awakened from sleep, soon succeeded in engaging her in conversation, which was kept up without flagging till the servant returned from Chesterfield.

All night long the handsome form of the young lord figured wonderfully in the dreams of Elfrida. She fancied they were wandering together through flowery meads and up mountain paths, and every now and then his lordship would fall on his knees before her, and declare his love in the most ardent and persuasive language. At length they approached a little church embowered among trees—a sort of fairy-like grotto, such as the imagination alone pictures—and were met at the porch by an aged rector with an abundance of long white beard which reached quite to his girdle. When they entered the church, they found a bridal party assembled, composed of lords and ladies in rich attire, each holding a wreath of evergreen, interwoven with every description of pastoral flower, and all united in singing one of those sweet bridal hymns, still extant among the peasantry. After they were through, the rector came forward and placed the hand of Elfrida in that of his lordship. Then there was a prolonged shout which seemed to shake the roof of the old church. After the noise had subsided, the rector, in the most musical tones she had ever listened to, repeated the marriage ritual, which in a twinkling transformed the beautiful peasant into the young lord's wife. Then came a second prolonged shout, louder and more deafening than the first, which had the virtue to bring the walls of the church about their ears with a crash, when she awoke.

Day after day, Elfrida continued to sit by his lordship, till such time as the slight scratch on his elbow would permit of his hobbling about on a crutch, which his considerate servant had been thoughtful enough to procure for him. But his intentions, instead of being honorable, as might be expected of a great lord, are to be regarded as exceedingly wicked and infamous. Suffice it to say that poor Elfrida, after a little while, fell a victim to the wiles of her cunning lover. He soon tired of his prize, and his next aim was to furnish a suitable pretext for deserting her. How to do this, he hardly knew. He disliked encouraging a hope which he felt could never be realized. His heart was not yet hardly corrupt enough to suffer him to go up to London with fair promises on his tongue, while the black lie still rested on his soul. He loved Elfrida, but then he was sensible that his rich and powerful father would never give his sanction to an alliance of this description. So one day when they were seated together, he says to Elfrida:

"O, woe is me! O, cruel fate that I had not been born a peasant instead of a lord! Then there would have been no obstacle between us; no one to say unto me, 'do thou so!' I should have been more content with thee, my love, than the most fortunate king on earth with his pampered mistress, or his royal consort. I should have been far more happy, if you will believe me. Then might I have turned the glebe and scattered the grain, and gathered an abundance of everything which the simple wants of nature require. I should have been ignorant of the world; my ambition would have led to rustic sports and simple athletic exercises; my highest aspirations would have been low; and all the glitter and gewgaw, the whirl and excitement and false views of everything, as received through the medium of artificial life, would have been to me a sealed book. But now I am a slave—a slave to parental authority; from birth and education a slave to public opinion; a slave to hereditary titles, lust, and pampered pride. I cannot break the chain. It was forged by Satan for the first among my ancestors, and has descended to me unbroken. It comes down to me with my titles and hereditary honors. I love you, dearest Elfrida; but should I be so reckless as to marry one in your humble walks of life, however good or beautiful or worthy, my father would from that moment disinherit me forever. Then indeed should I be more an object of pity, in my ignorance of what even the most unlettered hind may know, than the meanest pauper that ever felt the weight and authority of a beadle's nod. No, dearest Elfrida, I can

see no way at present of fulfilling my promise to you, without rendering us both the most wretched and miserable of created beings."

When his lordship concluded his harangue, poor Elfrida answered him through her tears, as follows :

"It would be selfish in me, my lord, to ask of you so great a sacrifice. But could you be happy in the society of one who loves you, with the comforts of life without its luxuries—one who would sacrifice everything in her power to minister to your ease and convenience—such a home have we to offer you, in case your father should think proper to withdraw from you his countenance."

"I see," answered his lordship, petulantly, "for the sake of being the wife of an impoverished lord, you would attire yourself in rage and subside on air; but would you promise all this, were I a peasant, and as humble as yourself?"

"Were you a peasant, my lord," answered Elfrida, gently, "you would never have missed what you never experienced."

"True," responded his lordship, with a sarcastic smile. "Your love for the man is of that transitory quality which measures itself in accordance with the honors which his station confers. I may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow, but whatever fortune betide, I am none the less a lord—a peer of the realm. The opulence of a name has dazzled your simple heart, Elfrida. You do not love me for myself alone—of this am I convinced!"

"O, no," cried Elfrida, weeping, "you must not, you shall not be convinced of so great a falsehood! O, my lord, I have not the language to express to you the full measure of my sincerity—my love—my devotion!"

"True love," answered his lordship, "is ever at a loss for words. You should give me more convincing proof of it."

"Alas, alas! how shall I ever be able to give you more convincing proof than I have already?" cried the poor girl, in despairing tones. "O, my lord, have pity on me, and give me some test whereby I may show you the strength of my love, and dissolve forever this terrible doubt. I care not what you bid me do, so that I can do it. Anything—anything, my lord, to break this harrowing suspense."

"Well, my brave girl," said his lordship, smiling, "I have a test for you which shall fully satisfy my doubts, and make you in every way worthy of my love and esteem."

"O, name it—name it!" cried Elfrida, throwing her white arms around the neck of her impatient lover.

"I fancy you will not be so impatient," answered his lordship, "when you come to learn the condition I am about to impose."

Elfrida gazed into her lover's face with an earnest look of inquiry.

"You see the great limestone rock yonder?" said his lordship, pointing in the direction of Chatsworth. "Now you shall ascend to the summit of that rock, Elfrida, and leap down into my arms. I will stand below you in the Cawver road, and catch you as you descend."

For a moment the poor girl was stupified with surprise.

"Will you undertake it now?" said his lordship, laughing; "or will you wait and take into consideration the risk?"

"No!" said Elfrida, with a sudden look of determination. "If you require a sacrifice to prove the strength and sincerity of a peasant girl's love, you shall have it within the hour."

"Shall I lead the way?" said his lordship, with an incredulous smile; "or will you first advise with your friends?"

"No!" answered Elfrida, proudly. "He who seeks his own destruction needs no adviser. I am ready!"

His lordship, thinking it all farce, concluded there would be no harm in carrying the joke a little further; so he caught up his hat and led the way. When they reached the foot of the ascent, they separated, his lordship passing into the Cawver road, which was of solid limestone and as white almost as chalk; while Elfrida toiled wearily up the side of the huge mountain of rock, till she arrived at the summit, which was quite level, and covered an area of several yards.

Shortly after his lordship had taken up his position in the road, he saw the maiden approach and kneel down on the very verge of the rock. Still he considered the entire transaction in the light of a farce, and thinking she would expect him to call out to her to desist ere long, he only laughed to himself and remained silent. In a few minutes, Elfrida arose from her kneeling posture, and gazing down at her lover, for a moment, with a look of unutterable affection, she retreated back till she was lost to view.

"She has acted her part pretty well," thought his lordship, "and is doubtless somewhat disappointed to think—"

Before he could conclude his reflection, the poor girl came bounding forward, her silken hair floating in the wind, and her white hands clasped firmly together. In vain his lordship called on her to desist; in vain, in his frenzy, he strove to wave her back; but useless were all his en-

deavors. The next instant, she sprang from the terrible height into the open space above him. Sick at heart, and dizzy with emotion, he sank to the ground, and closed his eyes during that one moment of awful suspense. The next moment, he felt a pair of soft arms encircling his neck, and opening his eyes with a sudden expression of surprise, he beheld Elfrida kneeling before him, radiant with the sublimity of love and beauty, and perfectly unharmed.

At first, he could hardly credit his senses. Such an exhibition of love and devotion he had never dreamed of witnessing. How she could have escaped from instant destruction, seemed to him almost a miracle; and he resolved that nothing should prevent him from doing justice to one so worthy of his regard. Accordingly, with the approbation of Elfrida's parents, they were privately married soon after this, and some time subsequently, on the death of his father, the young lord made public his marriage with Elfrida, and removed with her to London.

The secret of her wonderful escape is no doubt owing to the fact of the air having gathered under her skirts with such force of resistance as to partially buoy her up. The peasants look upon it as a miraculous interposition, rendered for the ostensible purpose of making her a great lady. The rock rises about centre ways in what is now called "Stony Middleton;" and just at the foot of it ("The Mountain," it is sometimes called), stands a little wayside inn, in front of which, creaking on its rusty hinges, is the sign of "The Lover's Leap," painted in large gilt letters.

#### AN ENGLISH BLUNDER.

Some of the English bulls are quite as amusing as those of their Hibernian neighbors. As Mrs. Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box-orders as she and her daughter had walked four miles to see the play.

"Does she know me?" asked the actress.

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Very odd. Has the woman got her faculties about her?" asked Mrs. Gibbon.

"I think she has, ma'am," said the dresser, "for I see she has something tied up in her pocket handkerchief."

That "beats Bunnagher entirely."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

**DEBTS OF OUR CITIES.**—The city of New York owes \$14,000,000; Philadelphia, \$10,000,000; New Orleans, \$8,000,000; Boston, \$7,000,000; Baltimore, \$5,000,000; Cincinnati, over \$2,000,000; St. Louis, over \$2,000,000; Portland, Me., over \$2,000,000; Mobile, \$1,500,000; Charleston, near \$2,000,000; and San Francisco, \$1,500,000.

#### TO KATE.

BY SAMUEL H. ACHESON.

O, brighter far than the dark blue sea,  
Are the eyes that beam with love for me;  
O, sweeter far than the wild bird's song,  
Is the voice that murmurs "Love, stay not long!"  
O, purer far than earth's purest snows,  
Is the bosom with love that for me now glows,  
And dearer than all in earth or air  
Are the lips that for me now move in prayer.

O, earnest and fond are the thoughts that rise  
From her pure soul to heaven's bright skies;  
O, soft is the hand as the softest down  
Which to mine in love's chain shall soon be bound,  
And dear is the heart which to mine shall be clasped,  
There to be cherished while life shall last,  
And heard shall my voice be early and late,  
Asking a blessing on "my own dear Kate."

#### A GREAT COUNTRY.

There is a prevalent impression in these diggings that the United States is a "great country," and people abroad are beginning to admit that there is some foundation for our bragging about its extent and importance. Very few persons, however—except those old fogies who muddle their heads over statistics,—are aware how great it is. The figures, however, are startling in their significance. R. S. Elliott, Esq., of St. Louis, lately lectured in our Representatives' Hall on this subject, and we propose to gather from his address some facts which will open the eyes of many of our readers.

The Northwest, including Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the territory of Minnesota, lying on some of the largest lakes and rivers in the world, embraces one hundred and fifty-six millions of acres—nearly twice the area of Queen Victoria's kingdom of Great Britain, and capable of being divided into thirty-one States as large as Massachusetts, with a surplus of land about large enough for another "Little Rhody."

The Central West embraces Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Fifty-five years ago there were not fifty-five thousand people in all that region, except the original owners of the soil, who have given way to the superior races, and now there are five millions of inhabitants. The census of 1860 will give them a population nearly double that of the "Old Thirteen," when those colonies went into the war of Independence. Their actual valuation is not less than two thousand five hundred millions of dollars! More than one-fourth of all the railroads in the United States are in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The city of Chicago is instanced as a prodigy of rapid growth. In 1840 she had 4500 people;

in 1855 she had nearly 85,000. St. Louis has also made a marvellous progress—marvellous to us “wise men of the East,” but not surprising to the wise men of the West. The total receipts of grain at Chicago for the past year were 20,486,593 bushels. The city of Cincinnati, in the heart of the great Ohio valley, is the centre of a system of her own. The Ohio valley—by which we mean the area drained by the tributaries of the Ohio River—is one of the most fertile on the globe. It is also rich in mineral wealth—coal and iron. A project is now in agitation to make a slackwater steamboat canal of the Ohio River its entire length (a thousand miles), and the thing will be done. Manufacturing industry has already reached an almost wonderful extent and perfection in Cincinnati, considering that she is not yet threescore and ten years old. We may therefore expect Cincinnati to grow in the future almost as greatly as in the past. Louisville, Ky., with a population of 85,000, is one of the richest cities in the Union.

The Far West includes Missouri and Kansas. Here we have a territory about fifteen times as large as the State of Massachusetts. In Missouri, according to the report of Professor Swallow, the State geologist, the great coal field of the State covers an area of 26,000 square miles (more than three times the area of Massachusetts) of inexhaustible beds of coal! South of the Missouri River, extending from the Mississippi to the western line of the State, there is a metaliferous region, covering an area of at least twenty thousand square miles, with mines of iron, lead, copper, cobalt and nickel—the most valuable of the metals,—and having also the best flint sand for glass, and the best porcelain clay, yet discovered in the United States. And this immense district of metallic resources has the advantage of a soil more than sufficient to feed all the miners that can ever be employed in it, if they swarm as thickly as the miners in Cornwall, or the Hartz Mountains! The population of Missouri in 1850 was 682,044. It is now not less than 850,000, and her valuation is \$180,000,000. Her population would have been much greater, but for the exodus to Oregon and California. The people are adventurous and enterprising, and some of their best men are now on the Pacific.

But we know not where to stop in describing the greatness and importance of the region west of the Alleghany range of mountains. The future of this region is indeed dazzling, and particularly interesting to us of the Atlantic seaboard, when we reflect that our prosperity is

intimately linked with the fortunes of the Great West, and that there is an inexhaustible market for our manufactures, and an inexhaustible supply of minerals and agricultural productions for our consumption.

#### A TRUE HERO.

The world is deaf, dumb and blind to its truest heroes, while it lavishes laurels on sham greatness. But whenever an act of heroic daring occurs, it is the duty of the press to sound its praises. Let not, therefore, the name of JOHN T. HASKINS be forgotten. He was the engineer in charge of a passenger train on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad, and he saved one hundred and fifty passengers from destruction or mutilation by his nerve and presence of mind. He was running rapidly upon an embankment, when a flange of one of his wheels flew off, and his practised eye warned him that the slight divergence of the head of the locomotive foretold the immediate precipitation of the machine down the precipice. It occurred to him that if he could break the coupling of the cars, he could carry the passengers through the crisis unharmed. The idea and the execution were with him almost simultaneous. He twitched open the throttle valve to its full extent, and suddenly gave the pistons a full head of steam. The engine bounded forward frantically, snapped the couplings, and rolled down the embankment, while the train shot safely forward on the rails, and was stopped by the breaks. It is pleasant to add that the engineer, though severely wounded by the fall of the locomotive, was not fatally injured. With the dignity of true heroism he refused a present of money which the grateful passengers tendered him, saying that he had simply done his duty, and that the safety of the passengers was his sufficient reward. He is truly what the Germans call a “golden man.”

It is such deeds as his that excite our highest admiration. The pilot clinging to the wheel while his boat is in flames; the heroic girl launching the life-boat to the rescue of the wretched mariners; the angel abandoning the luxuries of rank to breathe the pestilential air of the Crimean hospitals—these are figures that live in our gallery of heroic men and women. And there are not so few of them as the world imagines. Their deeds are not recorded here, but elsewhere there is a record that embalms their deeds, and an angel voice to chant their praises in a better world.

PROVERB.—The man who speaks much does not always tell the truth.

## SPRING.

BY MRS. E. T. EMERSON.

Bright, beauteous Spring! I hail thee with a greeting  
 Less rapturous than in childhood's sunny days;  
 Thy radiant charms, though hallowed, seem more fleeting;  
 My eyes are tear-dimmed while I sing thy praise.  
 Young, tender violets fill the air with fragrance,  
 Sweet emblems of a modest maiden's worth,  
 And bird-songs cheer me with their low, glad cadence,  
 Leading my thoughts beyond this sin-stained earth.

And even the caged canary now is singing  
 A gladder measure, low, and sweet, and clear;  
 Young children half-blown buds and flowers are bringing,  
 To tempt the captive bird. Bright Spring is here.  
 Sweet, trembling warbler, could the King of kings  
 Bear thee aloft toward the unshadowed skies,  
 Then wouldst thou sing of joy dear freedom brings,  
 Though many a captive in his bondage dies!

Bright sunbeams on the streamlet now are resting,  
 Wooing the lily-buds to open their leaves;  
 Within their watery home they share the blessing  
 A Father's hand round every floweret weaves.  
 Now lightly sailing down the crystal river,  
 A pleasure-boat bears on a merry train,  
 The white sails in the soft breeze gently quiver;  
 O, happy childhood! all unknown to pain!

Sweet, balmy Spring! I'll strive to feel thy gladness,  
 For thou wert ever dear unto my heart;  
 A pitying Father gently soothes my sadness,  
 And heaven seems nearer whilst my teardrops start;  
 Cool zephyrs kiss my brow with fond devotion,  
 No traitorous sting lurks in the soothing kiss!  
 My heart is bounding with a glad emotion,  
 And I am yielding to a rapturous bliss.

Now dear ones from the angel-land are near me,  
 Soft, dimpled hands are resting on my brow;  
 Come, ye bright seraphs, every morn to cheer me,  
 For Spring's young flower-buds open with beauty now;  
 And I am dreaming of fair flowers in heaven,  
 Made vernal by a Father's smile of love:  
 I'll shrine earth's flowers till earthly ties are riven,  
 Till fadeless garlands crown my brow above.

## THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICE:

—OR,—

## NO SALARY THE FIRST YEAR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. BENJAMIN GOODWIN took his eldest son to the great city, for he had obtained, as he thought, an excellent place for his boy. It was a situation in the store of Mr. Andrew Phelps. Mr. Phelps was one of the heaviest merchants in the city; a dealer in cloths of all kinds, descriptions, qualities, and quantities. He had no partner, for he was one of those exact, nervous men, who want no second party in the way. It was near noon when Mr. Goodwin entered the

merchant's counting-room, leading his boy by the hand.

Gilbert Goodwin was fourteen years of age, rather small, but with energy of mind and body sufficient to make up for it. His brow was high and open; his eyes of a mild, yet deep, dark blue, and his features all made up for truth and goodness. His father was a farmer, honest and poor, who had given his son a good education, and who now wished his further education to be of a practical kind. A friend had once advised him to make a merchant of the boy—it was the village school-master,—and the advice came not as flattery, but as the result of a careful consideration of the boy's qualities. By the assistance of other friends, this opportunity had been found.

"I have brought my son, Mr. Phelps, as we had arranged, and I am sure you will find him punctual and faithful."

"Ah—master Gilbert—ahem—yes—I like his looks. Hope he will prove all you wish."

As the merchant thus spoke in a matter-of-fact sort of way, he smiled kindly upon the boy, and then turning to the parent he resumed.

"Have you found a boarding place for him yet?"

"Yes, sir, he will board with his uncle, my wife's brother, sir."

"Ah, that is fortunate. This great city is a bad place for boys without friends."

"Of course, sir," added Mr. Goodwin. "And yet I hope you will overlook his affairs a little."

"Certainly, what I can. But of course you are aware that I shall see little of him when he is out of the store."

Mr. Goodwin said "of course," and there was a silence of some moments. The parent gazed down upon the floor a little while, and finally he said:

"There has been nothing said yet, Mr. Phelps about the pay."

"Pay?" repeated the merchant.

"Yes, sir, what pay are you willing to allow my son for his services?"

"Ah," said Mr. Phelps, with a bland smile, "I see you are unacquainted with our customs. We never pay anything the first year."

"Not pay?" uttered Mr. Goodwin, somewhat surprised. "But I am to pay Gilbert's board, myself, and I thought of course you would allow him something for pocket-money."

"No, we never pay anything the first year. If you were going to send your son to an academy, or a college, you would not expect the teachers to pay him for his studying?"

"No, sir."

"Just so it is here. We look upon an ap-



prentice here as a mercantile scholar, and for the first year he can be of little real benefit to us, though he is all the while reaping valuable knowledge to himself. Why, there are at this moment fifty youngsters whose wealthy parents would be glad to get them into the birth you have secured for your boy."

"Then you pay nothing?" said the parent, rather sadly.

"Not the first year. That is our rule. We will teach him all we can, and at the end of that time we shall retain him, if he is faithful and worthy, and pay him something."

If that was the custom, of course Mr. Goodwin could make no objections, though he was much disappointed. But he had labored hard to secure the place for his son, and he would not give it up now. He had strained his slender means to the utmost in doing what he had already taken upon himself, and he could do no more.

"Never mind, my son," the parent said, when he and his child were alone. "You have clothes enough to last you through the year, and you can get along without much more. Here is one dollar—it is all that I have over and above what I must use to get home with—that will find you in spending money for some time. But mind and be honest, my boy. Come home to me when you please, come in rags and filth, if it may be, but come with your truth and honor safe and untarnished."

The boy wiped a tear from his eye as he gave the promise, and the father felt assured. It was arranged that Gilbert should have two vacations during the year, of a week each; one in the Spring, and the other at Thanksgiving, and then the parent left.

On the following morning Gilbert Goodwin entered the store to commence his duties. He gazed around upon the wilderness of cloth, and wondered where the people were who should buy all this; but he was disturbed in his reverie by a spruce young clerk, who showed him where the watering-pot and broom were, and then informed him that his first duty in the morning was, to sprinkle and sweep the floor. So at it the boy went, and when this was done he was set at work carrying bundles of cloth up stairs, where a man was piling them away.

And so Gilbert's mercantile scholarship was commenced. For awhile he was homesick, but the men at the store only laughed at him, and ere long he got rid of the feeling. A month passed away, and at the end of that time his dollar was spent. He had broken it first to purchase a pocket-knife, which he could not well do without. That took half of it. Then he had

attended a scientific lecture, for which he paid half of what was left, and the rest had dwindled away, until now he was without a penny. But he bore up for awhile. He saw that the boys in the neighboring stores had money to spend, but then he thought they had rich fathers. He knew that his father had nothing to spare. He knew that the generous parent had already burdened himself with more than he was really able to bear with comfort to himself; so he would not send to him. And yet it was unpleasant to be without money; to be in that great city, where there was so much for amusement and profit, without even a penny with which to purchase a moment of enjoyment, or a drop of extra comfort. No boy could be more faithful than was Gilbert in the store. The clerks and salesmen all loved him, and Mr. Phelps often congratulated himself upon having obtained so excellent an apprentice. He worked early and late—and he worked hard—performed more of real physical labor than any one else in the store, if we except the stout Irish porter.

Four months passed away, and then Mr. Goodwin came to the city to see his son. Gilbert possessed a keen, discriminating mind, and he knew that if he made complaint of his penury, his father would be unhappy; so he said nothing of it, but only professed to be very much pleased with his situation; and the parent shed tears of joy, when he heard the wealthy merchant praise his son.

"Is your dollar gone, Gilbert?" the father asked, before he started for home.

"Yes," said the boy, with a faint smile.

"Then I must give you another, for I suppose you need a little. Has Mr. Phelps given you anything?"

"No, sir. And I will not ask him, for I know his rule."

"That's right, my son. But take this. I wish I could make it more."

And so did Gilbert wish, but not for the world would he have said so. He too deeply appreciated all his father was doing for him to complain.

Mr. Goodwin returned home, and Gilbert once more had a little money; but it lasted not long. A dollar was a small sum for such a place. A portion of it he expended for a few small articles which he absolutely needed; then he attended a concert with his uncle's folks, and ere long his pocket was again empty. His position was now more unpleasant than before. There were a thousand simple things for which he wanted a little money. His little, bright-eyed cousins teased him for some slight tokens, and his older

cousins wondered why he didn't attend any of the concerts and lectures.

One evening, after the store was closed, Gilbert stood upon the iron steps with the key in his hand—for he was now entrusted with that important implement—when he was joined by a lad named Baker, who held the same position in the adjoining store that Gilbert did in Mr. Phelps's.

"Say, Gil, going to the concert to-night?" asked Baker.

"No—I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, to tell you the plain truth, Jim, I haven't got the money."

"Pooh! Come along. I'll pay the scot."

"But I don't wish to run in debt, Jim, for I may never pay you."

"Pay me! Who talked about paying? If I offer to pay, that's enough. Come along. It'll be a glorious concert."

"But I must go home and get some supper."

"No, go with me and get supper."

But Gilbert could not go without letting his aunt know, so Baker walked round that way with him. Then they went to the restaurant; here Baker paid for the supper. He had several bank-notes, and poor Gilbert gazed upon them with longing looks. O, if he could only have a little money. Say one dollar a week, or one dollar in two weeks, how much happier he could feel. As soon as they had eaten supper they went to the concert room, and Gilbert was charmed with the sweet music he heard. He fancied it had a noble influence upon him, and that it awoke more generous impulses in his soul. But alas! How can a man, or a youth, be over-generous, with an empty pocket always?

From this time, James Baker was Gilbert's firm friend, as the world goes. The latter told all his secrets to Jim, and in return he heard all his friend's.

"Say, Gil, how is it you never have any money?" Baker asked, as they were together one evening in front of the store after having locked up.

"Why," returned Gilbert with some hesitation, "to tell you the plain truth, my father is too poor. He has done enough for me now—more than he can well afford. He has never asked me to work on his farm, but he has sent me to school, and now he is paying my board while I learn to be a merchant. But my father is good, if he is poor."

"Of course he is," warmly replied Baker. "That's where you find your good hearts, among the poor. But don't you make the store pay you for taking care of it?"

"No, Mr. Phelps pays nothing the first year."

"Why, are you in earnest, Gil? Haven't you ever got any money for your hard work?"

"No, not a penny. Two dollars is all the money I have had since I have been here, and those my father gave me."

"Well, you're a moral improbability, a regular anomaly. Why, I make the store pay me something. Mind you—I don't call it stealing, for it isn't. My master receives the benefit of all my work, and I am entitled to something in return. He is rich, while I am poor. My hard work turns money into his till; and shall I dig and delve and lug my life away for nothing? No. When I want a little money, I take it. Did I take enough to squander, and waste, and gamble away, as some do, I should call it stealing; but I don't. Yet I must have something. How do you suppose our masters think we live without money? They don't think so; if they do they must be natural born fools. That's all I've got to say about it."

"But how do you do it?" asked Gilbert, tremulously.

"How? Why, sometimes I help myself to a few handkerchiefs which I sell; and sometimes I take a gentle peep at the drawer."

When Gilbert Goodwin went to his bed that night, there was a demon with him. The tempter had come! For a long time there had been a shadowy, misty form hovering about him, but not until now had it taken palpable shape. He allowed himself to reason on the subject, but not yet was his mind made up. On the following day he met young Baker again, and he learned that all the apprentices on the street did the same thing.

A week passed on, and during all that time Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Baker had had its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to carry her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse her. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came in—mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying the cash. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some

of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy, yet he could not.

That night the boy slept, and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him all pale and sad, and told him he had disgraced them forever. "O, my boy, my own, loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!" So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed; but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of a bowed and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was one long hour ere he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft repeated words of his father: "A sin concealed is a second sin committed." It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, but when once the word had passed his lips, his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Phelps came in, and entered his counting-room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank into a chair.

"Gilbert, what is the matter?" uttered the merchant, kindly.

The boy collected all his energies, and in a low, painful tone he answered:

"I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—"

"What? Going to leave me?" uttered the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated. "No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick, you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now."

"Hear me, sir," resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. "O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet lost. My father is poor, too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent, healthy amusements which I have seen my companions enjoying. For long weeks together, I have been without a penny in my pocket, and at such times I have felt much shame in view of my extreme poverty.

My father has given me two dollars—one when he left me here, and one when he came to visit me. But what was that? Nearly all of it went for small articles which I absolutely needed. Lectures, concerts, and various other places of healthy entertainment, were visited by my companions, but I could not go. At length the fatal knowledge was mine, that others of my station had money for such things; money which they took from their employers without leave. I pondered upon it long and deeply; and in pondering I was lost. Yesterday I took—two—dollars—"

Here the poor boy burst into tears, but the merchant said not a word. In a few moments Gilbert resumed:

"You know the worst now. I took it, and a part of it I used last night—but, O, I want no more such hours of agony as I have passed since that time. Here is a dollar and a half, sir. Take it—and when I get home I will send you the rest. O, let me go, for I cannot stay where temptation haunts me. Away in the solitude of my father's farm, I shall not want the money I cannot have. You may tell me that I have had experience—but alas, that experience only tells me that while I remain here the tempter must be with me. I would not long for what I cannot possess. While I have wants and desires, the wish must be present to gratify them. Let me go, sir; but O, tell not my shame."

The boy stopped and bowed his head. The merchant gazed upon him awhile in silence, and during that time a variety of shades passed over his countenance.

"Gilbert," he said at length, in a low, kind tone, "you must not leave me. For a few moments I will forget the difference in our stations, and speak as plainly as you have spoken. I have been in the wrong, I freely confess. I should have known that temptation was thrown in your way—a temptation which should not be cast in the way of any person—much less in the way of an inexperienced youth. Since you have been so nobly frank, I will be equally so. Forgive me for the situation in which I placed you, and the past shall be forgotten. Until this moment I never thought seriously of this subject—I never before realised how direct was the temptation thus placed before the apprentices of our houses. But I see it all now. I know that to the boy who has no money, the presence of both money and costly amusement must be too fearful a temptation for ordinary youths. But you shall not leave me. From this moment I shall trust you implicitly—and I shall love you for your noble disposition and fine sense of honor. I shall not

fear to trust you henceforth, for you shall have pecuniary recompense somewhat commensurate with the labor you perform. I have often blessed the hour that brought you to my store, for I have seen in you a valuable assistant, and if I have ever held a lingering doubt of your strict integrity I shall hold it no more, for it requires more strength of moral purpose to acknowledge, unasked, a crime, than it does to refrain from committing one. Never again will I accept the labor of any person without paying him for it, and then if he is dishonest no blame can attach to me. You will not leave me, Gilbert?"

The boy gazed up into his employer's face, but for awhile tears and sobs choked his utterance. Mr. Phelps drew him to his side, and laying his hand upon the youth's head, he resumed:

"If I blame you for this momentary departure from strict honesty, the love I bear you for your noble confession vastly more than wipes it all away. Henceforth you shall have enough for your wants, and when the year is up we will make an arrangement which can but please you. What say you—will you stay?"

"If—if—I only knew that you would never abhor me for this—"

"Stop, Gilbert—I have spoken to you the truth, and you need have no fear. I will pay you three dollars a week for your own instruction and amusement, and when you want clothes or other matters of like necessity, if you will speak to me you shall have them. All of the past is forgotten, save your many virtues, and henceforth I know you only for what you shall prove."

Gilbert tried in vain to tell his gratitude, but the merchant saw it all, and with tears in his own eyes he blessed the boy, and then bade him go about his work.

The year passed away, and then another boy came to take Gilbert's place, for the latter took his station in the counting room. But the new boy came not as boys had come before. The merchant promised to pay him so much per week, enough for all practical purposes—and then he felt that he should not be responsible for the boy's honesty.

At the age of seventeen Gilbert Goodwin took the place of one of the assistant book-keepers, and at the age of nineteen he took his place at the head of the counting-room, for to an aptness at figures and an untiring application to his duty, he added a strength of moral integrity, which made his services almost invaluable.

And now he has grown up to be a man, and the bright eyed girl who was so intimately con-

nected with that one dark hour of his life has been his wife for several years. He is still in the house of Mr. Phelps, and occupies the position of business partner, the old merchant having given up work, and now trusting all to his youthful associate. Gilbert Goodwin has seen many young men fall, and he has often shuddered in view of the wide road of temptation which is open to so many more; and he has made it one of the rules of his life, that he will have no persons in his employ to whom he cannot afford to pay a sum sufficient to remove them from inevitable temptation.

#### A MODEL PRIME MINISTER.

It is related of the Duke of Newcastle, who was Secretary of State for the Southern provinces (including the American colonies), during the French and Indian war, that he was profoundly ignorant of geography. Indeed, he was a regular ignoramus. When one of his secretaries hinted the necessity of some defence for Annapolis, he replied with his evasive, lisping hum: "Annapolis, Annapolis! O yes, Annapolis must be defended; where is Annapolis?" On another occasion at the beginning of the war, he was thrown into a great fright by the story that 30,000 French had marched from Arcadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" was asked. "Transports!" cried he, "I tell you they marched by land." "By land to the island of Cape Breton?" "What, is Cape Breton an island? Are you sure of that?" And away he posted, with an "Egad, I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island."—*Boston Journal*.

#### ANOTHER JONAH.

A clergyman in South Carolina was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating on the consequences of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "And are there any Jonahs here?" A negro present, whose name was Jonah, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with the broadest grin and best bow, answered: "Here be one, massa."

#### COULDN'T DO IT.

Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in his "experiments."

"Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five cent piece, which the lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy, confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

No government can flourish where the manners and morals of the people are corrupted.

## MOONLIGHT HOURS.

We met—'twas on a summer's eve,  
When all was calm and still;  
The fair young moon her silvery light  
Shone far o'er vale and hill.  
We wandered by the murmuring stream,  
Where the rippling waters glide;  
Earth seemed too fair, too beautiful,  
For sorrow to betide.

The light-winged, rosy hours flew fast  
Along the moon-lit shore;  
Soon came the time to say farewell—  
Farewell to meet no more.  
And sadness wreathed the low-toned words  
Of parting by the main;  
Yet o'er the heart these stole a hope,  
That friends might meet again.

But all is dark and lonely now,  
Along the sanded shore;  
No more we wander by the waves,  
As in the times of yore.  
And far away mid sunny scenes,  
I rove o'er life's blue sea;  
Yet memory turns to moonlight hours,  
And all it loved with thee. D. D. M.

## THE WONDERFUL HOUSEMAID.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I'LL bet I know somebody that's a great deal handsomer than she," exclaimed little Nell Summers in a lively tone, as she tossed her building blocks into a basket, pell-mell, and climbed into the lap of her uncle Herbert. "Miss Kate Odell can't begin to be as beautiful as our Ellen."

"And who is 'our Ellen?'" asked Mr. Lincoln, as he toyed with the child's sunny curls; "and how came little Miss Nell to know what her mother and I were talking about? We thought you were too busy with your fairy castles to listen to us."

"And if I was busy, couldn't I hear? It takes eyes and hands to build castles, not ears—don't you know that, Mr. Uncle?"

"If I didn't, I do now;" and he roguishly pinched the small snowy ones that lay hidden behind the long ringlets. "But tell me, little niece, where and who is that beautiful creature that rivals the belle of the season in charms, according to you?"

"Why, it's Ellen, our Ellen, and she's up stairs, I suppose."

"But who's Ellen, and what does she here?"

"Why, Ellen's the maid, and she sweeps and dusts and lays the table, and waits on it, too, and does everything that maids always do, and a great deal besides, for mama never has to

think any more, and George and I don't have to cry over our lessons."

"A wonderful maid, indeed," said Uncle Herbert, in an incredulous tone; "I fancy Miss Odell wouldn't be scared if she knew who her beautiful rival was. But how came she here?"

"Why, mama hired her, as she does all her maids, and unless she gets married, we shall always have her, for I know she'll never do anything bad."

"A paragon, truly—this Ellen; pray explain, mama;" and Mr. Lincoln turned to his sister.

"I cannot," said she. "I can only corroborate what Nell has told you. Ellen is a maid who has lived with me a fortnight only, and yet in that time has won my heart completely. In person—but as you stop to tea, you will see her, and you can judge yourself if she does not rival and fairly, too, with the brilliant belle of the winter. In manners, she is a perfect lady; she has, too, exquisite taste and a tact in the management of household affairs that I never saw equalled—"

"Tell him how sweetly she sings," interrupted the little daughter. "She sings me to sleep every night, and I always feel, when I shut my eyes, as if I were going right up to heaven!"

"Bravo, Nell! A very angel of a housemaid she must be. I long to see her;" and he laughed in that peculiar tone which seems to say, "you're telling me but a humbug story."

"You'll laugh the other side of your mouth," said Nell, earnestly, "won't he, mama, when he comes to see her?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered her mother, gaily; "indeed, if he had not as good as owned that he had lost his heart to Miss Odell, I shouldn't care to give so young and enthusiastic a man a glimpse of my pretty maid. But list, I hear her gentle tread."

The door of the sitting-room was opened, and there glided into the room, with a step light as a fairy's, a young, slender but exquisitely graceful female. The single glance which Herbert directed towards her, as she entered, filled his soul with a wondrous vision, for beauty sat enthroned upon every feature of the blushing face. The fair oval forehead, the soft dark eye with its long drooping lashes, the delicately chiselled nose, the rose-tinted cheeks, the full scarlet lips, each items of loveliness, were blended in so perfect and complete a union, that one felt, as he gazed upon the countenance, as does the florist, when he plucks a half-blown moss rose—Heaven might have made it more beauteous still, but this suffices.

There was a little embarrassment visible in

her attitude, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of company, but only for an instant did she yield to it. Recovering herself hastily, she said to Mrs. Summers:

"Did you decide, ma'am, to have tea an hour earlier than usual?"

It was a simple question, but the accents thrilled the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, if there be so much music in her voice when she speaks only as a servant to her mistress, how heavenly it might be in a lover's ear; and from that time he did not wonder at little Nell's remark about her songs of lullaby.

"We did, Ellen, and you may lay the cloth at once. My brother will stop with us."

Intuitively delicate, Herbert seemed all the while busy with his little niece, and did not once look towards the beautiful domestic during the moments that elapsed ere the tea was ready, yet he stole many a furtive glance at her through the golden curls of his little playmate, and when she glided from the room, he felt as though the sunshine was driven from his path.

"Isn't she more beautiful than Miss Odell, say, uncle?" whispered Nell, as the door closed on her. "Didn't I tell the truth when I said I knew somebody that was handsomer than she?"

"Indeed you did," said Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. "She is nearly perfect."

"I wish you could see her with her hair curled, uncle. Once or twice, when we were up stairs alone, she has let me take out her comb, and such long silky ringlets as I made by just twisting it over my fingers—O, I don't believe you ever saw any so beautiful in all your life! I teased her to wear it so all the time, but she shook her head and combed them up into braids again, and said curls and housemaids didn't look well together; and when I asked why not, she said I'd know when I grew older, and then two or three great tears stood in her eyes, and I do believe, uncle, she cries some nights all the time, for her eyes look so red some mornings. Aint it too bad that such a handsome girl should have to be a maid?"

"Yes, by my soul it is," said the young man, warmly. "Do tell me, sister, her story. There must be some romance in it. She has not been a menial all her life."

"What I know, I can tell in a few words, Herbert. When Bessie, my last maid, gave notice of leaving, she said she could recommend a substitute, and I, not being very well, thought I would sooner trust her than run the risk of going day after day to the intelligence office. She said a young girl who, with her widowed mother, lived on the same floor with some of her friends,

had applied to her for aid in obtaining a situation as maid, and she thought, from what she had seen and knew of her, she would suit me exactly. I was somewhat startled when I saw her, for though Bessie had told me how beautiful and ladylike she was, I was not prepared for the vision that met me, and, to tell the truth, in a most unbusiness and *unhousekeeperly* way, I engaged her at once, without inquiring as to her abilities or her recommendations. She won my heart at sight, and she has won my head since, for she is not only thorough in the performance of her duties, but executes them with a taste and judgment I have never seen excelled by any matron. If the day is cloudy, when you enter the parlor you will find that she has so disposed the window-hangings, that the most will be made of the sunlight; if it is sunny, she will so arrange them that a gentle twilight seems to shadow you. She is indeed a perfect artist in the arrangement of everything, studying and combining effect and comfort. I feel with you that her lot has not always been so lowly, but there is a certain respect she inspires in one, that forbids close questioning. I incline to the opinion that she and her mother have been sorely pinched for means, and that finding needlework an inadequate compensation, she has chosen to work out, as by that means, while she earns more a week, she saves her board from out their scanty income and has time to rest. But here is papa and herself with the tea."

As soon as they were fairly seated, and the cups had been passed, Mrs. Summers turned gently to the maid, as she waited beside her chair, and said, in a low tone, "we shall need nothing more at present." Quietly, but with visible pleasure, she withdrew; and as the door closed on her, Herbert exclaimed:

"Thank you, sister, for sending her away. I could not have borne to see so ladylike a creature wait upon me. It seemed clownish in me to sit for a moment while she was standing. In good sooth, if I had so fair a maid, I should be democratic enough to ask her to eat with me."

"And thus wound her self-respect. No, brother, she has chosen for some good reason her menial lot, and I can see would prefer to be so regarded. All I can do, till I can further win her confidence, is to make her duties as little galling as possible. But come, sip some of her delicious tea. It will give you inspiration to compliment Miss Odell to-night."

"Miss Odell go to—France!" said the young man, hastily. "A painted doll—good for balls and parties, but no fitter for life in its realities than Nell's waxen baby!"

"He's beginning to laugh the other side of his mouth, isn't he, mama?" exclaimed the little girl. "I knew he'd love Ellen best."

Herbert blushed, and Mrs. Summers adroitly changed the conversation. The housemaid was not alluded to again till an hour after tea had passed, when George, the eldest of the family, a bright but somewhat capricious boy of twelve, rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming eagerly:

"Mayn't Ellen stay in to-night, mama, and go out to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly, if she chooses, my son."

"But she don't choose, and that's the trouble. I want her to stay and she says she can't, because her mother will be so anxious about her."

"But why do you wish her to stay, George? You certainly have no command of her or her time. Pray, what do you want she should do?"

"Why, I want her to show me how to do those horrible hard sums way in the back part of the arithmetic, and I want her to tell me how to conjugate that awful irregular French verb, *aller*—I wish it would *aller* into France where it belongs—and I want her to hear my Latin and—"

"Turn into a *school-ma'am*, after toiling as maid all day. No, George, no—I have been very grateful to Ellen for the assistance she has shown you in your studies, but I cannot allow her leisure hours to be so sorely invaded," interrupted his mother, while her brother held up both hands in much amazement; for, to tell the truth, since he had seen the maid, he was prepared to believe everything wonderful of her, and would not have been surprised to hear that she knew as many tongues as Burritt himself.

"Vefily," said he, gaily, "this passes all—a housemaid, and hear your Latin lessons! What else does she know?"

"Everything," said George, earnestly. "She can talk French better than monsieur, and *la belle* Italian tongue—O, how sweet it is to hear her read and sing it! I tell you, Uncle Herbert, she knows the most of any woman I ever saw, and if you was a knight of olden times, you'd do battle for her beauty and rescue her from the slavery of that old despot, poverty;" and the boy's eyes flashed and he drew himself proudly up, as though he would have grown a man that moment and shown his prowess.

"Bravo, George!" exclaimed his uncle. "She needs no more valiant knight than her youthful page promises to be. Should your right arm ever be wounded in the defence of your queen of beauty, advise me of it, and I'll rush to the rescue." The words were lightly spoken, but there was a meaning deeper and more divine

involved in them than the speaker would have then cared to own even to himself.

The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door closed on Ellen, little Nell was snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had borne her with kisses and music tones, and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ball-room. But with all its light, splendor and gaiety, it had no fascinations for Uncle Herbert. His thoughts were with that beautiful girl who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that ever crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did Ellen the housemaid. \* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Summers had rightly conjectured the reason why one so gifted had become a mendicant, though not for many weeks did she learn the whole story. It was briefly this: The father of Ellen, Mr. Seymour, had been a prosperous merchant in a neighboring city. Wedded to a lovely woman, wealth flowing in upon him with a heavy current, a beautiful child to sport on his hearthstone, life for some years glided by like a airy dream. All the riches of his own and his young wife's heart were lavished upon Ellen, and as she grew up lovelier in person than even her infancy had promised, so she grew beautiful in mind and soul, the idol of the family altar.

She was in her eighteenth year when the first blow struck them—the long and fearful illness of the husband and father. A mere wreck of himself, physically and mentally, he was at length pronounced convalescent, though perfect health, the physician said, could only be bartered for in a sunnier clime.

They sailed at once for Italy. A year had been passed in that beautiful land, a delicious and exhilarating one to them all, for the step of the invalid had grown steadier each moment, his eye wore its wonted brightness, his cheeks their glow, and the pride of mind sat again enthroned upon the noble brow, when, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless heaven, there fell the second blow. The mercantile house, in which he was head partner, had failed—ay, and failed in such a way that, though innocent as a babe, his name was covered with infamy. It was too much for the spirit, not yet strong. Poverty it could have borne, but disgrace shivered it entirely. He lay for some months in hopeless lunacy, never raving, but only sighing and moaning, growing each day paler and weaker. But he passed not

so away. When the last hour of life drew near, his darkened soul was light again, and he tenderly counselled the two dear ones who had hung over him so faithfully, and bade them be of good cheer, for though wealth was gone, the unspotted honor of the husband and father should be yet shown to the world. Then commending them to the All-Father, with a hand clasped by each, their sweet voices blended in holy hymns, he passed away. A grave was hollowed out for him on classic ground, and the snowy marble wreathed with affection's chaplets a few times, and then sadly the mourners turned away, a proud ship bearing them to their native land.

Where were the crowds that had flocked about them, as they left its shores? Alas! the widow and her child found none of them. Alone and unaided, they were left to stem the torrent of adversity. Theirs was a trite story. One and another thing they strove to do, but the obloquy that rested on the dead man's grave followed his living darlings, till poverty, in its most cruel sense, pressed heavily upon them.

"Let us go where we are unknown," said Ellen, passionately, yet mournfully, one evening, as after a futile search for employment, she returned to their humble lodgings and buried her weeping face in her mother's bosom. "They will kill me with their cold, proud looks. I'd rather beg my bread of strangers than ask honest employment of these scornful ones, who trample so fiendishly upon our sacred griefs."

And they gathered up the remnant of their treasures, and silently and secretly, lest the shame should fly before them, went to a lonely home in the city, where we find them. There they readily procured needlework, and all they could do, for their fingers beautified every garment that passed through their hands. But the song of the shirt was soon the only one they had strength to sing. Night brought no rest to the weary day, and though twenty instead of the "twelve hours" of the Bible were bent in toll, they were famished and frozen.

"Mother," said Ellen one evening, as the chimes of midnight found them still at work, "this is too much for woman. I shall sew no longer."

"But what will you do, darling?" and Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale, thin face; "shall we starve?"

"Mother," there was resolution in the tone now, "mother, I shall hire out as housemaid. Do not attempt to dissuade me, my mind is determined. It is as honorable as this—I shall earn as much, if not more than now; I shall save my board; I shall have my nights for rest."

And she pleaded till she won at last a tearful consent, and entered into the service of Mrs. Summers. \* \* \* \* \*

His sister's house had always been a second home to Herbert Lincoln, but now it seemed dearer than ever. Their tea-table, in particular, seemed to have a fascination for him, and at the end of a fortnight, he had sipped so many cups of Ellen's fragrant tea, that Mrs. Summers declared she should certainly present him a bill of board. And though in all that time he had not exchanged a dozen sentences with the beautiful maid, it was but too evident she was the magnet that attracted him.

Business now took him out of town, and three weeks elapsed ere he returned. As he was hastening from the depot, turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he had dreamed every night of his absence, and beside her, little golden haired Nell.

"Uncle Herbert," cried the child, and embraced him passionately. "O, I'm so glad you've come home. We missed you so much." Then freeing himself from his arms, she said, gracefully, "and here is dear Ellen, too, aint you glad to see her again?"

Ellen blushed, but the young man so courteously extended his hand to her, that she could not refuse it.

"I am happy to see Miss Seymour enjoying this beautiful day," said he, in low, gentle tones, as respectfully as if addressing a queen.

"And I am happy to see Mr. Lincoln looking so well," responded the lady, with a quiet dignity, and she passed along.

"But where are you going, little niece?" said Herbert to Nell, detaining her a moment behind.

"O, to see Grandmama Seymour, she is a sweet lady, too. Ellen took me there once, and it made me so happy, that mother lets me go now whenever she does," and she tripped away.

Herbert passed rapidly to the first corner, then turned and deliberately retraced his steps and followed the two, till he learned the street and the number of Ellen's home.

That night as he carefully examined his bureau, it occurred to him his supply of linen was quite too deficient, and forthwith he purchased a goodly sized parcel of the raw material, and at an early hour the next day was knocking at the door of the dilapidated house which he had seen Ellen enter. Through vault-like halls and up rickety stair-cases, he wended his way, till he found Mrs. Seymour's room. The beautiful and saintly face of the widowed mother fascinated him as completely as had the daughter's, and with a reverential tone he opened his errand. While



she inspected the linen, and made inquiries as to the particular way he would have it made up, his eye glanced eagerly over the room. The exquisite taste of the housemaid was visible everywhere. Geraniums and roses smiled in the winter sunbeams that crept so lovingly into the narrow casement; the white muslin that draped them hung in folds graceful as snow wreaths; pencillings as rich almost as mezzo-tints, hung upon the walls; the rockers were cushioned with rose-colored muslin; bits of cloth, gorgeous in hue as autumn leaves, woven into mats, relieved the bare floor of its scanty look; a guitar leaned under the tiny mirror, and a few costly books were scattered in an artist-like way hither and thither, wherever the rambling eye would wish to see pinned some beautiful thing.

"This is Tuesday," said Herbert, "can I have one by Friday?"

"O, yes, sir, and sooner, if you desire it."

"Not sooner, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem even now to say that you have done so."

"It is the lot of the seamstress," said the lady, calmly but sadly.

The young man could not trust his voice to reply, and hastened away. In his office he gave way to his feelings: "She, the beloved and the beautiful, toiling in menial service, and that angel-like mother, sewing for her living. It shall be so no longer. Thank God for riches," and he seized his pen and inscribing these words on a slip of paper, "an honest debt due your husband," he enclosed bank-notes for five hundred dollars, and addressing the envelope to Mrs. Seymour of — Street, dropped it into the post-office.

Could he have seen the grateful tears that stole down the widow's cheeks, and heard her soul-touching prayers, as she received it that evening, he would have realized the full force of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"O, that it were Ellen's evening at home," said she. "Thank Heaven, I may now have her all to myself, again. With this sum in hand, we can be comfortable, without tasking ourselves as severely as heretofore. My beautiful child shall be no longer a menial."

Impatiently she awaited Friday evening, for then Ellen would surely be with her again. But that eve came and went, and she was left alone. A sudden and severe illness had attacked Mrs. Summers, and when Herbert entered her house on the evening of the same day he had sent the generous gift, he found it full of sorrow. The physicians only shook their heads, sadly, when

asked if there was any hope, and when the loving ones gazed on the white face of the sick one, and marked the depth and intensity of her agony, they turned away with fainting hearts. And now the full beauty of the housemaid's character was developed. Instinctively, they gave up all to her. She directed the attendants, she soothed little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George, and spoke so sweetly to the mourning husband and brother, that the spirit of faith seemed in their midst. To the sick woman, she was in very truth, a ministering angel. No hand so softly wiped her brow, so tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweetened the healing draught, brought such cool drinks to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministrations, it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flower-crowned.

Day after day, and night after night, found the fair nurse beside her patient. Paleness gathered on her cheeks and lips, but the same sweet smile played there; lassitude quivered on her lids, but the same hopeful look beamed from the eye; the limbs trembled with weariness, yet obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked in wonder that one so delicate held out so long under such heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, "under God, she is the healer."

And when the crisis came, when Mrs. Summers lay there so deathly, that only by pressing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all, when husband, brother, children and friends had stolen softly away, unable longer to restrain their cries, that young girl tarried still, motionless, almost breathless, silent prayers flowing upward.

O, how dear she was to them all, when again she appeared in their midst and said in her own low, sweet music-tones, "You may hope."

"Bless you, bless you, faithful one!" exclaimed Mr. Summers as he wound his arms about her. "Henceforth, you are one of the treasures of our household, the sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nellie and George, and thank her; under Heaven, you owe to her your mother's life." Little wet faces were pressed to hers and passionate kisses brought fresh roses to her cheeks. Then a manly hand, O, how its pressure thrilled her nerves, a manly hand grasped hers and a full rich voice murmured, "Our angel sent by God."

On a bright and glorious morning, in the month of roses, a splendid equipage drove from the city mansion of Mr. Summers. It held a family party, the wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nellie, puny, though out of all danger; the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter's and spring's nursing; Mr. Summers, his fine face all aglow with chastened joy, and Herbert Lincoln, looking as though a lifetime of happiness was crowded into a moment.

It was the first long drive the physician had permitted the invalida, and they knew not where they were going, or at least none but Herbert.

Ellen had declined going at first. "I have seen my mother so little of late," said she, gently, "I think I must spend the holiday with her."

But they all said no, and promised, if she would go with them then, they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked, as consenting at length, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in all his life, and longed with a frenzy he had never felt before, to fold her to his heart; that shrine which had been sacred to her from the first moment of meeting.

"What a lovely home," exclaimed Ellen, as leaving the main road, they branched off into a splendid avenue, lined with graceful elms, and came in sight of a small, but elegant mansion, draped with rose-vines and embowered in rare shrubbery. "I trust it holds happy hearts."

"Yes," said Lincoln, warmly, "that it does, and we will to-day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop." Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed like a beaming of light from fairy-land, that beautiful place, to those senses so long pent up in the chambers of sickness.

They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the graces, so charmingly were beauty and utility blended. A moment they waited ere the rustling of satin announced the approach of the lady, to whom they were making so unceremonious a visit.

She entered, and in a second Nellie Summers was clasping her round the neck. "Grandmama Seymour, the fairies did come to you, as you told me last week perhaps they would sometime. O, I am so glad."

Mr. and Mrs. Summers stepped forward and grasped her hand; but Herbert and George, where were they? A scream from Nellie announced them. Pale and passionless Ellen lay

in their arms. She had not seen her mother, but her eyes had caught sight of a small Greek harp in a pillared niche, her own father's gift and sold by herself when they left that proud city of scorn. Memories so many and sad had unstrung her nerves. Joy seldom kills, though. When awakening from her swoon, she met the tearful eyes of her mother, she felt assured there was some blest mystery to be told. It was all soon explained. Herbert and Mrs. Seymour had become fast friends in the past winter—he had cheered the lonely hours of Ellen's absence—he had learned her story and assured himself that foul wrong had been done her husband. Employing the best counsel in her native city, he bent all his own energies and talents to the cause, and sifted the matter to its very root, and triumphed, too. The fair name came back fairer than ever, and the wealth with it, too; the wretches who had blackened the one and stolen the other, cowardly fleeing, instead of making manly confessions.

"I have to thank Mr. Lincoln for it all," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour at the close of her recital, "and I have to pay him yet," and she glanced archly at him. "Bills should be settled even amongst friends."

Herbert hesitated a moment. Then he knelt beside her. "I have no mother," he said, sadly. "Be as one to me, and I am repaid a thousand times."

She threw back the raven locks that clustered on his noble brow, and imprinted there a calm, sweet kiss. "My son," said she, solemnly, "I adopt you into my love; Ellen, receive a brother." But Ellen was gone. They caught, however, a glimpse of white muslin in the green shrubbery, and she was followed, not by both though; Mrs. Seymour had indeed risen, but a sudden thrilling pulse in her warm heart checked her, and she resumed her seat.

Herbert hastened out and found her under the shadow of an old elm, on a bed of moss, with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with a radiant look of joy, led her back to the house and to her mother's knee.

"As a brother, Ellen will not own me," said he, "but when I asked her if some day, not very far away, she would call me by a dearer name, she was more willing. Our hearts have long been one—bless, mother dear, O bless the union of our lives!"

Take but away the awe of religion, all that fidelity and justice, so necessary to the keeping up of human society, must perish with it.

## TO ANNIE W.—,—A SWEET SINGER.

BY JOSEPH K. PIERCE.

The blithe lark springeth to the morning cloud,  
Shrouding his dark wing in the splendid mist;  
Yet droppeth to the earth clear, sweet, and loud,  
His pleasant carollings o'er hearts that list.

Like as that lark with morning on his breast,  
Soareth the light-plumed spirit of thy lay;  
And our upreaching souls are bathed and blest,  
And filled with song as with the gush of day.

## CURED OF A BAD HABIT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

EBEN BOLSTER was a very funny sort of man. He was everybody's uncle, so everybody called him "Uncle Eben." He had seen sixty years of life, and his head was very gray, but few men could do more work in a day than he could, and none could do it better. One fall Uncle Eben wanted a man to help him finish his harvesting, and then go into the woods with him. Jake Sawyer presented himself, and the old man hired him. Jake was a hard-looking man, about forty years of age, and stout and strong.

"Uncle Eben," said Mr. Beals, as the two met in the store one day, "have you hired Jake Sawyer to work for you?"

"I have," replied the old man.

"Well, I gave you credit for more judgment. I thought you knew Jake better."

"I fancy I know him pretty well, or I should not have hired him. He is strong and able; and moreover, his family are suffering."

"Ay, and what makes them suffer? Didn't I hire Jake to help me in haying? and pay him good wages? and how much good did his family get, or I either? He was drunk half the time; and he'll be just so with you. I tell ye, Uncle Eben, you'd better drop him."

"Not yet," returned the old man. "Jake is a good fellow, and knows how to work, and I'm going to try him. I found his family starving."

"And how much better do you suppose they can be while he stays with them? If I had my way, Jake and his family should be sent to the work-house."

"Ah—well, neighbor Beals, you may think that would be the best way; but I am willing to give him a fairer trial. There's a deal of good in him, and perhaps somebody can find it."

"Well, Uncle Eben, mark my words: You'll find it a tougher job than you ever undertook yet, to make anything out of Jake Sawyer."

Uncle Eben smiled, and then taking up his bundles he walked away.

Now Jacob Sawyer for years had been addicted to rather a free use of spirit, but of late he had grown worse and worse. Most of the sober people would have nothing to do with him, and some shunned him as they would a demon. His wife was an excellent woman, and for nearly three years she had supported the family by her own hard labor.

"Now," said Eben, on the morning Jake commenced, "you know what is right, and what is wrong, and I am going to leave it to you to do just as you wish. I believe, Jacob, you have as much good sense as most people, and I have assured my friends that you are just the man I wanted on my place. Now let us commence, and see whether these people who have called me foolish, will not take back their words."

These were simple remarks—just such as any man might make, but they had much effect on Jake. In fact, they were spoken in such a kind tone, that they touched a very tender spot; for Jacob Sawyer had not been so addressed for a long time.

However, the work was commenced. Uncle Eben took every occasion to say a cheering word, and he found that his kindness was appreciated. Never did he intimate that Jake ever made a bad use of spirit, nor did he speak one word about the danger of his so doing. But he often took occasion to speak upon the subject of using alcoholic beverages, and he tried to point out the various evils that resulted therefrom. Five weeks passed away, and during all that time Jake did not touch a drop of spirit. A new order of things had taken place in his home. His wife was happy; his board was well provided for; his children looked better, and his own health had improved. And all this had come from Uncle Eben's peculiar way of managing the case. Had the old man gone at work to bring Jake under some stringent pledge, and expressed a long catalogue of fears relative to his danger, this would not have happened. He had simply received him as though he had been a man, and given him to understand that the fullest confidence was reposed in him.

But Jake was destined to fall. One Saturday evening he went home, and as he saw how cheerful all was about him, he felt very happy. On the next morning he went over to see Bill Longley to make some arrangements for having milk of him. Bill was a great lover of gin, and while Jake was there he took down his decanter to take a drop. He set on a tumbler for Jake. The temptation was strong. The morning was cool and frosty, and the steam of Bill's hot sling smelt like nectar. Jake had not pledged himself to drink no more, and he—he—took "a drop." It

tasted finely; and upon one who had been so long without the stimulus, it had considerable effect.

Before Jake left, Mr. Longley asked him if he wouldn't take "another drop." Jake embraced the opportunity, eagerly; and he this time took a very large drop. Before he reached home he was very much elevated, and he resolved to have some more before he had his dinner. He was now in just the state of mind not to care what he did; so he started off for the low groggery, which he knew he should find open, "by the back way." He had sense enough yet left, to go around where he should not meet the church-goers. He found the groggery open as he had expected, and there he purchased a quart of gin. He took a "drop" there, and before he reached home he stopped behind the fence and took another. The consequence was, when he reached his house his steps were very irregular, and his lips thick, and highly furred.

Poor Mrs. Sawyer! She gave one look at her husband, and then sank down with a deep, agonizing groan. At first she could hardly realize that her eyes were in order, but the truth was soon apparent, and she knew that the demon had come back again. She dared not speak—she only sat down and cried. Jake staggered up and put his arms about her neck, and assured her that he was "a-r-r-l right," an assertion which might admit of different applications. She did beg of him that he would give her the bottle which he had, and let her keep it for him until to-morrow, but he was too cunning for that, and as soon as he could get away, he went out to the shed, and having taken another "drop," he hid the bottle in the wood-pile.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, Uncle Eben Bolster came to see Jake, and found him in the wood-shed, upon a pile of chips, spread out at full length, with the empty bottle clasped in his left hand, while in his right he held the cork. The old man spoke to Jake, but received no answer. Then he pushed and kicked him, but without any better success. After this he took the bottle and smelled the gin. His face showed much sorrow, but yet a close observer could have seen a slight twinkle of the eye which had more than a mere present meaning.

"Ah, sir," sighed the poor wife, as Uncle Eben entered the room where she sat, "you can't see Jacob now."

"No, but I found something that looked very much like him, out here in the wood-shed," returned the old man, in a common-place tone.

"Ah—then you have seen him. O, sir, isn't it dreadful? Only think of it: For the last

month and a half how good he has been. What shall I do? O! what shall I do?"

"Why you must wait till the spirit moves. This month and a half of sobriety shows us what he can do. The only trouble is, his remaining appetite. He must have gone somewhere to-day, where he has had it offered to him."

"He's been over to Bill Longley's, sir."

"Ah, that's the trouble. But never mind. Don't go to scolding him. As I said before, it's Jake's appetite that does the mischief; and that appetite won't trouble him only when he happens to have the stuff offered to him. I know he doesn't hanker after it when he is about his work, and I know, too, that he doesn't want it when he is about home, here. So keep up a good heart, and be cheerful to him in the morning. But you must tell him that I want him to be on hand early, for we must go into the woods to-morrow."

Mrs. Sawyer promised, and Uncle Eben took his way homeward. That evening, after it was dark, the old man went over to the same place where Jake had bought his gin, and purchased a gallon of the same miserable, drugged stuff, which he put up in the same jug, that he generally used for carrying water to the field in.

On the following morning Jake was on hand early, but he looked badly, and Uncle Eben knew he felt as badly as he looked. But not a word was said about the affair of the day before.

Jake was asked to eat some breakfast, but he could keep nothing down. His stomach was weak and sick, and the very sight of food was nauseating. As soon as Uncle Eben had finished his meal, he shouldered his axe and started off, carrying the old jug slung upon his axe-belve.

They reached the place, and having set the jug down, and thrown off his coat, the old man set at work. Jake worked about half an hour, and then he laid down his axe, and went to the jug. Removing the stopper and raising it to his lips, he took one swallow—lowered the jug—and after one or two heavings of the sickening stomach, the nauseating stuff came up. Poor Jake was very thirsty—his mouth was literally parched—and he longed for some sweet cold water.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Eben, with a twinkle in his deep gray eye.

"I—I—thought you had water in the jug," returned Jake.

"Water?" echoed the old man. "No, no, I thought I'd have something good to-day. We've tried water now for over a month, and seein' as how it made ye sick, I thought I'd try a little good gin. So don't be afraid of it."

Jake looked the old man in the face, but he

could only find a sober earnest shade there, and without a word he went back to his work. Another half hour passed, and Jake could stand it no longer. His tongue was hot and dry, his lips parched and his palate burnt with thirst.

"Aren't there no water near here?" he asked.

"None nearer than the house, Jake. But what do you want with water?"

"I'm—I'm—dyin' with thirst."

"Then try the gin. Surely you wouldn't drink such stuff as water, when you can have gin?"

Jake could not live so at any rate. Something must be taken to relieve the agonizing thirst that oppressed him. Of course he could not go to the house, for that would consume nearly all the rest of the forenoon. So he went to the jug, and took a good pull. This draught remained on his stomach, and for a while he felt better; but the feeling could not last long. Gin may serve in a measure to revive the sinking nerves and weakened muscles which have become unstrung by debauch, but it cannot quench thirst.

Another and another pull at the jug served to keep the poor fellow easy for awhile, but ere the hour of noon arrived, he was sick and faint, and his thirst was more raging than ever. Could he only have had some water—a pint of pure icy beverage—the gin might have been bearable; but as it was it made him miserable. At twelve o'clock one of the boys came with the dinner. It consisted of warm meat-hash, and some cold baked beans and warm coffee. Jake seized the coffee-pot and placed it to his lips. He swallowed a full pint of it, but he thought it tasted strange. And well it might, for the old man had mixed a goodly quantity of gin with it—or had caused his wife to do so. Uncle Eben drank a little of the coffee, and praised it highly, and then helped Jake to some of the hash. The latter did not notice that the hash was on two plates; but the old man did. One of the plates had a piece of chip on the edge, which was to signify that there was some gin mixed with the hash in that particular plate; and this, of course, was passed to Jake. He ate some of it, but it tasted strangely. In fact, it only made him sicker, and in a few moments more the hash and coffee which he had taken, came up. The poor man stretched himself out upon the cold ground, and groaned in the agony of pain and sickness. Uncle Eben saw that he could not work any more, and he advised him to go home. Jake embraced the offer eagerly, and soon started off. The old man remained in the woods a couple of hours longer, and then he started. He had gone about half the distance, when he found Jake lying by the side of the path, asleep. The poor fellow had

got thus far, but he could go no farther. Every nerve in his body was completely unstrung, and his limbs were powerless. The old man awakened him, and by dint of much labor got him upon his feet, but he could not walk. So Uncle Eben kept on, and when he reached home he sent one of the boys with the ox-cart after the sick man.

Jake at length arrived, and was put to bed. He woke up about midnight, and the old thirst was upon him with a fairly frantic power. He arose and felt for the door. He found it, and got it open. Then in the dark he groped his way down stairs to the sink-room, where he knew the water-pail always stood. He found it, and the dipper was in it. He dipped up some, and with trembling hands raised it to his lips. It sent up a strange odor, but in his madness of thirst he swallowed a large quantity of it. O, what nausea! Uncle Eben had emptied the contents of the jug into the water-pail, for he knew that Jake would be at it before morning. The miserable man made a reach for the door, but it was locked, and the key was gone! In a moment more his stomach was empty. He sat down upon the threshold of the inner door, and with both hands clasped upon his diaphragm, he sought relief from his internal agony.

At length Jake got upon his feet, and made a new search for water, but without effect. "Ah! There's always cold tea left in the tea-pot." So for the cupboard he steered, and after tumbling over half a dozen articles of kitchen furniture, he reached the place. He found the tea-pot, and shook it. "Ah, yes, there's something here."

A quick, long draught followed, but—O, misery!—it's gin! Ay, the old man had thought of the tea-pot, too.

Jake found his way back to his bed, and there he lay until morning, and then he got to the well. There was no making gin of this. With a dash the old bucket struck the water, and then Jake drew it up. Cold as ice, and clear as crystal, came the grateful beverage, and with a gasp the thirsty man bent his lips to the brim. O, how nectar-like—how enrapturing that draught! Through every fibre of the system went the grateful influence. Jake drank till he was out of breath, and then he stopped.

"Ha, Jake—thirsty, eh?"

The man turned, and beheld Uncle Eben.

"Don't you want a little gin this morning, Jake?"

"Uncle Eben, don't speak that word again. A-h-h-h! If you don't want to make me sick, don't speak it."

"But aren't you afraid cold water'll make you sick?"

"No, sir."

"Ah. Then I'd drink it—I'd drink it, Jake. But I have some gin in the house, and any time when——"

"Stop," cried Jake, with a sickening shudder. "Don't never speak that word again, I tell ye!"

Uncle Eben said no more. That day Jake could not work, but on the next he shouldered his axe and accompanied his employer to the woods. Four weeks afterwards Uncle Eben wished to see how far his prescription would extend its influence, so he got one of his other men to offer Jake a glass of gin in the barn, but with a strict injunction that if he offered to drink it, it was to be cast upon the floor. The old man stationed himself where he could see.

"Jake,—sh! Look here. Don't you want a snifter this morning?"

"What ye got?" Jake asked, looking at the bottle his companion held out.

"Smell of it and see. It's good."

"Ugh!—a-h-h-h!" shuddered Jake, making up a terrible face. "Now look here, Tim, I don't want ye never to do that agin. Give me pizen and I'll thank ye; but gin—Ah-h-h-h!"

The cure was complete. Jake Sawyer never drank again.

#### ANOTHER LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Mr. C. D. Dillaway, of Fall River, Mass., has a daughter who is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb and blind, her right limbs are paralyzed, she is confined to her bed, cannot be moved much without being thrown into a fit—yet she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet, writes very legibly with her left hand, reads common writing on a paper or slate, or print (if the book be not too much worn), by passing her fingers over the words. She will also distinguish the different colors of a variegated dress in the same way. She has wrought several pieces of crewel-work that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colors by feeling and using only her hand. She plays draft and backgammon expertly. She knows when any one comes into the room by the jar of the bed (on which she constantly lies), and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.—*Plymouth Rock.*

#### JOHN BULL ON WHISTLES.

As the train from Albany one day was approaching a village station near Rochester, N. Y., the engine gave one of those long, loud, shrieking whistles, in which it sometimes delights, as if in very wantonness of power. "Here we are!" exclaimed a round-faced, easy "John Bull," destined for Rochester, and supposing he had arrived, proceeded to the door of the car to disembark. Finding his mistake, he returned to his seat, exclaiming: "Well—it's really very hodd! I thought they only gave the big whistles at the large towns!"—*Rochester Democrat.*

#### REPLY TO "DARK SYBIL"

BY L. ODELL.

You ask me, love, to think of thee,  
But O, how useless the request;  
Thy memory, dearest, is to me  
Of all life's joys the best.

I'll think of thee when shades of even  
Steal gently o'er the dying day,  
And eve lights up the fires of heaven,  
As sunlight fades away.

I'll think of thee, when busy care  
Like storm-clouds dims my spirit light,  
Then thoughts of thee will seem like stars  
Of hope beyond the night.

I'll think of thee—I'll think—I'll dream—  
My hopes will ever turn to thee—  
And each new thought of thee will seem  
A glimpse of heaven to me.

#### THE STROLLING ARTIST.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

COUNT VON HOLSTEIN was dead. Sincere mourners had surrounded his deathbed, for he had been a kind master, and full well his faithful retainers realized their loss. But alas for the ties of kindred! one little helpless daughter, whom it was agony to leave in her infancy to the guardianship of a stranger, was all the strong tie that bound him to earth!

His had been a sad deathbed. He had not triumphed over earthly feeling; he had not gained a trust in the Holy One, which could leave the little one to his care. He had sent for his only other relative, a cousin whom he had not seen since they were boys, and of whose character he knew nothing. The dying man had waited impatiently, during the two days which had elapsed after he was sure his kinsman might have come in answer to his message, and few can imagine how long the sad hours of suspense had seemed to him.

"Ah, if Egbert Von Holstein will but come! if I can but have his solemn promise that he will endeavor ever to be as a faithful father to my little Therese!" he exclaimed again and again.

His impatience availed nothing. Death came, and there was none save the true, loving, but powerless Ursula, the nurse to whose care her dying mother had yielded her a few months before, to receive his last directions concerning the little one.

Two days after, Egbert Von Holstein arrived, and as the faithful vassals looked on the stern, dark-browed man, their hearts misgave them.

He must be the guardian of little Therese, and their master for years to come. Those lowly but true-hearted men had indeed lost their best friend in the late count.

Von Holstein was not wholly void of good feeling; but the world had used him roughly, and he had become very avaricious and, if his dark face did him justice, hard-hearted. Evil thoughts had been presented to him since the death of his cousin; he had been battling with the tempter and his better self had not, as yet, conquered. The vast property of the deceased count would be under his care. Must he still be poor? O, how poverty galled his proud spirit! *To be the owner of those vast estates!* There was but one little child's life between him and their possession. How wildly his blood thrilled at the thought! The tempter had fairly entered his heart; we would not allow our imaginations to follow him there, to sketch the dark plans he proposed—but would not a knowledge of the presence of such an evil prompter have been a key to the fact that there was an unusual sternness resting on his brow, as he gloomily strode into Holstein Castle?

During the weeks that followed, he stayed and dallied with the tempter! Ah, it was not well for thee, Egbert Von Holstein! Thou shouldst not have wandered over that grand old castle and those noble domains; thou shouldst not have admired those magnificent old paintings and those numerous rare articles of vertu, to have gained strength for the conflict with evil.

One day he had wandered far from the castle, when he chanced to wish for something he had left behind. He retraced his steps with more of rapidity and energy than he had manifested for weeks. He entered the castle by a postern gate, and was passing to his room, when he found the little Therese, *asleep and alone*. Did not a demon enter that room with him? What whispered to his heart so rapidly: "Now is your time. Some of the retainers saw you just before you turned towards the castle, and no mortal has seen you since. How easy to suffocate that little child! You can do it in an instant; you need leave no mark, and none know of your being in the castle?"

Ah, how rapidly the dark thoughts fly through his brain! See, the brow contracts still more! His hand moves! Can aught save her? Look! the little one smiles in her sleep. She looks a very angel in her innocence and beauty. The stern, over-bending brow softens, and muttering almost audibly, "I will never murder for wealth," the dark man passes on.

There was some good in Von Holstein's heart, and for the time it had conquered. Had he been with the child more, her rare beauty and pretty, winning ways would have taught him to love her, and she would have been safe. But he still avoided her; he could only look upon her as something between him and happiness. He no longer wished her death; it was very possible to place her where she need not interfere with his prospects, and where she might also be happy. It would take a long time to tell of the many half feasible plans that he formed; but at length one was completed.

There was an old castle belonging to the estate, standing many miles away from any human habitation. Here he resolved that she should be brought up. Long and earnestly he debated with himself as to whom he should place there, to take care of her. Strangers to him and to her, who never could tell her aught of herself, in consequence of their own ignorance, he sought for earnestly.

There was really more of kindness in the young man's heart for his sweet little relative than he would have acknowledged to himself. He shrank from taking her from the loving care of Ursula, to place her with strangers. If he could only trust to Ursula and her worthy husband Gottlieb, to keep his secret! He knew them sufficiently well to be sure that if he could induce them to *promise* the secrecy which he required, they might be trusted; and he saw nothing to prevent his compelling them to do so, since they were but vassals.

He said nothing to them on the subject till the child was lost. Days and weeks were spent in the search for her by the good servants of her late father, apparently aided by Von Holstein. At length, the search was given up as useless, though Egbert directed all to watch every band of gipsies who should hereafter make their appearance, since one had lately left there.

There was nothing to prevent his coming in possession of the vast estates he had coveted. Then, when Ursula was grieving as for an only child, he informed her of its safety, assuring her that both her own and the child's life depended upon her secrecy. She had no choice, for she was wholly in his power. The subject once broached, details were soon settled. Gottlieb, Ursula and the little one were taken to the old castle of Waldenburg, which they found a far pleasanter place than they had dared hope. Indeed, one might readily consent to pass his life, with a chosen companion, away from general society, might he be surrounded by so beautiful a scene as the artist has pictured.

The old castle stands almost on the brink of a high, rosy precipice, and there are several modern buildings joined to the old round, central tower. At the foot of the precipice winds a road, up which Gottlieb and Ursula are now leisurely walking, and gazing about them, that they may become more fully acquainted with the beauties of their unsought home. The count has just left them—preliminaries are all settled, and this is to be their home for an indefinite number of years. It is early morning, and the quiet beauty of the scene is fascinating. As they look on the peaceful lake, with its bright waters and peaceful shadows; on the wild, luxuriant shrubbery and noble trees; and on the distant but beautifully tinted mountains, while the beetling rock above hides from their view their castle home, they cannot regret the change in their prospects. The count has generously fitted up the rooms they wished, to suit their tastes, and selected a suite of rooms, which are to be re-furnished for Therese when she shall be old enough to wish them. Gottlieb has been directed to go to the nearest village, once every three months, to procure necessities, when he may expect to hear from the count.

No other intercourse are they to have with the world, but they love each other too well to fear unhappiness here. Ursula only mourns that her precious charge must be deprived of the education and society befitting her rank; but reason tells her that for several years she can do as well for the child as the most accomplished teachers, and then, hope whispers that some way will be provided for her further advancement.

Months and years glided on; the little family in the old castle was a very happy one. Gottlieb and Ursula, in their love for each other and their darling little one, felt that they were blest beyond the common lot of mortals; and, if sometimes dark fears as to the future of their loved pet crossed their minds, they were met by a strong trust in the Father of the fatherless. Therese was a beautiful, merry-hearted child; she had never known a sorrow. She recollected no other home, and she certainly could wish for none more beautiful. On the bright days, she never tired of wandering amid the charming scenery which surrounded them, and when gloomy weather kept her in-doors, she delighted in running over the many rooms in the old round building, where she never sought in vain for something to interest her. Four times each year Gottlieb went to the village, and never failed to return with a multitude of luxurious articles from the count. Nor was the education

of the child neglected. Ursula had been more the companion than servant of Therese's mother from her early years. She had shared in her lessons to such an extent, with such a determination to learn, that she was far better educated than many who have had all the advantages of high station. How the worthy dame now rejoiced that she had improved those opportunities, for she was morbidly fearful lest her little lady should be without accomplishments.

Therese was blest in her companion; how much she loved those hours, and they were many, when she sat at the side of her good friend, conning some lesson, or learning some new stitch in embroidery, and was rewarded for her diligence by a story of her gentle mother, the Lady Alice. The count allowed Ursula to tell the little one of her mother, but the simple child knew not that she had other name than Lady Alice; and when she inquired of her father, for she read of the relation in her books, she was always met by some evasive reply.

Let us look at the count during this time. Was he happy? Alas, no! He was called rich, he was feted and flattered till he was sick of society, and there was ever the feeling that nothing was rightfully his. He tried to stifle his remorse, by sending multitudes of costly things to Therese; he was ever on the watch for something she might value. Sometimes he tried to form plans for seeming to find her, without having his guilt, in the matter of her disappearance, appear. Could he not pretend to reclaim her from some band of gipsies, and present her to the world? Alas, no! the child, bred under the eye of Ursula, could never pass for a gipsy. Meantime he, too, felt that she must be educated. He had sent her multitudes of books, without much thought as to whether she could use them; but when she was about ten years old, he sought a teacher.

Good fortune threw Margaret Percy under his notice. She was a highly accomplished orphan girl, who was obliged to seek a situation as a governess. He remained unknown to her in engaging her for the lonely situation, and she was carried there by night journeys, so that she was wholly ignorant of the part of the country to which she had been taken.

How the good Ursula rejoiced at the arrival of the gentle Miss Percy, and the nice musical instruments and multitudes of books which followed her! Now there seemed nothing for which to wish! Margaret found her new, quiet and beautiful home admirably suited to her chastened feelings. She soon learned to love her pupil, who was so wholly ignorant on some sub-



jects and so advanced beyond her years on others, with an affection quite sisterly.

One need but note those happy years; every facility for learning was at their disposal, and there were no temptations to negligence. As Therese grew older, she was puzzled to know who might be the kind friend who more than anticipated her every wish; and Margaret, as she thought of the almost princely luxury which surrounded them, shared her curiosity. The unknown hereafter was the subject of many a conversation for the romantic girls, but Ursula preserved a strict silence on the subject. She was not tempted to reveal the secret; her loved child was happier, in her vain imaginings of the noble friend who was ever blessing her, than she could have been with a knowledge of the truth. The count, too, had been so ever generous and noble in his conduct towards them, that she could but view him kindly.

Eight happy years of study glided by, and Margaret wished to return to the world. She felt that she must be almost alone there, but the longer she remained thus secluded, the more danger there was of her friends forgetting her; and she now realized that, though her strongest ties were broken when she left society, there were very many of whom she cherished recollections, and in whose memories she hoped she had retained a place.

Margaret wrote to the unknown, informing him of her wishes, and also that she could be of little more use to his protegee in her studies, as they had advanced together far beyond the point at which she stood when she came to the castle. In the ardor of her romantic feelings, she added a brief paragraph thanking him very earnestly for the very many facilities he had thrown in their path up the hill of science, and asking the blessing of Heaven upon him who had been so generously kind to two orphan girls. Therese added a postscript, expressing her own warm, grateful, enthusiastic feelings.

What a blessing to the count was that letter! It gave him new life, new happiness. He would see the two girls who expressed so much gratitude, and confess to them his whole sin. He would ask but their pity for his miserable life of remorse, and then after reinstating Therese in her rights, he would leave for some distant country. How much happier he was, after making this resolution! and wish him to resolve was to do. The same day he started for Waldenburg Castle.

He was received with a hearty welcome by the worthy Gottlieb and dame, who saw no traces of his former sternness in his handsome face. They

were sure he had not come for evil, and they would have hastened to call the young ladies, who were out walking, had he not requested the privilege of surprising them upon their ramble and introducing himself. He was astonished at finding a young gentleman walking with the girls. He could easily see, before they saw him, that both were slightly embarrassed; and he was almost amused by the quick coming blushes on the beautiful face of Therese.

When he advanced, giving his name and telling them that he had been directed to them by Madam Ursula, their embarrassment increased, for an instant. Margaret immediately regained her composure, and gracefully apologized for their perplexity by telling them that she had met none who could claim the title of gentleman for eight years, while her companion had gained all her ideas of them from books and conversation with her. Therese was reassured, and the four chatted gaily as they walked to the castle. When there, and Ursula added to the count's self-introduction the fact that he had sent their books, etc., their embarrassment was renewed. They could not express their thanks satisfactorily to themselves; he begged them to cease trying, assuring them that he intended, ere long, to tell them something, which would convince them that they owed him no gratitude.

But it is quite time the young gentleman, whom we, as well as the count, met so unexpectedly, was introduced. He was a young American artist, travelling on foot in Germany, that he might sketch some of the beautiful secluded spots. He congratulated himself upon the sweet scene he had secured to himself this day, and resolved, if it were possible to represent such rare beauty on canvass, that Therese should occupy the foreground of his picture.

How excited the girls were, when they retired that night. Either arrival would have been a great event; but the coming of two such gentlemen at once was almost too much to allow them to retain their sober senses. Day after day, the four rambled among the beautiful scenes to which the girls were such competent guides, in a kind of dreamy happiness which all knew could not be permanent, and which each dreaded to interrupt by referring to the future.

At length, Ernest Holmes, the artist, felt the delicacy of his position too keenly to be longer silent. He spoke to the count of his love for Therese, assuring him that he must leave her, unless he could have his sanction to his suit. He knew their acquaintance had been brief; but to hearts amid the wilds of nature, time ought never to be reckoned in days, and he could give

sufficient testimonials of his good character and position in his own land. The count replied that they would join the ladies, as he had something to say to them before considering his proposal.

Then he nobly confessed, to them all, his whole guilt. He did not try to make his sin seem less, but begged earnestly for the forgiveness of Therese. Most willingly she accorded it, assuring him that he had advanced her best interests much further than he could have done by having her educated in the ordinary way. As for the property, there had been, and would be enough for both, and she wished him to take care of it still in his own name. Then Mr. Holmes's proposal was mentioned; but I will not lengthen my story by repeating dialogue. Therese insisted that her vast property should be equally divided between her guardian and herself, and as she was going to America, none of his friends need know of her existence. He refused her offer point blank; he had been tormented long enough by living on another's right. In this, Margaret encouraged him; they had by some means learned their mutual love, spite of an unusual diffidence in the lover. Margaret assured him that the very large salary, which she had found no opportunity to spend, would be a fortune for them in America, whither she proposed their going.

Therese, seeing that her friends would be happier thus, yielded her wishes, though she privately said to her husband that her guardian would have occasion to rejoice that he had so effectually taught her to make magnificent presents.

Von Holstein settled the property in Germany as soon as possible, and then the six, for the reader may be sure that Gottlieb and Ursula were not left behind, came to the United States. The beautiful, accomplished bride of Ernest was warmly welcomed by his friends.

They are now fairly settled in their elegant American homes, and none ever regret the fatherland, though the picture of Waldenburg Castle, with Therese in the foreground, sometimes calls tears to the eyes of Ursula, who proves a notable American housekeeper, relieving her mistress from all care.

---

**DECAY OF THE MIND.**—"The failure of the mind in old age, in my opinion," says Sir Benjamin Brook, "is often less the result of natural decay than of disuse. Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence, indolence decay of mental power, *ennuï*, and sometimes death. Men have been known to die of disease induced by intellectual vacancy."

## THE GIPSEY MAID.

BY FRANK FRANKLOVE.

In the bright dawn of youth,  
When the lips utter truth,  
Ere the heart hath yet learned deceit,  
O would that the hour  
Had been fraught with the power  
Of retaining me still at thy feet.

Then the wild gipsy maid  
Would never have strayed,  
And afar o'er the wide world roam—  
Through the haunts of mankind,  
Ever searching to find  
A nook, where the heart feels at home.

But the Romanny child  
Had a heart dancing wild  
To the music that called her away;  
And though pleasant was the dream,  
By the dashing, bright stream,  
Her tent was but pitched for a day.

And when the pale youth,  
With his heart full of truth,  
And his brain full of thought, seeks the glade,  
Does he dream of the night,  
In the witching moonlight,  
He first met the dark gipsy maid?

---

## PAUL ELLIS'S FORTUNE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"I EXPECTED to have a new beau for you this evening, girls, but he has disappointed me," said Mrs. Rivers, as she approached the centre-table, at which were seated several young ladies, who turned with girlish curiosity to ask their hostess for further particulars—all save Miss Agatha Bird, who continued turning over the book of engravings before her, with an air of perfect indifference, yet not losing a syllable of the information Mrs. Rivers proceeded to give respecting the new beau.

"You have all seen the beautiful house lately erected on the next street below, I presume? Well, that is owned by the gentleman in question, Mr. Paul Ellis, a rich old bachelor, who, after travelling half over the world, has come to the determination of settling in our town for the remainder of his life."

"And of finding a wife among us, also, without doubt, poor old man! What a pity, since there is not the smallest chance of his success," broke in roguish little Ida Percival, glancing very demurely at her companion.

"Of course not; who ever heard of a rich old bachelor getting a wife?" resumed Mrs. Rivers. "Yet such is the unaccountable stupidity of the

race that they never seem aware of so palpable a fact; and this Mr. Ellis, though in other respects a sensible and intelligent person, is not in this a whit better than his compeers; for he has the temerity to speak of domestic happiness as a blessing which has not hitherto been his, but will, he hope, crown his latter days."

"Infatuated man! he ought to be put in a strait-jacket," exclaimed Ida, again. "Do look up from those wonderfully interesting pictures, Agatha, and favor us with your opinion of this monomaniac."

"What are you all talking about?" queried Agatha, as thus appealed to she raised her eyes from the engravings, and carelessly leaning her head on one hand, turned to Mrs. Rivers. "Really, your friend, though absent, seems to create quite a sensation. But prithee, don't talk of his seeking a wife; if the poor old soul wants a nurse or a housekeeper, why does he not employ them at once?"

"Poor old soul!" repeated Mrs. Rivers, with a merry twinkle of the eye; for she was too shrewd not to see through the well acted indifference. "Why, he is wealthy, Agatha, and young enough—I dare say not over forty at the most."

"Or say thirty-five; rich bachelors are never over thirty-five or forty," said Agatha, drily. "I'll wager, though, this Mr. What's-his-name is not a day under fifty-five or sixty."

"Why, Agatha, have you seen him, or been dreaming of him, that you are so exact as to his age?" broke in Ida, again. "O, depend upon it, girls, Aggy is going to set her cap for the rich old bachelor."

A peal of girlhood's ready laughter followed Ida's words, in the midst of which Agatha replied, tartly, "You must judge me by yourself, Miss Percival," and walked loftily away. Ida regretted the effect of her playful raillery, and the conversation was changed.

Soon after the company dispersed, and Agatha Bird, with her grandmother, Mrs. Morley, started homewards, declining Mr. Rivers's escort, "as the distance was short." It was soon evident, however, that Mrs. Morley had a reason for declining, and that her hostess had been speaking to the matrons, as well as to the girls, of her tea-party, respecting her new acquaintance; for on reaching the corner of the street, Mrs. Morley said:

"Let us turn down this street, Agatha. It is not going out of our way, and I wish to see the new house they are talking so much about."

"I saw it before it was quite finished, and it did not look like anything extraordinary," said

Agatha, carelessly. "That is it, standing back from the street on the other corner."

"Let us cross over," said Mrs. Morley.

They did so, and a few paces brought them to the new house, round which the moon threw its brightest beams, as if kindly desirous to aid the aged eyes in their scrutinizing survey. It was a double house, its cream-colored walls and green shutters contrasting prettily; and with the beautiful garden surrounding it, it was a cheerful, inviting place, though, as the young lady said, nothing extraordinary, or deserving of praise.

"And very likely," she added, "its owner will turn out not to be so rich after all, though they talk as if he were a millionaire."

"But he may be rich enough without being a millionaire," replied the elderly lady, as having concluded her observation, she resumed her walk. "The place is not a palace, to be sure, but it is quite handsome. I should like to see you mistress of such a house, Aggy; and if Mr. Ellis has an income corresponding with his dwelling, I think he is worth captivating."

The young lady did not say that she also thought so, but her grandmother had no doubt of her concurrence. A few days passed, and nothing was seen of Mr. Ellis.

"Where does he busy himself? One hears of him, but never sees him," said Mrs. Morley to Mrs. Rivers, who was paying her a visit, and, of course, chatting of the rich old bachelor.

"O, he has been too busy in fitting up his house to have time for visiting. But now he has it all nicely furnished, and has a housekeeper and a colored servant; as my husband told him yesterday, his establishment was perfect—there was nothing wanting. 'Yes, he answered, 'there was one thing—that now having adorned the cage, he was waiting for a bird to fly into it.'"

"Conceit is not the smallest of his possessions, I fancy," said Agatha, to whom the eyes of the visitor were turned. But no sooner had she departed, than the grandmother was startled by the sudden exclamation:

"Now, grandma, that is just the thing—Mrs. Rivers has given me an idea."

"What does the child mean?" queried the old lady, in utter bewilderment.

"Never mind till to-morrow, grandma; then you'll see, or rather hear something; trust me to succeed when I choose to try."

In furtherance of her purpose, Miss Agatha, the following afternoon, made up a little parcel of work, and took it to the seamstress, whom she occasionally employed. After giving directions about the sewing, she rose to go, at the same time, remarking:

"Your little Ann does not look well to-day, I think, Mrs. B——. Has she been sick?"

"She can scarce ever be said to be well; she is rather sickly, poor child," replied the mother.

"You confine her too much to the house, probably."

"Perhaps I do; but most of the children about here are so bad I can't bear to have her play with them. So she seldom goes out except of an errand, or when I can spare time to take her out for a walk."

"Suppose you allow her to come with me. I am going some distance, and it will do her good to be out this fine afternoon."

"O, Miss Bird, you are too kind," said the gratified mother; "I'm afraid you would find her troublesome."

"Not the least danger. She looks like a good little girl, and I love to amuse good children."

The overjoyed child was soon made ready; and taking her by the hand, and amusing her with talk suited to her infant years, the young lady led her through several of the principal streets in which she had scarcely ever been before, and she was consequently surprised and delighted with everything that met her view.

"Come in here, Ann," said Agatha, at last pausing at a confectioner's, "I am really hungry, and I dare say so are you."

They entered the store. Agatha ordering ice cream and sponge cakes, tripped up-stairs to the saloon, and took a seat beside a window which commanded a full view of Mr. Ellis's house on the opposite corner. She surveyed it leisurely, and came to the conclusion that it was really handsomer than she had imagined. As she gazed, two gentlemen came out on the portico, and after a little conversation, one took leave, while the other, evidently the master of the house, went in, leaving the hall door open. Agatha's face brightened, as if this was the chance she had been hoping for; and turning to her little companion, who was enjoying the feast, she began:

"Were you ever in this street before, Annie?"

The child replied in the negative.

"Then you will like to look at the beautiful gardens on the other side. When you have eaten your ice cream come to this window, and you can see far up and down the street."

The child gladly obeyed, and her eyes roving delightedly from one lovely spot to another, fixed themselves with a child's joyous admiration on Mr. Ellis's garden. Agatha, who had expected this, listened smilingly to her merry prattle, told her the names of many of the flowers, and stimulated her curiosity till she grew eager to have a closer view.

"Couldn't you go there, Miss Bird? They wouldn't mind you," she said, beseechingly.

"O, I should not like to do that, my little girl. I am not acquainted with the family that lives there. But you don't see the prettiest part of the garden, Ann. Come a little nearer; now look down as far as you can through the trees and bushes; now you see the beauties."

The child uttered an exclamation of rapture; for it was a multiflora, with its countless clusters of delicately tinted blossoms, that met her gaze.

"Ah, if I only had one of the pretty bunches to take home to dear mother!" she exclaimed, wistfully.

"I wish I could get you one, Ann; but it cannot be. Come, let me tie your bonnet; it is time we were going home."

The little girl reluctantly obeyed; but ere she left the room, ran back to the window to take just one more glance at the object that absorbed her thoughts.

"I never thought anything could be so pretty," she said, returning to Agatha, who was waiting at the door.

"It is very beautiful," she replied. "If you will promise to be satisfied, we will cross the street, and pass by the garden, so that you can have a better view of it."

The promise was given with a child's readiness; and Agatha, exulting in the certain success of her scheme, took her by the hand, and they were soon slowly passing in front of the garden, the child peering eagerly over the iron railing, and breaking into a little shout of delight, or holding her breath in the earnestness of her admiration. Agatha indulged her lingering pace, and was not sparing of her own expressions of pleasure in the lovely scene; for a quick glance at the mansion had caught sight of a manly form bending over a newspaper, the sudden rustle of which assured her that the child's gleeful exclamations had been overheard.

"There is the multiflora now in full view, little enthusiast," she said, at length, in her sweetest tones.

The child looked for an instant, then raised her eyes beseechingly.

"I cannot see it well for that tree. If I could only go in and take one good look."

"O, but that would be very rude, my dear," said the lady; but Ann felt the hand that held hers relax its pressure, and she ventured to continue her pleading.

"Just one little minute. I won't go far, nor touch a single thing."

"If I were sure I could trust you."

"O, indeed, indeed I won't."

"Well, for one moment only, you may go," began Agatha, affecting to yield to her entreaties; and the words had scarcely passed her lips, ere the delighted child bounded back to the gate, and hurriedly, though with cautious steps, skipped along a broad winding path till she stood before an arbor overruft with the luxuriant multiflora.

She had scarcely reached it, when a gentleman emerged from the side door of the house, and came toward her.

"Don't be afraid, my little one," he said, in a grave though kindly tone, as she turned to fly. "Did you wish to look at the flowers? You are quite welcome to go all through the garden, if you wish to."

"But the lady will be waiting for me, sir," Agatha heard the child reply, as she glided into the garden, and seemingly unconscious of another's presence, called softly to little Ann.

"Come, my child, your minute would extend to hours in this charming spot, I fear."

"But, Miss Bird, the gentleman said I might stay and—"

"The gentleman!" was repeated in a tone of surprise, but at the moment, Mr. Ellis, who had been partially concealed by a tall evergreen, came forward. The lady started, blushed (of course), and returned his very respectful bow with one of gentle dignity and reserve; then, in a ladylike way, apologized for the intrusion, pleading in extenuation the little creature's eager desire to enter. "It is so difficult to refuse a child any gratification," she added, with a winning smile.

Mr. Ellis made a courteous reply, and turning to Ann, desired her to run about as she pleased, and see all that was to be seen.

"I would rather stay looking at this," she replied, timidly, unwilling to withdraw her gaze from the splendid vine that seemed at every instant more beautiful to her longing eyes.

"Would you like to have one of those pretty clusters?" asked Mr. Ellis, kindly.

"O yes—yes, sir, I would rather have it than anything," she returned, with trembling eagerness, that made him smile somewhat sadly as he promised to give her one ere she left the garden; then bowing courteously to Agatha, begged the privilege of escorting her through the grounds. She assented, and as they slowly moved on, referred to the promise he had made her little protegee.

"The little creature will be overjoyed; for as we were sitting in the ice cream saloon opposite, she saw the multiflora, and wished she could

have one of the 'pretty bunches of flowers' to take to her mother. Poor child! in her humble home she has little to amuse or interest her."

And she gave a short sketch of her humble companion in a tone of touching softness. Mr. Ellis's fine eyes expressed his appreciation of her benevolence in bringing the sickly child out for a walk.

"It is truly an angel's work that you have done this day, lady," he said, earnestly. "Not merely in affording to this little friendless one an unaccustomed pleasure—though that was in itself an act of rare kindness—but in developing her innate love of the beautiful, you have conferred a lasting, an inestimable pleasure."

Then seeing his companion avert her head, as if modestly unwilling to receive his commendation, he changed the subject to one naturally springing from the scene around, and the pair made the tour of the garden in friendly conversation. Meantime little Ann, having satisfied herself with gazing on the object of her childish admiration, was sitting through the walks, stopping at almost every bush and flower, but not venturing to touch the blooming beauties.

"Come, Annie, your mother will be uneasy about you, I fear," said Agatha, as she reached the gate in her pleasant promenade.

Ann looked timidly at Mr. Ellis, fearful that he had forgotten his promise, but was quickly reassured by being desired to choose whatever cluster she fancied; and was almost wild with delight on receiving along with it several other flowers which she named as her favorites.

"Now, Annie, you must be a good child for a year, after getting so lovely a bouquet," said Agatha, playfully. "But have you not forgotten to thank the kind gentleman?"

Mr. Ellis replied kindly to the child's grateful thanks, and presented to the lady a branch of moss roses and mignonette, which she received with her most fascinating smile, and naively told him he had chosen her favorite flowers.

"Indeed! They are mine, also." And the gentleman's eyes spoke eloquently of the pleasure which this similarity of tastes gave him.

"What splendid oleanders you have, Mr. Ellis!" she said (for he had told her his name), and with a charming mixture of girlish frankness and timidity, she murmured, "I am tempted, since you are so generous of your floral beauties, to beg a few cuttings for my grandma. She is so partial to oleanders, and those she had died in the spring."

The gentleman, as in duty bound, professed that he should feel honored by being allowed to offer anything his poor garden contained; and

the lady repeating her acknowledgment, they parted, mutually pleased with the *accidental* interview."

Miss Agatha conducted her serviceable little companion home, as she had promised, then tripped lightly homeward to rejoice her grandma with full details of her successful stratagem. The old lady's pleasure was only equalled by her surprise.

"It was a wonderfully cute plan, Aggy; you not only got acquainted with the old bachelor by its means, but you have given him the impression that you are exceedingly kind-hearted; and men of his age generally set a great value on that."

"That was one reason why I took Ann; and besides, as she is such a rapping thing, and her mother is not acquainted with any of our friends, there is no danger of any tattling about it."

"And so you really like the man, my dear?" inquired the old lady, peering anxiously over her spectacles at her grand-daughter.

"Yes—that is I really like his money, his house and garden," returned Agatha, laughing. "They would reconcile me to a far worse looking person; for this Mr. Ellis is really what might be called handsome, and very gentlemanly in manners and appearance; not so very old, either—as Mrs. Rivers says, probably not over forty. I had prepared myself to see an individual very different from him, and was most agreeably disappointed."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear child," and the old lady looked as satisfied as if the matter were quite settled. "Ah! I was far from foreseeing this when your poor, dear mother left you an orphan to my care. And I have felt very uneasy about you many a time; for you know, Aggy, my small annuity will cease at my death, and the little I have been able to save, would be a poor provision for you. I do hope you and this rich old bachelor will make a match. If he only knows how to follow up the acquaintance thus commenced."

"It was a lucky thought about the oleanders, was it not, grandma?" said Agatha. "There is a chance for him to follow up the acquaintance, if he desires to do so."

"But suppose he should not take advantage of it?"

"I am sure he will. But if he has not sense enough to do so, I must tax my ingenuity to devise some other plan, for I am resolved not to lose this chance—such a one does not often offer."

Could Paul Ellis only have overheard this conversation as he sat at the same hour in his

cool, elegantly furnished parlor, looking out upon the fair garden, bathed in sunset dyes, and conjuring up visions of the future as rosy and sweetly beautiful as the scene on which he gazed dreamily! The vague fancies that had been wont to float mistily before his mental vision at that calm, lonely hour, now assumed a tangible form; and in his full, deep tones he unconsciously murmured "Agatha," or "Aggy," till the name that had at first sounded harshly, became sweet and pleasant, because belonging to one who now absorbed his thoughts. He saw again, in imagination, the graceful figure in its light summer dress, gliding by his side through the garden paths, and fancied how it would be were she mistress of the home which to him seemed desolate with all its beauty.

True, she was not beautiful, but that mattered not—she was pretty and ladylike, that was sufficient for him; he had a horror of your beauties, they were apt to be vain and silly. She was past the first bloom of youth, too, that was still another recommendation; for Paul Ellis was not of that class of old bachelors who fall in raptures with sweet sixteen. Though he was not old—his real age fell far short of forty,—he felt that he was no longer a young man, and he required as a wife a woman of mature mind—not a romping or sentimental school girl.

Certainly, Miss Agatha Bird was the very one for him, exactly to his taste in every respect—more than all in the active, though unostentatious, goodness of heart, which, in his estimation, was the crowning grace of womanhood. How touching was that simple act of kindness to the little girl, whom, clean and neat as was her attire, few young ladies would make the companion of their walk. Many will give a calico frock or a loaf of bread to the child of poverty, but few think of procuring for it an hour of innocent pleasure, that will brighten its dreary lot, and animate the drooping heart, which seems heir only to penury and neglect. O, Agatha Bird was indeed a jewel! Happy the man who could win her for his own! Ah! if he could be so fortunate!—if, tormenting doubt, why should it intrude to dispel his pleasing dream?

The next day Agatha was unable to settle herself to any occupation or amusement. She would put a few stitches in her embroidery, then throw it down wearily, saunter up and down the little parlor, pick up a book and glance vacantly through its pages, then stand at the window looking out intently, and finally with a yawn or pant, return to her work-table. Mrs. Morley looked up from her knitting now and then, as if in wonder. At last she spoke:

"A person would imagine you are expecting to see Mr. Ellis this morning."

"If I do not expect him, I at least expect a messenger from him; it is strange he is so tardy in sending."

Mrs. Morley's eyes opened wider with amazement, and she exclaimed:

"You surely do not fancy that he will send an *oleander*, my dear?"

"I surely do. If he has any sense at all, he will know how to do that; I am quite certain he will."

There was silence for a time, then Agatha, looking back from the window, triumphantly exclaimed:

"Behold the truth of my intuitive perception of his disposition."

The grandmother peeped through the blind, and saw a boy coming up the street with a fine *oleander* in full bloom.

"How could he have known where to send it?" asked she, dubiously.

"O, I took care to mention your name several times during our conversation, and any one could give him your direction. See! I am right—the boy is coming up the steps. I must open the door myself; for that stupid Peggy would ask a hundred questions."

So saying, she hastened to the street door. The boy was the bearer of a note also to Mrs. Morley, which was perused while he was conveying the plant to its destined position in the garden. It was brief, but courteous in the extreme, begging Mrs. Morley to do the writer the honor of accepting the *oleander*; and further, requesting the privilege of being allowed to call that evening and pay his respects.

"The old bachelor believes in taking time by the forelock," said Agatha.

"So much the better, my dear," responded the well pleased grandmother; and a favorable answer was returned to the note.

That evening beheld three persons seated in Mrs. Morley's parlor in the happiest frame of mind imaginable. Conversation went on briskly between the old lady and her guest, while Miss Agatha acted the part of a modest, retiring young lady to perfection. When she did speak, her well chosen words and carefully modulated tones increased her power over the already smitten bachelor; and when he departed it needed no seer to foretell that that call would prove the harbinger of many others. It was mid-summer when the acquaintance began. As autumn waned, Agatha impatiently awaited the declaration which she was assured would soon greet her willing ear; and the old dame grew chagrined

at the unaccountable delay. As to Paul, every visit to his charmer for the last fortnight had been made with the intention of propounding the important question; but somehow his courage always failed.

At length the decisive period arrived. It was a rainy, blustering November day, and having spent the morning musing in his study, he set out, after dinner, to call at Mrs. Morley's. The rain was falling heavily, but that was in his favor, for there would be no interruption from visitors; and Mrs. Morley had told him that in stormy weather she generally kept her room; so he anticipated a lengthy *tele-a-tete* with Agatha, during which his fate should be decided. Full of these thoughts, he reached the house, and rapped; but no one came to give him admittance. He turned the knob, and finding the door unfastened, let himself in. In doing so, he made more noise than was necessary, in order to announce his entrance, but the heavy rain probably prevented the sound being noticed; for though the back parlor door was partly open, no one came out, and the voices of both ladies were plainly distinguishable. His own name uttered by the younger lady induced him to pause in the entry. They were speaking of him; he would learn how he stood in their estimation ere he committed himself by a proposal. Eagerly he listened for the grandmother's slow reply.

"But, Aggy dear, I sometimes think that we may be mistaken in regard to his intentions. Some men will visit a house year after year merely to pass away their time, though Mr. Ellis does not seem like such a man."

"O, old bachelors are mostly old fools, and I dare say he is no better than the rest," returned Agatha, pettishly.

Could he credit his ears? Was that indeed his gentle, modest, sweet voiced Agatha? Smiling, half bitterly, at the discovery, he stood deliberating whether his wisest course was to depart noiselessly, and send a brief note to explain the abrupt cessation of his visits, when he was startled by Agatha's next words:

"But now tell me, grandma, what better thing can we do with that girl? If she is not the daughter of our Paul Ellis, she is at any rate some connexion of his, and I would not have him know of it for the world; for he is just foolish enough to think of bringing her up as a lady if he were to know about her, and that I should never permit; I am determined she shall never live in my house."

"Very likely," thought Paul; "but what can be this mystery?" and impelled by an irresistible impulse, he moved nearer the room.

"Well, it seems very odd," responded Mrs. Morley; "though to be sure, when I think about it, I seem to remember that Mrs. Lee told me the girl's name was Margaret Ellis, or something like it, when I took her to bring up; but never calling her any other name but Peggy since, I almost forgot that she had any other."

Agatha interrupted the loquacious speaker with fretful impatience.

"I tell you, grandma, there can be no doubt about the name; for when I took her up to the garret, as she persisted that Mr. Ellis must be her father, I asked her for the book she had mentioned; and there, true enough, was written, 'From Paul Ellis to his wife Margaret,' and on the same page, in a woman's hand, was a date—I forget precisely what—as the birthday of 'Margaret, daughter of Paul and Margaret Ellis.' When she goes to sleep to-night I must look over her things, for nothing that bears that name shall she take out of the house; and as for her staying here, it is out of the question."

"Well, my dear, I suppose you must have your own way; and perhaps it is the safest course. So you may write to Mrs. T—about her. I have no doubt she will be willing to take Peggy; for she will be handy, not only during the voyage, but after they reach California."

"Mrs. T—leaves next week, does she not?"

"Yes; on Tuesday, she said."

"Then we must keep the young lady within doors in the interim, and once she is gone we may hope to be rid of her forever. For a greater security I shall mark her things with some other name, so that she will have no proof of her assertions regarding Paul Ellis in future."

So saying, Agatha began her note to Mrs. T—, and for a short space no sound was heard, save the rapid gliding of her pen over the paper, and the click of her grandmother's knitting needles. The unsuspected listener meanwhile leaned against the wall, composing himself, ere he should make his presence known. At the name of Margaret Ellis he had turned deadly pale, and a tremor, as of some powerful emotion, shook his frame; but at the close of the colloquy indignation mastered every other feeling, and he was sorely tempted to rush in and overwhelm the pair with well-merited invective. But he restrained himself; and it was with a calm, though still pale countenance, that he at last rapped lightly, and pushing back the door at the same time, revealed himself to the astonished and bewildered ladies. They both started nervously.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the wonder-stricken old dame, while Agatha, recovering her presence

of mind, with a polite greeting, drew an arm-chair near the blazing fire.

Declining the proffered seat, Mr. Ellis, in as composed a manner as he could assume, said:

"Ladies, I ought, perhaps, to preface with an apology the confession that I have been a listener to your conversation. There are occasions, however, when nature triumphs over principle and good breeding. As this is one, I deem myself excusable. The child,"—his voice faltered, and his forced calmness gave way, as in a husky whisper, he added, "I must see her."

Mrs. Morley sat gazing upon him, as if suddenly struck dumb. Miss Agatha, overpowered by conflicting emotions, and feeling that her hopes were at an end, covered her mortification by seeming to sink into a deadly swoon.

"I must see the child of whom you have spoken, without delay, Mrs. Morley," repeated Mr. Ellis, maintaining by a violent effort his self-command.

But as well might he expect an answer from an Egyptian mummy as from the astonished woman; and unable to restrain his impatience longer, he darted up the stairway, and untying a cord by which the garret door was fastened, beheld a child crouched upon a small bed in one corner of the gloomy room. On hearing the door open, she buried her head in her lap, so that she did not know who entered; and before speaking to her he cast his eyes around the dreary, unfurnished garret, till espying a worn, though richly bound book lying upon the bed, he took it up, and with nervous fingers turned over its leaves.

It was the volume of which Agatha had spoken; and as his eye fell upon the record, traced in a delicate female hand, he kissed the writing with almost reverential affection, while an expression of mournful tenderness overspread his countenance. Then advancing, he laid his hand gently on the girl's shoulder. She sprang up tremblingly, but on seeing him, surprise banished all other feelings.

"Do you know me, my little girl?" he asked, in a kindly tone.

"No, sir," she answered, regarding him somewhat timidly.

"Come to the window. I want to talk with you a little while."

He led her to the window, near which was a small trunk, on which he sat, and drawing her down beside him, he scanned her features minutely. For a time he was silent from painful emotion.

In truth, she was a pitiable sight. Trembling with cold, her short hair falling forward on her



tear-stained face, her eyes swollen and inflamed from long weeping, she presented a mournful picture of childhood, forlorn and distressed.

"What is your name, my child?" at length he inquired.

"Margaret Ellis, sir."

"Where is your father?"

With drooping head, she replied that she did not know.

"How long is it since you last saw him?"

"I never saw him, sir," was the reluctantly spoken answer.

"And your mother?"

The question was put in a tone that seemed to touch the child's heart, and with fast falling tears, she replied:

"O, sir, my mother has been dead this long, long time!"

"Did you always live in this city?" was the next query.

"No, sir. I only came here with Mrs. Morley. We used to live in G——, and after my mother died, Mrs. Lee took care of me till Mrs. Morley took me to bring up."

"How long ago was that?"

"About four years I heard her say a few weeks ago."

"You go to school, I suppose?"

"O no, sir, I don't get time; for I have all the rough work about the house to do."

"And why are you up here in the cold such a day as this?"

In a frightened whisper—for she had been forbidden to mention the subject—the girl answered that in dusting the front parlor that morning, she had opened a beautiful new book, which she read was presented to Miss Agatha by Paul Ellis. She gave a cry, which Miss Agatha overheard, and on being told that Paul Ellis was her father's name, and that the gentleman who wrote that must be her father, Miss Agatha questioned her sharply, and shut her up in the garret for her impertinence. There she had since remained, cold, hungry and weeping.

A bitter, scornful smile curled Mr. Ellis's lip as he thought of the young lady's tender compassion for "the poor little creature," through whom he had made her acquaintance; but without dwelling on this, he asked the little girl if she had anything belonging to her deceased mother.

She replied that she had, and on his rising from the trunk, she took therefrom a small box, which she placed confidingly in his hands. It contained a few trinkets, and a letter bearing his name, which he opened eagerly, and having read the commencement, with a burst of emotion he

drew the child to his heart, exclaiming with earnestness:

"My child! my own Margaret's child!—thank God, I have discovered you!"

She clung to him with a tightening grasp; for just then, Mrs. Morley, urged by her incensed grand-daughter, appeared, protesting against this unwarrantable conduct. But Mr. Ellis, subduing his emotion, calmly assured her that words were useless; he had found his daughter in her house and she should depart with him; but as he never intended his child should toil for her daily bread, he would remunerate the lady for her board and clothing. Then Margaret having by his desire donned her old bonnet and shawl, he took her by the hand and descended the stairs, she clinging to him fearfully till he closed the house door behind them. He conducted her into a store close by, and procuring a cab, they were soon driven to the house which Agatha Bird had hoped soon to enter as a bride. Anxious as he was to learn something of the child's history, he would not harrow up her feelings by touching on the subject, but exerted himself to enliven her during the repast which was soon made ready, after which, exhausted by the trouble and excitement of the day, she fell into a deep slumber. But sleep visited not the father that night. Memory's spell was upon him, and he sat musing on the early blighted dreams of love and happiness.

Years before, when finishing his collegiate course at Yale, he wooed and won a fair young girl, an orphan, with no near kindred, to whom his love came as the sunlight of her existence. Their marriage was private; for well he knew his father would not sanction it; but with the rashness of impetuous youth, he took the irrevocable step, trusting for after-pardon. He took board for himself and bride at a neighboring farmer's, until the conclusion of his term, when he resolved to return alone to his father's home, reveal what he had done, and obtain permission to return for his bride. To Margaret, also, this seemed the best course, and buoyed up with anticipations of a speedy reunion, they parted—parted to meet no more on earth.

The very day of Paul's arrival at home, his father accidentally discovered his secret through a brief letter penned by his son to inform his wife of his safe arrival. Mr. Ellis was dismayed for a moment, but his plan was soon formed. He was a man of iron resolution, yet of the most consummate policy; little scrupulous as to the means by which he might obtain his end. That evening as they sat together, and Paul was summoning resolution to reveal his secret marriage,

his father spoke of some business affairs in India, which required the presence of a responsible agent, and proposed that his son should be that agent, promising to make over to him the large sums involved, which would render him independent. The crafty father represented that the business would not require more than one or two years, and it was a good opportunity for making money and seeing something of the world, adding in a jocular way, that a friend of his was already thinking of bringing about a match between his daughter and Paul, but that he could never entertain the idea of a youth fresh from college marrying.

After this, Paul could not venture to reveal his marriage, but after much painful reflection, concluded to accept his father's offer. Though he grieved at the thought of leaving his loved Margaret for so long a time, yet with the buoyancy of youth, he imagined it would soon be past, and that then a life of comfort and happiness would be theirs. He wrote to his wife a long and persuasive letter, which his father took care should not reach its destination; and instead thereof she received a few hurriedly written lines, purporting to be from Paul, in which he directed her to set out immediately for G—, in a distant State, and there await his arrival. She was particularly cautioned to inform no one of her intentions on leaving, and not to write to him if he should not reach G— at the time he anticipated, as he would not be at his father's. This letter, which contained a liberal sum of money for her journey, completely deceived poor Margaret, who, intent only in following its directions, started the next day for G—. There the little Margaret was born; and then, after patiently expecting her husband till hope became a mockery, she died, leaving in her daughter's keeping a few trinkets, which she knew, if she ever chanced to meet her father, would be recognized by him as his own gifts; and a letter, in which she touchingly recounted her disappointment, her anxieties, her toils and sufferings.

The feelings of Paul when, on reaching the farm-house to have a parting interview with his wife, he heard of her sudden and unexplained departure, may be imagined. After lingering to the last possible moment in hopes of receiving some message from her, he left with the farmer's wife a letter, and a considerable sum of money, to be given to her if she returned, and with a heavy heart embarked for Calcutta. Several years elapsed ere, having brought affairs to a successful issue, he again beheld his native land. Again he sought New Haven, to renew his inquiries for his lost wife. His former hostess

produced a carefully preserved scrap of newspaper, and pointed to one in the list of deaths. "It is her name and age, poor dear!" she said, sorrowfully. The name or date of the paper could not be learned, as the fragment had been brought from New York around some purchase.

His fondest hopes forever blasted, Paul Ellis resumed his wanderings. The sudden death of his father rendered him affluent, and after journeying for years in his own and foreign lands, he finally made his permanent home in the city, in which he was destined to discover the child of his still regretted Margaret. There he was taken for an old bachelor, as he did not think it necessary to recount his unfortunate marriage, save to Agatha Bird, to whom he intended to confide it ere asking her to be his wife.

As for that young lady, her disappointment and chagrin were excessive when she found her confident expectations baffled; but she found some consolation in the money her grandmother received, according to promise, from Mr. Ellis, and in giving out that she declined receiving his addresses when she found he was a widower! Mr. Ellis only smiled on hearing this. Happy in the instruction and companionship of his newly found daughter, he no longer deemed his home lonely or desolate. As the girl grew up, blooming, happy and intelligent, he sometimes indulged himself with a retrospective view of the past, and thankfully recalled the "rainy day," on which, by his apropos visit to Mrs. Morley's, he lost a wife, who would have made his old age anything but happy, and found an affectionate, tender and amiable daughter.

#### A HEALTHY OCCUPATION.

Some years since a committee was appointed in Paris to investigate the influence on the public health of the stench generated by the workshops of the "Knackers." The occupation of the knackers consists in "the conversion of dead horses to useful purposes" (1). In one establishment, that of Montfaucon, no fewer than from twelve to fourteen thousand horses are disposed of annually, and as a consequence, the air in and about it is constantly charged with effluvia from animal remains in every possible state of decomposition. The committee reported in every examination made of this and similar establishments, that while the atmosphere was most "offensive and disgusting," there were no facts to show that it was unwholesome. On the contrary, it was inferred that this and other callings, which expose to animal effluvia in its utmost intensity, were conducive to health. During the prevalence of an epidemic fever, it was observed that not one case occurred among the great number of workmen in the Montfaucon establishment, and fewer in the neighborhood than in similar localities in other parts of the city.—*Foreign Correspondence of Boston Post.*

## TICONDEROGA.

BY JOHN D. PRESCOTT.

"You'd better take an umbrella;" suggested mine host.

"A umbrall aint never no harm raound here;" officiously interposed the hostler.

I looked round me. A glorious October sun was rising above a ridge of the mountain. The morning vapors creeping lazily up the heights, kissed his half hid disk, and dissolved into translucent air. Not a cloud specked the sky. The atmosphere was as mild, and warm as could be expected after a night's embrace of the valley mist. Everything betokened one of those beautiful balmy early-autumn days, in which, I trust, discriminating reader, you delight as much as I. By what species of local divination, mine host and his clodpated ally augured the expediency of an umbrella, I was at a loss to determine. My feelings revolted against insulting such a morning, by sight of the obnoxious article; and so, with a hasty adieu, and a scowl at Jim for his clownish insinuations against the perfectness of God's handiwork, I was driven to the quay.

Were you never on Lake Champlain at early morning, when the fresh sunbeams glancing across the dewy hills pour over one shore a golden flood, and immerse the other in the gloom of night; when the struggling mist crawling slowly upward through the dales, discloses the seasonable cowboy with his silent herd, and when the only sound that breaks the stillness, is the plashing of the water under the steamer's paddles, or the winding of the early breakfast horn, as it echoes among the solitary hills?

Then have you not yet exhausted the resources of your country's poetry. There are no finer views in American scenery, than those which this beautiful lake presents. Its sinuosities render it picturesque, its associations romantic, and its soaring hills invest it with sublimity. There is not a rood of land on either shore, which is not eloquent of revolutionary days. Over these vast undulations, the audacious Stark roved, with his corps of rangers, making impudent reconnaissances, intercepting straggling foes, and betraying a penchant for doing harm, which made that hero an especial object of solicitude to his enemies. These solitudes once echoed with the thrilling strains of bugles, as the glittering pageant which followed the unfortunate Burgoyne hurried splendidly to destruction. It was that army's burial march, and the primeval woods echoed its funeral requiem. Recollections like these come crowding upon the memory, and add

the attractiveness of historic interest to the scenes by which you glide. It requires no unusual activity of fancy to array these yet primitive hills in glittering uniforms and glancing bayonets, hear the sharp repercussion of musketry, and conceive flotillas of batteaux gliding noiselessly and mysteriously within the shadows of the impending bluffs.

I was amusing myself in some such imaginings as these, when my ear was greeted by the most enthusiastic, "Haow de dew," that ever burst from a Yankee throat. I looked up, and beheld, stretched over my shoulder, a neck of Rosinantic proportions, and a face which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the property of a "cute natyve," who had been astonishing a crowd of gaping auditors in mine host's bar-room the preceding evening.

"Pretty as a pictur, I swaow, aint it?"

I was surprised at so much appreciation of natural beauty in so uncouth a subject, but preferring to be left to my meditations, answered rather abruptly, when turning to a little Frenchman who stood near, he repeated his ejaculation.

"Yes, *tres bien*, ver mooch fine, but ven shall ve have ze *dejeuner*, ze vat you call breakfast, hey? I have ver mooch pain!"

The Yankee was evidently much disgusted at the small Frenchman's incongruous style of admiring things, and being bent on indulging his loquacity, turned to me again.

"Goin' threw the lake?"

"No!"

"P'raps you're goin' tew Berlington?"

"No!"

"To St. Albans, it's likely?"

"No!"

"Maybe yew're baound tew Ty?"

"Ty" was the talisman that instantly opened my lips to that Yankee's pertinacity. The appropriate abbreviation breathed a spirit of affection for the time-hallowed old citadel, which delighted me. I answered that I was going to "Ty," and, eager to obtain any information in regard to the interesting locality, inquired if he was acquainted with the spot.

"Know Ty? I may say that I riz like a sphenix, aout of its ashes. Why, stranger, if I was goin to land, I could pint aout to ye, within tew feet, the actewal spot where Ethan Allen fust landed on the York Shore."

This extraordinary accuracy of information interested me. Such minuteuess I was convinced could only be the result of constant habitude with scenes so replete with historic associations, and early familiarity with local traditions. I therefore regarded my "cute" friend as an in-

valuable acquisition, and was not a little abashed when subsequent experience and reflection assured me that he had availed himself of the largest poetic license, and relied with surprising audacity upon the obscurity of antiquity, to inflict upon my credulity, a narrative utterly mythical. I subsequently learned, that to do the marvellous, was part of his profession, and was consoled upon the principle of the old saw, about "misery loving company," by the assurance that many a wiser man than I had been "done" by this miracle of cuteness.

I had long forgotten my Yankee informant, and was leaning over the railing, in unfeigned admiration of the constantly varying picture, when Tie-con-de-ro-ga, reverberated from stem to stern, through the handsome steamer. The rich, sonorous syllables, to which I am convinced, only the stentorian lungs of a Champlain steamboat captain can give full effect, made every cranny vocal. Just ahead was a little pier, extending several rods into the lake. Upon its extremity was built a small station house, and near by stood a flag-staff, around which was gathered a waiting group. The bell rings, the gangway is opened, the plank thrown, and—step quickly, my friend, the boat is not made fast—here we are on ground hallowed by the most vivid remembrances of the days that tried men's souls.

From the pier, the distance to the ruins is about half a mile. A wretched road winds off the bluff, and conducts to a point, from whence the plateau on which stand the fortifications is easily accessible. As I floundered through the highway, I reflected that if the redoubtable Allen achieved his famous conquests through mud like this, the world had given him credit for but half his laurels. Mine host's suggestion in regard to the umbrella recurred to me, and the species of induction by which he had argued its practicability were obvious. Nothing but the contumaciously "rainy season," could evidently have caused such a slough.

Instead of following the road, which bending around a slope, passes for some distance within a few feet of the rear works (the farmer drives his team within a biscuit toss of what was once a parapet, bristling with muskets, and hot with blazing ordnances), I turned to the left, and ascended the heights by a shorter but more difficult path. On one side of the narrow way rose a massive wall, in some places as smooth and firm as when last plumed by the masons, but in others sadly torn and disfigured; a circumstance which a well built stone fence, a few feet distant, very satisfactorily accounted for. The ground was strewn with rocks, which had tumbled from

their places, and blocked up the way. I finally reached the plain, and stood, perhaps on the very spot, where eighty years ago, the bewildered sentinel snapped his fusée, harmless from long disuse, at the audacious hero, who "faced the tempest, and deserved the name of king."

The field presented an incongruous scene of dilapidated cellars and crumbling walls, from the midst of which arises a tall gray ruin, whose tall outline immediately attracts the attention. It is a portion of the old barracks, whose solid masonry has yet withstood the ravages of time, and the spoiliations of neighboring farmers. It is to be regretted that the regularly hewn rocks of Ticonderoga make such excellent stone fences. This unfortunate peculiarity gives them an essential value in the eyes of the husbandman, who, like everybody else in this fast age, is ready to sacrifice whatever is venerable to the single consideration of utility. In an American, regard for the deeds with which his country's history teems, should save these old walls from mutilation. I approached this yet vigorous relic with feelings of unmingled respect. It was once the officers' quarters, and the decrepit old veteran who formerly explained the ruins to visitors was in the habit of pointing out the further door on the left on the upper row, as the place where the Commandant De la Place appeared, when Colonel Allen bade him such an affectionate good morning. At that time, this entrance was reached by a flight of wooden stairs, attached to the outside of the building, all traces of which were long ago obliterated. The roof of this structure is gone, and one end has partly fallen in, but the rest is comparatively well preserved. At one extremity a tall chimney-stack stands up boldly against the sky, and constitutes a prominent feature in the scene. The windowless apertures stare dismally, and the tottering rocks in jagged relief, present a picture of decay, mournfully significant of the ravages of the inflexible destroyer. In front is the parade, now strewn with rocks, and rank with noxious weeds. There, on that memorable morning, were drawn up in two lines, one half on the right and the other on the left, eighty-three Green Mountain Boys awaiting breathlessly, the result of the vociferous summons of their leader, which was thundering around the barracks.

How many a soldier, I meditated, who has hastened here, as the morning *reveille* awoke the echoes of the primal solitude, now sleeps beneath my feet, awaiting that last *reveille* which shall summon him to attend the "innumerable caravan," to be arrayed on the final morning, for the inspection of his Maker. Not then, soldier,

well burnished uniform and polished arms avail you, but purity of conscience, and a soul, "shining resplendent in the lustre of unsullied virtue." How often have these mouldering stones echoed to the peals of the gun at dawn, and reverberated with the martial strains, as the music beat down the line at morning parade? What tales of suffering could these crumbling vestiges of former strength reveal? To what groans of pain have they listened, as dying men brought to quarters by their comrades, filled the air with heart-breaking cries. This very spot may once have been the scene of some terrible conflict, or perhaps this ground was once stained by the blood of innocence, spilled by the arm of a remorseless savage.

I entered the officers' quarters through one of the dilapidated windows. The walls of three compartments are still standing in a greater or less degree of preservation. A few timbers are visible imbedded in the masonry, and partially charred by fire. The lower tier of windows reaches entirely to the ground, a fact which proves that a considerable amount of earth, introduced both naturally and artificially, during a long course of years, has raised the surface several feet above its original level. The limestone walls of this old building are in some places four feet in thickness, and the masonry seems solid enough to withstand the storms of years to come. Those venerable artisans were not chary of cement. Wherever the fissures are large enough to discover the internal structure, small chip-stones are revealed swimming in seas of mortar.

Extending from both ends of the officers' quarters, and at right angles to them, are the two rows of ruins which constituted the soldiers' quarters. The parade being between these buildings, was thus quadrangular in form and enclosed on all sides by the ranges of barracks. The quarters of the men are now so much impaired as scarcely to be identified. The walls are almost entirely demolished, excepting where occasionally lending each other a friendly support at the corners, they still rise grimly for several feet above the surface of the earth. The cellars piled up with rubbish and strewn with fragments of rocks, present a scene of melancholy desolation. Here and there the earth has been freshly thrown out and small excavations appear, in which credulous people have burrowed for treasures; but nothing has thus far rewarded the treasure-seekers of Ticonderoga, but discoveries of mouldering bones, misshapen bullets and corroded buttons. These, however, with a spirit intrinsically though not exclusively American, they convert into the precious metal by selling them as souvenirs.

Not far from the barracks, in the direction of the lake, is what is said to be the site of the old magazine, although it possesses no features to distinguish it from the maze of ruins around it. Into this the British once threw a shell from *Mount Defiance*, which looms up grandly on the right. It now presents a collection of irregular mounds, imperfectly bounded by a wall half hidden in rubbish. Roving flocks now browse quietly on a spot which was once filled with ingredients of destruction.

It is but a short distance from the magazine to the brink of the heights upon which *Ticonderoga* stands. From this point the view up and down the lake is gloriously beautiful. You stand upon an elevation of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, and embrace at a glance, one of the most surpassingly lovely pictures that our ever magnificent American scenery can present. Those warriors had certainly the smiles of an unexampl'd landscape to reconcile them to their obdurate trade, and to the hardships of an untrodden wilderness. On the right is *Mount Defiance*, most happily christened, whose symmetrical sides, clothed in the richest emerald, seem to impart a tinge to the sky against which they meet. It needed but a battery blazing from its bald top, and a fitting corps of scarlet artilleryists, to complete a picture, of which the soldier, gazing from these heights, had often been an absorbed spectator. Somewhat to the north, and nestling in verdure, is the little village of *Shoreham*, where Colonel Allen rendezvoused on the night before his expedition.

Beneath your feet is the calm lake, at this point but little more than a mile in width. The shore line is exceedingly tortuous, so that although one abrupt curve intercepts the glassy surface, another brings it again within the range of vision, and the landscape presents a constant succession of little pellucid lakes, with wavelets glistening in the sun, and flecked here and there by a snowy sail. This feature of the scene renders it exceedingly picturesque—the series of lakelets growing gradually smaller and smaller with the distance, until far beyond, between a vista of miniature bluffs, they are seen to melt away and mingle with the horizon. The sense of solitude is as complete, as when this region was in its wildest state. Not a sound breaks the stillness, scarcely a sign of human habitation greets the eye; and when one turns back, and gazes on the ghastly ruins, a sad, dreary sensation of loneliness insensibly creeps over the heart.

The battlements facing the lake are built upon a solid ledge rising for a hundred feet almost perpendicularly upward from the shore. In many

places, the action of the frost has loosened the cement, and the rocks have tumbled down the heights, at the foot of which they lie, in unsightly heaps. In others, however, the works still spring up for thirty or forty feet, and present a surface smoothly faced, though gray, and worn with age. One angle of the glacis is in an extraordinary state of preservation, and with its history tradition, as usual, has interwoven a legend somewhat tragical. I give it as I heard it, without vouching for its authenticity.

During one of the many periods, when the French Canadians and Indians were leagued against the English for the possession of this continent, a powerful sachem of a northern tribe introduced his daughter for protection, within the walls of Ticonderoga. She was surpassingly beautiful, the darling of the old warrior's heart, and possessing all the virtues, with none of the vices of the Indian character. She had plighted her faith to a lithe young Indian hero, who was now on an expedition to St. John's, in the northern part of the lake. Her father had sanctioned her betrothal, with his blessing, on the morning of the youth's departure. A brevet colonel of French infantry attached to the garrison, being attracted by her beauty, assailed her with a heartless tale of passion, and made proffers, which caused the cheeks of the young Indian girl to tinge with indignation and shame.

She bitterly spurned his proposals, while at the same time she kept the secret of his insolence confined within her own bosom, lest a knowledge of it should alienate the high-spirited chieftain, her father, from his allies, and estrange him from a cause in which they shared a common interest. Regardless of her scorn, and unimpaired by her heroic attitude, this garrison Lethario persisted in persecuting her with his importunities, while she continued bravely to rely upon her own resources to preserve her purity, rather than endanger the fortunes of her father, her lover and her race, by hazarding a disclosure of her peril.

One evening, as she was crossing the esplanade between the barracks and the ramparts, she was intercepted by the French officer, who seized her hand, and falling on his knees, reiterated his dishonorable passion, and pointing to an orderly servant, who was holding the heads of a couple of horses behind an angle of a bastion, declared his purpose of forcibly abducting her, if she any longer refused to accede to his wishes. As quick as thought, the Indian girl broke from his grasp, and leaped like lightning upon the parapet, where she stood like Rebecca, defying the licentious Brian Bois du Guilbert. There the similitude

ends, however, for seeing the officer springing after her the poor Indian maiden uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and took the frantic leap. Her mangled corpse was picked up the next morning by a water-guard, and brought into the fort. Big drops of anguish stood upon the brow of the old warrior as he gazed on his dead girl, but his eyes exhibited no unmanly tokens of grief. The French colonel guarded his secret well, and escaped the father's retribution.

Leaving the scene of the Indian's tragic fate, and following the line of circumvallation, a short *detour* brings you upon the rear-works. Here the business of demolition is almost complete. Nothing remains but an irregular margin of rocks, piled upon each other in broken masses. From these rough vestiges, however, one is enabled to trace the outline of the bastions and curtains with sufficient precision. Nearly all the angles are clearly enough marked for identification, and wherever the Gothicism of all practical husbandry has been unusually merciful, the boundary lines of the flanks and faces of the outworks may be distinguished. Within a few feet of the prostrate ramparts, winds the dreary high road, while beyond is presented a dismal landscape of rugged fields, rockribbed, and overgrown with gnarled and stunted shrubs.

This spot was the scene of one of the most disgraceful repulses which ever attended the British army in this country. The splendid expedition under the young Lord Howe, which sailed down Lake George against Ticonderoga, with all the pomp and magnificence of martial pageantry, so graphically described in one of Cooper's later novels, was repeatedly repulsed, and finally forced to a precipitate retreat, by a much inferior army behind these breastworks, under the Marquis de Montcalm. On that day, the life gushing from the hearts of six hundred soldiers, soaked this bleak plain in blood. The disgraceful termination of this ill-starred expedition, as the world knows, was due to the incapacity of General Abercrombie, the successor of the unfortunate Howe, who was shot in a skirmish before the battle. The Marquis de Montcalm gained much well-deserved credit for the skillfulness and bravery with which he defended the fortress against an enemy whose soldiers were veterans, and whose numbers were more than double those of the garrison.

The varied imaginings, the philosophy, and solemn reflection, which hover around this locality, when contemplated in connection with the memories of its mournful history, invest it with an interest too touching and melancholy not to excite emotions in the most careless spectator.

Between the rear defences and the barracks, is an irregular plateau of several acres in extent. This area is undulating in its character, and its scanty herbage has furnished an unsatisfactory pasturage to many a deluded sheep, since the time when its once smooth surface facilitated only the passage of gun-carriages and artillery horses. At a point about three-fourths the distance across the plain, is cut a deep trench, whose course runs nearly parallel with the outer works. In some places the walls of the talus or slope are in perfect preservation. Its rocks, imbedded as they are in solid embankments of earth, are less assailable than those above ground, and the peculiarity of its position has defended it against the despoiling hands of those, whose ancestors it once preserved from spoliation. In other places, however, more accessible, the masonry of both the scarp and counterscarp is entirely obliterated, and nothing remains to indicate its course but an irregular chasm. The part which exhibits the least mutilation and decay, is at a point where, to preserve its parallelism, the trench makes an angle, corresponding with a salient angle of the exterior defences. Here, the facing of the walls is still perfect, although the cement has crumbled from between the stones, and externally, the surfaces present a toppling and unsteady appearance. The mortar within, however, holds them with a tenacity which would preserve the structure for years if let alone.

I had nearly finished my explorations, and was enjoying the glorious view from the edge of the bluff, when I was accosted by a man, whose accent betrayed an Hibernian pedigree. He pointed to a microscopic thanty, far down at the base of the heights, and told me, that though that had been his habitation for half-a-dozen years, he knew nothing about the ruins. Shade of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck! Six years a dweller on a spot whose every mouldering rock tells a tale, and so insensible! In an American, such extraordinary apathy would at once have subjected him to the suspicion of not being indigenous. In an exotic Irishman, it was less remarkable. He soon disclosed the object of his visit, by exhausting a capacious pocket of sundry relics, all well authenticated and duly apprised. The inventory of his small stock comprised bullets, perfectly whitened, and of a variety of forms, shot rough and mishapen from incrustations of rust, gun-flints, and Indian arrow heads. All these he told me, the earth around his dwelling yielded plentifully; and occasionally the spade struck against the decaying bones of some soldier, who had been buried where he fell. The man dilated lugubriously upon these rough mementoes, and

told their probable history, with remarkable unction. He was evidently one of those, who, "grieved for an hour perhaps;" and would doubtless rehearse the same eloquent narrative to the next visitor who encouraged him to empty his pockets.

I was indebted to the Irishman for an introduction to one of the most interesting and best preserved ruins which Ticonderoga now affords. It is the bakery. This is a subterranean room, situated within the range of barracks, which formed the side of the parade, opposite the officers' quarters, and is accessible from one of the dilapidated cellars. The aperture by which it is entered, is half-choked up with rubbish and fallen stones. It is an oblong apartment, with an arched roof, pierced on one side by a sky-light, which is now in so ruinous a state as to present merely the appearance of an irregular hole. The masonry of the arch is two or three feet in thickness, and is perfectly solid. The floor is covered with the clay and rocks, which have found access through the door and window. At the further extremity, are two dark holes, the entrances to the ovens. They are now obstructed by loose earth and rocky fragments. It is currently reported and believed, throughout the neighborhood, that there are two underground passages, connected with these ovens, one conducting under the bluff to the shore of the lake, and the other leading to a well, yet visible by the roadside. No one, however, has had the temerity to explore them. The extraordinary massiveness and solidity of this old structure, indicates that the original engineers properly appreciated the sanctity of the *cuisine*, and were unusually prodigal of genius in consecrating an inviolable temple to the divinest of arts.

As I crawled out of the narrow aperture a large raindrop struck my hand, and simultaneously my guide ejaculated, that; "sure, this wither would make a fish of him intirely!" Mine host's implied prediction was verified; the sky was overcast, and the fast falling drops were giving a darker tint to the gray rocks. I bade a hasty farewell to "Old Ty," whose grim ruins seemed to glare reproachfully, through their ghastly windows, that there had been, "a chiel among them takin' notes" of their present imbecility, and decrepitude, and floundered to the hotel.

---

"Right on the Goose Question."—Somebody making use of this familiar quotation, the other day, a matter-of-fact gentleman present said, "I don't know what you mean by 'goose.'"  
 "Ah! my friend," replied the 'somebody,' "not to know a goose, argues yourself unknown."  
 Witty, but not very complimentary.

## "MOTHER, I AM WEARY."

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

[A correspondent of the *Minna Republican* says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie road, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was travelling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mild-eyed as an autumnal sky, and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window, she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary—when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a gentle slumber, and awaking suddenly a radiant smile overspreading her features, she exclaimed, pointing upward: "Mother, there is papa!—home at last!" and expired.]

"O mother, I am weary, I would lean upon thy breast,  
For my head is aching sorely, and I long to be at rest.  
And tell me, are we near? shall we see our home to-day?  
For mother, I am weary, I am weary of the way."

"I would see it once again, for the skies look brighter  
there,  
And I fancy I could breathe more freely in its air.  
'Tis the dearest spot I know, I love its cherished name,  
I wonder, mother darling, if it's looking just the same?"

"It is not hidden now by its summer veil of leaves,  
And looking yonder, mother, do you see it through the  
trees?"

Our journey has been long, and I would cease to roam,  
For mother, I am weary, I am weary for my home."

"Through the window by my side I've been looking all  
the day,  
And thinking, mother dear, how long we've been away.  
And you look weary too, but rest shall be so sweet,  
When once again at home the absent ones we'll meet."

"I see it, darling mother, I see your cheering smile,  
And now my weary eyes, I will close them for awhile;  
And fold me closer now, still closer to thy heart,  
For something tells me, mother, that you and I must part."

The little maiden slept, and o'er her brow of snow  
There gathered in her slumber, a bright, celestial glow,  
And a radiant smile of love o'er her little features stole,  
And thro' her waking eyes beamed forth her happy soul.

"O mother, he is coming, I see my dear papa!  
He's wings are like the angels, his face is like a star.  
He's holding out his arms, the weary hours are past,  
To a fairer world I'm going, I've found my home at last!"

## SMOKING AND SNUFFING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

WALKING and talking, riding and reading, la-  
boring and lounging, Ichabod Wise smoked. It  
was puff, puff, puff, from morning till night, and  
from night till—bedtime. Cigars found as nat-  
ural a resting place between his lips as did the  
tongue in his mouth. Eating and sleeping were  
the only occupations in which they could con-  
veniently be dispensed with, although he argued  
that an hour's smoke, were he nervous or rest-

less, lulled him into a delicious slumber; and a  
four cent Havana proved the best dessert he  
could taste. Mrs. Wise needed no perfumery;  
the extract of smoke was most thoroughly dis-  
seminated through her entire wardrobe; collars  
and caps, gloves and gaiters alike heralded their  
coming. The peculiar odor had so impregnated  
every apartment, that none could long remain  
ignorant of the habits of the master of the house.  
The neat wife aired and aired, opening wide the  
windows and doors on every practicable occa-  
sion for the egress of the unwelcome essence,  
besides burning various condiments in the hope  
of overpowering the predominating exhalation.  
Alas for Mrs. Wise! she utterly failed in her  
laudable intention.

"Ichabod," she said, gathering up the cigar-  
ends and ashes that that individual regularly de-  
posited upon the mantel, "I wish you'd leave  
off smoking."

"Ah!" responded placid-faced Ichabod.

"Yes; won't you?"

"I'll see about it; perhaps it'll come right  
one of these days. But I don't see, Rebecca,  
how you can have the heart to wish to cut off  
such a simple and harmless gratification—such  
a cheap amusement."

"It is neither harmless nor cheap," was the  
reply.

Mr. Wise took out his cigar and smiled in-  
credulously.

"It is a dirty habit, too," resumed Mrs. Wise,  
energetically. "A gentleman will not suffer  
his mouth to be soiled by contact with tobacco  
in any form; at least, that is my opinion."

"But smoking is not chewing, my dear? I  
wouldn't be guilty of chewing; it is a dreadful  
bad way for a man to get into—chewing is."

"One is as bad as the other, though perhaps  
the former is not quite so obnoxious to the gen-  
erality of people," she rejoined.

"But my dear, smoking is fashionable, every-  
body smokes; and what the majority do, must  
be right." And the speaker strengthened his  
argument by an emphatic puff.

"Fashionable! And because some brainless  
exquisite discharges a mouthful of smoke in a  
lady's face, you would feel yourself warranted  
in doing the same thing, would you? Fie,  
Ichabod!"

"My dear Rebecca, you're quite off the track;  
I smoke in the street, as you well know," re-  
turned the quiet Ichabod; "yet I consider it de-  
cidedly out of taste to go on a public promenade  
with a lighted cigar in one's mouth. In fact,  
were I a lady, I should object to walking with a  
gentleman addicted to the habit."



"Yet you see no impropriety in puffing smoke into my face whenever you feel disposed!" retorted Mrs. Wise.

"There's an enormous difference between you and the public, Rebecca; you're my wife—a favored individual, with whom I am to feel no diffidence, no restraint, no formality. If I can't smoke in your presence, where can I smoke?"

"But it makes me sick and dizzy; I've assured you of that a great many times, Mr. Wise."

"It can't be possible! Why, when I'm sick, it makes me well! Strange we are constituted so differently!"

Ichabod lighted a fresh Havana. Rebecca looked resolute.

"I've a mind to learn to smoke myself," she said, after observing him a few moments. "If it is such an unalloyed gratification, I should like to participate in it. What a famous time we could have puffing away together!"

"Capital! try it, Rebecca! I shan't oppose it in the least. If there's one bad trait of character that I don't possess, it's selfishness; I enjoy myself, and I'm willing and desirous that everybody else should do the same. I smoke, and I've no objections to your smoking; or snuffing, or chewing, if you like them better. Individual sovereignty is a great thing, Mrs. Wise!"

A cloud of blue vapor so enveloped the sapient head of Ichabod that he did not see the peculiar expression of his wife's face; the fixed determination, the suddenly formed purpose. Silence prevailing, the individual with the cigar began to feel drowsy; the puffs were fainter and farther apart, and finally the fascinating roll of tobacco was taken from his mouth and laid upon the mantel. Sleep took possession of the senses of Ichabod, who was Wise by name if not by nature.

"You have not given me the money for dinner," observed Mrs. Wise, as her connubial partner was leaving the house, upon the next morning.

"I laid it on the mantel, last night. You will find it there."

Mrs. Wise looked in the place indicated and found part of a cigar and some burned fragments of a bank note. Holding them up to view, she said:

"A harmless habit is smoking, certainly!"

"Why—how in the world—"

"A cheap amusement, and cheap in its results; isn't it, husband?"

"How could that happen? I surely didn't—"

"Yes, you surely did put a lighted cigar on this bill, and here are the remains of it. A sim-

ilar thing has happened twice before. Ah! here is a V in one corner. Five dollars gone for half a cigar!"

Ichabod had no relish for a lengthened conversation on this particular theme; so he produced more money and hurried away.

His wife Rebecca mused.

"When we walk he smokes, when we talk he smokes. Everything smells of cigars, from myself down to the scrubbing-brush. It's a habit that costs me a great deal of annoyance, and him a great deal of money. It ruins his health and my carpets. It consumes a great deal of time and tobacco, and mortifies and embarrasses me not a little. Cannot something be done to show him the folly of being enslaved by a Prince or an Havana? Cannot I, a woman, possessing, perhaps, in some degree a woman's wit and shrewdness, invent some way to cure him of smoking? I'd learn to puff myself, but unfortunately I have a very vivid recollection of an experiment in the smoking line, practised in my younger days. My sensations were not pleasurable; I have no hesitation in confessing that I was decidedly miserable. I felt so little like myself, that I should be unwilling to risk losing my identity again. "Like cures like" may be a good maxim, but in this case it isn't available. Yet Ichabod must be cured."

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Wise descended to the dining-room together. The former took from his pocket a cigar case and proceeded to get up an appetite for breakfast by the use of a portion of its contents; while the latter, producing an enormous snuff box, composedly took a generous pinch. Almost immediately a hearty sneer followed this simple action; then another, and still another, until sternutation promised to be Mrs. Wise's employment for the day.

Ichabod started at these unusual manifestations, smoked away faster than ever, and then endeavored to look much amused. But Rebecca's face reflected no merriment; she was sober, nay serious, as (the snuff having spent its force) she took her seat at table and began to pour the coffee. When the meal was concluded, the cigar and snuff were resumed. Smoking and sneezing were as earnestly carried on as though they constituted the chief employment of life. A rocking chair held Mrs. Wise, snuff box in hand, and Mr. Wise leaned his back against the wall, manifestly regarding the matter as an excellent joke. As long as the cigar did duty, so long was snuff administered to an unoffending nose; when that was laid aside, the box of goodly proportions was con-

signed to her pocket, to remain till its rival again called it forth.

"Come down to the store this morning, Rebecca, and I'll go with you to look at those paintings on exhibition," said our hero, determined to take no notice of this new freak of his wife's. "Come at ten; I have an hour then at my own disposal."

Rebecca went; she was fond of paintings; but the snuff box went, too.

When, as usual, Ichabod's mouth was equipped with a cigar, a pinch of Maecaboy found its way to his helpmate's nostrils; the effect was not quite so startling as in the first application, but the pedestrians who jostled past our couple were occasionally startled by a series of sneezes, commencing piano and ending forte.

From being amused Mr. Wise began to feel somewhat annoyed. His wife was a very pretty woman and very prettily dressed; he disliked to see a huge snuff box in her gloved hand, or witness the curious, inquisitive glances of passers-by. He had purposely refrained from speaking of this new phase, in the morning, hoping it would prove of short duration. But now matters looked threatening. What did she intend to do? Why, take snuff, it was evident, and whenever and wherever it suited her fancy. He flung away his cigar and quickened his steps; Mrs. Wise concealed her box, and he breathed easier.

"I wont seem to remark this freak, and doubtless she will soon tire of it; indifference will be better than expostulation," thought the long-headed Ichabod, as they entered the exhibition room. "Women are so fractious and obstinate, at times, that one feels necessitated to let them have their own way."

Now habit so tyrannized over the forbearing husband, that he could not enjoy looking at the fine paintings hanging about him, without a cigar between his lips. He would not insist upon having it lighted, but he wanted to feel its sympathizing presence—to be certain of its consoling proximity. The distance was short between his pocket and his mouth, and the desire was put into action in less time than we have been putting the thought into words. Absorbed in a beautiful landscape, for a brief space he forgot the existence of Mrs. Wise; but a hurried glance around discovered her quietly sitting on a sofa opposite, in the act of tapping the cover of the dreaded box. Already she was beginning to attract attention. He caught her eye at the moment her finger and thumb secured a small quantity of the fragrant powder, and at the same instant he unaccountably dropped his Havana; while the snuff, strange to say, was

recklessly wasted on the dirty floor. Curious coincidence! Twice or thrice his fingers wandered nervously to his pocket, but he mastered the inclination, and walked about as indifferent as though cigars had no existence.

"Plague take the woman!" he muttered. "What crotchet has she got into her head now, I wonder? I never knew she was addicted to snuff-taking. Detestable habit! worse than smoking a pipe or chewing opium! I hope she doesn't intend to keep it up, at home and abroad. If she does, I'll—I'll apply for a divorce! Snuff! But I wont appear to notice it, and I've no doubt she'll keep the dirty thing out of sight."

Mr. and Mrs. Wise left the hall, discussing the merits of the different pictures, snuff and cigars being mutually avoided. Upon going home to dinner, he found some relatives whom he had not seen for some years, and to whom Mrs. W. was a total stranger. But it seems that she had introduced herself, and—her snuff box; for as Ichabod entered, she was engaged in passing it around for the good of the company.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Wise; I never use snuff; but mother will be happy to keep you company," said a young cousin, good humoredly, declining the offered box.

The new-comer was so much confused by this (to him) extraordinary behaviour, that he failed to do himself justice in the greeting of his friends. That his wife might persevere in her new undertaking, had never occurred to him; and that she should expose her weakness (for so he viewed it) before company, was a greater wonder. The dinner, which was excellent, he could not relish; visions of accidental deposits of snuff in the gravy and pudding, interfered with his appetite, which was generally keenly appreciative of good cooking. But he kept up an animated conversation with his guests to disguise the newly fledged prejudice. About half an hour after leaving the table, the host began to feel uneasy; the trouble was, he wanted to smoke. And smoke he did, after remarking "that he hoped that cigars were not offensive to any one present." No dissenting voices being heard, Ichabod's happiness commenced; but simultaneously with the cigar-case appeared the snuff box, Mrs. Wise treating herself to the scented powder with the gusto of an old grandmother.

"Ichabod smokes and I snuff; he uses tobacco rolled and I powdered," she went on to say, with great sang froid. "I really felt quite lonesome to sit and see him enjoying himself so much, cut off as I seemed to be from any part of his gratification; so I got some genuine old

Maccaboy, and now I feel quite contented-like. To be sure, I sneezed a great deal, at first, which was a slight drawback to my happiness; but now I can take as big a pinch as anybody, and not have my head feel as though it was going to fly off. Once I used to think that smoking was a vile practice and snuff-taking a disgusting habit; but it's wonderful how completely my prejudices on these points have been overthrown, and, as I may say, thrown to the winds. Yes, it's almost miraculous how my opinions have changed! Aunt," she added, turning abruptly to an elderly lady near her, "I shouldn't wonder at all if I should soon take to cigarettos."

"I hope not, my dear," was the response.

"And why not?" queried Mrs. Wise, in seeming surprise.

"Because—don't be offended, my dear, at an old woman's opinion—because a lady's breath should never smell of smoke."

Rebecca laughed and fortified herself by another liberal pinch out of the capacious snuff box.

"That's a primitive idea, aunt. Do you not know that to smoke well is considered an elegant accomplishment, now-a-days? It's decidedly genteel!"

A pitying smile was the only reply to this enthusiastic averment.

"Pipes are vulgar; I don't think I would patronize pipes; but I don't doubt I should look charmingly smoking a cigarette. And then Ichabod and I can take so much comfort together. Poor fellow! he's puffed away so many hours alone, that it's quite time his taste were reciprocated. Say, Ichabod, won't it be delightful?"

At this glowing picture of future felicity the visitors exchanged significant glances, and Ichabod, with flushed face and hurried manner, left the room, pleading an imperative engagement. That his wife was fast taking leave of her senses, he was tempted to believe; else why did she act so peculiarly and use such strange words? He preferred to listen to two lectures a day upon the ill effect of cigar smoking, than hear her make such a remark as her last one, or see her take such huge pinches of snuff. His wife's pretty fingers and classic nose soiled with snuff! Pah! it was too revolting to think of!

"Take care, sir—take care of my corns! said a voice, and looking up, Mr. Wise recognized his old family physician whom he was about running over.

"Ah, pardon me, doctor! I was careless, I fear."

"Monstrously so! At the rate you were going

I might have been crushed, if I hadn't been fortunate enough to gain your attention," pursued the professional man, good naturedly, putting his capacious person in motion.

"The truth was, doctor, I was thinking," said Mr. Wise, apologetically.

"Of what?"

"My wife."

"Then you can be pardoned; for few husbands are guilty of thinking about their wives, especially after being a married man so long as you have!" was the laughing retort.

"Don't joke, doctor! I'm not in the mood; besides, I want your advice."

The small, twinkling eyes of the physician were fixed an instant on the sober visage of Ichabod; then he said:

"Well—your wife?"

"My wife, sir, I'm suspicious, is in a very bad way."

"In a bad way! Why didn't you let me know before, and get a prescription for her? Negligence, sir, negligence!" fumed Esculapius.

"Because I haven't supposed, until to-day, that she needed attention," replied Ichabod, in an humble tone.

"The symptoms, sir, the symptoms?" peremptorily.

"Water from the head, snuffing, and violent and continuous sneezing."

"Bad, very bad! Catarrh—the most aggravated kind of catarrh! I'll drop in and examine the case this very afternoon, by your leave."

"Do so, my dear doctor; but first let me remove any wrong impression my words may have given you. My wife will not confess herself sick; women are so eccentric about such matters, sometimes, you know."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself! I perfectly understand the whims of the feminine world." And thereupon Dr. Bolus complacently produced his snuff box, wrapped the cover, and snuffed with much satisfaction; which movement caused Mr. Wise to recoil in alarm. Bolus sneezed and walked on, while his young friend went puffing in an opposite direction. The latter heard several stermutatory explosions after the old doctor turned the next corner, distant about rifle range, which caused him to quicken his footsteps, and exclaim:

"Confounded bad habit for man or beast is snuffing! If I had a dog that took snuff, I believe I should kill him!"

Ichabod returned to tea at the usual hour. When he opened the parlor door his wife was in the very act of sneezing. Dr. Bolus was present, and she was taking snuff with him very

cosily—with the nonchalance of a veteran who has snuffed ten pounds a year. Alarming spectacle! both physician and patient were indulging in the contents of that odious box! He fancied the former looked unusually grave, and felt not a little curious to know what his opinion might be.

"I find your lady affected with a very singular disease of the head," Dr. Bolus remarked: "I haven't met with a case just like it for several years."

"Indeed! What seems to be the difficulty?" said Ichabod, somewhat wrought upon by the doctor's serious manner.

"It is an obstruction of the estachian tubes, with an accumulation of morbid matter upon the pituitary glands, which affects the whole sensorium," quoth the doctor, with professional solemnity.

"Nothing dangerous, I presume?" added the husband.

"All derangements of the human system are dangerous, if neglected or improperly treated," remarked Bolus.

"You can set her to rights in a few days, doubtless?" continued Ichabod, who was now getting really anxious.

"The brain, my young friend, is a very difficult organ to reach," asserted the doctor, with emphasis. "A little reflection will convince you that it is not easy to apply the remedy to the diseased structure."

"You don't mean to affirm that you have no medical agent that will apply to her case?" exclaimed Ichabod, now quite nervous.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor, reaching across the centre table to dip his thumb and finger into Mrs. Wise's snuff box. "There is a remedy."

"What is it?" queried Ichabod, with evident perturbation.

"Har-chew!" went the doctor.

"Har-chew!" followed the patient.

Both used their handkerchiefs, and then Bolus said:

"Snuff," with a solemnity befitting the occasion.

"Snuff," repeated the fair patient, feelingly.

"Snuff!" added Ichabod, starting from his seat as though a highly galvanized plate of zinc had been introduced between his person and the chair.

"Snuff," continued the doctor, "is—"

"An invention of the devil!" cried Ichabod.

"Har-chew!" quoth Mrs. Wise.

"Snuff is a very cheap and convenient remedy, and acts powerfully on the olfactory nerves,

and even on the substance of the brain itself," pursued Bolus.

"I should think it might!" groaned Ichabod. And at that instant the doctor's nose went off with a terrible explosion.

"But seriously, doctor, is there no alternative? It is a most disgusting remedy?"

"On the contrary, sir, 'tis a most delightful medicament. In the course of a year, by plentiful application of Maccaboy, your wife will sneeze away all her bodily ailments—a very easy way of getting rid of trouble, I think. But I wont warrant a cure unless she will take it often. I'd advise you to purchase it by the bladder; half a dozen bladders, sir, will work wonders in her case."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Ichabod, "my wife's a small woman, and will by no means hold so much snuff. Why, I apprehend that she would actually sneeze her brains out in three months!"

"Supply the vacuum with snuff," suggested the doctor, quietly.

"I begin to think you have done that yourself!" retorted Ichabod.

"You are at liberty to think what you please, but Mrs. Wise must take snuff."

"You are particularly disagreeable, doctor! Reflect; think of a young and pretty woman, like Mrs. Wise, going about with a vile snuff box in her hand, filling her model nose with the loathsome powder, scattering it over her embroidery, into her daily bread, perchance, destroying the whiteness of white handkerchiefs, and sneezing to the right and left like a confirmed old doser. What is more disgusting than to see a respectable female going about with a black spot on the tip of her nose! Positively, I can't think of Rebecca's taking powdered tobacco!"

"But tobacco does you a great deal of good, husband," said Mrs. Wise, demurely.

Ichabod made no answer.

"It prevents your food from hurting you, quiets your nerves, keeps your head clear, and is such a comfort to you generally. To be sure it makes your breath bad, scents up the house and clothing, takes considerable time, burns up things occasionally, gives me the sick-headache, and costs quite a sum of money; but all this is but a trifle compared with the good smoking does, and the enjoyment it brings."

There was a momentary pause.

"Doctor, will it affect my breath any?" naively inquired Mrs. Wise.

"I'm sorry to say that it will. It will make your voice sharp, also, and impair your intellect, somewhat, if you persist in it a few years."

"Affect her breath, make her voice sharp, impair her intellect! Horrible!"

Now Mrs. Wise had a breath sweet as a rose, a voice like a silver flute, and a fine intellect; and to think that any of these should suffer was terrific to Ichabod. He tried to make some compromise with the doctor, but Bolus was inexorable. He then shifted his ground and pretended to regard it as a joke or an innocent conspiracy; but the doctor became severe and accused him of having no real regard for his wife's health; while the latter applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to be deeply injured in her feelings. In fact her visuals grew very red and inflamed, which was accounted for, afterward, by the circumstance that she got snuff into them. The unfortunate Ichabod yielded with an ill grace, and spent the evening out.

He passed through varied experiences after that eventful evening. Maccaboy pervaded the house; it seemed as diffusive as cigar-smoke, penetrating everything, leaving everywhere the impress of its odor. The large snuff box appeared alike in the kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and boudoir; it rested beside Ichabod's cigar case at night. He found the aromatic powder on his best handkerchiefs, on the combs and brushes, and on the toilet table. The sound of sternutation became terrible to his ears; he ran when he heard persons sneeze in the street. He lost confidence in his daily bread, and slyly wiped his plate with his napkin when he dined.

What could honest Ichabod do? He entered into a solemn treaty with Mrs. Wise. The articles of capitulation were exceedingly simple and to the point: He agreed to leave off smoking if she would renounce snuffing. He was to bid an everlasting adieu to Havanas, and she was to say to Maccaboy farewell for ever. The snuff box and the cigar-case were laid away together. The house was thoroughly aired, and the nauseating sphere of tobacco expurgated by various processes. The powdered weed was cast out, and the weed in rolls went with it. And it was a joyful day to Mrs. Wise when the filthy smoke fiend was exorcised and laid. There were no more choking fumes in the parlor, dining-room, and boudoir. Her wardrobe became purified, at length, of the breath of tobacco. The abominations that follow in the track of the confirmed puffer finally departed.

Mrs. Wise's diseases vanished also. Dr. Bolus shrugged his shoulders and looked sagacious whenever he met Ichabod; while the latter, after he had fairly broken from the thralldom of smoking, could laugh at the conspiracy without much effort, though it was at his own expense.

#### A PARISIAN PANTOMIMIST.

Paul Legrand is the best pantomimist and clown in Paris. In a piece lately produced, called the *Brass Noir*, in which he is conspicuous, I really thought I should laugh myself to death—verdict: died of a clown at a small theatre! It is a parody on Gerard de Nerval's *Main de Gloire*, and the most ludicrous parody imaginable. Pierrot in a battle with a negro, loses one of his arms after having torn off that of his adversary, who has fled, carrying away the white arm. Pierrot, desolate, like the peri at the garden gate, goes in search of a celebrated surgeon, who adroitly adjusts the foreign arm to his mutilated shoulder. Unfortunately the black arm is the arm of a rogue, a mauvais sujet, a thief, a pickpocket, a rake, a canaille, etc., and it obstinately retains the manners of its first master; so, that possessing a will of its own entirely independent of poor Pierrot, who is a very honest fellow, it leads him into all sorts of difficulties. The black arm steals a sack of money, which the white arm honestly refuses to touch, gives blows with its fist, takes the pretty girls by the waist and chucks them under the chin, tickles Pierrot to make him laugh in a pathetic situation, and finally, in spite of the virtue and remonstrances of the rest of himself, leads him off to prison. At the end, however, all is arranged. Pierrot regains his own arm once more, marries the girl of his heart, punches the negro's head, and all terminates happily. The idea is comic, is it not? The representation is droll, beyond expression.—*Correspondent of the Post.*

#### AN INCH OF RAIN.

In Lieut. Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," he computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling upon the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of twenty-five millions of square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says he, "three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons; and the salt which, as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when that water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb equilibrium, weighed sixteen million more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than would the fall of rain supposed. And yet, so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived."—*Philadelphia Post.*

Discontent produces much of our discomfort, and all of our improvement. If Plato had defined man as a grumbling biped, he might have defied Diogenes and his rooster. Whoever objected to the definition would have proved its truth.

## RIDING A CAMEL.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

We see that the camels imported by the United States—*E Pluribus Unum*—have "arriv," and we hope our western Yankees will have a good time in riding them; our own private opinion in the meantime, being, that it is a good deal easier to back a Durham cow than a Bactrian camel. We recollect witnessing a first experiment several years ago at the Lion Theatre in this city. The victim was Dan Reed, a gentleman pretty well known to old play goers in this city, as one of the best stage tyrants of his day. As Geasler in William Tell, he was perfectly excruciating. In private life his temper was none of the sweetest, and we believe it was utterly impossible for Dan to "roar as gently as a sucking dove."

Well, to our story. The management of the "Lion," brought out the melodrama of Blue Beard, with the "whole resources of the unrivalled establishment," "with a reckless disregard of cost," as Mr. Crummles would have said, and in a "style to bid defiance to any other establishment in the world." The great "card" was a bridal procession, in which were introduced two live elephants, a camel, and a stud of horses. Dan Reed was cast for Abomilique, the "three-tailed bashaw," and was expected to mount the camel. Though he protested against a first class actor, in addition to the humiliation of "playing with a menagerie," being obliged to appear on the back of a "ferocious animal," as he styled the camel, still he was obliged to submit to the requirements of the management.

The first night came and a crowded house. At the close of the first act, the procession came on, and went off amidst uproarious applause. Such a big elephant was never seen on any stage. And Dan on his camel was magnificent. His blue beard shone with the brilliancy of a Cairn Gorm, and his sabre and spangles "brought down" the million. Yet, in the midst of his glories and elevated position some ten feet in the air, those who were nearest to him might have seen a shadow of uneasiness on his painted brow. He was evidently dissatisfied with the motion and doubtful of the temper of his "mount," and, sure enough, just as the procession was leaving the stage, a boy in a blue turban, as the camel was passing, animated by the spirit of mischief, kicked him viciously. The animal, though supposed to be as meek as Moses, resented the affront and kicked at the boy in turn. Up went those clumsy footpads, and off went Dan Reed,

his sabre flying out of its scabbard as he pitched upon his head. The act drop went down amidst the roars of the audience. The boy fled, and Dan Reed after him, sword in hand, swearing, like Rob Roy to "cleave him to the brieket." But the rascal made good his escape, and Dan was forced "to nurse his rage to keep it warm."

After the performance, the tragedian, learning that the boy was ward to Andrew Jackson Allen, the costumer of the establishment, sought out that celebrated personage to lay his grievances before him. Now everybody knows that Andrew was hard of hearing and troubled with a perpetual cold in his head. On this occasion, having heard of what had transpired, he saw fit to be impenetrably deaf, and to hear nothing at all, though Dan spoke in the voice of Stentor.

"Mr. Allen," roared Dan, "I come to complain of an atrocious act on the part of your boy—one of the greatest little villains in creation."

"Glad you like the boy," replied "Dummy." "Good boy—clever—subborts his ancient mother add two sisters—picked ib up id Halifax."

"He kicked my camel," yelled Dan, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand and bellowing into Allen's ear—"and made the camel kick me off—me, Daniel Reed, a legitimate actor—mark you, sir—led the heavy business at the Federal."

"Excellent, good-natured, abiable boy," pursued Allen. "Sends ub all his eardings—I bay his board. Clever lad."

"He's a villain!" shouted Dan.

"Glad you like ib."

"And if you don't flog him within an inch of his life—I'll murder him!"

"Thank you, Dad," said Allen, offering his hand. "All he wants is a liddle idstrucshud. He'll make ad agtor—he will—bound to rise. Good princibles. Much obliged for your kide offer. I'll write to his mother—mother and two sisters at Halifax—he subborts ub. Good-night, Dad."

"You be hanged!" yelled Dan. "You're as much of a booby as he is a fool. And if you have any respect for the boy's mother, you'll pay for his funeral—for as sure as the sun gilds the dome of the State House to-morrow morn, that sun shall set upon his bleeding corpse."

It is needless to say that the threat was not executed, and that the next night Dan was billeted upon the elephant, having positively refused to ride the "ferocious animal," on which and off which he had figured on the first night of Blue Beard.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself, is seldom pleased with others, and they, in return, are little disposed to like him.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### CLOSE OF VOLUME THREE.

With the present number of our "Dollar Magazine" we close the third volume of the work. Probably no similar work was ever offered to the public which in a year and a half attained to so large an edition. It will be seen that we are constantly improving the Magazine, both in its contents and the beauty of its typography, using a much better quality of paper, and otherwise increasing its general excellence. We shall continue to make it all that we have promised, and more, and thus respond to the vast popularity it has reached. We have some admirable stories and articles preparing for forthcoming numbers, and send forth with this our hearty good wishes to the army of readers and subscribers who are our patrons.

UNCLE SAMUEL'S FARM.—To give, says an exchange, the English some idea of the extent of our domain, which they have recently talked so much about annihilating, at a single blow, we would state that the distance between the cities of New York and New Orleans is more than equal to that separating London from Constantinople, or Paris from St. Petersburg. By the land route between New York and Astoria, the distance is equal to that between New York and Bremen. By the water route the distance is as great as that between Canton and London.

THE WORLD'S MARINE.—It is stated that the waters of the earth are navigated by 145,000 vessels, of 12,904,687 tons; of which the United States have 5,500,000 tons, Great Britain, 5,000,000 tons, and France only 716,130 tons.

"CONCERT BY OLD BULL!" said a Yankee, reading a poster. "What'll they git up next? Our old bull Brindle can beller like sixty; but I never heard of *his* goin' round givin' concerts!"

AWARD.—Rossier, the artist of New York, received a one thousand franc gold medal at the late Paris Exposition.

### WASHINGTON IN 1773.

When Col. Washington was in New York, in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British governor that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service.

"I wager your excellency a pair of gloves," said Mrs. Morris, an American lady, "that I will show you a handsomer man in the procession to-morrow than your excellency can select from your famous regiment.

"Done, madam," replied the governor.

The morrow came (June 4), and the procession, in honor of the birthday of the king, advanced through Broadway, to the braying of the trumpets and the beat of drums. As the troops defiled before the governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In the rear of the troop came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. On their appearance, the attention of the governor was attracted towards a tall and martial figure, that marched with grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed, "I perceive your excellency's eyes are turned towards the right object. What say you to your wager now, sir?"

"Lost, madam," replied the gallant governor. "When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York."

COOL.—At one of the California theatres a few weeks since, a quarrel took place between two fellows in the parquette, and they fired several shots at each other with revolvers. A lady who was in the boxes, was asked if she was not frightened. "O, la! no!" said she. "We are so used to having our bonnets and side curls cut with bullets that we don't mind such things." Such is the "werry last bulletin," as Mr. Weller, senior, says.

VOLUME THIRD.—We are now prepared to bind up the third volume of our "Dollar Magazine," which closes with this number, in our neat and uniform style, for *thirty seven cents*. Bound and returned in one week.

## OLD STORIES.

There are some old stories that never grow stale; they are so good that we can bear their frequent repetition, and welcome them with as hearty a laugh as when we first heard them. We pity a person who cannot laugh at a good old joke—such a man would be very likely to cut a good old friend. We pity a man who can sit at a circus without any relaxation of the facial muscles, while the clown is performing the same pranks and uttering the same jests which delighted his grandfather. Mr. Hardcastle's staple story was "Old Grouse in the gun-room," and yet often as it was repeated, we are led to infer that it enjoyed a fabulous success. When he is marshalling his servants for the dignified reception of his expected guests, he says: "If I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story, at the table, you must all burst out a laughing, as if you made a part of the company." "Then, good!" answers Diggory, "your worship must not tell the story of 'Old Grouse in the gun-room'; I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years. Ha! ha! ha!"

Who objects to hearing for the thousandth time the story of the Irishman riding, who, when his horse caught his hind foot in the stirrup, dismounted, saying, "If you're to get on, I'll get off; for, be Jabers! I wont ride double!" Or that other "gintleman," who sat in the saddle, immovable, under a pelting shower, because he was waiting for it to clear up. These genuine old things have a flavor of fun that ensures their perennial bloom.

What a story that is of Sheridan's going out to shoot with Mr. Coke's Irish gamekeeper, at Norfolk, and missing every shot, while his good-natured companion found a ready excuse for every failure. At the first shot, all the birds got away, when the gamekeeper exclaimed, "More power to your honor! Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again." The second shot was no more lucky, but the consolation this time was, "Tare an' agers, there they go! But didn't your honor hear the shot rattle among them like pass agin a windey! They'll pray never to see your honor agin on this side of the country." Shot 3d, (birds all off again): "Blood an' cums! but they've caught it!" (After watching them awhile), "There's three wounded anyhow, for they had hardly stringth to fly over yonder hedge: the divil a wink of sleep they'll get this blessed night." Shot 4th, (a pheasant gets away): "Well, I never seen a poor gentleman taken like him; he'll remember your honor many a long

day for that. 'The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would sit up an ironmonger at Skibbereen." Shot 5th, (a snipe gets off): "Bother! you may cry crake, my fine fellow; you may take your long bill to the other world. You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head." Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

Children like old stories, even though they don't like old toys. The repertory of the nursery is very limited, and yet no child is tired of hearing over and over again the tale of the adventurous cow that "jumped over the moon;" of the "three blind men who went to see three cripples run a race;" or that fearful narrative of the children who met with an untimely fate in consequence of "sliding on the ice all of a summer's day." We, children of a larger growth, should learn wisdom from the juveniles, and not be ever craving after literary and humorous novelty. There is nothing new under the sun; we should learn to cherish what is good, rather than crave after what is new—old friends, old jokes, old customs.

PLENTY OF COAL.—Professor Hitchcock, in a recent lecture at Chicago on "Geology," states that coal deposits on the northern half of the continent, embrace an area of 225,000 miles, and are capable of yielding 1100 cubic miles of coal. It is estimated that one cubic mile will last a thousand years for all purposes for which it is likely to be wanted; and consequently, we have a supply of fuel in the earth for the next eleven hundred thousand years. So, don't be alarmed!

A LONG BEARD.—The longest beard recorded in history, was that of John Mayo, a painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said his beard was so long that he could tread upon it.

THE FATHER OF WATERS.—The total length of the Mississippi and all its tributaries, is fifty-one thousand miles, which is more than twice the equatorial circumference of the earth!

EXPRESSIVE.—Landor thought that a rib of Shakspeare would have made a Milton; and the same portion of Milton all poets born ever since!

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Painted wood pails are more poisonous than lead pipe.

TO CURE FELONS.—Have them arrested.



## MR. MANAGER BLUFF.

Our old friend, Mr. Manager Bluff, of fortunate memory, has been dead some years, and so we can afford to indulge in a reminiscence or two respecting him without scruple. We have nothing to say against him. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* He left a competence to a remote relative in England; but he would have left a million had fortune accorded to him his full deserts. Nobody could manage an audience better than Bluff. When there was a row "in front," in consequence of the non-appearance of a favorite comedian, incapacitated from playing by inordinate devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, Bluff, and he alone, could allay the storm. He would appear before the curtain, dressed in black from head to foot. Profoundly bowing to pit, boxes and gallery, with his hat on his heart, he would say, in a tone of deep emotion:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I deplore, as much as you resent, the absence of Mr. — to-night. Were it attributable to the usual cause, the absentee should this moment be struck from the roll of my *corps dramatique*. But should I be able to state that he was at this moment watching by the sick bed of an aged mother, whose moments in this world are numbered (white handkerchief to the eyes), I am sure—ladies and gentlemen (broken utterance)—that your expressions of blame would be changed into those of sympathy." And amidst tremendous applause and cheers, Mr. Bluff would withdraw, and the performance would go on, with a "stock" in the part of the erratic star.

Bluff got up a piece once on a time, called the "Battle of Bunker Hill." It was such a shocking mass of stuff, that the crowded audiences, attracted by the novelty, hissed heartily, and the curtain fell in a regular row. The poor "author" shuddered at the wings at the utter condemnation of his play. "You are a fool," said the oracular Bluff. "Wait." Seizing an American flag and a cutlass, and in the costume of a patriot soldier, which he had worn during the piece, he presented himself at the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to return you thanks for the kind applause which you have bestowed on the brilliant effort of genius I have had the honor of presenting to you this evening, and to announce that it will be repeated every evening of this week." Cries of "no! no!" hisses, cat-calls, yells, burst from every part of the house. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued Bluff, when there was a lull in the storm, "when I tell you that many of the dresses and properties used in this piece actually belonged to men who fought and fell at Bunker Hill—that the

dress in which I now appear before you once clothed the limbs of a hero of the Revolution, who died at the side of your immortal Warren—when I tell you that this cutlass escaped the relaxing hand of a soldier of the times that tried men's souls—that this very flag was used at the Battle of New Orleans—I know that your sympathies will be with me!" Tremendous applause followed this "gag." "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the unblushing manager, "I know you will join me in the sentiment I am about to utter: the immortal memory of George Washington!" Three times three cheers! "Ladies and gentlemen,—I thank you for your verdict. You embolden me to announce the continued representation of the 'Battle of Bunker Hill!'"

Thunders of applause shook the house, and the piece subsequently ran for forty nights. Wasn't our friend Bluff a model manager?

HIGH FALUTIN.—A western stump orator in the course of one of his speeches recently remarked—"Gentleman, if the Par-sy-fix Ocean wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

MEMORY.—Feinagle taught a system of artificial memory—mnemotechnics. One day a friend of Feinagle's found the waiter in a coffee room, laughing heartily. On asking the cause of his mirth, the fellow replied, "I can't help it, sir; it's raining hard, and that ere memory-man has gone and forgotten his umbrella!"

DESCRIPTIVE.—Young Bob Battles was undertaking to describe to another boy the common musical instrument called the "accordion." He floundered away in his efforts, and finally said, "Jim, you know what it is—it's an educated bellows."

XTRAVAGANZA XTRAORDINARY.—Charles X., king of France, was exceedingly xecrated by his people. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, to xpiate his xtravagance was xilled, and xpined in xile.

THE "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."—In 1775 Faneuil Hall was used for theatrical purposes, by officers of the British army, for their own amusement.

BEAUTY.—Among eastern nations obesity is thought to be the prime requisite of beauty; and the plumpest lady bears away the palm.

## THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

Paris has been giddy and reeling with the effects of that popular intoxication produced by the recent dynastic event which has given Louis Napoleon an heir. Another child has been born into the family of kings—born to the hope of one day ruling the most brilliant, and, as recent events have demonstrated, the most powerful state of modern Europe. Luxury and fortune rock his cradle, and he is the unconscious recipient of homage from the gifted, the high born, and the fortunate. But who shall cast his horoscope? No one on earth can predict his destiny. He may live to wear the imperial ermine and purple; he may eat the bitter bread of exile; he may fill an untimely grave. France is a country of direful vicissitudes. In Paris there is but one step between the throne and the scaffold—but one step between the plaudits and the curses of the people.

Forty-five years ago, the thunder of the same guns which have just announced from the esplanade of the Invalides the birth of an heir to the present emperor, proclaimed the advent "into this breathing world" of a son of the elder and greater Napoleon. "Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage." The child was born to the proud title of King of Rome. What brilliant hopes gilded his future! Had any sinister voice then declared, "in three years the great Napoleon will be forced to abdicate the throne of France; in four years, after a brief return of power, he would be languishing, death-stricken, a hopeless prisoner on a barren rock in the Atlantic; the wife who had just crowned his hopes, separated from him, content with the possession of a petty Italian duchy; the heir of these bright hopes, spoiled of his kingly title, the doomed victim of an infamous conspiracy, headed by his grandfather," the prophet of evil would have been regarded as an imbecile. Yet such was the actual fate of those who stood so high upon the pinnacle of worldly greatness and happiness only forty-five years ago. It is impossible not to recall these things on the present occasion.

But there are points of difference as well as points of similitude in the two events. The marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise of Austria, was a marriage of policy. To accomplish it, he repudiated his first love—the wife of his bosom—the amiable and devoted Josephine. Bitterly was he punished for the violation of his vows. Austria became his speedy enemy, and Marie Louise, who never loved him, was false to him in the hour of misfortune, and false yet

to his memory. Louis Napoleon's marriage was an affair of the heart. The *parvenu* was more self-reliant than his uncle. He scorned to acknowledge that he stood in need of strength from a royal alliance, and gave his hand and heart to a beautiful and accomplished lady, who brought him no political influence as a dowry. When the King of Rome was born, England was the powerful and deadly enemy of France, and Russia on the eve of withering her military power. Louis Napoleon's son is born when England is the humbled and subservient ally of France, and when the mighty power of Russia has succumbed to the Gallic eagle. It must be confessed that he comes upon the stage at an auspicious moment.

The event, however, is not one which we, upon this side of the Atlantic, can be expected to regard with much satisfaction. Inasmuch as it strengthens the hands of the present ruler of France, it depresses the hopes of the patriots of Europe, with whom we deeply sympathize; for Louis Napoleon is the avowed champion of order—that is to say, of despotism—in Europe. The prospects of liberty look darker to our eyes than they did at the close of the Congress of Vienna. Then there were elements of instability in the very order of things decreed by the Holy Alliance. The Bourbon lilies were replanted in an uncongenial soil, where they could not but wither. Now, the despot of France is upheld by the blinded millions of that most enigmatical of empires. Liberty is now no more in France, and its spirit is crushed out in Italy and Germany. The hopes of Poland and Hungary are once more blighted. England, constitutional England, shorn of her proud influence, is but a wheel in the complicated machinery of despotism, autocracy and spiritual tyranny; and it must be many, many years before the volcanic fires of liberty can burst the rigid iron crust that overlays them.

---

**FOREIGN PASSENGERS.**—The total number of passengers from foreign countries who have arrived in the United States, since April 30th, 1843, is given at 3,400,000.

---

**CREDITABLE TO AMERICAN SKILL.**—Engines are being built in New York for the Austrian Royal Danubian Steam Navigation Company.

---

**JAMES'S NOVELS.**—Mr. James has written fifty-nine books, nearly the whole of which are novels—and the list is not yet complete.

---

**GOOD NEWS FOR THE SURGEONS.**—The railroads have resumed their regular trips.

## TABLE TALK.

We must all eat to live; but many people live only to eat—a miserable way of passing one's existence. We remember somewhere to have seen a little treatise, published somewhere about the year 1812, in which the author asserted that passions, and even accomplishments, were dependent for their character on food. Thus, mental heaviness was said to be produced by beans, potatoes and lettuce; brilliant imagination by the wings of quails and partridges; volubility by eating larks, and anger by feeding on roast turkey. A diet of peacocks would produce vanity, and excessive indulgence in goose a state bordering on idiocy. But it is not worth while to follow out the fanciful speculations of this writer.

We degenerate moderns can never achieve anything in the gastronomic line to what was done by the ancients. Ancient history bristles with facts relative to the profusion of Roman tables and the voracity of Roman eaters. We read of Lucullus's three hundred dining-rooms, and the Apollo room, wherein each banquet cost the revenue of a whole province; of six hundred ostrich heads, each prepared in a different way for a "pot-luck" dinner given by young Heliogabalus; of twenty-two courses counted at a supper of the same emperor, who never suffered the same plate to be used before him, though it was of massive gold; of couriers, appointed by Trajan, to bring to him, on the banks of the Euphrates, fresh oysters from Lake Lucrinus (not far from Rome); of Apicius, who, after discovering a number of new dishes, killed himself because he could no longer live so well on two hundred thousand dollars a year, to which his income had been reduced; of the Emperor Antoninus, who died from eating too much cheese; of Claudius Esopus, a Roman actor, who taught Cicero the art of declamation, and gave six hundred pounds for a bird which had learned to sing, speak and think, that he might make a fricassee of it. Darius assembled at dinner fifteen thousand guests, and sometimes spent a million dollars on a banquet. Caligula, according to Pliny, would suffer no wine on his table that was not one hundred and sixty years old. Asinius Celer gave seven thousand crowns for a barber. When the Emperor Otho dined with his brother, seven thousand sorts of birds and two thousand sorts of fishes were served up. Cleopatra, when supping with Mark Antony, was so delighted with a bird prepared in a particular way, that she left nothing but the bones; and the Roman general was so gratified with the cook that he sent for him and made him a

present of a whole city. In modern times, Louis XV. forgave the Duke de Soubise the loss of the battle of Rosbach in consideration of an omelette, which the marshal invented.

Shall we recall some of the great eaters of ancient times? The Emperor Claudius one morning called for his breakfast—not that he was hungry, but he thought he could pick a bone or two. Well, a hundred perches were served up with a hundred becaficas. After eating ten melons, by way of prelude, the emperor swallowed everything on the table, including thirty-three dozens of oysters—thirty-three pounds of grapes were eaten by way of helping his digestion; and then he was ready, with a clear head and good conscience, to attend to public affairs. He had risen from the breakfast table with an appetite! The comedian Phagon, in the presence of the Emperor Aurelian, devoured a wild boar, a hundred loaves, a sheep, two sucking pigs, and washed the whole down with an *ovos* of wine—a measure, the capacity of which we cannot ascertain, but for the sake of poetical consistency, we'll call it a hogshhead. We might record a good many more trencher feats, on classical authority, but we pause; for our readers might fancy that the ancient historians were too much addicted to drawing the long bow.

---

**PREFERABLE.**—Light American plows have superseded the heavy Scotch plows in Malta. They were introduced recently by the Governor, Sir Wm. Reid, formerly of Bermuda. The Scotch plow was too heavy for the warm climate and the mules of Malta.

---

**TONNAGE ON THE LAKES.**—According to the Buffalo Commercial, the tonnage of lake steamers now on the stocks is 17,775, and of sailing vessels 31,183, all of the value of \$2,720,500. Vessels were lost last season whose tonnage amounted to 20,850.

---

**PRESERVATIVE.**—A small piece of linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths.

---

**BUENOS AYRES.**—This must be a pleasant place to live in. During six months the people there have had two conspiracies and three threats of invasion.

---

**TELEGRAPHIC.**—The cable of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company will be laid by Mr. Canning.

## CHINESE TAILS.

The tails worn by the inhabitants of the "Central Flower-Land" are a badge of servitude. On the subjugation of China by the Tartars, an edict was issued requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plait the residue of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty—in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up into the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. Their Chinese rebels cut their hair short, and the moment they make a recruit to their ranks employ the shears upon him. They are thus sure of their fidelity; for the absence of the tail is a proof positive of rebellion. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. A traveller relates that on one occasion he saw a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it; while, on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited—which is not often,—they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture, till one or the other cries "Hold, enough!" In San Francisco, when the naughty boys of that golden city get hold of a party of unfortunate Chinamen, obfuscated with opium, they tie all their tails together in a hard knot, and then throwing a bunch of fire-crackers into their midst, amuse themselves with their frantic and impotent struggles to get free. "Pretty wicious that!" as Mr. Squeers says; but boys will be boys.

**MIGHT AND MAIN.**—Gordon Cumming, the great lion slayer, was telling Rogers, one day, how he once came, unarmed, upon a huge lion. "Thinking to frighten him, I ran at him with all my might," said the hunter. "Whereupon," said Rogers, "he ran away with all his mane, I suppose?" "Exactly so," said Cumming. We think this story was *coming* it rather strong.

**SAINTS FOR RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.**—During the last campaign in Russia, more than 60,000 images of saints were sent from St. Petersburg for the encouragement of the Russian soldiers.

**WORTH THINKING OF.**—An exchange warns boys against gambling with marbles, as the first step in a downward career of vice.

**PASSING AWAY.**—Seventy-one revolutionary soldiers died during the past year.

**VERY TRUE.**—Every hour spent in studying is working for higher wages.

## ÆOLIAN HARPS.

How sweet and suggestive are the notes of an æolian harp, as the wind plays over its strings! Now it murmurs low and gentle as the whispers of love; anon, wild and plaintive, it seems the complaining voice of the spirits of the storm. In the year 1785, the Abbate Gatoni constructed at Como a most singular æolian harp. He stretched fifteen iron wires, of different thicknesses, from the top of a tower, about ninety feet in height, to his dwelling house, about one hundred and fifty paces distant. This giant harp, by its mysterious sounds, while the air was calm, indicated changes in the weather. This was ascribed to electric influence. The same phenomenon occurred in a similar harp, constructed by Captain Haas, of Basle. The effect of the vibration of the wires in each of the giant harps, prior to changes of the weather, or during storms, is said to be quite indescribable. The sounds swelling or dying, or combining in the wildest harmonies, were sometimes heard for miles around.

**SCHOOL BOY LITERATURE.**—In 1750, a gallops and whipping post stood near Porter's tavern, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, which gave rise to the subjoined couplet, intended to caricature the times:

"Cambridge is a famous town,  
Both for wit and knowledge;  
Some they whip, and some they hang,  
And some they send to college."

**EARTHQUAKES.**—The most remarkable earthquakes of modern times are those which destroyed Lima in 1746; Lisbon in 1755, in which 20,000 persons were killed; Calabria in 1783; Caraccas in 1812; Aleppo in 1822; Guatemala in 1830; and San Salvador within the last year.

**GOING UP.**—Dr. Root, of St. Louis, has sold a piece of property at St. Paul, Minnesota, for \$24,875, which a few years ago cost him only \$600. "Now by St. Paul! the work goes bravely on."

**HORRIBLE.**—One thousand barrels and four hundred and thirty-two thousand bottles of patent medicines are manufactured annually by two establishments in Providence, R. I.

**COL. BRAGG.**—This gallant officer, who used to give away "grape," is now "in the sugar line," on a plantation at Lafourche.

**RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.**—Nearly all the newspapers in Spain—once the most bigoted country in Europe—now go in for religious liberty.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Large discoveries of tin ore have been made in Australia.

The Protestants of France have nearly 1000 ministers and 1500 places of worship.

The plague has broken out in Nankin, China, and nearly one hundred thousand persons have died.

The famous porcelain manufactory at Sevres, France, is to be forthwith transformed into barracks. Such is progress.

A railroad is just completed between Alexandria and Cairo, which will vastly increase the facilities of communication with India.

Sir Hyde Parker, commander of the English naval forces in the East Indies, died at Devonport on the 21st of March.

Napoleon determines to send an extensive expedition of colonization to Madagascar. England does not oppose it.

There is some talk of a powerful force being sent into Africa to complete the entire subjugation of the native tribes.

Among rumors prevalent one is, that the emperors of Russia and Austria have respectively promised to visit Paris soon after the conclusion of peace.

The Armenians and Greeks have protested against the late toleration and reform decree of the Sultan. The Greek petition is especially directed against the articles relating to the clergy.

Among other notable arrivals announced at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is that of a live alligator, six feet long, from the Mississippi River.

Accounts from Manilla state that bands of brigands were scouring the country, and spreading incendiary proclamations against the Spanish government.

An Englishman, named Hand, has patented a process for preserving animal food any length of time, without sugar or salt, exclusion from air, or any of the common modes of preservation.

A venerable missionary, Rev. Mr. Davis, who landed at Tahiti in 1801, died at his work at Papara, recently, in his eighty-eighth year. He has spent fifty-four years of missionary labor in Polynesia.

Cornelius, the German artist, has completed a picture, "The Last Judgment," the total height of which is 96 feet, and that of the principal figures 17 feet. The artist is said to have treated the subject with great skill, and has introduced 128 figures in every possible variety of grouping.

The several missions in Western Africa are said to be in a very prosperous condition at the present time. There is also a special religious awakening in Liberia. It does not appear to be confined to one denomination, but extends to all denominations of Christians.

The Sardinian troops in the Crimea, both common soldiers and officers, show a great zeal to procure and read the Bible. More than four thousand Bibles and Testaments have been distributed among them. The chaplain of the army himself called for a Bible, and said he would not oppose such a work.

New Testaments, in the Turkish language, are allowed to circulate in Turkey.

Rat skins have become scarce in Paris—and of course kid gloves are higher.

An American hotel is to be established in London, with a capital of over \$4,000,000.

In Southern Russia, 100,000 persons have died of typhus fever.

It is stated that the conscription in France for the next year will amount to 140,000 men.

The annual consumption of eggs in Paris alone is 175,000,000, of the value of 7,724,256 francs.

The revenue of England increased eight millions sterling in 1855 over 1854, and France four millions.

The Joint British, French and Sardinian Submarine Telegraph line, when completed, will be 12,000 miles long.

King Oscar, it is said, intends to lay claim before the Paris Congress, to the Aland Isles, as belonging of right to Sweden.

At a book sale in Paris a short time ago, a curious edition of Voltaire, containing not less than 12,860 illustrations, was sold for \$1115.

Ali Pacha, the Turkish Plenipotentiary, is said to express openly his sympathy with the cause of the Poles and Hungarians.

Six thousand French have embarked at Marseilles for the Crimea, probably to supply sick vacancies.

We obtain from the foreign papers the highly important and astonishing intelligence, that upon the table of the Peace Conference in Paris there were six inkstands, two for each ambassador.

The mullein, that very useful weed with a tall and elegant flower stalk, which roots itself at ease along the highways of New England, and which we strive to eradicate, is cultivated in Old England as the "American velvet plant."

The government of France, and of some other continental States, have so successfully bred fishes that their artificial propagation has ceased to be an experiment; and all the streams of Scotland and Ireland have been replenished with salmon.

Of the 606 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, there are—Second convictions, 58; third, 9; fourth, 3; fifth, 1. 423 are intemperate; 61 are married; 50 are blacks or mulattoes; 26 are over fifty years of age; 244 cannot read or write; and 400, or nearly 66 per cent. of the whole number, have no trades!

The London Times, in an editorial, speaks of "our allies' unwise and undignified demonstrations in favor of peace," and conceives that the British will be discontented with the terms of peace, the only results to England being her victories, and the consciousness of undiminished resources.

Captain Davison, of England, has patented the application to cannon of a telescope sight and cross-wires, or micrometer, so that by means of them and a collimator, the piece of ordnance may be brought to its proper position by day or night, after every discharge, without the necessity of observing the object aimed at, after the proper range and aim have been first obtained.

## Record of the Times.

In Pennsylvania, a voluntary desertion of two years entitles a wife to obtain a divorce.

The Texas Legislature have given the widow of David Crockett a league of land.

Rogers's receipt for long life was, "temperance, the flesh brush, and don't fret."

A correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" has seen an egg with two others inside.

A public school teacher in New York recently asked for books for "an ingigent pupil."

A young lady advised to take exercise, lately jumped at an offer.

The Chinese call law losing a cow for the sake of a cat. Quite expressive idea, that!

The message of the governor of New Jersey in 1713 was three lines long. A model.

Boots used to be made of brass and iron. Remarkably nice for tender feet.

Lyell, the geologist, says it must have taken 67,000 years to form the Mississippi Delta.

Frankenstein, of Cincinnati, has made a noble statue of a kneeling child.

Property to the amount of \$2,028,900 was sunk in the Mississippi River in the year ending September 30, 1855.

The story that Louis Napoleon led a dissolute life in New York in 1837, is flatly contradicted in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

The mammoth safe, made for the New York Park Bank, is said to be the largest in the world. The weight is ten tons, and the cost was \$2500.

The Spaniards say, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to anybody who will have her."

The members of churches in connection with the denomination distinctively known as "Christians," in this country, is 864; value of church property, \$864,056; number of seats, 304,630.

Rev. E. H. Nevin, of Boston, and two other gentlemen, have purchased 12,000 acres of land in Iowa, on which they purpose to colonize 100 families, mostly from New Hampshire and Maine.

The population of Pittsburg, Pa., and the seven or eight boroughs which surround it, is set down at the present time at 122,620, being an increase of fifty-five per cent. in less than six years.

The cost of publishing Lieut. Wilkes's book, which grew out of the Antarctic Exploring Expedition, has already amounted to a million and a quarter of dollars! So says Mr. Clayton in the Senate of the United States.

James G. Shute, of Woburn, Mass., whom the Boston Traveller calls an "amateur zoologist," has kept a tortoise two years and six months without food. It is an interesting experiment—to the "amateur," but how would he like to have it tried upon himself?

A lawyer recently attempted to palm himself off as Rufus Choate in a neighboring town. At the suggestion of a printer, who was present, the "writing test" was applied to him. He wrote a legible sentence, and was promptly kicked out of the company.

A man who is opposed to capital punishment lately refused to hang a gate.

It is said that thirty slavers are annually fitted out in the port of New York.

The "Sons of New Hampshire," living in Boston, propose to celebrate at home next fall.

In California, one circular saw lately sawed 7500 feet of boards in two hours.

An anonymous defrauder of the revenue lately restored \$800 to our collector.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance.

Forty-eight clergymen of the Church of England are converted Hebrews.

An international fair is to be held at Buffalo in September next.

St. Simonton, C. G. H., is a great resort for turtles. What a place for aldermen!

A priest in Paris has been preaching against the extravagance of ladies in dress.

The Chinese are said to divide the human race into men, women and Chinese.

The Adriatic (Collins steamer) is larger than the Persia of Cunard's line.

The Norwegian population of Dane county, Wisconsin, amounts to 6628 persons.

The Indian title to Manhattan Island (New York city) was bought for twenty-four dollars.

Professor Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars to come to this country and lecture.

There are eleven railroads in Wisconsin, the length of which when completed will be 695 miles; 432 miles are now finished.

Arrangements are being made to build a Female Seminary in connection with the Baptist college at Kalamazoo, Mich.

The citizens of Lowell propose placing a chime of eleven bells upon St. Anne's Church, at a cost of \$4000.

Galveston, Texas, has 6000 population; San Antonio, 7000; Houston, 6000; Brownsville, 5000.

The Delaware River is to be bridged at Milford, Hunterdon county, N. J., at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The structure is to be finished by the close of the present year.

The California Farmer expresses the opinion that hereafter coffee will be grown in that State for their own consumption, and also for exportation.

Benjamin Marshall, Esq., of Troy, New York, offers to give six acres of land for the purpose of securing the erection of a suitable building in that city for the reception and treatment of patients afflicted with infectious diseases.

A strong-minded woman in Chelsea, Mass., has her own maiden name engraved upon the street door-plate. Her husband, she says, lives with her—not herself with her husband. A distinction with a difference.

The National Bank of New York, of whom the late Albert Gallatin was the founder, and his son, James Gallatin, the president, will re-organize in July under the General Banking Law, with an enlarged capital—\$1,500,000 instead of \$750,000.

## Merry Making.

Why is G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

"I'll give you a poke in the eye," as the thread said to the needle.

When tired, and your patience is worn completely threadbare, then—"darn" it.

Why is the Boston almshouse like Nahant rocks? Because there is a *surge* on there.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Because he is a deal-planer.

The man who lately received a "lock of hair" is on the lookout for a key to it.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

The editor of the Young America has a ferocious poodle, which he backs to lick any plate in the neighborhood.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a prosy M. C. to a friend. "I hope so," was the satisfactory reply.

A sign in Ann Street, Boston, reads, "*Lodgers taken in.*" We guess there is no deception about that "shingle."

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so *physical*.

A New York mathematician says, if the chalk mines of England should ever become exhausted, the price of Orange county milk would advance to twenty cents a quart.

An editor in Arkansas was lately shot in an affray. Luckily, the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder could not get through that!

What is the sovereign difference between Russia and Austria? Why, in Russia the emperor is pope, and in Austria the pope is emperor, as verified by the concordat.

Gentleman from the interior, totally unacquainted with the daguerrean art: "Look a' here, mister, couldn't ye just throw in a pair of moustaches? I'm going to raise some in the fall."

A manager was recently solicited to make his seats more comfortable. "People sleep half the time now during a performance; it wont do to make them more easy, or they would sleep all the time."

A learned young lady one evening, lately, astonished the company by asking for the loan of a "diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations!" She wanted a thimble.

The Chinese people make out pretty long pedigrees. In a history of the Celestial Empire, we find this passage: "About this time the world was created." An engraving is introduced to illustrate the fact, representing a mandarin in the clouds, looking on through a spy-glass.

Why are kind mothers like novel writers? Because they indulge in *fancy*.

What is that which if you take the whole away, there will be some left? Wholesome.

"There is more parade than potatoes," as the Irishman said of the dinner table at a fashionable hotel.

Why does a shoemaker, when he has filled an order for you, earn a title? Because he's Major (made your) boots.

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

An eminent artist is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year 1, and closes with doomsday.

A rather credulous individual, on being told that he should not believe more than half he heard, asked, "Which half shall I credit?"

Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love. Some call them "small potato friends."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your cornfield?" "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn wont hurt 'em."

A Western paper advertises thus: "*Run Away*—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

A woman is a great deal like a piece of ivory—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the sheriff is after you.

The French government gives every soldier who has lost a limb an artificial arm or leg of the best construction. This is truly giving *arms* to a "deserving object."

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at a table over against the learned John Scott, asked him what difference there was between Scott and sot. *Just the breadth of the table*, answered the other.

Paddy said that the best friend he had in the world when he came over to Liverpool, was an "Irish thirteen," (a shilling). Poor Paddy was about right.

A fellow in Albany is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world, as he once was.

An old lady in Vermont was asked by a young clergyman to what denomination she belonged? "I don't know," said she, "and don't care anything about yer 'nominations; for my part, I hold on to the good old meetin' house."

In Tristram Shandy, the enthusiastic Corporal Trim, in giving his account of the beautiful Beguine, who attended him during a fever, and relating the dreams which disturbed his slumbers, says: "I was all night long cutting the world in two, giving her half."

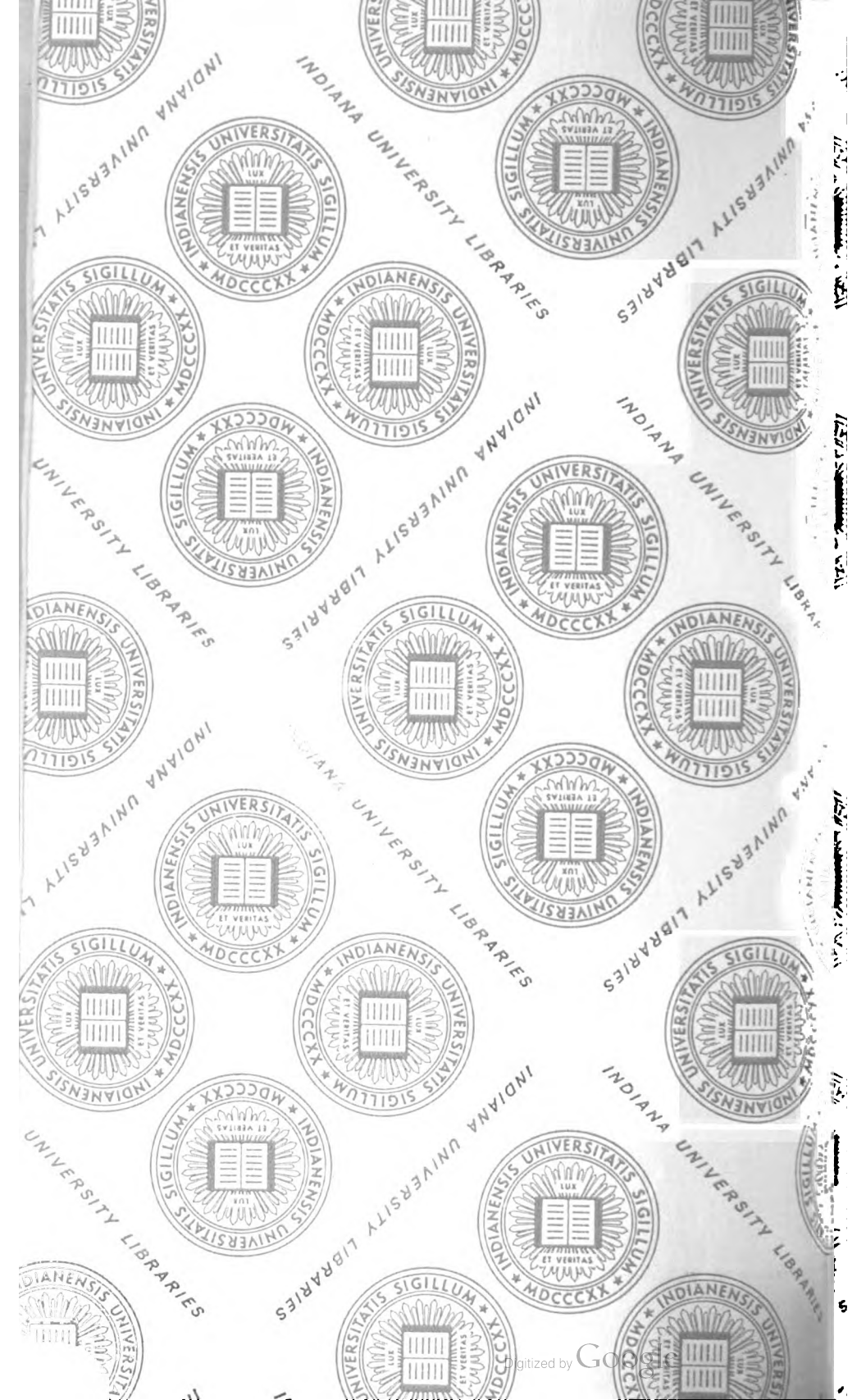
During a trial that occurred in the police court the other day, a constable testifying with regard to a lady, said—"I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief." His opinion! Where are the strong-minded and the cowhides?

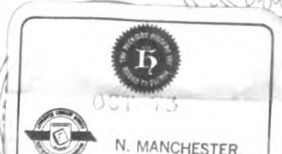
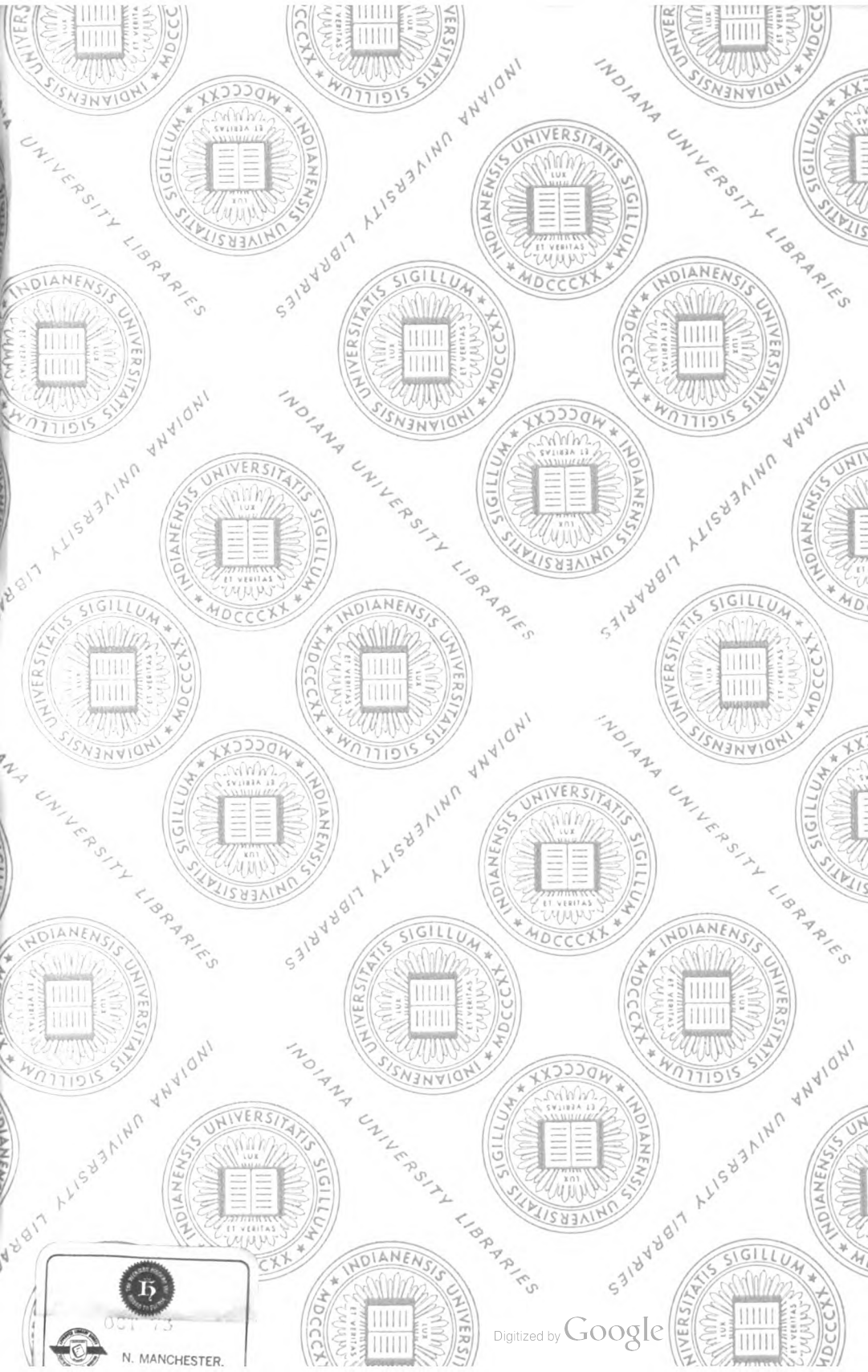














3 2000 000 491 516